

HON. W. W. ROCKHILL.

WHO HAS GONE TO CHINA ON AN IMPORTANT MISSION.

He is Well Qualified for the Task, Having Passed Many Years in the Land of Boxers—Served Once as Assistant Secretary of State.

William Woodville Rockhill, appointed by the president to go to China to advise the government here of the condition of things in the celestial empire, is probably better qualified for that task than any other man in America.

Mr. Rockhill has spent many years as a student, explorer and traveler in the far east, especially in the Chinese empire, and has won world-wide fame by his work on China and the Chinese.

Although he is as yet in the meridian of his life, Mr. Rockhill has accomplished vast results in his specialty of orientalism. He is the son of Thomas Cadwalader Rockhill, a lawyer of Philadelphia, and he was educated in France. He entered, as a lad of 11, the Lycee Bonaparte in Paris, and for several years he was a student of the Chinese, Sanskrit and Tibetan languages and of comparative philology in the College of France. In this science the French are most excellent masters. In 1871 he was enrolled as a student at the Ecole Militaire of St. Cyr. When he was graduated in 1873 he was given a commission as a lieutenant of the French army in Algeria, and served in that country until 1875, when he resigned and returned to America.



After a short stay at home Mr. Rockhill returned to Paris to resume his oriental studies. In 1884 he was well prepared for the post of second secretary to the American legation at Peking, to which he was appointed by President Arthur. One year later President Cleveland raised him to the post of secretary of legation, in which capacity he served until 1888.

It was in the last named year that Mr. Rockhill began the work which was to make him famous. Resigning his diplomatic post, he started out upon a journey through mysterious Mongolia and Tibet. For this he had prepared himself by a thorough study of the spoken languages of China and Tibet. He reached the eastern region of the latter country and surveyed more than 1,700 miles of these unknown lands. On his return he published the results of his investigations under the title of Land of the Lamas, which book is now an authority in this line.

The volume was yet in the review stage when the daring and accomplished author set out for a second journey over the same territory. He was gone one year, traveled 30,000 miles and published his observations in his book, Diary of a Journey in Mongolia and Tibet. He was rewarded with the Victoria gold medal of the Royal Geographical society and was elected honorary member of several learned institutions and societies in America and abroad.

In 1893 Mr. Rockhill was appointed head clerk of the department of state, and in 1896 assistant secretary of state. More recently he was assigned to his present position of director of the bureau of American republics. His translations from the Chinese sacred books rank with the products of the best oriental scholars in Europe, and he is without a superior as an expert in sinology.

Bicycles are now largely used in place of horses on cattle ranches.

TAUGHT POKER TO PRINCE.

Up among the orange groves of Pomona county, in southern California, lives a man who in his day was counted the most skillful poker player who ever "cashed in a chip." It was he who taught the principles of poker to the Prince of Wales, and in 1870, when Gen. Phil. Sheridan was in Paris, he was asked to show no less an aspirant than the Emperor Napoleon III. the mysteries of the great American game.

Sixty-three years ago George Albro was born in Philadelphia. When a boy he went to Washington as a page in the United States senate. At the national capital he saw the high rollers of congress gathered about the card tables and there he picked up his first knowledge of the game. Afterwards he developed into a professional gambler, and for years he was known in all the large cities of the country as a man for whom "the only limit was the ceiling." Fortunately for himself Albro had a devoted sister who from time to time persuaded him to invest a portion of his winnings in real estate, and, therefore, he now finds

PROTECTING THE GAME.

League Recently Organized to Do the Work.

Lovers of the woods and of wild animals know that there has been an alarming decrease in all kinds of North American game, and that some of the noblest species are in imminent danger of extinction. The matter is attracting the attention of state legislatures and public-spirited persons, and has led to the organization of the League of American Sportsmen, the aim of which is to create a standing army of game protectors, with representatives in every state and territory of the Union. There are now nearly 3,000 members, including such men as Governor Roosevelt of New York, Governor Richards of Wyoming, Dr. C. Hart Merriam, chief of the United States Biological Survey, Mr. W. T. Hornaday, director of the New York Zoological park, President Jordan of Leland Stanford Junior university, President Gilman of Johns Hopkins university and Mr. Ernest Seton-Thompson, the artist-naturalist. An illustration of the good which the league is doing comes from California. Long before the first white man entered the Golden Gate a vast herd of seals and sea-lions played about the entrance to San Francisco bay. Part of the herd still remains—perhaps thirty or forty thousand—an object of interest, even of affection, to the people of the state. Yet a few months ago the California fish commission decided to have all these creatures killed. Expert hunters and riflemen had already been engaged; but the league took the matter in hand, and interested the authorities at Washington so effectually that the herd was saved. The protection of song and insectivorous birds; war against the "game hogs" who disfigure the papers with pictures of themselves posing beside piles of game or before clotheslines full of fish; above all, the creation of a love of wild animals and a gentlemanly and exalted standard of sportsmanship—these are the interests of the league. At present it is working to save the antelope of our western plains from going the melancholy way of the buffalo.

