

THE KING OF COREA.

HIS THRONE THE ENVY OF THE EASTERN POWERS.

Americans Corea's Only Friends—The King Is a Victim of Intrigue and Easily Influenced by Persons Who Stand Close to Him.



HE King of Corea is not a happy man. Despite the fact that his country bears the poetic and soothing name of "The Land of the Morning Calm," his existence for the past fifteen or twenty years has been exciting.

It has been a continued round of sanguinary palace revolutions, of assassinations of relatives and dignitaries on the staff of this Oriental monarch, of plots and conspiracies without number, and, above all, of more or less successful attempts to kidnap his own sacred person. The different and conflicting political factions of his countrymen have each kidnapped him in turn. So, too, have the Chinese, the Japanese and the Russians. The latter have had him for some time past in their possession, a privileged prisoner at the Muscovite Legation. According to dispatches, some of his own subjects have recently been endeavoring to recover possession of him and restore him to his royal palace. He is a weak and vacillating man, influenced entirely by the persons who happen to be with him for the time being. During his long minority he was dominated by his father, a wicked old prince who tortured and killed missionaries, and who by his savage and reactionary policy forced upon the foreign powers the first opening of the country. He has put to death thousands of persons, has himself been



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twice kidnapped and deported, and on one occasion almost succumbed to determined attempts to blow him up with gunpowder. It is he who is supposed to be at the head of the present conspiracy to kidnap the King, his son, from the Russian Legation. As long as the monarch remains under the eye of the Czar's Envoy the latter's influence is predominant, whereas that of the Prince is, of course, nil.

The circumstances under which the King was conveyed to his present quarters were sufficiently dramatic even to satisfy those inured to the sudden ups and downs of Oriental government. The King was at the time entirely under the influence of his wife, a woman of extraordinary strength of character, and who had distinguished herself by her pronounced opposition to the control the Japanese at one time exercised over her husband and his kingdom. Seeing their power on the wane, and rightly attributing the cause thereof to the Queen, a palace revolution was organized by the Mikado's Envoy. The royal abode was invaded in the middle of the night by a band of assassins, among whom were recognized Japanese officials, soldiers and colonists. The King was seized, while the Queen was literally hacked to pieces in the court yard, two of her nieces and favorite companions were burned alive on the same spot. In the midst of all the turmoil a party of Russian sailors appeared upon the scene, and kidnapping the King, carried him off to the Russian Legation, where he has since remained a prisoner.

Corea's independence would long since have been destroyed had it not been for the jealousies that prevail among the various powers of the Orient and Occident with regard to its possession. The Japanese are anxious to have it, not only on account of its enormous, but as yet undeveloped, mineral wealth, but also because it practically commands the Japanese Archipelago, and, in the hands of any powerful nation, such as Russia, England, or even China, would constitute a perpetual menace to the land of the Mikado. The Chinese are desirous to have it, because its occupation by a foreign power is a peril to the northern portion of their empire.

The Russians need it as a terminus for their trans-Siberian railroad and as an all-year-round headquarters for their navy and army on the shores of the Pacific. England, Germany and even the United States are anxious to prevent any foreign power from getting hold of the kingdom and closing it to their trade. It may be added that the only foreigners for whom the King has ever shown any regard and confidence have been Americans, and up to within four years previous to the outbreak of the war between China and Japan the influence of the United States predominated at Seoul.

In His Father's Footsteps. Mr. Raymond Aquil, who has just been elected to the first of the open scholarships at Balliol College, Oxford, is the eldest son of the British ex-home secretary. Twenty-six years ago his father obtained the same distinction.

THE DRUMMER'S LATEST.

In the Theater He Had More Fun Than Was Intended.

