ESTABLISHED JUNE 19, 1871.

#### OMAHA, SUNDAY MORNING, JANUARY 27, 1895-TWENTY PAGES.

SINGLE COPY FIVE CENTS.

# ILL FARES THE LAND

Gradual Extinction of Agriculture in Great Britain.

FARMERS DRIVEN CUT OF BUSINESS the

High Rents, Excessive Taxation and Railway Charges Lead to Ruin.

POVERTY SUCCEEDS TH IFT AND PLENTY

The Gravest Problem in England Dodged by the Politicians.

CAUSES EXPLAINED, REMEDIES SUGGESTED

Progress of the Carlyle Memorial at Chelsea-Recollections of Christina Rossetti, a Glimpse of Her Home and Her Work.

LONDON, Jan. 16 .- (Special Correspondence of The Bee.)-The one economic questended. tion which in England must take precedence of all others is the condition of English agriculture. Unless some radical change takes pounded?" place or is brought about by legislation it will be difficult to form any conception of the state of British agriculture at the end of the present century. It has been steadily going from bad to worse until in some countries in some parts of the country, parily going from bad to worse until in some counties whole tracts of valuable and productive based on farmers improvements (though high land have become coarse, weedy pastures, I have before me a map of a large district of England not far from London in which middlemen, market monopolies, the sale of the area thus gone out of cultivation amounts adulterated produce as genuine and foreign to nearly 13 per cent of the total area. I as British and the lack of full security for do not mean land intentionally thrown into should be swept away by legislation, except large estates for shooting and hunting pur- the high rents, though much of these poses, but fields and groups of fields which since 1880 have passed out of arable cultivataxation, excessive railway charges, the antibrought sorrow and bankruptcy to the homes as to bimetallism." of thousands of once thrifty and prosperous farmers and sent men who in their day have worked one and even two thousand acres of land to the poor house. Terrible as this seems, it is not exaggerated. During my stay in England I have heard the most pa-thetic appeals from the pulpits of village churches for help during the winter months for farmers who were once well-to-do and who have reached the starvation point who have reached the starvation point ducers receive. Butter hardly pays to make through no fault whatever of their own. In unless it can be sold at retail, and here a betpointing to the commercial triumph which ter system of distribution again is needed."

a generation of free trade has brought the "And co-operative agricultural banks—anygeneration of free trade has brought the United Kingdom, British economists should not forget their unhappy countrymen who have been sacrificed or destroyed, nor should they omit to mention the depopulated rural districts and the poverty and misery resulting from the migration of the farm laborer to the overcrowded cities, there to exist with his family in one room of a foetid tenement

BEGGED THE QUESTION.

Unable to grapple with the grave situation confronting them the English politicians of both parties have begged the question and postponed the question by royal commissions and other well known methods until the farmers are thoroughly aroused, and as a last resource have practically formed an inde-pendent party of their own which will endorse such candidates from either of the two great political parties who will pledge themselves to radical measures to save British agricultural interests from utter destruction. Of course a royal commission on agricultural depression is in session. I can hardly re-member visiting England during the last fifteen years and not finding one. It might as well be a standing committee. Volume upon volume of testimony will be published. Every one, including our own Mr. Edward fore this august body his own pet remedy The British farmer is not the least impressed. He looks with distrust upon commissions such men as the Rt. Hon. Shaw fixed on the commercial side of John Bull's ledger, and who are without sympathy and at once and which would more fairly adappreciation of the condition and needs of just this stupendous burden of loss. He agricultural and productive forces of the

During the last week of the year the farmers of England made their annual pil-grimage to London. It was the cattle show week and the several national farmers' organizations held their annual dinners and meetings. Some of these gatherings were most significant, especially those of the National Agricultural union, which as-sembled at St. James' hall, Picadilly. Invited to a seat on the platform at these meetings I had an excellent opportunity, not only of hearing the farmers' side of the question, but of studying the faces of the large audiences which assembled to listen and take part in the discussion of their troubles. Naturally I was struck with the propositions which were to prove panaceas for all existing evils. I will give some of them in the order of their apparent popularity: Bimetallism, protection, destruction of the middle man, light railways, reduced freights and improved facilities, abolition of the landlord, revision of the present system of leasing farms, co-operative butter and cheese making, establishment of small cooperative credit banks in the provinces, improvement of the subsidiary and undeveloped branches of the farming business. one may judge from the manner in which these views were received they made little impression. The audience displayed throughout a sort of I've-heard-all-that-before look, and there was but slight applause. Bimetallism was presented by those able advocates, Prof. H. S. Foxwell and W. H. Grenfell. It was an experiment so far as the National Agricultural union was concerned, and few of the audience seemed to understand it. A bold stand vention by storm, but no one had the courage to come out flat-footed in favor of a return to a protective tariff. The idea was touched by one speaker and awakened more enthusiasm than any other proporition.

