

# ACROSS SIBERIA FROM EAST TO WEST

## The Beginning of a Remarkable Journey Undertaken to Secure Commercial Information.

(Vladivostok Letter.)  
"Going across Siberia! And over the Trans-Siberian Railroad! And going to take your wife! Well!" And then a long pause, as if the folly of such a trip could only be told in eloquent silence. Friends were painfully solicitous, acquaintances were sarcastically skeptical and fensively humorous, and such is the tenacity of tradition that most people familiar with the plans spoke of Siberia as a pleasing admixture of ironed exiles, howling wolves and biting blasts, marveled at my temerity, and to the verge of discourtesy doubted my sanity. The bright young men in the State Department at Washington took pains to tell Senator Perkins that it was flying in the face of danger and should be restrained. From San Francisco one has a choice of three lines of steamers. We sailed the middle of March, and caught an equinoctial

remembered she had only just arrived from Odessa, which port she left April 15, and carried 1,300 recruits for the Russian Asiatic army and nearly 200 first and second cabin passengers. She looked large and stanch and in good form, and were not surprised to learn that her length was 452 feet and her beam 47. At 5:40 p. m., May 21, the Japanese curio vendors were sent from the decks to their sampans, the siren shrieked several times, and the Orel steamed majestically down the sunlit bay.  
After the shore line faded from view the captain came to our group, which now included the young German lady and the Englishman, and told us supper was ready. With some misgivings we went to the table. Foreign residents of the Orient had warned us against Russian cooking, and we looked for trouble. The cuisine was

the tier disappeared with the cauliflower, and the strawberries came in on a thin, white dish like an American dinner plate. The regulation meal hours were: Seven to 9 a. m., coffee, tea, black and white bread; 11 a. m., breakfast; 2 p. m., tea and coffee; 5:30 p. m., supper; 8 p. m., tea and knick-knacks. The tea was served in the orthodox Russian style—in tumblers. The waiters poured first an inch of tea, then filled up with hot water, and the passenger used cube sugar and sliced lemon to taste. The breakfast table was set for supper except that a standard dish heaped with Russian candles wrapped in silver and oil paper stood at each end of the table. The first course of our first breakfast was composed of a bit of cold ham and a tiny pickled fish. This was followed by Japanese lobsters, garnished with egg, chopped beef and lettuce and served with mayonnaise. Then came a toothsome veal cutlet in a sliced lemon environment. Tea, cheese, coffee and candy finished the meal. Vodka and wines were taken at breakfast as we would take them at lunch or dinner.  
The cabin passengers had the exclusive use of three decks amidships, and the soldiers and their wives and a few

shoes, for the soldiers and colonists who had come 9,350 miles by sea to this remote corner of the earth scanned the shore with deep interest and conflicting emotions. The steamer moved slowly through the fortified straits, and as the fog and mist rose we saw in the outer harbor first steamers, red brick buildings, more steamers, more brick buildings, and then the town, a miniature San Francisco in hilly outline, with brick buildings of the official and office type very much in evidence, and wooden buildings straggling along and across narrow valleys and up steep hillsides. As we neared the loading piers to which we were to tie, sampans, manned by Chinese and Koreans, came about the ship, and dashing through the sticky mud of broad and unpaved streets were the famous, picturesque and essentially practical Russian carriages, with one horse in the shafts under his high arch, the traces hitched to the hubs of the front wheels, and another horse harnessed free in the outside, and with head held down and out, the correct Russian style, galloping to trotting step of the animal in the shafts.  
WILLIAM MITCHELL BUNKER.

**PROFESSIONAL FRET BEARER.**  
Young Woman Who Helps Hostesses to Be Happy.  
How to be happy though the hostess of a large dinner party, is what a young woman, at the rate of from \$3 to

### FREAKS OF CYCLONES.

#### SMASHES CHURCH AND WORSHIPERS, SPARES GAMBLERS.

Forests Felled, Tent Unharmed—Horse Blown into Cellar on Top of People—Lad Carried a Mile and Then Brought Back.

(Special Letter.)