The drummer always brings the latest trick, says the American Commercial Traveler. Here it is:

Take a spool of white basting cotton. Drop it into your inside coat pocket and, threading a needle with it, pass it up through the shoulder of your coat. Leave the end an inch or so long on the outside of your coat and take off the needle. Four men out of five will try to pick that whole thread off your shoulder, and will pull on the spool until it actually does seem as though your clothes are all basting, and that they were unraveling not only your clothes but yourself. "I was in to see a new play in Boston," said the traveling man. "It was in the most interesting and pathetic portion of the play. Every body was rapt. I was sitting bolt upright, and didn't know or care to know a soul around me, when suddenly I felt some one tugging at that basting cotton that I myself had clean forgotten. I didn't say a word and did not move. Foot by foot it unrolled. Half-glancing around, I saw a man—a total stranger—yanking at the thread. His face was scarlet. He had pulled out about ten yards and was now hauling in hand over hand. He didn't care to stop because he had decorated my back and the whole aisle with basting cotton. He hardly dared to go ahead, for he didn't know what portion of my domestic interior economy he was trifling with. Rip! Rip! went the thread. Hand over hand he yanked it in. The aisle was full of it. 'For heaven's sake, will it never end?' said he above his breath. I sat perfectly still and ran the spool while he pulled. How I wanted to yell! I never saw anything half so funny. The whole section of the house got onto it. They didn't know whether to laugh at me or him, but sat and looked on amazed at the spectacle. At last the stranger behind gave one frantic rip and yanked out about eleven yards in one bunch, and as the cotton got twisted around his watch chain, over his eyeglasses, in his hair and filled his lap, I turned around and, producing the spool from my pocket, said: 'I am sorry that I misled you. You see, I have about 124 yards left, but I presume that you don't care for any more tonight. I am honestly sorry, but I can't help smiling.'

The man was a modest sort of gentleman in appearance. His face was as red as fire even to his ears. He looked at me and then at the spool. He changed color once or twice and when the crowd caught on a big laugh went up."

THE LATE MR. HERR.

Like Most Successful Men He Began Life on the Farm.

The late Roswell G. Herr was a native of Vermont, and was born sixty-four years ago at Waitsfield, in that state. When he was four years old his family came west and settled in Lorain county, Ohio. There he passed the years of his boyhood. He entered Antioch college and was graduated with the class of 1857. He began his political career as clerk of the court of common pleas of Lorain county, and was re-elected to that office in 1860. Meanwhile he studied law, and in 1863 was admitted to the bar. For two years he practiced at Elyria, and in 1866 he went to southeastern Missouri. There he engaged in mining and spent six years in the mountain country. After that he took up his abode in Michigan, and it was from that state that he was elected to the Forty-sixth, Forty-seventh and Forty-eighth congresses. At Saginaw, Mich., Mr. Herr engaged in the banking business, and afterward went into the lumber trade. He became a prominent man in Michigan, and was universally esteemed as a member of congress. Mr. Herr was the humorist of the house, and very popular with his fellow-legislators. He was rotund, healthy and good-natured, and ever disposed to look upon the bright



ROSWELL G. HERR.

side of life. A year ago he engaged in a debate on the money question with Col. William Hope Harvey, author of Col's Financial School. Of late years Mr. Herr has been connected with the New York Tribune.

Sir Arthur Arnold on Newspapers. Sir Arthur Arnold, chairman of the London county council, in an address made at the opening of a new reading room a few days ago, said that "it is a high privilege to read newspapers, for the public journals are conducted by men deeply imbued with the literature of their own country, and not seldom well acquainted with the literature of other countries." Sir Arthur advised his hearers "not to trust people who say the reading of newspapers is frivolous." That, he said, depends upon the purpose and taste of the reader.

FARM AND GARDEN.

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO AGRICULTURISTS.

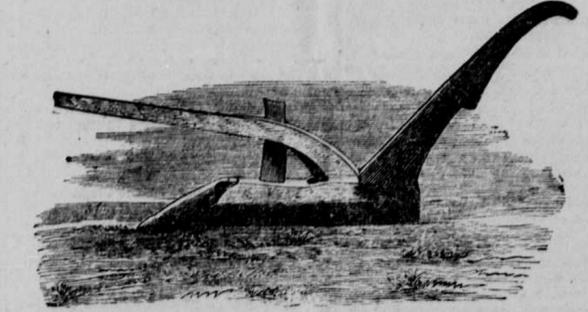
Some Up-to-date Hints About Cultivation of the Soil and Yields Thereof—Horticulture, Viticulture and Floriculture.



