

## AGUINALDO AGGRESSIVE

Assembling a Large Force of Filipinos in Front of San Fernando.

### PERSONAL COMMAND OF THE ARMY

American Soldiers Sleep on Their Arms—Transport Runs Aground and Large Amount of Cargo Thrown Overboard—Fighting Evidently Not Over Yet.

MANILA, June 24.—Aguinaldo does not seem to be satisfied with the attempt of the insurgents to retake San Fernando and he has taken command of General Luna's army and has massed the largest rebel force yet mobilized, bringing 2,000 men from the Antipolo region. He is exceedingly troublesome. Last night his men wounded two members of the Seventeenth regiment. General MacArthur's men are constantly on the alert to repel any attacks by the rebels, sleeping upon their arms. The general sincerely hopes that the Filipinos will give him another chance for a battle, for the soldiers really enjoy an opportunity to fight them when they can do so without wading through swamps to reach them.

Railway trains between Manila and San Fernando have been stopped for several days, while permanent repairs were being made to the bridges along the route, but today traffic was resumed.

The transport Centennial, which has arrived here, had an exciting experience while rounding Point Engano, on the northern coast of Luzon, on its way to this port. It struck a rock on Wednesday and remained fast for several hours, during which time it was surrounded by swarms of natives in canoes, who became menacing. Captain Eagle, who commanded the transport, was compelled to throw overboard 100 tons of supplies in order to lighten the ship sufficiently to get it afloat. Before this was effected the Filipinos had towed the cases ashore and were fighting over the spoils. The cruiser Baltimore recently grounded at the same point, but the natives feared to approach it.

WASHINGTON, June 24.—The war department has received no official dispatches relative to the grounding of the transport Centennial on the north end of Luzon and the loss of 100 tons of supplies which were thrown overboard to lighten the ship. According to the records here the Centennial carried 1,800 tons of supplies, and it is believed they were all the property of the subsistence department. The commissary officer at Manila has been queried to know whether it is desirable to immediately replace the supplies which were lost. The Centennial was a chartered ship and not one of the regular government transport fleet.

#### Troops for Africa.

LONDON, June 24.—The Shropshire regiment has been ordered to hold itself in readiness for immediate embarkation for Cape Town.

LONDON, June 24.—A dispatch from Cape Town to the Outlook says: "The tension is extreme. Business is at a standstill and the general feeling is that England must promptly bring matters to an issue. The league will have no difficulty in preventing meetings supporting Sir Alfred Milner's attitude, the desire being to refrain from embarrassing the imperial authorities. The Orange government is urging the Transvaal to make further concessions. Many people consider that Sir Alfred Milner's proposals are useless without the granting of twelve seats to the mining centers and the right to speak English in the Volksraad. Otherwise it will be impossible to select representative men. Failing these concessions the Johannesburgers say they prefer a treaty providing security and judicial and educational reforms."

#### Plotting Against Cabinet.

PARIS, June 24.—The new cabinet ministers took possession of their offices today. The prefect of police, M. Blane, had a long interview with the premier, M. Waldeck-Rousseau, during the day, and it is asserted he handed the latter his resignation. The progressive republicans have held a meeting under the presidency of M. Milne. Considerable diversity of opinion was developed. One faction decided to oppose the new cabinet, owing to the presence of M. Millerand in the ministry. The socialist deputies are also at variance regarding the entry of General de Gallifet into the cabinet and a portion of that party has decided to found a new group, to be entitled "revolutionary socialists."

#### Otis Needs Good Stenographers.

WASHINGTON, June 24.—There has been a call made by General Otis upon the war department for four expert Spanish court stenographers for service in the Philippine islands. They must be familiar with the Spanish and English languages, able to translate from Spanish into English and from English into Spanish and experts in taking dictation in the Spanish language and transcribing same with typewriters.

#### Exporting Gold.

NEW YORK, June 24.—Heidelberg, Ickheimer & Co. will ship \$1,000,000 in gold tomorrow. Kuhn, Loeb & Co. will also ship \$1,000,000 on tomorrow's steamer. This makes the total for Saturday so far announced \$4,000,000.

#### Ireland on Americanism.

NEW YORK, June 24.—A dispatch to the Herald from Paris says: "Mr. Ireland, archbishop of St. Paul, has made some highly interesting statements on the subject of 'Americanism' to the editor of the New Era. Some extracts from the interview give a clear idea of what 'Americanism' really is. Mr. Ireland says: 'If by Americanism we are to understand the theological errors condemned in the pope's letter there has been and is no such thing in America.'"

