

GOVERNMENT OF CHINA

China is an absolute monarchy, but the emperor spends his life inside the sealed walls of the Forbidden City, and not one Chinaman in a hundred thousand ever looks upon the imperial face. Again, in spite of the absolute character of the monarchy, there is, according to the Chinese law, a body called the Tu-chi-yuen, or board of public censors, which is independent of the supreme government and, theoretically at least, higher in authority. Theoretically, again, the supreme direction of the affairs of the empire is vested in the Chun Chi Ch'u, otherwise known as the privy or grand council. The practical administration of the laws is under the charge of the Nei-ko, or cabinet, a body which consists of four members, two Chinamen and two Tartars, with the assistance of two members of the Great College of Confucius, whose duty it is to see that nothing is done by the cabinet which is not in strict accordance with the sacred books. Under the cabinet, again, are seven boards of administrators, each of which is presided over by a Chinaman and a Tartar jointly. These boards have the work of government divided among them as follows: 1. The board of civil appointments, which has charge of all the civil officers in the empire. 2. The board of revenues, which has charge of all financial matters. 3. The board of rites and ceremonies, which has charge of enforcing the laws and customs of the empire. 4. The military board. 5. The board of public works. 6. The board of criminal jurisdiction. 7. The admiralty board, which makes its headquarters at Tien Tsin. Equal in authority with these is the board of foreign affairs, or Tsung-li-Yamen, which

has as members all the members of the grand or privy council. As for the mysterious emperor, he spends his life in the Forbidden City, into the central portion of which no man may enter. There he lives, surrounded by the members of his harem and by the enormous number of from 8,000 to 10,000 slaves. Massive walls and the even more formidable barriers of Oriental etiquette shut him off entirely from the rest of the world. When on rare occasions he goes out to worship at one of the temples or to visit one of the palaces in the vicinity the streets along which he and his retinue will pass are cleared and freshly paved, while the houses and other buildings along the line are barricaded and the fronts covered with huge mats, so that no vulgar eye may look upon the great lord of the sun as he is carried along

with the conviction that we are right, and that those who oppose us are wrong? When Washington stepped forth at Yorktown to receive—

But no matter. The hall was empty when he wiped his brow and sat down two hours and twenty minutes later.



Prince Ching.
Prince Ching, leader of the counter revolution in North China, and political rival of the monstrous Prince Tuan, is now looked upon as the hope of the foreigners in Peking, or of such of them as have survived the atrocities of the Boxers. He is a great and powerful prince, and seems to be a friend of the whites. He is now in Peking at the head of the Manchu garrison in that city. These forces number about 10,000, and numerous Chinese are flocking to the standard of the new leader Ching is the uncle of the late emperor, Tsai-Tien, who was the poisoned the other day by the order of Tuan. He is the great-uncle of the heir apparent, who was chosen last winter by the empress dowager. He was president of the Tsung-li-yamen before the government was sundered by the revolt of Tuan and his followers.

A Trust Solution.
The manufacture of binding twine by the inmates of the Kansas penitentiary, it is said, has been a success. In Kansas, as in other states, the trades unions were opposed to the employment of the convicts in labor that would come into competition with that outside of the prison walls. Yet it



VIEW OF THE CITY OF TAKU.



THE FOREIGN CONCESSION IN TIEN-TSIN.



INTERIOR OF THE FORBIDDEN CITY.



KIOSK ON IMPERIAL LAKE, PEKING.

in a magnificent sedan chair. Only once in a number of years, when the emperor goes out into the country, where it is practically impossible to barricade all the roads, does the average Chinaman have an opportunity to get even a glimpse of his imperial master. There is no law of hereditary succession to the Chinese throne, it being left to each emperor to appoint his own successor from among the younger generation of the imperial family. As the emperor commonly has a number of wives and children the practice opens opportunity for an endless amount of intrigue and chicanery. The manner in which the present emperor, Tsai-Tien, came to the throne is an example in point. The whole Chinese empire is divided into eighteen provinces, each ruled by a governor-general, who is responsible directly to the emperor for the entire administration, political, judicial, military, and financial. Each governor general is assisted by a council and by a number of minor officials, such as the

