

Current Topics

A Noted Chinese Statesman.

A noted Chinese statesman recently beheaded by order of the dowager empress because of his too liberal views was well known in diplomatic circles at Washington, as he had served as minister from his country to the United States from 1886 to the latter part of 1889. He was Chang Yen Hoon. His death occurred last July, but the outside world became aware of the fact only a few days since.

Chang was an able diplomat and well thought of in official circles. He was a pronounced antiquarian, and while in this country made many visits to the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, where he could study its rare collection of priceless antiques. Especially on the specimens from his native land was he an authority, and his information in connection with them was of great aid to the antiquarians of the United States. A memento of his visit to this country is to be found at the



CHANG YEN HOON.

Metropolitan Museum of Art. It consists of a hammered bronze vase of the Han dynasty, and is over 2,000 years old. This was presented in 1897 while he was returning home from Queen Victoria's jubilee.

Opera Singer Arrested.

Another American woman has been subjected to the ignominy of arrest and detention by the infamous Brigade des Moeurs, as that particular division of the Parisian police are designated, which is entrusted with the duty of putting into execution the laws dealing with the women of the half world. The most recent victim of the Brigade des Moeurs is May Garlick, wife of the Marquis de Feo. She is now seriously ill from the effects of the brutal and vile treatment to which she was subjected by the police, who, insisting that she was a notorious character, arrested her and kept her for several hours in prison until she was identified. Then she was released with the usual apologies. May Garlick, prior to her unfortunate marriage, was one of the leading singers of the Castle Square Opera company at the American theater in New York. Her husband, who is an Italian, deserted her after shamefully mistreating her, leaving her without means, whereupon she returned to the operatic stage, making her European debut at Monte Carlo.

Dr. Edward A. Ross, who has been at the head of the department of economics and sociology in Stanford university since 1893, has just been elected an associate member of the Institute International de Sociologie at Paris. There are only five other members of this society in the United States.

Miss Babby Jones.

Daughter of Gov. Dan W. Jones, who will christen the Monitor Arkansas at Newport News, Va., Nov. 10.

A Spanish paper asserts that two descendants of Columbus, Manuel and Maria Columbo, brother and sister, are at present inmates of the asylum for the homeless in the city of Cadiz. It is said that documents in their possession incontestably prove their descent.

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Gen. Frost Passes Away.

General D. M. Frost, one of the most distinguished citizens of St. Louis, died suddenly at his home in that city last week. His death was very sudden, for, although the general was 77 years old, he had been remarkably healthy and had not complained of any illness.



Gen. Frost was a native of New York and a graduate of West Point in the class of 1844. He had fought with distinction in the Mexican war, and the outbreak of the civil war found him in St. Louis a prosperous lumber merchant. He took sides with the confederacy and for two years served in that cause. The principal incident in his civil war career was his defense of Camp Jackson in this city and his surrender in May, 1861, to the federal troops under General Lyon. The state militia had been called together for their annual drill and were encamped under Frost on the outskirts of the town. Before they could find an opportunity actively to express their sympathies with the south they were captured by the home guards and the Missouri volunteers. After the close of the war General Frost returned to St. Louis and settled on his farm near the city. One of his sons, R. Graham Frost, who died several months ago, represented a Missouri district in congress.

Knew Lincoln as a Boy.

There was held near Galesburg, Ill., recently, a celebration in honor of the ninety-first anniversary of the birth of John T. Barnett, or Squire Barnett, as he is generally known. It took place at the log home west of Galesburg, and many descendants from Knox and Warren counties were present.

A peculiar interest attaches to the life of Mr. Barnett, for he was one of the young men friends of Abraham Lincoln, who was a few months his senior.

The squire says that Lincoln and he were often together, and that, although he thought much of Lincoln, he never voted for him but once, and that was when he ran for the legislature against Peter Cartwright. He recalls many pleasant incidents. When he first became acquainted with Lincoln the lat-



JOHN L. BARNETT.

ter was engaged with William Berry, son of John Berry, in running a grocery.

Powers Agree on China.