CAUSE AND REMEDY. On the platform of St. James' hall I met dents of British agriculture in England. This gentleman, Mr. William E. Bear, was for many years a practical farmer him-self. His contributions to the current literature and leading reviews attracted such wide attention that he was made editor of the Mark Lane Express, a post which he held for ten years. Since then he was instrumental in starting one of the farmers' associations, and has been active in official matters as secretary of a royal commission and other important matters relating to agricultural investigations. views are particularly valuable at this time, because I found Mr. Bear, though a thorough going bimetallist, freer from any pet schemes for the improvement of British agriculture than most of his colleagues whom

To what do you attribute the cause of agricultural depression?" I asked Mr. Bear. "The main cause of agricultural depression is unquestionably the fall in prices. Upon this there is almost universal agreement among those concerned.

The chief cause of the fall in prices 'Next comes increased foreign compe

gold value of silver, and partly upon the opening up of new land by railways, etc., and upon the lowering of rail and ocean

freight rates. "Bad seasons have added to agricultural depression occasionally. Indeed, a series of bad seasons in the 'seventies,' when prices were fair (up to 1877), started it; but the harvests of the 'eighties,' taken together, were above the average, and so were those of 1890, 1891 and 1894. Therefore, it cannot be said that bad seasons account for the depression of the last fourteen years." AVERAGE PRICES OF PRINCIPAL CEREALS.

Wheat per quarter of 8 bu.51s 4d. 73s 6d. 29s 85d. Barley per quarter of 8 bu.51s 4d. 73s 6d. 29s 85d. the t Oats per quarter of 8 bu.23s 2d. 19s 5d. 2s 8 d. only 10 can't go into corresponding fall in the agricultural products, as there are no cut and dry figures of equal authority to those buy quoted above, but everything has fallen more and or less, though the drop in meat and dairy cure produce is much less than that of grain.
"Agricultural depression is world wide, and the disabilities of farmers here can't

"In common with myself," I said to Mr. Bear, "You have been present at these meetings and have listened to the various remedies proposed. What, in your opinion, is the

best thing to do?" "The main remedy I hold to be international bimetallism. Protection would be of no use here unless there were good, thumping duties all around on meat, dairy produce, fruit, etc., as well as on grain and flour and on manufactures. These we are not likely to get, and I doubt whether they would be for the general good of the country. Agriculture and other industries flourished greatly under free trade until monometallism was ex-

"What of all these minor remedies we have heard so vigorously and so ably ex-

There are many minor remedies which

tion and are now lying waste because it will not pay to work them. In many parts of England the value of land has fellen from 40 to 50 per cent and successive tenants have lost their entire fortunes in trying to make tures" as disturbing to trade and lowering the land pay. The exactions of landlords, the ever increasing burdens of imperial and local farmers being in a worse position than those of most other countries goes, I believe that the whole of these reforms would meet the quated system of leases, foreign competition case, but to cure world wide agricultural and innumerable minor difficulties have depression we want international agreement

"Is there anything in the idea set forth that other branches of farming can be better worked-that is, other than the staple products?"

"Yes, more might be made of poultry and eggs, and even of fruit and vegetables, if we had a better system of distribution. Apresent consumers pay for these things about double, and often treble, what pro-

thing in that idea?"
"When farming does not pay it is hardly a time for increased expenditure to stimulate greater produce. Farmers haven't the necessary capital now, and if they had they have no security against having their improvements confiscated in increased rent, the Agricultural Holdings act being almost a

#### REDUCED CULTIVATED AREA.

One of the most important points which the royal commission now taking testimony has brought out, as it seems to me, is the astounding fact that a reliable estimate shows that the gross returns from the culti-vated area of the United Kingdom are fully \$10 per acre less than twenty years ago. The American farmer can perhaps realize this loss when I say that in the aggregate it comes to nearly \$500,000,000,000 approximately a superscript of this was occupied in turn by her aunts, by her brother. All these lived to be over 80 years of age, and were devoted by the superscript of this was occupied in turn by her aunts, by her brother. All these lived to be over 80 years of age, and were devoted by the superscript of this was occupied in turn by her aunts, by her brother. All these lived to be over 80 years of age, and were devoted by the superscript of this was occupied in turn by her aunts, by her brother. All these lived to be over 80 years of age, and were devoted by the superscript of the sup comes to nearly \$500,000,000 annually. How long can the British agriculturist stand this drain? Up to date the greatest sufferer has been the tenant farmer. The landlord has lost over \$60,000,000 annually in rent, but this goes but a small way toward making up the loss of the man who works the In many cases he has been swept into the poor house and the small for tunes of others likewise lost in trying to make the farms pay. As it looks to me, the end has been reached, and unless some change takes place a majority of the tenant farmers must go to the wall. There are some changes or adjustments between landlord and tenants that could be made

is not master of his own business here, as at home. The antiquated system of leases in vogue here do not allow the farmer to even cultivate the land as he pleases and as would be most profitable for him. I was told the other day of a farmer on one of the best managed of the Lincolnshire estates who could not obtain permission to sell his hay and straw when it was making such a price that the consumption of it on the farm entailed a loss of hun-dreds of pounds. This case is only typical dreds of pounds. This case is only typical of hundreds of others. How would iron manufacturers, or cotton spinners, or the coal owners be able to carry on their business if they were forbidden by the owner of the soil to spin cotton only in certain ounts, and to make bars of a certain brand, or win only coals of a certain kind? Farming is a business of all others which demands capital and skill and energy and freedom to take advantage of every change in the markets. Yet how many farmers are there who have absolute freedom to conduct their business in the best way they can, or who can apply capital to it with certainty that the investment is a one? The first thing the British the investment is a safe one? farmers require is fixity of tenure, at a rent which must be fixed periodically by some independent authority. This would seem to me a practical step and one which could be taken even by those who kneel down and worship the free trade fetish As an outside observer, I do not think Mr. Bear or the Agricultural union appreciate the importance of what may termed the minor products of the Immense quantities of poultry, I eggs, etc., are brought into the English markets from the continent. On the other