The irony of fate frequently appears in the antics of the cyclone. In the town of Shanghai, Ill., there stood side by side a church and a saloon. A narrow alley separated them. On a certain Sunday morning the church was filled with worshippers, the saloon with gamblers. Inside the one were sixty-five devotees of religion; inside the other were five devotees to a game of chance called poker. A tornado descended upon the town and struck in the neighborhood of these two buildings. The church was demolished. Its occupants were killed. Not a shingle on the saloon was displaced. The gamblers were unharmed. They ran outside, when the noise of the wreck next door reached them, and busied themselves digging out from the ruins the bodies of those who had assembled just across the alley to be saved.  
Between Napoleon and Versailles, Ind., a party of emigrants camped in a forest, which drew the wrath of the wind gods one dark night. A path fifty yards wide was cut through this dense mass of trees, throwing the tall timbers aside like straws flying from the sickle of a mowing machine. The tent containing a party of campers was in the middle of this road of ruin. Not a thread in its canvas was raveled, not one of its sleeping inmates was maimed.  
On May 27 a wind storm visited the vicinity of the Bijou hills, in South Dakota. Everything in its course was torn up or driven into the ground. The ground happened to be honeycombed with cellars, and these received loads of men and women as fast as they could drop into them. All the woodwork in sight was swept away. A family named Clothier occupied one cellar. Mr. Al Clothier heard something whiz by his head, and on looking up, beheld the blade of a large knife quivering against the wall. The blade of it had missed him by an inch and buried itself in the flat earthen surface against which he was standing. The knife had been blown from the Eastman place, a mile away.

In the same storm the Noble family escaped to a cellar, only to have a horse blown in after them. None of the family sustained injury of any description. A large stove fell in upon a party that had taken refuge in a basement under the Danish Lutheran church at Chamberlain, S. D., injuring no one. Every monument in the adjoining cemetery was blown away.

In Newton, Mo., on April 27, a family at dinner were transported in their house 100 yards across a stream and set down on the opposite shore with

\$5 an evening, is showing a number of wealthy women. This young woman, in looking around for a means of bread-winning, decided to become a professional bearer of dinner party anxieties. What she does is to manage dinners or wedding breakfasts or large luncheons, and though she neither cooks nor waits on table, she fulfills a most important mission. She stands before the hostess in all worry. A half hour before the meal is served she appears in the dining-room and sees to it that the butler has got the table set, and that the wines are rising or falling to precisely the right temperature. Then she dons her big apron, and as guests file into the dining-room she takes her stand by the pantry's dumb waiter to see that every dish comes up exactly on time, piping hot when it ought to be hot, chilled to the marrow when the chill is necessary and, furthermore, she tastes it to see that its flavor is exactly what it ought to be. Having a quick wit, resourceful in mind and a knowledge of French cooking, she takes care that no dish passes to the table that is not above reproach. Where she stands in the pantry there is heard none of the crash and grind of dinner party machinery, no long waits between courses elapse. Now, this may seem a secure, but grateful hostesses look upon her work as exalted modern philanthropy, for even if the butler is a new man, the cook a possible traitor to her trust and the caterer apt to play tricks with ices and sorbets, so long as the dinner manager is at the pantry helm nothing can go wrong. With all the ease of an unfettered soul the hostess can give her whole mind to her guests. If she is a hostess new to the business she can send for the manager beforehand and have her dinner all planned for her, every detail considered, even to the color of the flowers and the pattern on the tablecloth, and the very latest surprise in an epicurean delicacy worked up for the envious delectation of her guests. But this is an extra.

#### TREES FELL—TENT STOOD.

such force that the building fell to pieces. The floor of the dining-room descended to the ground with its load and remained intact, without upsetting anything except the spoon holder and cream pitcher on the table. The walls of the house flew away with the wind.

A Dakota twister lifted a cot containing two children out of a falling cottage, carried it unscathed through the flying debris, and set it down two blocks away. Neither of the children was even rolled off the bed nor in the least worse for their perilous flight among the storm kindlings.

A crooning baby was found in a field far from any house after a cyclone in Wyoming. It was lying on its back, wholly unscratched, and when its discoverers approached it gazed up into their faces and smiled. The parents of the wail were found nearly a quarter of a mile away, buried in the ruins of their home.

A small boy in Kansas was caught in the tail of a whirlwind and carried a mile away, turned with a reversal of the storm, and was brought back to within twenty feet of where he had been picked up. He was unharmed, save for a shaking up of his nervous system.