The agreement between Great Britain and Germany on a common Chinese policy is accepted by the United States and Russia as a pledge rather than as a guide to their own action. In responding our government simply assents to principles which it was the first to formulate, namely, the principle of the open door and the principle of the preservation of Chinese territorial and administrative entity. Under the circumstances an assumption of leadership on the part of the two contracting powers would be absurd, and we have only to reaffirm our own views without giving promises.

Received \$25,000 Per Song.

Two years ago Mme. Alva, a singer famous in Australia, volunteered to sing one evening at Bendigo before some nuns who were about to go into retreat. She is now informed that a wealthy Australian, in recognition of her kindness, "as well as of her magnificent endowment as a vocalist," has left her \$175,000, which is at the rate of \$25,000 for each of the seven songs she rendered. Mme. Alva is a Protestant.



Mme. Alva.

Illinois and Texas.

The state of Illinois has 995,199 more inhabitants than it had in 1890. Its numerical gain is exceeded by New York and Pennsylvania alone, and is barely exceeded by the latter state. The percentage of gain, being 26 per cent, is equalled by that of no other large state, with the exception of Texas. The increase in population in Illinois between 1880 and 1890 was 748,480, being a little less than 25 per cent.

The Weekly Panorama.

A Woman Major.

The only woman major in the United States army is Mrs. Belle L. Reynolds, of Santa Barbara, Cal. Mrs. Reynolds is a native of Massachusetts. When 14 years old she removed to the west and at the opening of the civil war, when her husband enlisted in the Seventeenth Illinois, she joined him at Bird's Point, Mo., commencing a life of three years in the camp and on the field, helping the wounded and sick. After the battle of Pittsburg Landing she received her commission as major from Gov. Yates of Illinois. She was at Vicksburg, Miss., when Gen. Grant dared the experiment of running the batteries, and she entered that city with the triumphant army.

After the war she studied medicine in Chicago and became a practitioner. Later she removed to Santa Barbara.



MRS. BELLE L. REYNOLDS. When trouble arose in the Philippines she went there as a Red Cross nurse. She has since returned home.

Negro Registrar of the Treasury.

A colored man is the watchdog of the nation's wealth and, with Secretary Gage and Treasurer Roberts, forms a triumvirate that controls the money stock of the republic.

Not a dollar can be paid from the federal treasury without the assent of these two and the negro, Judson W. Lyons, registrar of the treasury. Furthermore, the name of the latter must appear on every bill and bond issued by the government. Of course, he cannot personally sign every note issued from the bureau of printing and engraving, so his name is cut into the steel dies from which the bills are struck. But his personal signature is required on the registered bonds and he is often compelled to handle 5,000 of these in a day, the average value of registered bonds issued per day being \$5,000,000.

Mr. Lyons is the successor of B. K. Bruce, also a negro, who died in 1898. He is a Georgian and is 42 years of age. He has taught school, studied law at Howard university, and practiced his profession at Augusta, Ga.



Judson Lyons.

Like Li Hung Chang.

The accompanying picture is not one of Li Hung Chang, the able Chinese statesman, although it bears a striking resemblance to him. It is that of an Eskimo, discovered by the Arctic explorer, A. J. Stone, and is reproduced from The World's Work. One can see in the face of the picture many oriental characteristics. The head is Mongolian in its cast and Chinese guilelessness and cunning are expressed in every feature.



Heroine of Pekin.

Miss Cecile Payen, the Chicago portrait painter who shared with Mrs. and Miss Woodward of Evanston the long siege of Pekin, reached Chicago last week. Miss Payen gives an interesting description of the siege, which, she says was not so black as it was



MISS CECILE PAYEN.

painted, one of the chief troubles of those within the walls being the thought of the anxious ones at home. She was just completing a portrait when the first scare came to the legation, and after the momentary excitement had died away she persuaded her sitter to give her another hour, in which she completed the picture.

In the Fowler's Snare

By M. B. MANWELL

CHAPTER I.

"The dear boy! It is almost too good to be true! By this time they must be married, and Temple-Dene is saved!" Lady Jane Templeton sat tapping her feet restlessly on the floor, her dark-blue eyes flashing and sparkling as again and again she read over a closely written letter spread out upon her lap.