Both the English and Americans are a wasteful and improvident race. do not have either the faculty for looking after small industries nor small economies What would the bankrupt Norfolk or Suf-folk farmer say to the aggregate of this table of small things: IMPORTED INTO ENGLAND.

side of the channel particular attention is

products and nothing is too small to bother

106,614,851 \$175,266,272 34 An aggregate of nearly \$180,000,000 annually in small things. It seems incredible to me when I find that no one seems par-ticularly disturbed by figures such as we have here. And yet, as I have before said, all these things are very expensive here. We were obliged to pay \$5 for a fairly good sized turkey for Christmas dinner. Chickens are 80 cents and \$1 each. Eggs, fresh laid, five for 25 cents. And yet the British farmer is on the road to the work house. These are facts hat will bear both investigation and study by those philos phors who are still talking free trade to the American farmer.

with Mr. Leslie Stephen, and, of course, asked him how the fund for the purchase of Carlyle's house at Chelsea was getting along. He said not as fast as the committee had hoped, and requested me to mention what the committee was trying to do in the hope of interesting American admirers of the great Chelsea philosopher in the endeavor to purchase the house before the option expires the end of February. At Mr. Stephen's suggestion I went to Chelsea and to k a look at the place. It has been described as a spectacle for tears. I agree with the description. The last occupants kept a menagerie of cats and dogs and parrots in it until it became a public nuisance. Dirt, damp and decay reign supreme. The study or room at the top of the house in which Carlyle wrote some of his most famous works is chilly and

some of his most famous works is chilly and deserted. Only a small amount of money is needed, in all not over \$20,000. This will buy the house, put it in order and enable the association to secure some valuable Carlyle relics. The survivors of the family have promised many things of interest. Nearly half the required sum has been secured. Mr. Stephen will be glad if Americans who feel like helping will send a cheque to him at No. 22 Hyde Park send a cheque to him at No. 22 Hyde Park Gate, London. I amtold that through the influence of the New York Tribune many American subscriptions have already been Speaking of Carlyle's house reminds me of

he house of another fam us person which visited this week on Torrington square. All the houses on Torring on square look very much alike, tall, bleak, brown. The chief difference is in the degree of dinginess only. for the square lies in the heart of the smoky city and near the center so preclus to the American acquisitive of knowledge. Most of the dwellings are lodging houses occupled by professors, literary men and young students from our side, bent upon impriving minds, as often feminine as masculine, square itself is a long narrow strip of green turfed land dotted with trees, gray and grim now, but cultivated by hundreds of tiny spar rows. Everybody loves as they pass to listen to the cheerful twittering of these little creatures, who make merry even in a fog, and are no more to be drowned by a London drizzle than was Mark Taptey by a Missouri swamp. Torrington square is only two blocks from my own residence, but it was some time before I discovered that the sparrows' best friend was the woman laureate of England. Christina Rossetti dwelt at No. 30 and would often break off her soul impassioned strains to feed her humble little neighbors.

So much has been said about the family, without doubt the most remarkable family London has ever had, from which this gifted woman sprang, so much written of her genius her place in art, by the most appreciating and critical pens in England that one may well hesitate to add a word more than the poet, let it be instead the woman, of whom little is known and less spoken.

When I stepped into the silent house from which in five short years four members of the Rossetti family had been carried to their final rest it struck me that almost unconsciously I was looking for something of that mystery and romantic but grotesque charm which characterized the home of Dante Gabriel Rossetti in Chelsea. Nothing of the sort was here, and from the rather bare hall like all halls on the square—I was kindly taken into the dining room, which was painfully like all other dining rooms in the quare-at first.

There was the rather worn furniture and carpet, the big table with its faded chenille cloth, the leather covered sofa and stiff mantel and the wall covered with an ugly, shiny, yellow paper. A few small pictures were hung too high on the wall to be seen well. A few book shelves held devotional works, and that was all-all except a very small round table, with three corrugated legs and a tip which seemed absolutely worn from use. I looked through the one large window at the little birds asking in bird way for their silent friend, and asked if I might see Miss Rossetti's study—the room where she wrote that rare and subtle poem, "The Princes' Progress," her charming "Sing Song," and "The Pageant," which caused "The England to apply for the first time the title poet-they have always insisted on poetess-

"Miss Rossetti," was the reply of her work in she called her own. Most of her writing was done in this very room and on that little worn table you have been looking at. She would sit here because the room out years of age, and were devitedly nursed by Miss Rossetti, in whose arms they died. She never seemed to think her writing mattered, and if a cough or sound was heard, no mat-

"All sorts of interruptions came, but

"It was just the same," continued my informant sadly, "when Miss Rossetti was taken ill herself. For twelve months she was unable to write or to read a word. At times plaint ever escaped her, and when, toward the last, articulation failed, she spent hours, her lips moving in silent prayer and praise When the end came one long living look from her great black eyes grown dim at us, and a deep sigh of content alone marked it."