#### Long Bridges.

The length of some of the longest bridges in the world are as follows: Montreal, 8,701 feet long; Brooklyn, 5,989 feet long; Dnieper, 4,213 feet long; the New Havre de Grace bridge, 6,000 feet long; bridge at Homestead, near Pittsburg, Pa., 5,300 feet long. China has the longest bridge in the world; it is 23,000 feet long; its roadway is 70 feet wide and 70 feet high; there are 300 arches and each of the pillars, which are 75 feet apart, bears a pedestal, on which is the figure of a lion twenty-one feet long and made out of one block of marble.

#### Keeping Flowers Fresh.

A pinch of salt or a piece of charcoal added to the water helps to keep the flowers fresh. The water should be changed every day or it will smell unpleasantly.

It costs a lot more to avenge a wrong than it does to forgive it.—Ex.

### DEAD SPOTS.

#### Through Which Needles May Be Run Without Causing Pain.

Most people have doubted their eyes when at some conjuring performance they have seen a man run needles and pins through both cheeks, evincing no pain as he does so. In reality every person has hundreds of senseless specks of senseless skin all over his body through which he could run pins, or even cut them out, without feeling pain. If someone else were to do so when he was blindfolded he would not be even aware of the fact. Physicians call them dead spots; and the reason that one man can sew his cheeks up, while another could not, is simply because the former happens to have many hundreds of these spots in one place. These dead spots are caused by the minute nerves which convey every sensation to the brain being either absent in these particular places or dead and senseless. But should any one of our readers allow himself to be blindfolded, and then get one of his friends to prod him gently with a clean needle, say all on one arm, out of every hundred pricks he will feel only about sixty or seventy at the most. In the other cases the needle will have touched dead spots.

### VERSATILE CONSUL TO CANTON

Edward Bedloe, who has gotten into trouble by granting American registry



CONSUL BEDLOE.

to a Filipino filibustering expedition has been in the consular service off and on since 1873. President Hayes appointed him consul to Verona, Italy; President Harrison sent him to Amoy and President McKinley to Canton. The latter consulship is one of the most important in the service, being worth with fees, about \$15,000 a year. Dr. Bedloe has the reputation of being the wittiest member of the Clover club, and is famed as a story teller in New York, Washington, and Philadelphia, it being his proud boast that he has never told the same story twice to the same person. His particular forte at a dinner, though, is interruptions, and some of the most self-possessed and quickest men have been "broken up" by his ready repartee. One of his accomplishments is mimicry, and he can imitate all of the principal actors and statesmen whom he has seen, while he can play the banjo with his voice and counterfeit most musical instruments. The doctor has made many valuable reports as consul, but he has been rather given to taking long leaves of absence from his post. On one occasion President Harrison, at a Grid-iron dinner, alluded to him as the consul "from" Amoy, a hint that sent the Philadelphian "to" Amoy by the next steamer.

### EX-CONFEDERATE BRIGADIER

In answer to the criticism of the National Union Veterans' association of his appointment of an ex-confederate as brigadier general of Iowa troops, Gov. Lincoln has declared that General Lincoln is conceded to be the best military man in the state. General James Rush Lincoln was inspector general of the Iowa National guard at the breaking out of the Spanish war, and had been actively connected with the state militia for many years. He had been