SWEDISH correspondence of the Albany Cultivator has this to say about trees in Sweden: We can have little idea of what an immense expense and trouble keeping up the fires in a Swedish gentleman's country house entails upon the occupier. At Gardajo, which, being a farming school, was, of course, a large establishment, 400 fathoms of firewood were consumed yearly. It is true the occupier got this for nothing out of his forest, excepting the expense of cutting, splitting and the like, which was no trifle. It was reckoned that 1200 days work, at 18 cents per day, would be occupied during the year in providing firewood only. As soon as the ground becomes frozen in the autumn all the men living in a true forest district betake themselves to the woods, armed with their axes and sledges, and provided with meal, herrings, cheese, horses, sledges and fodder. They have already dug some holes in the ground about two feet deep, over which they build a cover, with an opening for smoke. This sort of hut is called a kuja, and here the woodsmen live through the winter, and seek their homes only on a Sunday. Every morning they go out into the woods to fell the timber and drive it into heaps called "tunnar." As soon as the snow has become set, and the ice on the lakes frozen hard enough to bear, they draw the timber from the forest to the nearest draught of water, or to some place with a high perpendicular bank, called a "loop," down which they shoot the



PLOWING IN THE ORKNEY ISLANDS.



OLD MOORISH PLOW.

logs upon the ice. Among these workmen are a better class, called timber markers, who superintend the whole work and set the owner's name upon each log. The horses stand through each winter by the side of the huts, without any shelter, nor do they appear in the least to mind it. All liquors and quarreling among the men are strictly forbidden. Mr. Thomas Meehan of Philadelphia, when in Sweden one summer, remarked the curious custom prevalent there of styling tall trees except the pine and fir tribes as "leaf trees" instead of deciduous trees. This arises no doubt from the fact that the pines and firs are incalculably more abundant than others, and that in a vast area hardly any leaf-bearing tree is seen, save the birch or salix tribes. The pine requires more air and light than the fir, consequently if the trees stand close together the stem is always free from branches, which then, as it were, form a crown on the top. The pine reaches a greater age than the fir, and comes to maturity later the further north it grows. In Wermland they are full-grown at the age of 180 years, in Dalrope at 210 years, but in some northerly tracts they do not acquire maturity until they are at least 300 years old. For fire wood the pine which is found here is much better than the fir, as it burns much brighter and leaves a better glow. For good fire wood the natives cut the trees down in winter, when all the sap is in the stem, split it in the spring, dry in the summer, and bring home for burning in the following autumn. The birch is the most northerly of all the European forest trees. It grows higher up than any other tree, and even in 60 degrees north latitude it is found at an elevation of 2000 feet above the sea. Where no other tree can grow the birch reaches the height of a man, and even at 2500 feet elevation some few bushes are met with, though after that it gradually dwindles to a creeper. The cloud berry ripens at this elevation, but no higher. After this all bushes cease to grow, and the ground is covered only with a brown felt vegetation of lichen and moss. The only berry that can ripen among the lichen is the crow berry. The Laps of North Sweden never pitch their tents higher than about 800 feet below the perpetual snow region. To say nothing of the beauty which the clear green leaves in summer, and the silver stem of the birch in winter, add to the northern forest landscape,

perhaps there is no tree more useful to the inhabitants of the north. For implements, building, and even for furniture, it is greatly in request, and the outer bark, which is easily stripped off in the spring, is used for a variety of purposes, from thatching houses down to the soles of shoes. No sole is so warm or stands better against the snow than this. They are called "hafver," and are sold in little bunches of 60 strigs. They have one peculiarity, that of never rotting. The birch bark rolled up, or even oblong pieces of fir bark, are much used for floating nets, instead of corks. No tree is so valuable in the young fir plantings as the birch, for it is of quick growth and serves to shield and foster the more valuable trees that grow in the same forest. At the age of 10 years the birch is hard enough for fire wood, and no forest tree answers so well for this purpose, containing, as it does, so much heat. At 30 years it can be cut down as underwood, and at 50 years it has attained its full growth. As the birch trees are cut down the more valuable trees are left. The birch thus pays for planting and preserving the beautiful trees which fatten the land, while the birch when planted alone impoverishes it. Sallow, willow and mountain ash grow freely both sides of the Tornea River, which divides Sweden from Russia, within the polar circle. The alder is met with as far north as 63 degrees.