Above, in the quiet, homelike drawing room, hang pictures of intense interest and value. It is safe to say that no family in England has furnished in three generations such a number of distinguished and beautiful heads. There is the grand looking Dr. Polidori, who translated Milton into Italian and taught his granddaughter, Christina, to speak in the poet's stately English; there was the handsome poet, patriot and inter-preter of Dante, Gabriel Rossetti, the father tho fed the mind of his child on the bes fruits of his gleaning, and the mother, whose broad brow and scholarly face of masculine strength yet shows the English strain that loved Shakespeare and Scott and made them part of the family life. There were the two wise and refined old gentlewomen, the aunts Polodori, one of whom served with distinction in the Crimean war as a nurse, and for both of whom Christina Rossetti's love amounted to a passion and a religion. Near their clear cut, intellectual heads are large portraits of Christina's two brothers. full-eyed, full-lipped, swarthy southern face of the poet and painter, Dante Gabriel, in sharp contrast to the almost delicate. chiseled and intellectual head, a head that recalls Petrarch of William Michael, critic. essayist and curiously statistician. Mary Francesca, brilliant, beautiful, a religious enthusiast who joined an Anglican sisterhood, "making herself look like a penwiper, her painter brother said, had, as can well be imagined, with the other members of the family, a powerful influence in developing he genius of the youngest child at an early age. Christina Rossetti wrote verses at 12 years

of age of uncommon merit, at 16 a little vol-ume, which her grandfather wisely and proudly published. At 19 she sat to her brother, who adored her, for the famous picture, which now hangs in the national lery, "The Girlhood of Mary Virgin." sweet, virginal face is raised from the emsweet, virginal face is raised from the em-broidery frame to the gracious lines of the tall white lily, guarded by an angel child, while St. Anne, her mother, sits beside her, and through the open window of the Galilean dwelling are seen St. Joseph tending the vine and the symbolic figure of the sacred dove. Idealized in its intense spirituality as the poet's face is in this work, much is lost of the ripe, full beauty and the rich coloring which characterizes a small and exquisite portrait made at about the same time when as queen of the pre-Raphaelites, men whose names go to make up the history of art and literature in England, were at her feet. Homage affected her as little as her material surroundings, for she seems always to have lived in an atmosphere of her own creating, without consciousness of her rare gifts, demanding nothing from the world— giving of her best to all who came to her, living a religion as exalted as the concep-tions of Tolstoi.

The funeral service, held at Christ church, Woburn square, was remarkable for sim-plicity and the rendering of two of the poet's most beautiful hymns. For twenty-five years Miss Rossetti had not missed the weekly holy communion, and the choristers were visibly affected as they rendered her songs. The little church is more American than English in its cheerfulness of tones, the brightness of the stained glass, and the freshness of the furnishings. This misty morning it was full. The congregation came THE CARLYLE MEMORIAL.

I had a pleasant talk the other morning present were of the most indifferent, the

wreaths on the coffin of the simplest, yet every face showed grief, real unconventional grief, and the names of those present were a roll call of England's best in its world of

One mark of sympathy was conspicuous by its absence. There was no recognition either in flower or sentiment from the queen, who in Miss Rossetti lost the most gifted woman in her kingdom. POBERT P. PORTER.

A MARKING IN LONGFELLOW.

J. N. Matthews in Indianapolis Journal. Twelve months ago tonight her wasted hand, hand, Made steady by the impulse of her spirit. Marked this sweet song that I might under-

stand,
n after years, as fancy led me near it;
"There is no flock, however watched and
tended,
But one dead lamb is there!
There is no flocalde, howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair!"

e memory with eagerest persistence back the starry curtain of the skies leads an angel to me down the distance.
"Let us be patient! these severe afflic-

tions
Not from the ground arise.
But oftentimes delestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise." They told me she was dead. They did not

know—
For, every evening as the twilight closes, hear her voice and see her bending low Beside the window, where I keep her roses, "There is no death! what seems so is transition." transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call death."

INDUSTRIAL NOTES.

Floor mosaics are made from wood pulp Our woolen industry employs 219,000 per-

Arizona's gold production has been nearly oubled the past year. Electricity has now, it seems, beaten the ecord of the gold beater, and can produce foil of the metal from five to ten times

hinner than ordinary gold leaf. It is said that the two fields in which the roads are those of mining and of iron manufactures, and that in these the developments compare in importance, if not in magnitude,

with the advances in electric railroading. The oldest secret trade process now in xistence is in all probability either that nethod of inlaying the hardest steel with gold and silver, which seems to have been practiced at Damaseus ages ago and is still

red or vermilion. A Belgian inventor has devised an im- THE SNAKE AND THE CROWN PRINCE. mense lamp such as has probably never been seen before. It is composed of 3,000 pieces. It is six feet high, and measures seven feet ten inches in diameter. It is fed with lard oil, and the consumption is said to be very small, its light being so powerful that one may read by it at a distance of 600 feet.

The miners of Allegany and Garrett counties, Indiana, paid over a quarter of a million of dollars for the strike in which they engaged last summer. It cost each man \$80 and brought him back nothing. These figures are from the annual report which Mr. Mc-Mahon, the mine inspector, has submitted to Governor Brown.