Good news—the best of all news—had come that day to the old home of the Templetons. The long, weary years of grinding poverty were at an end. More, the utter ruin that threatened Temple-Dene was averted once and for all. Little wonder, then, that Lady Jane's eyes danced, and her mouth twitched with unaccustomed smiles.

"I must tell somebody!" she went on agitatedly. And she stretched out her hand to the bell handle.

"Send Miss Leila to me, Somers," she looked round to say to the footman who answered the summons.

While Lady Jane waited a slightly anxious pucker came into her brow. There's bound to be a shadow behind each human joy, however bright, and it would be a difficult task for her to tell the good news to the "somebody" whom she had summoned.

It was a cheerless, cold December day—the first of the month. From the distant belt of the Temple-Dene woods a faint mist was rising.

Could the blue skies and the warm sun ever have laughed down on a world so dun and sodden? Would they ever again break through the gray pall of sadness?

A slim figure of a girl, with hurt, bewildered eyes and a drooping mouth was moving listlessly along the corridor in obedience to the footman's message, and in Leila Desmond's eyes the gray day seemed to fit in with her own "sorrow-shot" heart. She almost hoped it would be always like this now—dull and dun, lifeless and loveless.

"You sent for me, aunty?" She parted the heavy, faded blue-plush portiere between the south and the east drawing rooms, and looked straight at Lady Jane.

"Oh, Leila, yes!" Her ladyship started and she spoke nervously. "Quick! How slowly you move, child! Come and sit here by me." She patted the blue-satin couch on which she sank.

Everything about and around the mistress of Temple-Dene was blue—pale blue—for Lady Jane had been a blonde beauty of the fairest order in her palmy youth.

Time had faded the hangings and satin coverings, the frilled cushions and the hue of her own once rich robe, for Lady Jane Templeton was a miserably poor woman. Evil days had come upon her and her belongings, but they had not quenched the proud woman's spirit as they had that of her husband, Francis Templeton, the dreary, broken man, who sat all his days in the library, a victim to a form of melancholy.

The masterful spirit of the woman had never rested, seeking a way out of the dark cloud that shrouded Temple-Dene. All her hopes of deliverance from sheer ruin were placed in Gervis, the heir and only child she and Francis Templeton ever had.

By day and night she had spent her energies in rousing Gervis to the rescue of his family.

So the words that had trembled on the lips of Gervis Templeton day after day were unspoken after all. From boyhood his heart had been filled with one image—that of the girl, Leila Desmond, his mother's eldest niece. They were orphans—Leila and Sybil—daughters of Lady Jane's passionately loved younger brother. When he died his sister gathered the desolate children, motherless as well as fatherless, into her home, bringing them up and educating them.

But the instant the mother recognized that the girl, Leila, had grown to be the one woman in the world for her son the springs of love for her brother's orphan froze up. She almost hated Leila, even after she had gained her point and separated the two lovers. But it was Lady Jane's hour of triumph, and she could today at least afford to be gracious.

"Come, my dear Leila," she repeated, "I have news—great news—from my boy."

A shock of fear ran through the girl, who had crept slowly up to the faded blue couch.

Lady Jane, busily engaged adjusting her eye glasses and spreading out the foreign letter on her lap, did not observe blanching cheeks and trembling lip.

"I have heard from Gervis. A wonderful thing has happened, Leila. You will be astonished. My boy is engaged. He has met a sweet girl in San Francisco—a great heiress; and—and—well, I suppose they are actually married, for the wedding was fixed for the last day in November. This is the first of the month, so, if all is well, they are married. Can you believe it, Leila? And, child, Temple-Dene is saved. Her money will redeem the dear old home. Oh, how good God is!"

Lady Jane's voice ended in a choking sound. She was honestly, from her very heart, sending up a thanksgiving for what she thought a crowning mercy.

The words rang through the brain of the listener.