## DREYFUS' COMING IS IN DOUBT.

Military Officials Are Ignorant Regarding Arrival of the Sfax.

BREST, France, June 24.—The inhabitants of this port are absorbed in the pending arrival of Dreyfus. The question on every one's lips is, "When will he arrive?" but no one seems able to reply. The town, however, seems perfectly calm. Along the favorite parade, the Cours Dajot, on the cliff overlooking the splendid harbor, in which half a dozen picturesque old three-deckers are lying moored alongside modern cruisers, were a few groups of sailors and marines gazing seaward.

When questioned they admitted that they were watching for the French cruiser Sfax, bound from French Guiana with the famous prisoner on board, but in the same breath expressed the belief that it would not arrive in the daytime. They think the warship will be kept outside the harbor until night and that then Dreyfus will be landed inside the arsenal. This is the general opinion of the townspeople, who are eager to witness the landing.

The military and civil authorities profess to know nothing about the matter, not even if the Sfax is coming to Brest.

A representative of the Associated Press called at the maritime prefecture this afternoon and had a conversation with the port admiral, Barrera, who was typical of French politeness, but who displayed most praiseworthy ignorance. He said:

"Up to now I have received absolutely no instructions. I am awaiting orders from the new minister of marine. I cannot even say Dreyfus will be landed here. In any case, he cannot arrive yet," and, taking a map, he traced the course of the Sfax from the Cape Verde islands, which it left Tuesday, adding:

"You see it cannot have passed the Canary Islands before yesterday. It will not arrive here at the earliest until Sunday, or perhaps Monday."

The prefect of police also told the Associated Press representative that he had not received any instructions regarding Dreyfus. The French first class cruiser Tage, now lying in the harbor, has been instructed to put to sea on Sunday evening, and it is thought it has been ordered to meet the Sfax and have Dreyfus transferred to it. But Admiral Barrera says the Tage is simply going to sea for the purpose of experimenting with carrier pigeons. No doubt a big crowd will be present to witness the landing of Dreyfus if he is allowed to be seen, but no disorders are expected.

A detachment of secret police has arrived here from Paris and has been distributed about the town.

### OXNARD ANSWERS HAVEMEYER.

Denies Many of His Statements—Agrees With Him on Few Points.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 24.—Henry T. Oxnard, president of the American Beet Sugar Producers' association, has prepared a reply to H. O. Havemeyer's recent argument before the industrial commission at Washington. He flatly denies many of Mr. Havemeyer's statements and accuses that gentleman of seeking to destroy the American beet sugar industry in order to foster the refineries that handle foreign raw material, besides attempting to divert public attention from the sugar trust by attacking the tariff.

In conclusion Mr. Oxnard says: "I will not dispute Mr. Havemeyer's claim that 10 per cent is sufficient protection to the sugar refining interests which he represents, but I do assert that he cannot make the American people believe that the industries of this country and business prospered during the years we were struggling under the Wilson law, when the average protection amounted to 40 per cent ad valorem. If Mr. Havemeyer had said that keen and losing competition in business led to the formation of trusts he would be right, for the tariff has nothing to do with the formation of trusts."

#### Schley a Doctor of Laws.

WASHINGTON, June 24.—The honorary degree of LL. D. was today conferred by Georgetown university on Rear Admiral Winfield Scott Schley and George W. Melville, Major General Joseph Wheeler, Hon. W. Bourke Cockran of New York, Dr. Samuel Busey, District of Columbia; Dr. Daniel Brewer, Illinois, and Hon. Thomas Herran, United States of Colombia. General Wheeler, Dr. Brewer and Hon. Thomas Herran were unavoidably absent.

#### Re-enlistment at the Front.

WASHINGTON, June 24.—General Otis has cabled the war department saying that he had selected Sergeant Major Bell of the Twentieth infantry as adjutant of the First volunteer regiment, to be organized in the Philippines. He asked authority for the appointment, which has been granted. The adjutant will have the rank of captain. This is the first move in the direction of organizing the skeleton regiments in the Philippines, so far as the department is informed.

#### Population of Kansas.

TOPEKA, June 24.—Thus far the state board of agriculture has received assessors' returns from seventy-two counties in Kansas, and it is interesting to note that fifty-seven of these report an increase over 1898 in population of 29,172, while fifteen show a decrease of 3,375, leaving a net increase for the seventy-two counties of 25,797, equal to nearly 2 per cent on the state's entire population of un-year before.