An ingenious Scotchman has devised thread spinning apparatus that is operated by two trained mice. In driving the little mill with their paws the animals daily perform work equivalent to traveling a dis-tance of ten miles, and this is done without apparent fatigue on a food allowance of a half penny's worth of flour for five weeks. In that time they have spun about 3,850 threads, each a yard and a half long.

The value of the cotton exports from the United States in the four months ended December 31 was \$106,319,843, as against \$114.

159,702 in the last third of 1893. Yet in the four months just ended the amount shipped to the four months just ended the amount shipped to the four months just ended the amount shipped to the four months just ended the amount shipped to the four months just ended the amount shipped to the four months just ended the amount shipped to the four months just ended the amount shipped to the four months just ended the amount shipped to the four months just ended the amount shipped to the four months just ended the amount shipped to the four months just ended the four months four months in the four months four months ended December 31 was \$106,319,843, as against \$114. 159,702 in the last third of 1893. Yet in the with them, we could probably have held four months just ended the amount shipped them, but we were not, and they were carwas 1.835,889,220 pounds, as against 1.424. of the previous year. In other words, the received \$8,000,000 less money in exchange for 411,486,535 pounds more cotton. Two of the largest Massachusetts concerns

The bakers of Port Huron, Mich., have been indulging in a bread war, the outcome of which has mightily surprised them. In their attempt to ruin each other they finally cut 2 cents, and then it became a question of which of them would go under. But the people of the town all stopped doing their own baking and bought baker's bread the result of which is that at the bakers are making money at 2 cents a loaf, and there is no talk of going back to the old price.

### SHE LIKES RATTLERS.

Rattlesnake Hunting a Fascination for Connecticut Girl.

Lulu Wilcox, the daughter of Gerard Wil cox, a farmer living in the hamlet of South Canaan, Litchfield county, Conn., has developed a great liking for rattlesnakes, and her queer freak is a source of great worry to her parents. The girl's home is situated on the road that runs along the foot of the Cobble, a great mass of rock standing by itself, about half a mile square at the base, and with perpendicular sides rising several hundred feet in the air. The Cobble is a dan-gerous place to climb about, for a misstep often means a fall that would result in death. This is not the only reason why the place is shunned. Even hunters do not go on the Cobble often. It is well known that rattlesnakes in great numbers are on the mountain, making the craggy fastnesses their Great stories are told by men of the snakes they have seen on the mountain.

Notwithstanding the reputation of the place,
Lulu Wilcox, who is about 16 years of age. visits the mountain frequently, and has done so for a long time, in search of the deadly rattler. A year ago last summer a large snake wandered down from the mountain into the yard of her father's house and was despatched by the hired man. The girl secured the rattles, and since that time has been infatuated with the idea of securing a collection of them. For a long time when

collection of them. For a long time when she went in the mountain in search of snakes she did not allow her parents to know where she was going, but it all came out one day when a neighbor saw her coming off the mountain dragging behind her a large snake by means of a small piece of brush. On being questioned she said she had killed the snake to get the rattles for her collection. and that it was not the first time she had gone on the mountain to hunt the reptiles. The total number of spakes slaughtered since the girl began is about fifty. Time and again her parents have punished her for gaing on the mountain, but they have not been able to keep her from the Cobble.

Historic Names in Alexandria. Over in Alexandria there is a solid old community which contains some historic names, says the Washington Post. There, as in Georgetown, character outwelghs estab-lishments and pretense. People like the Brents, Herberts, Lewises, Snowdens, Norompliments, that if she has any communicacompliments, that if she has any communica-tion to make to me as to her wishes, while she is my guest, that the master of Muck-ross is not in the habit of receiving the royal commands through a servant, and that she will please convey them for the future through an equerry or one of the gentlemen of her household." It is needless to say that

Brown "fell heavily."

## OUAINT,

A Tour Throughout the Interior of the Hermit Kingdom.

THE SWITZ RLAND OF THE ORIENT

How the Ruling Class Grab Everything in Sight and Pay for Nothing-The Ride Through Scout-Farming and Trade Unions,

(Copyrighted, 1895, by Frank G. Carpenter.) The occupation of Corea by Japan is aleady beginning to change the country. An stranger than one of Kiralfy's most gorgeo electric railroad has been planned from the extravaganzas. Inside and on the edge capital to the Han river, which lies three miles away, and it is probable that the machinery for this will be gotten in the United States. It is twenty-six miles from Chemulpo, which is the main port of the counry, to Seoul, and the tailroad will be built over the mountains, connecting the capital with the sea. Sooner or later other roads will be built from Seoul to the west coast, and to Fusan on the south coast, as well as covered with water, out of whose glassy to the north. The northern roads will be to the north. The northern reads will be swhite surface the emerald green sprouts were fostered by the Russians, and there will just peeping. Such valleys lie right in the probably be a connection with the transmountains, and the hills which rise from Siberian road, so that we will eventually be them are as ragged and as bare as the silvery Siberian road, so that we will eventually be able to go from Paris to within a few hours sail of Japan by land. Today no one knows much about the country of Corea. There is masses of velvet and gold, spotted here and gold.