How a Soldier Feels in Battle.

The worst time the soldier passes through, says a veteran, is not when he is under fire—no matter how thick the bullets fly—but about half an hour before the battle begins. Whether a man is a novice or an old campaigner, he is pretty sure to feel solemn then. His thoughts turn toward his home and friends; he speculates on the possibility that he may be spending his last hours on earth. In fact, nothing makes so great an impression on the soldier's mind as the time he spends just before the battle. It sobers the most daring and reckless men. But the mood soon passes. Within five or ten minutes after the firing has commenced all the depression has disappeared and is succeeded by a feeling of keen excitement, amounting in some cases to a regular frenzy. The soldier sees his comrades falling around him, but the only impression, as a rule, is one of regret, with possibly an idea that their death must be avenged.

Characteristic of Ginseng.

Ginseng is parsnip-shaped, and when freshly dug is of a white, creamy color. The root is bitter to the taste, but not unpleasant, and is highly valued in China for its supposed medicinal properties in combating fatigue and old age. In that country it can only be gathered by permission of the ruler.

Aged Scotch Golfer.

Mr. Tom Morris, the well-known Scotch golfer, attained his 79th year the other day, and, as usual on his birthday, played a round of the St. Andrews links. The veteran golfer, notwithstanding his advanced age, is hale and hearty, and almost daily enjoys his round of the links.

Password to the Tower.

The Lord Mayor is the only person, besides the Queen and the Chief Constable who knows the password to the Tower of London. The password is sent to the Mansion House quarterly, signed by Her Majesty.

Bicycles are now largely used in place of horses on cattle ranches.



GEORGE ALBRO. has been several years since he has gambled, and at present he refuses to play even a game of whist. The sight of a card, he declares, is repulsive to him.

Current Topics

A Chinese Minister. Sir Chi Chen Lo Feng Luh, the Chinese minister to London, has been the most prominent figure among the Chinese diplomats in the West since the trouble began at Peking. It is believed that Lo Feng has been used as a kind of clearing house by the Chinese government in dealing with its ministers abroad. Messages and decrees have



SIR CHI CHEN LO FENG LUH. been sent to the other ministers through the London legation.

A New Duke. Duke Charles Edward of Albany, now the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, is the son of the late Prince Leopold, youngest son of Queen Victoria. Leopold died in 1884, three months before the birth of his son. The mother before her marriage to Prince Leopold was the Princess Helen of Waldneck-Pyrnont, sister of the Queen of Waldeck-Hoiland. Young Duke of Albany, Prince Leopold was far removed from the throne of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha until the death last year of the crown prince of the realm and the solemn abdication of all his rights by the Duke of Connaught, Victoria's third son. The new ruler is 16 years old, and during his minority the regency will be held by Prince Ernest of Hohenlohe-Langenberg, a son-in-law of the late Prince Alfred.



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Hart's Sense of Humor.

Sir Robert Hart, chief of the Chinese maritime customs, was a penniless Irish lad, yet by perseverance and honesty he rose to the highest European position in China. He has a keen, though often unsuspected, sense of humor. Once when on a visit to the home land Sir Robert was accompanied by a Chinaman who acted in the double capacity of companion and spy. So closely did he dog the customs official's steps as to become a general nuisance. At last even Sir Robert lost all patience, and one fine morning the Oriental woke up to find that a substantial part of his pigtail was missing. Unwilling to appear before the public in this disgraced condition, he insisted on remaining in his room, and Sir Robert spent the remainder of his visit in peace.

She Snubbed Astor.

The Duchess of Buccleuch, who was the first of the English aristocracy to administer the irrevocable cut to William Waldorf Astor, was the lady who first befriended the former American in his efforts to edge himself into the royal set in London. She is the dear friend of the Prince and Princess of Wales, and is the arbitress of fashion for all London. The duchess, it is said, was liberally paid by Mr. Astor



DUCHESS OF BUCCLEUCH. for her patronage, and there is no question but that she gave quid pro quo. The outrageous insult to Sir Berkeley Milne, however, wiped out the money obligation, and she joined heartily with royalty when royalty pronounced the doom of the snob from New York. The duchess before her marriage in 1884 was the Lady Jane Hamilton, third daughter of the first Duke of Amersfort. She is mistress of robes to Queen Victoria.

Gen. Miles' Uniform. The new uniform of lieutenant-general, which has been built after designs made by Gen. Miles himself, promises to create a reform in Europe which will bring the old-style military dress of high rank up-to-date. Gen. Miles' new regimentals are something to shame the antique styles of the continent and Great Britain.