is the most corrupt and unscrupulous in the world.
The Spellbinder.
"Fellow citizens," he said, "I don't intend to keep you long. [Cheers.] I have only a few words to add to those that have already been said. [Cries of "Hurray!"] I know you do not care to listen to any further speechmaking after the eloquence that you have heard here this evening. [Tremendous applause.] You are tired. [Cheers and cries of "Good!" "Good!"] It is unnecessary for me to go back over the glorious history of our party. [Enthusiastic outburst lasting eleven minutes.] I will not weary you with a repetition of the arguments that you have heard before. [Hats tossed in the air; handkerchiefs fluttered and wild yells from all parts of the hall.] But, my fellow citizens, the principles for which we are fighting today are those for which our fathers fought before them. Who among us can calmly analyze this matter without arising

was realized that the life of idleness led by the unemployed prisoners was of advantage neither to the state nor to the men themselves, and in fact worked serious harm to both. The idea was hit upon of employing them in the manufacture of binding twine, that industry being in the grasp of a trust that charged the farmers of Kansas exorbitant prices for the necessary article. At the beginning the twine was put on the market at three cents a pound below the trust price, and then both sides cut their prices until the Kansas farmers saved five cents a pound.
Wisdom in Wives.
David Starr Jordan does not think that a college training unfits a woman for the severer discipline and humbler duties of matrimony, and he says that the half-educated woman is exposed to more dangers and is more susceptible to the "higher foolishness" than is her better balanced and more brainy sister.

His Dear Relation.

"It was really a most comical situation, my dear," said Lady Sara to her friend, Lady Glenlyndon. "They were announced together just like husband and wife. She came in looking ready to burst with rage and affecting not to notice the general grin. He came in, either not having heard the announcement and quite unconscious of the presence of his dear relation, or else one of the finest actors I have ever seen. I think she would have liked to have ordered him to be turned out of the room on the spot, but as she could not do that she turned up her nose—and I am sure it turns up quite enough of itself. Well, she sat down by me, and he sat near and talked affably, obviously trying to draw her in. She sat looking daggers at him, refusing to be drawn, and then at last snubbing him so that he gave her just one glance and left her to herself. She went soon, and, I hope, felt ashamed of herself, but I doubt it."

"Nothing is less conducive to repentance," said Lady Glenlyndon, laughing. "than the knowledge that one is thoroughly in the wrong."
"Exactly. Well, then, I said to him, 'How did you like the lady who has just left?' He smiled good-humoredly—what a pleasant smile he has!—and said, 'One thing is quite certain, that I could not like her less than she did me.' 'Don't you know who she was?' I said; and when he said 'No,' I added, 'She is your connection, Lady Witney.' 'His face was a

She came in looking perfect and ready to 'burst with rage.' 'Do you suppose she knew me?' 'Well, she could have hardly helped doing so, as that stupid Watkins announced you together as Lord and Lady Witney.' 'You should have seen how he stared, and then he laughed. 'Watkins takes the cake,' he said. 'But I wish I hadn't been the hero of it—and least of all with the dowager. It's odd, by-the-by, how different she is to what I pictured her!'
"What was that?" I naturally asked.
"Oh, old and frumpy, the regulation dowager, with a high nose and plastered-down bands."

"In this unlucky fashion began the personal acquaintance, if it may be so called, between the new Lord Witney and the widow of his predecessor. The piquancy of the situation from the spectator's point of view lay in the fact that the two persons concerned were the opposing leaders of a family feud. The old Lord Witney had always resented the fact that he had no son, and Lady Witney was even more indignant that her daughter could not inherit the exclusion of the distant cousin. The fact that the principal seat and estate were entailed lent fuel to the fire.
Lord Witney had pictured his "dear relation" as a typical dowager with the external appearance of a frump and the manners of a true virago. Lady Witney, as it happened, was one of those fortunate women who preserve their fineness of figure, delicacy of skin, and piquancy of figure. Also she did not disdain to lend some skillful assistance to the work of nature. She had been married young, but she looked much younger than she was, and but for the well-known fact that her daughter's "coming out" was one of the events of the year, she might have posed successfully as the typical femme a trente ans.