interior, and the letters describing the country have been confined to the capital and the shapes. Our first day's ride was through a seaports. I am, I believe, the only American newspaper man who has traveled right through the peninsula from one side to the other. I doubt whether the trip could possibly be taken today. I made it last summer just on the eve of the rebellion, and it was curious in the extreme. My outfit consisted of six men and four horses, and we spent seven days among the Corean mount. spent seven days among the Corean moun- they were carried through the water. tains, traveling for hours in the clouds, and porters received I cent for each trip, and Genbeing lifetd in chairs up hills so steep that the ponies could not follow. The most of times done by men out of charity, and that the way was on bridle paths, and a great the gods esteem it a good act, and the water part of the way was really dangerous on which washes their legs at the same time account of the tigers and leopards. It was like going through a new world, and were clean road to heaven. Other devotees stand it not for the notes which I took on the with cold water in the streets and give drink known only to the Syrian smiths and their it not for the notes which I took on the with cold water i pupils, or else the manufacture of Chinese ground I might think the whole journey a to all that thirst.

I had spent a month in Seoul and had been hobnobbing with the Corean nobles, having had my audience with the king, and I supposed that I would have no trouble in in order to enable him to move to another vast establishment which he has in another part of the city. He has more power, you know, than the czar, and he is more super stitious than an African king. There are snakes in nearly all the roofs of the Corean houses, and just before we were ready to go a big black snake about as long as a man's leg had dropped down out of the roof into the crown prince's face while he was sleeping, and the king thought this was a bad omen and that the gods wanted him to move out of the palace for a time. He sent out his orders, and every pony in Scoul was laid hold of by his officials. I had engaged four fast tretters, and the grooms were bringing them to my house when the offiand he sent his soldiers outside the city with orders to lay hold of the first ponie They brought four shaggy that came. beasts out of a party of eight. They tried to catch the whole lot, but the other four suspected their intentions and galloped away. They brought them into our courtyard, and we persuaded them to go with us. A high official in Corea, as a rule, grabs everything he can get, and pays for nothing. On this trip we paid for everything, and it cost me to go from one side of the peninsula to the other three hundred thousand cash, or about \$100.

CARPENTER'S GORGEOUS OUTFIT. My party consisted of four ponies and six and I traveled like a Corean noble. The king had given me a passport, and this had an envelope almost as big as this paper, and the Corean characters upon it were circled with red in order to keep any one from changing them. This described me as a mighty American who was visiting Corea, and it directed the magistrates to entertain me on my way. We had a servant with us who wore a gorgeous white gown and a hat of black horsehair. This man usually took the passport and rode ahead with it to the villages, in order that the magistrates might know that we were coming, and as we got to the towns we were met by trumpets and bands, and were escorted in state to the government offices, in the guest room of which we were kept over night. I had six Coreans in my party, and I made the trip alone with them. My old friend, General Pak, of whom I have written before, was with me, and he commanded the outfit. He had a gorgeous blue suit, which he bought for the trip, and his clothes were spotless and clean. His horsehair hat, f venture, cost \$15, and his shoes were of kid, with heavy soles of untanned rawhide. Pak spoke very good English, and he acted as my interpreter and commander-in-chief. We had four grooms, two of whom were married, and hence had the right to wear hats. The other two were bareheaded bachelors, and they were the shabbiest, shoddlest, dirtiest, lazlest quartet I have ever seen inside of Corea or out of it. They were perpetually eating, and they stopped at every cook shop on the way. The four grooms walked. General Pak, the servant and myself rode. Pak had a saddle which he had borrowed from the prime minister, Min Yung Jun. the man whose oppression caused the recent rebellion, and I had an American saddle loaned me by General Greathouse. The two other ponies were loaded with our pro-visions and baggage, and the servant sat on the pack. We knew we would be entertained by the magistrates, and by General Pak's advice I bought a goodly supply of liquors and cigars. The cigars were cheap—I think the newsboys would call them "two-fers"—but they were wrapped in tinfoil, and the magistrates handled them as though they were solid gold, and their faces became oily with happiness as they smoked them. I had a half dozen bottles of champagne, several of claret and not a few of Chartreuse and cognac. We were gentlemen when Washington was not even in this way. There is no glass in Corea, dreamed of. The Herberts, for instance, and the magistrates thought they were gen-

against the wall in order that some high, silk-gowned noble might pass by in his chair.

tomers. We went by the great barracks, where the ragged soldiers who make up the king's army live, and passed a gate of

the old palace, which General Pak told me was the gate of Japanese ekins, and has some tradition of a skinned Japanese connected with it. We passed by chairs con-taining the fair, but frail dancing girls of the kingdom, and when we had gone through the great gate of the wall, which leads out into the country, we found one of these girls sitting with her chair upon the ground. She was not a bashful girl, and when I told General Pak that I wanted her photograph he asked her to get out of her chair, and she posed before my camera. We passed scores of coolies coming into the capital who were hats of straw as big as umbrellas. and went by caravans of ponies loaded with straw and pine branches, which were being brought into the city for sale. Within a few miles of Seoul there is a great caravat of these queer Corean hucksters, peddlers, travelers and swells, which is always mov ing in or out of its walls, and the scene is like an everchanging kaleidoscope, or

the city all was dirt and squalor, and it was not until we had ridden an hour that we appreciated the beauty of our surround-

THE SWITZERLAND OF ASIA.