Flower Beds. It is perhaps a little early to talk of spring planting; but it is not out of place now to consider what you intend to do, and lay your plans, so there will be no delay when the time comes, says an exchange. There is no investment you can make that will bring a larger proportionate return of pleasure than a small sum devoted to flower seed. It is a good time now, while the men have leisure, to prepare the beds. If the ground is poor and the subsoil compact it will pay to dig it out at least two spades deep and fill in good soil. When it is done once it is done forever, and an occasional top dressing is all it will need while you live. The men and teams have leisure now; this work can be done wherever the ground

is not frozen. If the soil is fairly good throw out a spade deep, and then take out another spade deep and haul it away, replacing with good surface soil from the woods or fields, mixing in some sand, if needed, and some old manure, or chip dirt from wood pile. A bed prepared in this way if the water does not stand in it, will produce a vigorous growth and abundant bloom in most garden flowers, and well repay the labor. Some few kinds do best in poor soil, or in special locations, but the great majority thrive best in a deep, rich, moist, but not wet, loam. When such a bed is once prepared it needs only an occasional top dressing to keep it in fine condition forever.

Management of Brood Sows.—A man bought a brood sow and put her where the manure was kept. She dug a hole in the manure for the little pigs, then lay down and crushed every one to death. A few days before the sow was due to farrow she should have been removed to a pen with a solid floor, covered with suitable material. A rail should have been put around inside of the pen eight inches to a foot from the floor, and about a foot from the sides of the pen, which prevents the sow from lying snug against the sides of the pen, and perhaps crushing her little ones. We must take all the precautions we know of in order to save the little pigs, as our chances for success will then be much improved. Let us remember and profit by this and other mistakes, not only our own, but those made by others as well. Mistakes are costly, so why suffer loss by repeating one we know of? Better keep a record of all heard of and commit them to memory, then the thoughtful farmer will steer clear of them. Better still, send them to this department, and they may help some one else.—Practical Farm Journal.

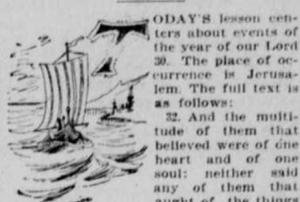
Capacity of Soil.—The roughest and poorest soils we have possess a certain natural capacity, and by proper tillage and the proper application of manures can be made to produce good crops, and yet, the strongest may be brought down to a point where production is unremunerative.

Six per cent of the sheep in Ohio are returned as pure bred and grade Cotswolds.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON VI. FEB. 7 ACTS 4: 32 TO 5: 11.

Golden Text: "Man Looketh Upon the Outward Appearance, but the Lord Looketh on the Heart"—From First Book of Samuel, Chapter 16, Verse 7.