#### Sheep Shearing Commences.

RAPID CITY, S. D., June 24.—The sheep shearing season has commenced in those parts of the Hills where sheep raising is carried on. It is rather late, owing to the difficulty in getting shears as soon as they are needed. The clip will be unusually large this year on account of the cold winter. The sheep ranges are in a fine condition and large numbers of sheep have already been brought in this season and have commenced to fatten. The prospects are that this will be the best year for lambs that the Hills has seen for some time.

## THE REVIEW OF TRADE

Feature of Week Is the Better Showing of Railroad Earnings.

### THE TRADE BALANCES ARE GOOD

Iron Again Approaches the Absorbing Interest, Factorie, Being Unable to Fill Orders—Fall in About Half of Year Ago—Industries Are Quite Favorable All Round.

NEW YORK, June 24.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s Weekly Review of Trade will say today:

The outgo of more gold this week, \$4,000,000, so far reported, makes it clear that Europe is in need. The French ministerial crisis has been grave and prolonged, the collapse of German speculation in industrial stock threatens some trouble, but perhaps the South American uncertainty causes most disturbance. Whatever the cause, Europe needs money and cannot claim its own from the west this year, but must borrow. Exchange and trade balances show that this country is not called upon to pay, but the money is worth more to lenders abroad than it is here. Home finances are most satisfactory. Revenue falls behind expenditures for the fiscal year less than \$100,000,000, and for \$230,000,000 war expenses, the revenue exclusive of that from the war taxes exceeds ordinary expenses.

Trade balances, in spite of exports from New York, 19 per cent less than last year's, and imports 26 per cent greater, still promise a large excess of exports for June. Nor is there any substance in the idea that large foreign sales of securities are moving gold. The best evidence attainable shows that in January and February about \$8,250,000 worth of securities came to this side, and since February, not more than \$4,000,000 in excess of shipments. In character, transactions have been of the trading and not of the investment sort. Stocks here have weakened, but almost exclusively in the industrials, which foreigners do not touch. These declining \$2.08 per share on the average this week, while railroad stocks have averaged a decline of only 29 cents per share. Earnings for the first half of June are better than any previous month this year, 10 per cent larger than last year, and 11.3 per cent larger than in 1892, the granger roads gaining most largely over last year in spite of the reduced movement of grain.

In the great staples, there is a turn for the better. Exports of wheat, flour included, for the week, have been 3,643,672 bushels, against 2,800,660 last year, and in three weeks, 6,504,262, against 11,005,798 last year. Corn exports also continue large, 2,627,866 bushels, against 2,574,723 last year. A sharp fall in cotton also encourages exports. These are facts which preceded orders for gold exports this week, and do not result from them, but show the prospect of a larger outgo of merchandise in coming months. Wheat receipts at the west, 15,600,688 bushels for the last three weeks, against 3,463,779 last year and 4,540,449 bushels in the same week in 1897, show an extraordinary movement from the farms for the season, indicating no suspicion there of shortage. The fall of 2 cents in wheat and in cotton from 6.31 to 6.12 cents, indicates that speculation based on the hope of short crop is decreasing. Textiles are much behind in prices, though woollens are steadily rising and are 6 per cent higher than at their lowest in March. The goods are in much stronger demand and wool has advanced from 18.01 to 18.76 cents for domestic, taking the average of 190 quotations by Coates Bros., though the buying is largely speculative. In cotton goods the advance has been small, and though business is excellent, the demand fairly matches the supply.

The great gain in volume of business might seem of questionable safety, were it not greater in iron production, resulting from an actual excess of demand over supply and not from speculation. Bars are stronger by \$3 per ton at the east, though iron is \$1 per ton easier at Pittsburgh, but a difference of \$5 per ton in favor of steel makes the demand for iron larger. It is interesting that a 10,000-ton order for plates for two American liners, to be built by the Cramps, has gone to Chicago, eastern works being too full. Orders for finished products show no decrease in quantity and for most lines, as for rails, are quite often refused, speedy deliveries being impossible.

Failures for the week have been 178 in the United States, against 285 last year, and eighteen in Canada, against eleven last year.

#### Dakota Troops are Praised.

WASHINGTON, June 24.—The report of Thomas H. Barry, adjutant general of the department of the Pacific, to General Otis concerning the operations of the brigade commanded by General Owenshine on February 5, consisting of the Fourteenth infantry and First North Dakota, was made public today. These troops marched through jungle and mud, and without faltering, drove the enemy from strong positions. He commended General Owenshine and the men under him. A report from Major Frank White, commanding the First battalion of the North Dakota volunteers, was also made public. He says the men performed their duties satisfactorily.