Corea may be called the Switzerland of Asia. It is a land of mountains and valleys. of orystal lakes and trickling streams. We rode for days through one beautiful valley after another, now going for miles through no land in the world outside of Thibit which has been less explored.

Very few travelers have gotten into the ever-varying air of Corea, assume at the times done by men out of charity, and that the gods esteem it a good act, and the water carries away their sins and gives them a clean road to heaven. Other devotees stand

#### COREAN FARMING.

The country scenes of Corea are unlike anything you see in America. The land is not more than half farmed. It takes nine I supposed that I would have no trouble in Think of putting an escent across the country. I bandled shovel! One man holds the shovel was mistaken. Just at the time I wanted to go the king of Corea had ordered all the go the king of Corea had ordered all the go the king of Corea had ordered all the go the king of Corea had ordered all the go the shovel! One man holds the shovel and presses it into the earth, and four stand on each side and pull the dirt out by a rope attached to the blade. The dirt is carried attached to the blade. The dirt is carried attached to the blade. men to do what one man does in America. from one part of the field to another in packs on the backs of men, and the great part of on the backs of men, and the great part of the land is dug up with a hoe. The farmers spend most of their time in squatting and smoking. They have small holdings, and the crops seem to be good where they are at all cultivated. I saw much barley and some wheat. It was all planted in rows and the people hoe and weed their wheat as we do our potatoes. These rows were from one to two feet wide, and between them beans had been planted. I saw some of the crops being been planted. I saw some of the crops being put in. The ground was first made fine and the planters then dug the hills for the beans by pressing their heels into the ground. They dropped the beans into the hile and covered them over with a kind of a twist of the same

COREAN CATTLE. The Coreans use ponies and bullocks as beasts of burden. The ponies are very small

and the bullocks are very large. They are,

n fact, as fine cattle as you will see any where in the world, and they seem very docile and kind. Nearly all the plowing is done by bulls, which are hitched to the plow by a yoke, which rests just over their shoulders. Our oxen have yokes around their necks, and they pull by having the weight of the cart or plow somewhat evenly distributed about their necks and shoulders These Corean bullocks push everything along by the tops of their shoulders, holding their heads down as they toil. They seem to plow very well, and though their carts are he rudest, they carry great quantities of all sorts of farm products and merchandise. They are used largely as pack animals, and they have pack saddles of wood, which ex-tend six inches above their backs, and which are heavily loaded. These saddles often gall the backs, and I saw many cattle that had patches of raw flesh as big as your hand, where the saddle had rubbed off the skin. The bullocks are of a beautiful fawn to ring her. Bob was seen by a representation of the skin. The bullocks are of a beautiful fawn to ring her. Bob was seen by a representation of the skin. color, and they travel almost as fist as a tive of The Bee Thursday, and he expressed horse. The second day of our journey one great indignation at the charges against him. of our packed ponies dropped, worn out, by and denied them all, absolutely. He gave the wayside, and General Pak hired one of these bullocks to take its place. He carried my bag and the cameras and about a bushel or so of money. At first I feared he would or so of money. At first I feared he would be said that he had returned to the cameras and about a bushel to get affidavits and testimony keep back the party, but he led the precession, going on a sort of cow trot all the way and climbing up the hills and galloping down the valleys to the imminent danger of the baggage. His only harness outside of his pack was a ring of wood, about as thick as your finger and as big around as a dinner entered in races at Edinburg, Manchester, bucket, which had been run through his nose, and to which a rope was fastened. The Neille Kneebs, and won them all handliy. meat of these animals is very good, and you can get as good beefsteak in Corea as you can in New York. I found none for sale, however, on my trip across the country, and I was surprised to find that the people do not use milk nor butter.

HUNDREDS OF STREAMS. Corea is a well watered country. found beautiful streams everywhere. were no roads, and our journey was largely on bridle paths. We crossed the creeks and rivers on bridges, which were made of pine branches, with a thin coating of earth. In bune for four years, and D. T. Murray, Chicago form book man, are at the h some places these were very unsafe, and the horses and the bull went in up to their knees, so we preferred to ford when we could. There is a good system of irrigation throughout the valleys, and in some places I saw the people building canals in order to keep the water at high level and cover a greater ex-tent of territory. There were fully 1,000 tent of territory. There were fully 1,000 men at work, and on inquiry I found that these men were composed of the farmers of the neighborhood, who combined together for mutual advantage, and that the water was free for all of the association. The Coreans have their trades unions and the planters probably have a guild of their own. One of the strongest labor unions of the country is that of the porters, who are prac-tically the freight cars of Corea, and who expected to treat every party we met, and as the journey lasted seven days, our supply was none too large. We lengthened it out considerably, however, by the size of the glasses. We bought little cognac glasses, holding about a thimbleful of liquor, and passed it around to the government clerks in this way. There is no glass in Corea, and the magistrates thought they were gent to control of the men whom I took were terribly frightened. One was loaded down with shoes and he thought that we were going to capture his soul. This seems to be the general idea among the Chinese and Coreans. They think that if the porters, who are practically the freight cars of Corea, and who are practically the champion of 2-year-old pacers. Whom the champion of 2-year-old pacers.