Gen. Miles in New Uniform. While abroad the American commander was impressed by the coats worn by various officers in the imperial army of Russia. On his return he set to work mentally to invent a uniform for his own wear. The concrete result is a noble creation of the art of the military tailor. The coat is of a rich dark blue material, illuminated with triple rows of buttons. There are collars and cuffs of dark blue velvet, and the cuffs are three inches in depth. There are gold epaulets, with solid crescents, bearing three stars instead of two, as under the old regime. The shoulder straps, of dark blue, are four inches long, bordered with gold embroidery, and on each strap are three stars embroidered in silver. In selecting his headgear and that of his staff Gen. Miles has followed the Russian fashion, and on great occasions he will wear the cap which, in Europe, seems to be the symbol of a great and terrible power. The illustration is after a photograph recently taken.

Major Von Madai.



Major Von Madai. In command of the first German marine battalion. It was to him that Emperor William addressed his famous "no quarter" speech.

Improvement Is Needed.

Although we lead the world in aggregate wheat production, in yield per acre we are far behind the most enlightened countries of Europe, and stand next in order, and but little above, the average attained by the miserable ryot of India or the but lately emancipated serf of Russia. Although we make millions of pounds of the best butter and cheese in the world we still expend time and energy in producing tons of stuff hardly worthy the name of butter. We still have to build up our reputation in many markets where it has suffered by the unscrupulousness of some of our farmers and shippers.—International Monthly.

A Deep Mystery.

What has happened to James Boothby Burke-Roche, member of the British parliament for Kerry? Is he fighting the Boxers in China, is he prospecting in the Klondike, or has he been foully dealt with or killed by accident? None of Mr. Roche's friends in New York or Washington can answer these questions, and the M. P.'s baggage has been stored away by the proprietor of Holland House, New York, pending the clearing up of the mystery. Mr. Roche registered at the Holland House in April from London. He left there about May 15, saying he would soon return, and leaving orders that his room be not disturbed. Since then he has never been heard from.

Too Bad for the Boy.

In endeavoring to abolish the time-honored title of "brakeman" on passenger trains, railroad officials are striking a blow at one of the small boy's first heroic ideals in life. The defense of the railroad man is that brakemen have ceased to be brakemen, since nowadays, owing to air brakes, they have nothing to do with "braking" in a legitimate sense. It is true that the brakeman maintains his established right of calling the names of stations in his own perplexing way, but otherwise his duties are very different from what they were twenty years ago. It is, therefore, proposed to call the brakeman "assistant conductor."—Ex.

WRATH OF SPRAGUE.

THE OLD WAR GOVERNOR TAKES DOWN HIS GUN.

Agata Threatens to Use His Famous Weapon—This Time on One Who Seeks His Daughter's Hand—What Will Occur Next?

The old shotgun at "Canonchet" has lately been taken down from the wall, where it has rested for twenty odd years, and an aged man, bowed with many real and fancied troubles, is again keeping watch for an intruder in his domestic affairs. This time the prescribed man is Orrie A. Weed, the young brother of the second Mrs. Sprague.

The once beautiful home of Ex-Governor Sprague is overrun with weeds and debts. It is a place of many memories likewise. Years ago every gossip in this land told in whispers how the war governor drove from his premises with the same shotgun a distinguished statesman who had sat with him in the United States senate.

When the world seemed utterly lonely to him, when his wife had divorced him and old acquaintances at Newport, Jamestown and the pier failed to notice him when he passed by, ex-Governor Sprague made a new start in life. He married a Miss Weed, who brought



EX-GOVERNOR SPRAGUE. him some money and excellent social status. That was nineteen years ago.

For a while the fine old homestead took on a prosperous look. The lawns were shorn, the weeds were overpowered and the cedars, rusty grown, shone brightly green once more. Not for long did this continue. Again the sheriffs came and once more did the distinguished name of Sprague adorn the court calendar. But officers of the law were warned off. The trusty shotgun hung in its place untouched. The old governor and his young wife played happiness against poverty.

To them a daughter was born, who is today nearing her 18th year. The young and pretty Mrs. Sprague had a sister, Mrs. Avis Wheaton, wife of Colonel Garritt Smith Wheaton of Washington. She and her husband were frequent visitors at Canonchet in later years, spending a large part of each summer season there. They were well known and liked at the pier and gave social prestige to the waning fortunes of the Spragues.

Colonel Wheaton died in the winter of 1899. With the Wheatons generally came a younger brother of the two sisters, Orrie A. Weed, as he is popularly known among the Metropolitan club set of the capital. He has been a constant guest every summer since he was ten years old. That covers a period of fifteen summers, because he is just turned 25. He has always been a welcome visitor of the family and he was popular with the Casino frequenters at the pier.