#### Holding Mail of Volunteers.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 24.—The postmaster general has ordered that mail matter addressed to members of the following regiments be withheld at San Francisco, indicating that they are all to be mustered out of the service very soon: California heavy artillery, Utah artillery, First California infantry, First Colorado infantry, First Idaho infantry, First Montana infantry, Thirteenth Minnesota infantry, First Nebraska infantry, First North Dakota infantry, Second Oregon infantry, Tenth Pennsylvania infantry, First South Dakota infantry and the First Wyoming infantry.

## DICK RODNEY;

or, The Adventures of An Eton Boy...

BY JAMES GRANT.

### CHAPTER XXXII.—(Continued.)

I looked keenly and cautiously about me on every side, but saw only the slender and countless stems of the tall bananas, whose broad leaves, as they spread under or over each other, interrupted the rays of the sun, and formed a shade that was pleasing and gloomy.

Now, when absolute cross what seemed a hole or hollow in the jungle, by stepping from the strong tendril of one creeper to another, a naked arm and great human hand came up from amid the mass of leaves!

I was seized by the right foot, and in an instant found myself dragged down through the foliage and inter-twisted plants—down—down—I knew not where; and before I had time to breathe or cry or resist, I lay prostrate on my back in a hole—a lair under the matted jungle—with a man above me, his knees planted on my breast, his strong hands upon my bare throat, and his fierce wild eyes glaring like those of a hyena into mine.

Then, how terrible were my emotions on recognizing in the light that fell through the mass of foliage above, as through a vine-covered trellis—now overpread with hair, as beard and whiskers were all matted into a mass—the dark and ferocious face of Antonio, whom I believed to be drowned and lying at the bottom of the sea—Antonio el Cubano!

"Silenzio!" said he, in a low voice, like the hiss of a serpent in my ear; but the injunction was unnecessary, for so completely was I taken by surprise—so utterly at his mercy, and so destitute alike of breath or weapon—that resistance was impossible.

Perceiving that I was almost strangled he relaxed his fierce grasp a little, but still kept the sharply pricking point of his knife at my throat, as a hint to remain quiet.

It would be impossible for me to describe the emotions of my soul during this time, which seemed an eternity to me! Utter fear was one, for I thought the fellow had something supernatural—something truly demonic—about him; that he could neither be drowned nor destroyed; and I lay still in that dark hollow, panting in his fierce clutch without a thought of resistance.

Now I heard my name shouted repeatedly.

"Rodney—Mr. Rodney—Dick Rodney—where are you?"

It was Tom Lambourne and others, my companions, who had now attained the summit of the rock, and were scrambling over the jungle, and pushing between the stems of the bananas, searching for me, rather than for the first object of such mystery.

My disappearance alarmed them. "Can he have gone adrift over the bluff," I heard Tom Lambourne say, "or is he only having a game with us by hiding himself?"

"Oh, yes—that is it," replied Probart, the carpenter; "he can't have gone aloft into one of these bananas, for they are as clear of branches as a spare topmast; so let us sheer off to the mate, and Mr. Rodney will soon come down after us."

"Well, my lads, there are neither wild men nor wild beasts here," said Lambourne; "so we shall return back to Master Hislop, who is hanging in the wind half-way down, and then be off to the hut. We've earned a stiff glass of grog by this bout, anyhow."

My emotions became almost suffocating when I heard them turn away to descend and rejoice Hislop without me.

I saw and heard them pass and re-pass over us, the creepers of the jungle yielding their weight.

The leg and foot of one, named Henry Warren, came down through the green network of leaves and actually touched me.

I drew a long, gasping breath, and the atrocious Cubano, believing I was about to cry aloud, compressed my throat so tightly with his muscular hands, that a thousand lights seemed to flash before my eyes, and I must have become senseless for some minutes, as the next incident that dwells in my memory is seeing him sitting in a crouching attitude, with his elbows on his knees; his black-bearded chin resting in the hollow of his right hand, and with his knife—his murderous Albacete cuchillo—clenched in his white teeth, while he surveyed me with a strange and sardonic smile in his deeply-set black eyes, which glittered like those of a snake in the rays of sunlight that struggled through the woven roof of leaves about us.