"Witney ought to marry his cousin and reunite the title and the property," was what the world said. Kind and busy-boddy people even hustled about and tried to help this on. An entirely unpremeditated effect, however, was produced by some well-meaning but ignorant rich people. They put Lady Witney on his other side at dinner. She gave him her shoulder ostentatiously through the soup and fish. Then he spoke to her. She did not reply or turn, but she did not continue her conversation with her partner. Witney spoke again—a leading remark of a general kind. She turned on him with flashing eyes and replied in a manner that from one stranger guest to another was decidedly fierce, not to say rude. Witney was

not at all abashed. He seemed rather amused and continued the conversation.

"Don't you think," she said, abruptly, "that a fortune-hunter is a despicable thing?"
"Certainly," he replied, readily.
"And don't you think that a fortune hunter who pursues a girl simply for her money when he knows that he will never be allowed to marry her, and that the mere idea is hateful and not to be borne, and that he would never dare if the girl had a father or a brother to protect her—"

"Most cowardly and objectionable person. I am glad that the lady whom I am in love with is not an heiress or—"

"Oh, you are in love, are you?" she then said. "Who is she?"
"Well, really, you see, as a stranger—"

"You know perfectly well who I am."

"Certainly, but as you appear to—"

Lady Witney's really fine eyes literally flashed fire—but at that moment the ladies fortunately rose.

She reached home without having delivered herself, and feeling that she must do so or burst, she wrote a scratching letter, telling him that his conduct was most ungentlemanly, and that she forbade him ever to speak to her or come near her again.

He replied courteously acknowledging her letter, and begging her out of her "great experience" to tell him whether under similar circumstances he should publicly refuse to sit by her or what?

She wrote a cutting note in reply, mentioning incidentally that though it was quite true that she was quite an old woman (underlined twice), it was not usual in decent society to tell a lady so.

Lord Witney wrote to disclaim that he had done this or had any intention of doing so. On the contrary, he knew that she had married as the merest girl, and he ventured to add that if he had not known this her appearance would have inspired him with a belief that she was even younger.

She found it absolutely necessary to answer this to the effect that she attached no value to his opinion of her appearance, and he replied to her. How long this singular correspondence would have gone on it is difficult to say, but happening to meet Lord Witney at a party, Lady Witney went up to him.
"I know what you are aiming at," she said. "You want to get hold of my heiress daughter, and you think that if you persecute me you will drive me to consent to get rid of the annoyance."

"I utterly deny the persecution. I merely replied to your letters. That was common politeness. You might have ignored the replies."

"I could not. There was something so insinuating—and I could not bear that you should think—" She stopped in some confusion.

"Besides, I deny your accusation. I would not marry your daughter if she asked me. I love another woman."

There was a pause, and then Lady Witney said in an altered voice, "Does she love you?"

"Not yet. But she will."

"You seem remarkably confident. Is she so weak, then?"

"No, she doesn't seem to me weak," he replied, eyeing her with a smile. "She seemed to me a very determined and rather fiery little lady."

There was another pause and their glances met.

"Do I know her?"

"Yes."

"Does she like me?"

"Yes."

"I am sure I don't like her."

"On the contrary, you like her very much."

"Who is she?" inquired Lady Witney, with abrupt eagerness.

"I will tell you that at the right time. In the meantime, shall we go to supper?"

Lady Witney was about to refuse, but looked into his smiling, handsome face, hesitated, and—we know the proverb.

The lookers-on said, when they saw the pair enter the supper room:
"Clever man, Witney! He has got round the dowager, and now he will marry the heiress."

But they were wrong. Six months later he married Lady Witney.—Madame.

and buttermilk. Among the most active and vital people of the world are the Irish peasants, whose diet consists almost entirely of potatoes and buttermilk. The farmers of Corsica live all winter upon dried fruit, mainly dates and polenta (chestnut) meal. During the middle ages the Moors used to provision their fortified cities with chestnuts and olive oil. Chestnuts provide almost a perfect food and, in fact, they constitute a staple article of diet among the peasantry of certain portions of Italy.
Rainfall in India.
The average annual rainfall of the Indian continent, calculated upon data extending over the last thirty years, is forty-one inches. In 1896 the deficiency was five inches. In 1899 (when the monsoon broke that regulated the harvests of 1900) the deficiency was eleven inches, or 27 per cent. Such a deficit is unparalleled in Indian records.