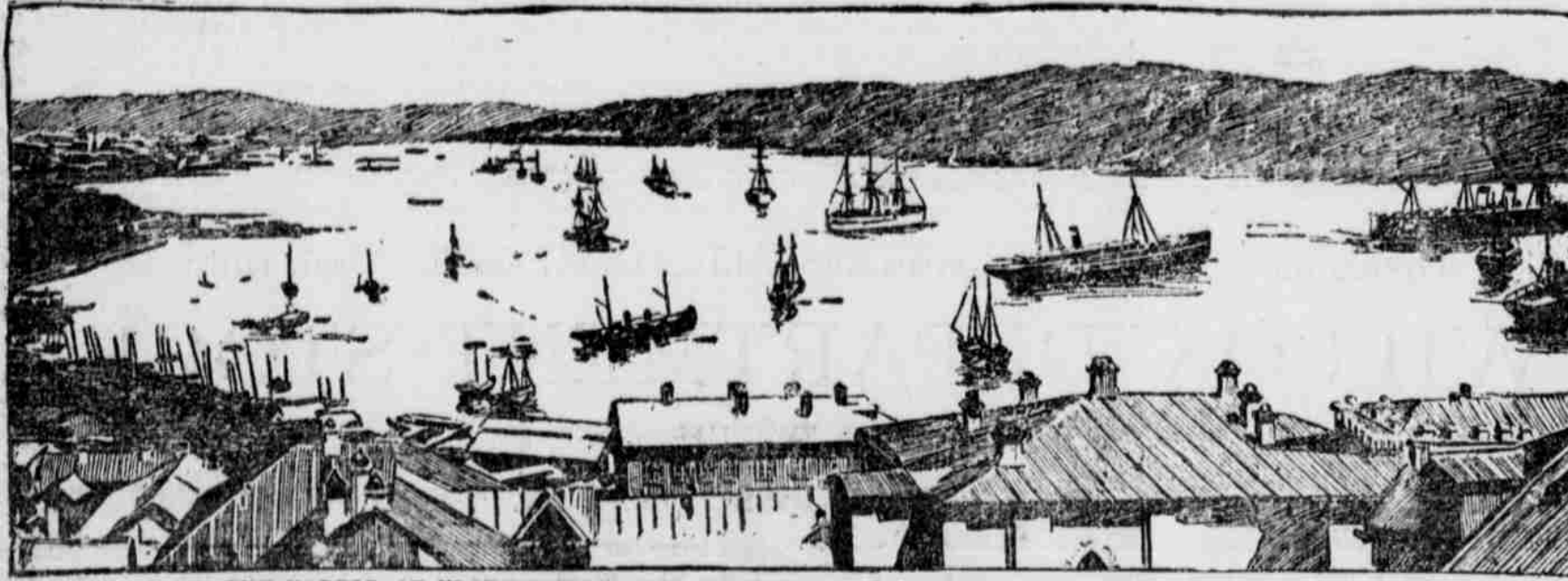


GENERAL LINCOLN.

military instructor at the State Agricultural college at Ames since 1884. General Lincoln's ancestors were all military men. He was born in Maryland in 1845, and was only 16 years of age when he enlisted in the confederate army. Two of his sons enlisted in the Spanish war and one of them was in the regular army.

### Kitchen Should Be Ventilated.

Poorly ventilated, overheated kitchens, says one who has given the matter much thought, are responsible in many cases not only for the proverbial ill temper of cooks, but for their predisposition to disease as well. Rheumatism, varicose veins and tuberculosis are frequent maladies which afflict the cook, while alcoholism and a first-class cook are too often synonymous to be pleasant. The reason adduced for the prevalence of the alcoholic habit is that men or women working in heavy air with odors of food are seldom hungry, but crave stimulants.



THE HARBOR AT VLADIVOSTOK—THE COMING SEAT OF EMPIRE IN OUR RELATIONS WITH RUSSIA.

storm on the ocean, and the cherry blossoms in Japan. Talk of beaten tracks is telling twice-told tales, and I will, therefore, begin my story in the Russian atmosphere of Nagasaki, where Russians and Russian signs are numerous and increasing. The Russians, Japanese and Germans have steamers running from Nagasaki to Vladivostok, and you may go directly to the latter place or touch at Korean ports on the east or west coast of that peninsula. The fare by the Japan and German steamers of from 2,000 to 3,000 tons is 40 yen (\$20), and the fare on the Russian steamer is 50 yen (\$25.00). The yen and the ruble have the same relative value at Nagasaki. The Russian steamers are transports of the volunteer fleet, vary in size from 5,000 to 10,500 tons, and make the passage in two days and a half. The steamers of the other lines, partly because of stops at way ports, are five or six days making the trip. The Russian volunteer fleet consists of sixteen steamers, and is the gift of the Russian people to the government. The steamers were built in England, are commanded by Russian naval officers, carry soldiers, passengers and freight from Russia and a few intermediate ports to Vladivostok and Port Arthur, and are among the finest troop ships in the world. A 10,500 ton vessel of this fleet and four American transports from Manila were moored in Nagasaki harbor within a radius of 500 yards, while we were there, and furnished a contrast the reverse of pleasing to patriotic Americans. The Russian vessel had three big smokestacks twenty-four boilers, and was credited with a speed of twenty-two knots an hour. The American transports looked deplorably out of place, and one of them bore the outward signs of a derelict. Indeed, the latter steamer, after weeks of careful preparation, started for San Francisco, to break down the first day out.