I gentlemen when Washington was not even dreamed of. The Herberts, for instance, and the magistrates thought they were generously treated, and the higher the man their pictures are taken the man who owns and distinguished families in Great Britain. To illustrate the spirit and independence of the Herberts, an authentic aneedote may not of England paid a visit to Muckross Abbey, with a royal party; she had with her John Brown, a famous gilly, for many years her faithful attendant, Brown approached Mr. Herbert, the master of Muckross Abbey, and the magistrates thought they were generously treated, and the higher the man their pictures are taken the man who owns there pictures are taken the man who owns their pictures are taken the man who owns there pictures are taken the man who owns their pictures are taken the man who owns there pictures are taken the man who owns their pictures. They are taken the man who owns their pictures are taken the man who owns their pictures are taken the man who owns their pictures. They are taken the man who owns their pictures are taken the man who owns their pictures. They are taken the man who owns their pictures are taken the man who owns their pictures. They are taken the man who owns their pictures are taken the man who owns their pictures. They are taken the man who owns their pictures. They are it are taken the man who owns their pictures. They are taken the said that her majesty desired thus and so ing the sewers which run in open drains have been greatly oppressed, and the men done. The old gentleman looked at that through the streets, and again being squeezed who entertained us in the villages were the flunkey in a way that made him quall, and against the wall in order that some high, blood out of the common people. These villages are like to others in the world, and We rode for about a mile along one of the lages are like no others in the world, and main business streets of the city, having to the little petty kings who rule the country move carefully in order that our horses under the name of magistrates are so cumight not step on the pipes of the merchants, rious that I will devote my next letter to who squatted on the ground in front of their stores and smoked as they waited for cus-

Frank G. Carpenter

What Has Been Accomplished by the Trotters and Pacers in Four Years.

THE CHAMPIONS IN ALL CLASSES

Bob Kneebs on the War Path-Brunell's Racing Form-Alix's Prospects-Salisbury and Directly-Nubs of News.

At the close of 1890 there were sixteen rotters and pacers that had beaten 2:12%. an equal division in numbers. Of these, one trotter and three pacers had beaten 2:10, only one of the quartet-Hal Pointer-having a race record a low that figure. That was only four years ago, but now the sixteen has swelled to 225, and of this lot seventysix have beaten 2:10. Analyzing the figures closer, it is found that eight harness horses have gone a mile in 2:04 or better, thirtytwo have beaten 2:08, fifty-three have beaten :09, and 200 have beaten 2:12. First on the list comes that royal peny pacer, Robert J, the knee-sprung, cockle-jointed youngster that people said Brown paid too much for when he gave \$260 for the son of Hartford at auction. He not only leads with his time mark, but his race record is faster than any other horse has ever cone.

Alix has cut a notch off the record of Nancy Hanks, and being sound as a dollar has a very fair chance of training on and beating 2:03. John R. Gentry has a racing record of 2:03%, and is the third harness horse to pass last year's limit. Below 2:10 the greater percentage of speed has been shown by the pacer, which is almost sure to be the gait at which two minutes for a mile will first be beaten. Ralph Wilkes trotted the fastest mile this year by a stallion, but

In the list of champions below will be found the fastest mare, stallion and gelding

ONE MILE-RACE ONE MILE-RATE CONTROL OF CONTROL \*May Marshall, b. m., by Bully Wilkes(1893) . 2:0844 ONE MILE-TIME. TO WAGON-RACE. TO WAGON-TIME. WITH RUNNING MATE-RACE. ...2:0814

THREE-YEAR-OLDS.

In this list the pacers are marked with

Bob Kneebs has reached Sioux City, and he is making himself heard numerously. The story of his arrest, incarceration and subsequent release on ball, in Germany, on a charge of "ringing" on German trotting courses, notably those of Hamburg and Berlin, is familiar to all turfmen. The principal case against him was that of the famous great indignation at the charges again a whole lot of borsemen a severe turning over, including Nat Brown of this city. He said that he had returned to this country proces- to the authorities at Berlin, where his case is pending. He thinks he can secure enough in six weeks to clear him, then he will suc entered in races at Edinburg, Manchester, Bob says Bethel is in this country and was

> The new Chicago turf paper, Daily Racing Form, is a novelty that is already suc ful. Its name describes it. Telegraphic copies of the official form sheets of the tracks open, with indexed race and entry tables, are the features of the new journal, though it gives all the turf news of each My old friend, Frank H. Brunell, who of the new daily.

> Judging from the performance of Alix vho was given a little preliminary work at Agricultural park at Los Angles, the other day, the world's record stands an excellent chance of being lowered very shortly. After she had been jogged two or three miles, she shape.

In a recent conversation regarding Directly. rectly again. This time he had the old mare hitched up to a ramshackle buggy, with a harness that looked to be patched up with rope in a dozen places. On the cross-bar of the shafts he had fastened a piece of brush so that it stuck out far enough to clear the wheels, and to this was fied the dust covered colt. The little chap went shacking along by the side of his dam just is easy and smooth as you please, owed him up and watched him long to make up my mind that there was a colt I could beat the boys with some day, and a few months later I bought him outright."