God was possibly good to some folk—to Aunt Jane, for instance, and to the happy girl-heiress whose gold had bought up Leila's own heritage; but God seemed terribly cruel to her. He had stripped and robbed her of all that made life sweet and fair. So Leila sat dumb, twisting her slim, small fingers together on her lap; and Lady Jane's jubilant voice went on in her ears.

"Such a letter, my dear; brimful of all particulars and details. Everything I wanted to know is set down clearly. Dear boy, what a head he has for business! The settlements are most generous—quite extraordinary. If she dies without heirs, everything absolutely goes to Gervis; if he dies first, Temple-Dene is hers, supposing there is no heir. So in any case Temple-Dene is saved, and my life-prayer granted."

"It seems to be a good bargain for both."

Leila spoke at last, and her voice sounded harsh and bitter, though the elder lady did not notice it.

"A splendid bargain," she was repeating, in all innocence. "And, you see, Gervis was able to arrange the settlements himself without delaying, for I suppose you know, Leila, that Temple-Dene is already the dear boy's own by mortgage. All his uncle's money left to Gervis was swallowed up in it when he came of age; but that was, after all, a drop in the ocean of debts and difficulties."

"However, all that misery is now at an end. This dear girl's wealth will set the old place on its feet. My poor husband's life is a frail thread now, nigh spun out; but Gervis will see to it that my future is an assured one. And, of course, that in its turn touches yourself and little Syb. My home shall be yours always. So, Leila, the good news travels in a widening circle, and reaches one and all of us."

Lady Jane laid her hand on the girl's shoulder, but Leila shrank away quickly.

"I shall be able now to take you out, my dear. You shall see the world and marry well. I shall manage that, never doubt it. Oh, how life has changed all in an hour! I can scarcely realize it that all the money worries are to be smoothed out. But my poor Francis! If he could only have held out as I have done. Indeed, he will not even comprehend the glad news when I carry it to him. Leila, they say there's a black shadow to every joy. What if—what if my poor husband's mind goes altogether? It would be better far if God took him!"

Lady Jane stood up, shuddering with horror.

"I must go to him—Francis must be told." With a rustle of her faded silk skirts she left the room; but Leila sat on, clasping and unclasping her fingers ceaselessly.

Gervis married! For this girl the end of the world has come, then. To another belonged the right of loving her lover. Yes, he had been hers. Of that, at least, she could never be robbed. Leila, hurt and "sorrow-shot" to the soul, felt bitter and sore.

For the last couple of years—even since the girl awoke to the knowledge that Gervis loved her—life had been a dream of happiness, into which no ray of doubt had crept. Then came the crash of all fair hopes in the knowledge that the love-dream must end. And now Gervis was married. With a moan Leila would have risen from the couch, but a pair of soft arms held her down.

"Darling sis," a breathless, quick voice said, "I know! I have heard the news. Aunty has just told me. I could kill him, I could! I hope all the sorrows and griefs in the world will come upon him and her, too. I hope they will be unhappy ever after." The hot words came raining fiercely, and a young face, working convulsively, was pressed against Leila's ice-cold cheek.

It was Sybil, the younger sister, warped alike in mind and body, for the girl was deformed. A careless nurse had dropped the tender infant on the flagstones in the hall, injuring her spine irremediably. Never would Sybil Desmond walk this earth straight and tall; and she had grown up with a wild, distorted frame of mind at enmity with all mankind—all save the idolized sister, who was all the world to poor, misshapen Syb.

CHAPTER II.

"And you're going to take me to England for Christmas, to your own home, Gervis?"

"To our home, my wife. You must learn to say 'ours,' not 'yours,' Gladys."

A newly made husband and wife sat hand-in-hand in the handsome palace car of a train speeding over the Canadian Pacific railway. Outside was the white world of new-fallen snow, while in the car, with its mirrors, its inlaid furniture, its flowers and fruit, its silken hangings, and its scented warmth, the atmosphere was like midsummer.

They had been married but a few weeks, these heedless, happy lovers, and the honeymoon had not as yet waned. For the young pair the course of true love had flowed with a smoothness altogether unprecedented.