I heard no more the voices of my shipmates. They were gone, and I was left alone and unarmed with this man or devil—as yet I knew not which he was; but I knew that if he had the will he had assuredly the power, to kill and leave me in his lair, or to cast me, a mangled heap, to the bottom of the cliff whereupon he lurked.

### CHAPTER XXXIII.

It might have been about the hour of ten, and we were still loitering on the moonlit beach, when the cry of "A sail in sight!" made every heart leap wildly and with hope.

"Twas Tom Lambourne who spoke, but every eye caught the ship at once, and even those who had been dozing on the warm sand or within the hut were awake and on the beach in a moment, stretching their hands toward her with joy and exultation, but the aspect of the ship gradually changed

all this into suspense and utter bewilderment.

She was a large, square-rigged vessel—a ship running close-hauled on the port-tack (to use a man-o'-war phrase), and with nearly all her canvas set.

She was four miles off the reef at the entrance of the bay, and was bearing directly toward it. There was a glimmered like snow in the moonlight, and we could see the red lights of her cabin windows flash at times upon the sea aster, and the whiteness of her long flush deck, as she careened before the breeze.

Yet how was it, we all asked, that there was not a breath of wind with us?

"Perhaps she brings it with her," suggested Hislop.

"And how it came to pass that she appeared right in the offing and outside the bay all at once?" asked Tom Lambourne.

"She must have rounded the high bluff while we were all palavering," said Probart.

Nothing more was said for a time, but whether it was the effect of imagination or of an overstrained eyesight I know not, she seemed to melt as it were in the brightness of the moonlight—became so indistinct that we could see the line of the horizon through her topsails; and next it seemed as if her hull, her spars and rigging were edged with bright prismatic hues.

It is impossible for me to describe the blank astonishment, or rather the intense consternation, of our men on the disappearance of this vessel, which was the object of so many hopes and wishes.

Some time elapsed before the poor fellows rallied sufficiently to speak on the subject; and meanwhile, there flashed upon my memory some strange and weird old Celtic tales, which a Highland boy at Eton was wont to tell us, of ships which in the days of Ossian traversed the steep hills and the salt lochs of Morven with equal facility.

"It is a ship—or rather the representation of a veritable ship—which cannot be far off the island, and is making for it at this moment," said Hislop, emphatically.

"How far do you think she is, sir?" asked Hugh Shute, mockingly.

"Perhaps twenty miles—perhaps a hundred—it is impossible to say."

So thoroughly were our companions scared by the recent spectral appearance, which they connected in some way with the dreadful character of Antonio el Cubano, that they at once commenced with alacrity the preparations for putting to sea.

It may be that somewhat of the professional restlessness of sailors confirmed their resolution.

They were already tired of their sojourn on the island, and, inspired by the desire of reaching Tristan da Cunha, which was inhabited by about eighty families of Portuguese, English and mulattoes, among whom Hislop assured them they might linger long enough before they were taken off by a passing ship—quite as long as if they remained on the Isle of Alphonso—and where for subsistence they would be forced to work as day laborers in the savannas and on the highways.

As for the island of Diego Alvarez, our Scotch mate, who seemed to know everything, assured them that it produced only moss and sea grass, and that if cast there they would die of starvation. Moreover, without chart or compass, how could they hope to steer with certainty in any direction?

They all might perish in detail by the most dreadful deaths in their open boat, gasping with unquenched thirst under the blaze of a tropical sun. He said much more; but they would listen to nothing save their own fears and restless impulses.

I, too, was weary of the island; and though feeling all the despondency that follows a severe disappointment on the disappearance of the illusory ship, I in no way shared the wild and ill-regulated wishes of the crew, though assured that I would be compelled to follow their desperate fortunes.

Hislop and I still lingered; so we were told peremptorily that if we did not come on board at once they would shove off without us. Thus compelled, we stepped in most reluctantly and seated ourselves in the stern, and he assumed the tiller. The oars were run through the rowlocks, and Lambourne was about to shove off, when Probart, who had the bow oar, suddenly remembered that he had left his hatchet near our wigwam, and asked me to get it.

I jumped ashore, and was proceeding along the beach for it, when suddenly I was confronted by Antonio, who from a thicket had been watching our operations and departure.

His tawny skin—for he was naked to the waist—his ferocious aspect, his head of matted hair, his colossal strength and atrocious character were not without a due effect upon the boat's crew at this crisis.

"Shove off—shove off!" I heard several voices cry in the boat; "here comes that dog of a Cubano."