ODAY'S lesson centers about events of the year of our Lord 30. The place of occurrence is Jerusalem. The full text is as follows: 22. And the multitude of them that believed were of one heart and of one soul; neither said any of them that aught of the things which he possessed was his own; but they had all things common. 23. And with great power gave the apostles witness of the resurrection of the Lord Jesus; and great grace was upon them all. 24. Neither was there any among them that lacked; for as many as were possessors of lands or houses sold them, and brought the prices of the things that were sold, and laid them down at the apostles' feet; and distribution was made unto every man according as he had need. 25. And Joses, who by the apostles was surnamed Barnabas, (which is, being interpreted, the son of consolation), a Levite, and of the country of Cyprus, 26. Having land, sold it, and brought the money and laid it at the apostles' feet. 1. But a certain man named Ananias, with Sapphira his wife, sold a possession, 2. and kept back part of the price, his wife also being privy to it, and brought a certain part, and laid it at the apostles' feet. 3. But Peter said, Ananias, why hath Satan filled thine heart to lie to the Holy Ghost, and to keep back part of the price of the land? 4. While it remained, was it not thine own? and after it was sold, was it not in thine own power? Why hast thou conceived this thing in thine heart? Thou hast not lied unto men, but unto God. 5. And Ananias hearing these words fell down, and gave up the ghost; and great fear came on all them that heard these things. 6. And the young men arose, buried him up, and carried him out, and buried him. 7. And it was about the space of three hours after, when his wife, not knowing what was done, came in. 8. And Peter answered unto her, Tell me whether ye sold the land for so much? And she said, Yes, for so much. 9. Then Peter said unto her, How is it that ye have agreed together to tempt the Spirit of the Lord? Behold, the feet of them which have buried thy husband are at the door, and shall carry thee out. 10. Then fell she down straightway at his feet, and yielded up the ghost; and the young men came in, and found her dead, and carrying her forth, buried her by her husband. 11. And great fear came upon all the church, and upon as many as heard these things.

HINTS TO TEACHERS.

There was a spirit of unity in the Pentecostal Church. Verse 32. They were drawn together by their love of Christ, and they loved each other because they loved their risen Lord. As a result of unity there was fellowship. They loved each other's companionship; they felt each other's needs; they sought to aid each other. Love lifts the burdens from those who are in need by placing it upon those that have abundance. There was power in testimony. "In union is strength." The testimony of the apostles to a risen Christ was made mighty by the ardent united power of a living Church. A Church where all are in love will give solid testimony to Christ. There was generosity in giving. A kind of Christian socialism arose out of the warm, abundant love for each other. Those who possessed gave freely to those who needed. It was the very opposite of the socialism and communism of to-day. That leads the poor man to demand a division of property; this led the rich of their own accord to give it. But in the midst of this sunshine there were some shadows. The Pentecostal Church was not perfect, and its glory became its shame. The distribution of gifts soon led to complaints, to factions, and to quarrels. See chap. 6. What was at first spontaneous and natural soon became formal and forced. Barnabas gave out of a warm heart; then Ananias gave because he desired to appear generous. We see in the latter part of this lesson in turn: 1. Formalism: the external appearance of liberality without its true heart. 2. Covetousness: grasping at the goods of this life and loving it over. 3. Backbiting: Ananias lying in deed, without words; and Sapphira lying openly and in word. 4. Hypocrisy: wearing the livery of heaven while serving Satan; a pretense of piety while committing sin. 5. Death: the sudden wrath of God upon those who profess a faithfulness which they do not possess.

Dog That Plays Football.

On a recent Sunday an amusing scene was witnessed on Moore street, Dublin, where a number of gamins were playing football with a large bladder under their special rules. One of the teams, presumably being disappointed at the out of a "man," filled the vacancy by substituting in his stead a handsome collie dog. The dog played his game with extraordinary intelligence, stopping the ball with his head when it was going against his team, and upon every occasion on which he got possession of it he ran with it in his mouth, and despite all opposition of his opponents carried it triumphantly through the goal. The game lasted about twenty-five minutes in the presence of a large gathering, and ended with much excitement, the dog's team winning by 10 goals to nil. As there was no gate to receive money, and as the teams depended on the generosity of their patrons, the latter voluntarily subscribed liberally. It is a pity, I am afraid, that the best "man" in the field—or, rather, the street—received very little of the receipts—I mean the dog.

FLOTSAM.

Forest fires in this country destroy, it is estimated, \$12,000,000 worth of property, timber, and otherwise, yearly.

There are over seven hundred laundries in New York, the labor of which is carried on entirely by Chinese men and women.

Of the representatives to the Maine legislature elected this fall two have died and one has resigned thus far—an unusual record.

EARLY AMERICAN DOCTORS.

Some Very Queer Details of Their Practice.