There had been the first meeting, when the good looking, tall young

Englishman, upon whom all eyes were turned with admiration, first encountered the slim, round-eyed heiress of Hiram Fairweather, the Chicago man, whose corner in Iron had made him world-famous.

Gladys's mourning for the dead father had only just blended into tender grays and virginal whites, and the girl, liberally adorned otherwise with shy blushes, cunning dimples and happy smiles, was entering the widely welcoming arms of society.

Gervis Templeton was the first Englishman of good birth Gladys had as yet known. Hiram Fairweather's "boom of luck" had not come in time for him to take his place in the top-most circles of American society.

It had arrived all too late for the patient, meek helpmate who was lying in a shady corner of a country churchyard, with tired, hard-working hands folded restfully.

It had come too late to polish their only child into a fashionable lady by means of a European education; but Gladys was young—scarcely nineteen—and rarely dainty of face and form, so society willingly accepted the rose, uncultured as it was, and petted her unstintingly. But society could not keep its new idol for long.

After the first shy look, the first few stammering words, Gladys had no longer a heart to boast of, though she herself was innocently ignorant of the fact. For this girl there would never be any other man than the chivalrous English stranger whom fate had introduced into her life. No other love could ever take the place of that which filled her veins with its blissful ecstasy. Her simple heart secret was an open page—Gladys knew no guile woe with to hide it.

The astute dame of fashion who, for a certain handsome sum allowed by the trustees of the wealthy heiress, took Gladys under her wing, contented herself with smiling blandly at the pretty love scene going on under her eyes.

"Happy's the wooing that's not long a-doing," Gervis Templeton did not let the grass grow under his feet until he had secured the matrimonial prize of the hour.

And, to do this young Englishman justice, he fully meant to "have and to hold . . . to love and to cherish," this fair, sweet woman whom he had won, until death should part them.

"He's got what he came over here for," moodily said one of many disappointed swains.

"That's so," observed another. "It's always like that. Those dandy English chaps have only to throw the handkerchief, and the richest of our heiresses, as well as the smartest of our summer girls, are at their feet. Bah! It's sickening!"

"Oh, come," broke in a kindlier spirit, "surely it's not so barefaced as all that? Though, now I think of it, he does not seem over-head-and-ears in love with that little Fairweather girl. There's a look in his eyes as if he had missed the chief aim in life, and consequently didn't much care how things went."

Perhaps the last speaker was not wide of the mark. Gervis Templeton certainly had a past of his own locked carefully away—honorably away now.

For the young man meant the vows he took upon himself when he and trembling, shy Gladys stood together at the altar. He would love and serve as well as he could the sweet, young helpmeet God was trusting to his care. Never should she know, if he could help it, that she had come second, not first, into his heart to remain there.

So another youthful pair set out for weal or woe—who might say as yet?

(To be continued.)

King Khama.

Khama is king of the Bamangwato tribe. His 40,000 subjects are called Bechuanas, because they live in Bechuanaland; but they resent this name themselves, and do not acknowledge it as a tribal term. Khama is an old man now—lean, hungry and as ugly as can be; but he is a very good old man, and in his way has probably done more real good to the cause of the natives in his part of the country than any other two dozen native chiefs. He will not allow any intoxicating liquor whatever to be sold anywhere within his dominions. He and all his people are strict teetotallers, and there is a heavy fine for making tsechuala, or Kaffir beer, a comparatively harmless decoction of fermented mealie meal.

Humorous Census Returns.

Many humorous features were developed in the taking of the census of 1900. One question was indicated by the remark "length of residence," which was expected to show how long the people living in various localities at the time of the census had been there. When the reports came in it was found that many of these queries were answered in figures in this way: 20x40, 15 30, etc. The enumerators had gone around with a foot rule and had measured the length of the residences of the people they counted.

Highest Chimney in World.

Antwerp has the highest chimney in the world. It belongs to the Silver Works company and is 410 feet high. The interior diameter is 25 feet at the base and 11 feet at the top.

Artificial Nutmegs Analyzed.

A German chemist has analyzed the artificial nutmegs that are made in Belgium in large quantities. They include various vegetables and 20 per cent of mineral substances.