We chose the transport Orel, Capt. Ivan Christianovitch Sealski, I. N., commanding, and in company with Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Johns of Chicago, who were visiting Siberian and Chinese ports, called on the Nagasaki agent for tickets. Our passports were inspected and copied, and then, for the passage price, paid in Japanese money, we were given a sheet of paper awarding us cabins in the Orel. We went to the steamer on a sampan, were cordially received by the captain and first officer, ran the respectful gaze of 1,300 soldiers, and through the medium of English, French and German, with a few words of Russian, were allotted our cabin and made to feel at home.

There were forty Russians in the first cabin, and among those who boarded the ship at Nagasaki were a bright German girl going to Nikolaisk to meet and marry her lover; a young man from England via India with his dog and doghouse and fourteen pieces of baggage, and we four Americans. The captain and officers of the Orel were more than merely polite. They sought us, told us the meal hours, and in every way saved us time and trouble, treating us as if we were personal guests instead of passengers who had simply bought transportation. The cleanliness and quiet of the ship commanded immediate attention, for he it

an agreeable surprise. The decorative features of the table were in excellent taste, the setting was attractive, the menu was varied, and only in two instances did the food show the greatness affected by Russian cooks. Instead of the usual American array of knives and forks, there was a tier of four plates at each seat. On the top and smallest plate were crossed a silver knife and fork, and at the side of the tier was a well-laundered napkin. The first course, served by tall Russian waiters in white suits, consisted of a slice of tasty tongue, with thin wafers of white radish in cream. Then followed an appetizing cabbage soup, hot and nourishing; next a fillet of beef, with small onions, in a rich gravy; next fried chicken, with lettuce and cucumbers on the same plate; then a course of cauliflower, with an inviting cracker crumb and butter dressing. Strawberries, cheese and coffee followed. The bread, both black and white, was very good; the water was ice-cold, and vodka and tea were served as desired, and wines to order. The claret from the imperial vineyard proved mild and agreeable, and was a trifle sweeter than California zinfandel. The vodka stood on the table in large carafes and was taken at will. Vodka is nearly colorless, with just a suggestion of lemon shade, and has the taste of delicate gin. The last plate of

colonists were quartered fore and aft. In addition to her human freight the Orel carried iron rails, provisions and miscellaneous supplies for the army. The soldiers were stalwart, orderly, good-natured, frolicking, pious fellows, who found great pleasure in singing national and sentimental songs and hymns. The evening service at sea was unique and impressive, and the choir effects were grand.

On the steamer course from Nagasaki to Vladivostok the distance is 660 miles, and at this season the passage is fairly pleasant. We had mild weather for twenty-four hours, and then, passing out of the Japanese warm current off Matsue island, we ran into the Japanese sea and into fog, rain and a lower temperature, necessitating the free use of wraps, overcoats and shelter. During the night of the 23d the steamer slowed down to steerage way and used her siren freely, and next morning the captain felt his course through a thick fog to the narrow and tortuous entrance to Vladivostok harbor. At 8 o'clock we picked up the green slope of a bold promontory off what the Vladivostokians fancifully term the straits of Bosphorus, and as we neared the shore other and equally green elevations came into view, and on Siberia the inviting, instead of Siberia the forbidding, we feasted our eyes. The steamer was a study as well as the

### A SHOCK.



"His death must have been an awful shock to her."  
"Possibly; but she had the loveliest mourning dresses all ready the day he died."

### A Pretty Custom.

They have so many pretty customs in Japan connected with the happiness of children that even the most indulgent parents in western countries are surprised and charmed by the sentiment that always inspires them. Perhaps one of the tenderest fancies is the planting of a tree at the birth of a daughter, a tree that is nourished and guarded as faithfully as the little life it represents, until the child attains her eighteenth year and marries. Then this beautiful tree is cut down, and from its fine, straight stem and branches is made a cabinet or chest of drawers, which will henceforth hold all the treasures of the wedding trousseau. Can there be a more fitting custom to commemorate a daughter's birth than this, or one that appeals more strongly to that amiable trait we call the power of associations?

### Realism.

Fond Mother—Children, you mustn't fight, Willie—We're playin' Jeweler, mamma, and Tommy's a clock out of fix, and Jess' keeps right on strikin' while I'm trying to twist his face off!—The Jeweler's Weekly.