It may be well here to refer to the method of obtaining a medical profession in those days, says the American Monthly Magazine. There were but two schools of medicine in the country. The one at Harvard college, just established, and that at New Haven, organized in 1784. But by reason of the dangers and expense of traveling they were by no means well attended. In general the medical education was such as the student could pick up by serving as an apprentice to some noted practitioner, which combined the duties of a student with many menial affairs. He ground the powders, mixed the pills, rode with the doctor on his rounds, held the basin when the patient was bled, helped to adjust the plasters, sew wounds and run with the vials of medicine from one end of the town to the other. It was a white day when such a young man enjoyed the rare good fortune of dissecting a half-putrid arm. So great, indeed, was the difficulty of obtaining anatomical subjects that the medical school at Harvard college made a single body do duty for a whole year. Under such circumstances the doctor's knowledge was practical, and derived from personal experience rather than from books. The advantages of study were sparingly enjoyed. Few physicians boasted of a library of fifty volumes. His apprenticeship ended, the student returned to his native town to assume the practice of medicine. At that period, with the exception of the minister and the judge, the doctor was the most important personage in the community. His genial face, his engaging manners, the sincerity with which he inquired after the carpenter's daughter and the interest he took in the family of the poorest laborer made him the favorite for miles around. He knew the names and personal history of the occupants of every house he passed. The farmers' lads pulled off their hats to him, and the girls dropped courtesies as he passed. Sunshine and rain, daylight and darkness were alike to him. He would ride ten miles in the darkest night over the worst of roads, in a pelting storm, to administer a dose of calomel to an old woman or attend a child in a fit. The drugs were stored away on the shelves of the village store, among heaps of shoes, Rohan hats, packages of seeds and fitches of bacon. The physician was compelled to compound his own drugs, make his own tinctures and put up his own prescriptions. His saddle-bag was the only drug store within forty miles. Each spring the blood must be purified, the kidneys excited and the damsel who fainted profusely bled. Large doses of senna and manna and rhubarb and molasses taken daily. It is safe to say that more medicine was taken every year by the well than is now taken by the sick in the same time.

Water was denied the patient tormented with fever. In its stead was given a small quantity of clam juice. Mercury was taken until the lips turned blue and the gums fell away from the teeth. The writer has a vivid recollection, when about 8 years old, in a raging fever, pleading for water; the nurse handed the pitcher and the child satisfied her burning thirst. Her brother, overhearing what was going on, rushed into the room, exclaiming: "You will kill her," but it was too late.

Was He a Renegade?

Two Irishmen differing in political opinions were discussing in an impassioned way their respective creeds. At last, ardent overcoming good nature, one accused the other of being a renegade to party and family tradition. This accusation the second man stoutly denied, averring that his political views were based upon his own convictions rather than on an accident of birth. Still his accuser insisted that he was a "turncoat." "You call yourself Daily!" he cried, scornfully. "You call yourself Daily, and everybody knows that when you first struck this country you had an O on your name big enough for a life-preserver!"

An African Salt Works.

Karembe's is one of the salt making villages. A sandy clay is dug out of the marshes and placed in grass funnels; water poured on this dissolves the salt; this solution trickles through a green filter into a trough, after which it is boiled and strained and a fine, large crystal salt is obtained. It is a great trade in this part of the world. All villages make salt, which is put up in loads about five inches in diameter by four feet long. All these people, the Wattawa, are very polite. Most of them hail you with "mornin'." They do not seem able to manage the "good."—Century.

A Hint for Professionals.

Photographer—That is certainly a good picture for an amateur; very good. How did you manage to get such a pleasant expression on the gentleman's face?

Amateur—I told him I wasn't going to charge anything.—Tit-Bits.

Victim of Dynamite.

A premature explosion of dynamite in a stump lot, blew out both eyes of Hugh Robinson, a wealthy farmer of Fairbury, Ill., and smashed his face to a pulp.—Exchange.

Wanted to Get Out.

Detected in a clothing store at Frankfort, Ky., a burglar wound a coat about his head and, jumping through a plate glass window, escaped.

We Don't Know.

A Kansas City minister started his congregation last Sunday by preaching a sermon on the text "Where is Hell?"—Exchange.