COLD AIR HEALTH.

Winter About the Best Stimulant People Can Have.

Many persons regard the winter season as an unfortunate visitation. It is considered both uncomfortable to the body and harmful to health. This is an error. Cold is a most potent agent for the restoration and preservation of normal activity on the part of the organs of the human body. It is a wise plan of providence which gives us a change of seasons. The winter cold comes as a tonic to repair the injuries done by the enervating heat of summer. Summer, it is true, has many wise uses in the matter of health. It induces outdoor life, rids the system of poisons through copious perspiration and through the scorching rays of sun destroys germ life. Winter is the great bracer of the system. It stimulates activity in every organ. When cold attacks the surface of the body the blood is set into more free circulation as a means of bodily warmth. It is through the circulation of the blood that the human anatomy is kept in a state of repair. When the food has been digested and converted into liquid form, it is taken up by the blood and carried the rounds of the system for the purpose of repairing the waste places. When the cold causes increased circulation, it also brings about more perfect nutrition. Man's face and hands illustrate how weather-proof the body becomes when exposed to air. Continued activity in circulation on the surface, caused by the air coming in contact with the skin, tends to nourish and thicken the skin. Thus man's skin grows thicker in winter just as animals are supplied with a double coat of fur. The savages who dwell bareheaded in the open air, are seldom, if ever, known to be afflicted with bald heads, while, with the civilian who shields his scalp from air, baldness is prevalent. The Indians, who, if not now, in former days roamed our western borders, practically without clothing to shelter their bodies, became, through long exposure, so inured to the cold that it gave them but little discomfort.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

DINING OUT.

Hostess Sometimes Depends on Hair-Trigger Intellects.

If the hostess can catch no comet, she must be contented with meteoric wits, who make up for real brilliancy by saying what they do say quickly and spontaneously—with the punsters, in short, and such hair-trigger intellects. Failing these, says the presumably humorous Gelett Burgess in Harper's Bazar, the last class above the bores positive are those well meaning diners out who load themselves with stories for a dinner as a soldier goes into an engagement with a belt full of cartridges. They may not get a chance for a shot very often, but, given an opening, their fire is accurate and deadly till the last round is gone, when they are at the mercy of a more inventive wit. Yet even these welters have their place at the table, for we must have bread, as well as wine. It was one of Lewis Carroll's pet fancies to have a dinner table in the shape of a ring, and half the guests seated inside upon a platform which revolved slowly around the circle till each one had passed opposite every guest seated on the outside of the table. But this would break up many of the little secret schemes for which the modern dinner is planned, and many a young man would suddenly find himself flirting with the wrong lady across the board. And this last hint carries me from the exotic to the esoteric charms of the dinner. Here however, you must guess your own way. I dare not tell you precisely what it means when Celestine shifts her glass from left to right of her plate, nor what I answer when I raise my serviette by one corner, for Celestine may dine with you some day, and you may remember. You would better not invite me, anyway, for, though I am not a comet, yet I admit I would be mad enough to upset the claret purposely rather than have nothing exciting happen.

Pennsylvania to Buy Valley Forge.

Historic Valley Forge is to become a state park. It is the purpose to take immediate steps toward the purchase of this historic ground by the state of Pennsylvania. A committee has been appointed to correspond with all patriotic societies throughout Pennsylvania, and all Americans who have the good name of Washington at heart are appealed to for the purpose of helping along the crusade. The proprietary rights of the Valley Forge association are not to be infringed upon, for the extensive territory contains many landmarks that are now falling into decay. It is these historic mementos of the revolution which will be taken care of when once the state of Pennsylvania is the overseer of Valley Forge.

Court House Didn't Make Town.

"My home town of Grangeville, Idaho, is an example of the rapid growth of communities," says Mr. J. F. Ainslie. "A few years ago the county-seat was established at the town of Mount Idaho. A court house was constructed, and the nucleus of a town begun. It was not long afterward that Grangeville sprang into existence. Today Mount Idaho, with its court house, has only a few families, and Grangeville, only a few miles distant, has a population of 1,200 people."—Washington Post.

Pictures of Mt. hanging in the parlor look duffier, but they can't be classed as decorative.—Athens Globe.