I struggled with Antonio; but he laughed loudly, and drew his pistol with the air of one who would enforce obedience; besides, his eyes, which the tangled masses of his hair over-

hung, were flashing with malignant fire, as all the slumbering devil was roused within him.

The whole crew saw this, and I perceived that Marc Hislop made an attempt to rise up and spring overboard to my succor; but as all their hopes of reaching Tristan da Cunha depended entirely upon his skill and knowledge of navigation, he was seized by Warren, Chute and others, roughly thrust down in the stern sheets and forcibly held there.

I saw now that the fear and selfishness of the rest prevailed over all that Hislop, Lambourne and Carlton could urge; for, amid a storm of contending tongues, I perceived the oars dipping in the water again and again and flashing like silver blades in the moonlight as they were feathered; and the longboat, with all my companions, shot from the creek into the bay and bore away to seaward about two in the morning, leaving me on the beach alone, with the fiendish Cubano.

Had not Antonio held me fast and menaced me with his pistol I would have sprang into the water, and, undeterred by the sharks that were forever gliding stealthily about the bay, would have swam after the boat; for, desperate though the fortune of those who were there, I would rather have shared it than live on the Island of Alphonso with such a companion.

His fierce, mocking laugh grated harshly in my ear, but I heeded him not, and continued to gaze after the boat and the lessening forms of those who had abandoned me, not without a fond and desperate hope that they would return for me. Every moment I expected to see her put about; but no she held steadily on till hull and sail and crew were blended into one little dark spot, which ere long could scarcely be discerned on the moonlit morning sea.

Her course was trimmed northeast, for where they supposed the Isle of Tristan da Cunha lay. She had caught a breeze and, before four o'clock in the morning, the last vestige of her had disappeared.

Still I did not entirely despair!

The idea of swimming to one of the adjacent isles occurred to me; but the straits between were full of foaming breakers and sharks; the rocks, moreover, were inaccessible, and wherever I might go Antonio could easily follow.

The sun was now setting beyond the sea, and the shadow of a great mountain was falling eastward over the island as we began to descend from the bluff where I had lingered so long by one of the narrow and winding tracks made through the gorse by the wild goats.

As it was alike dangerous and uncomfortable to sleep under the dew that descended after sunset, for two nights after the departure of the boat I was compelled to share the wigwam with Antonio, but did so with dread and loathing, and kept as far away from him as possible.

His dreams, which were full of oaths, ejaculations and frequently cries of "El aparlento! El espectro!" came on him as of old; and as sleep to me became an impossibility I resolved to leave him to his own devices. Certainly the island was large enough for us both.

Moreover he had become so sparing of his ten charges of powder that he would not fire a single shot at either bird or goat or wild boar. I have since believed that he saved them with the resolution of defending himself to the last; if Hislop ever returned to arrest him; and now, being lord and master of the whole island, and of me, too, he exhibited a new phase of character. He became too lazy to procure food, and forced me to find it for him, under threats of shooting me. Thus for two days after the departure of the boat, being totally incapable of catching one of the fleet goats alone, and being in no way disposed to encounter singly one of the wild boars, I had to climb the steep rocks above the breakers and steal the sea birds' eggs.

(To be continued.)

### OLD YOUNG WOMEN.

Root of the Evil Is in Parental Indulgence.

One of the saddest features of present-day life is the condition of ennuil in which even the very young women settle soon after their school days are finished, says the Philadelphia Times. At 18 or 19 they have been everywhere, seen everything, possessed whatever their desires have prompted, and just when life should be most filled with beautiful promises they are hopelessly stranded on the barren shores of indifference. The root of this evil is to be found in paternal indulgence. The American father and mother work hard, saving all they can, denying themselves luxuries and oftentimes necessities as well, that their daughter may revel in that which they have never taken the time or the means to enjoy. From her earliest infancy the girl finds that her slightest wish is to be gratified if it is possible, regardless of the fact that what she desires may not be becoming to her age or to her condition of life. That she wants it is all that the parents consider, so that when the time comes that such gratification would have some significance she is past enjoying it. She has nothing to look forward to, she is surfeited, and should she marry, her husband will find this ennuil the greatest bar to their domestic happiness. A little more denial in early youth, plain food, plain frocks, simple pleasures up to the time of her debut, should be the rule, when the delight of new sensations will more than compensate for the doing without that which has marked her pathway up to that time.

Korea is just about the size of the island of Great Britain, being 600 miles long and from 120 to 200 miles wide.