This summer young Orrie made his appearance as usual. His coming attracted no attention, being a matter of course. No change was observable in his welcome. But the other day he suddenly left Canonchet and moved with all his traps to a small cottage on the Kingston road.

DEFIED THE BOXERS

When the story of the present upheaval in China comes to be written a chapter will certainly be devoted to the exploits of a young woman whom California people knew not many years ago as Lizzie McCarthy. She was born and brought up on a ranch and became skillful with the rifle and fearless in the pursuit of big game. The family moved to San Francisco, where six years ago the young Amazon met Alfred F. Chamot, a Frenchman, whom love of adventure had led to travel over the world. They fell in love and were married. Soon after the young couple moved to Peking, China, where they opened the Pekin hotel, which immediately became a great resort for Europeans in the celestial kingdom.

On the last day of May word came to Peking that the Boxers had broken out into open rebellion at Chang Hsin Tien, ten miles from Peking, and that they had surrounded and were fiercely attacking a party of thirty French railway engineers at that point. The wives of the Frenchmen who were in danger were guests of Mrs. Chamot at the Pekin hotel, and to her they appealed with tears and lamentations. Fortunately she was exactly the woman for the emergency. She hurried to the French embassy and through the good offices of the French minister secured the services of a company of Chinese soldiers and of nine Europeans. With this small party she set out at once to the rescue of the besieged engineers. Mrs. Chamot was obliged to lead her

Why young Orrie and Mrs. Wheaton left their sister's home so suddenly is only vaguely explained by the assertion of the war veteran that he did not like the youngster's attentions to his daughter. They were together daily, it is true. Everybody at the pier has heard the report that "the governor" seized the old shotgun and swore by the eternal that if ever Orrie showed his face at Canonchet again he'd riddle his carcass. Mrs. Sprague has lately returned from Europe. Orrie Weed is building a bungalow quite near the cottage where he lives. Report has it that Mrs. Wheaton will join her brother for a brief sojourn. Meanwhile society at the pier holds its breath in expectancy, wondering what will occur next.

THE ACADEMIC IDEAL.

"The Perfect Gentleman" from French Point of View.

Literature is backed by the institutions, above all by the French academy. It is an error to suppose that the academy exists mainly for the purification of the language and for the completion of the dictionary. Its great aim is the production of the normal man of letters, the equipped personality of wisdom, gravity, gaiety, the harmony of sometimes conflicting opposites which old-fashioned people look for in the perfect writer. This product of fancy is as exquisitely proportioned as a Greek temple. All his powers are subordinate to sovereign reason, working in a medium of good taste. Taste is the enemy of excess, as he has to be not too much of anything but just exactly enough—a sort of Grandison of the desk. Of course he is only Chesterfield, with the difference of the application to ethical character, and Chesterfield, it is needless to say, was French to the heart's core. That noble lord's ideal in manners is the academy's ideal in literary art. His forgotten and overmuch derided letters should be read again as a help to the comprehension of this singular institution whose concern is the good breeding of style. Where he enjoins dignity of demeanor and warns against horse play, romping, loud fits of laughter, jokes, and waggishness in company, the academy condemns their analogues in books. The man who takes the floor in print is, in the academy's view, only the buffoon of a larger society than the one that Chesterfield had in his mind. As the good little child of nursery ethics is seen, not heard, so the good little writer of the academic ideal is heard, but not seen. Lie low in self-assertion; disdain to shine by tricks, says the academy. Whoever is known in company, says my lord, for the sake of any one thing singly, is singly that thing, and will never be considered in any other light. It is the plea for universals, for balance. Chesterfield's contempt for the man who boasted that he had written for three years with the same pen, and that it was an excellent good one still, is the academy to a hair. It was an individualizing boast, and the grand style knows nothing of individualism. His horror of those who have a constant smirk on the face and a "whiffing" (precious word) activity of the body may be matched by the academy's horror of the professional humorist. His scorn of proverbs and of cant sayings is the academy's scorn of cheap and easy reference. His admiration of the man who comes into company without the least bashfulness or sheepishness, but with a modest confidence and ease, is the academy's admiration of the writer who makes no attempt to recommend his work by tricks of apology, but just leaves it to speak for itself. His pregnant saying that the wise man will live at least twice as much within his wit as within his income is the academy once more.—The Century.

We never know the true value of friends. While they live, we are too sensitive of their faults; when we have lost them, we only see their virtues.—J. C. and A. W. Hare.

DEFIED THE BOXERS

force through a hostile country and to cut her way through the great mass of fanatics which surrounded the camp of the engineers, but she finally succeeded in reaching them, and in spite of all obstacles brought them safely



MRS. A. F. CHAMOT. through to Peking. Therefore the European residents of Peking speak her name with pride, and are agreed that she deserves at the least the decoration of the Legion of Honor.