

# Han Wang, the Big New Steel Plant in Heart of the Chinese Empire

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**HANKOW, 1909.**—(Special Correspondence of The Bee.)—I write of the biggest steel plant on the mainland of the Asiatic continent. It lies here at Hankow, in the interior of China, 730 miles south of Peking, and as far west of the Pacific as Cleveland is west of the Atlantic. It is in the very heart of the empire, accessible by water transportation to a population of over 100,000,000, and at a point where railroads will eventually converge as they do at Chicago. The Yangtze River is said to carry one-third of the commerce of China, and by it the biggest ocean steamers can come right to these steel works during the greater part of the year. Boats from a dozen different provinces which contain coal and iron mines each reach it in any month of the twelve and its products can be sent by water to the edge of Tibet or on the Yangtze tributaries down to Yunnan, the great province which borders on Burma, Hankow, and the addition of Han Yang, already has a trunk line of railroad to Peking, and others are projected to Nanking and Canton.

**The Chicago of China.**  
 Hankow has been called the Chicago of China. It will eventually be the Pittsburgh and Birmingham as well. The smokestacks of its factories are already polluting the air, and it has all the natural resources of a great manufacturing center. It has coal and iron on all sides, and deposits of limestone which contain coal and iron in purity lie in its back yard. Take the ore which the steel plant is now using. It comes from a solid mountain of iron about sixty miles down the Yangtze. The company has something like thirty-five miles of iron ore deposits and upon this are hills 300 feet high. It is estimated that more than 100,000,000 tons are already in sight, and that the mountain which is now being mined contains over 100,000,000 tons. The ore is 65 per cent pure. I am told it is 10 per cent better than the best Lake Superior iron, and equal to the highest grade of iron of Sweden.

The coal which this steel plant uses now comes from about 300 miles up the Yangtze, and its mines are so situated that it can easily be loaded and brought down by water. It makes excellent coke and there are now about 250 ovens on fire at the mines. The present coal output is about 1,500 tons daily; and, with a little extra machinery, this can be increased to 3,000 tons. Both the coal and iron deposits belong to the steel company which is now being built. The steel plant and the iron mines have been mortgaged to Japan by a long-time contract which furnishes so much ore per year at a low price per ton.

**China's Chief City.**  
 But let me tell you about the steel plant itself. It lies on the north bank of the Yangtze, in the city of Han Yang, just west of Hankow, being separated from it by the Han river. There are three great cities at this point. Hankow, where I am writing, has a population of over 1,000,000. It is the present terminus of the Hankow-Peking railroad; it is the chief tea shipping city of China, and is a great industrial center. It is an open port, and has several foreign consulates, including the American. On the opposite bank of the Yangtze-Kiang, which is here a mile wide, is Mukchang, another great Chinese city. This is about half as big as Hankow, and covers a much greater space. It is the vice royal capital of Hubei and Hunan provinces, and industrial state, both containing millions. Han Yang extends far up the Yangtze above Hankow, the three sister cities combined exceeding Chicago in size.

The steel plant lies on a strip of lowland at the junction of the Han and the Yangtze. Up to a few years ago the ground on which it stands was a swamp, but the viceroy, Chang Chi Tung, having decided that China ought to build its own railroads and make its own steel, chose this as the place. He was viceroy of the Hubei provinces at the time, and his capital city was Wuhan, which lies in plain sight across the Yangtze-Kiang. He first raised embankments



THE GREAT HAN YANG STEEL WORKS—THEY ARE SITUATED 600 MILES UP THE YANGTZE.

to keep out the water, and then filled up the several hundred acres of swamp until he had raised the whole area fourteen feet. In this work the dirt and other materials were carried in by coolies in little shovel-like baskets slung to the ends of poles on their shoulders. Basket by basket they laid the foundation, and now no one would imagine that the ground had ever been anything but solid. It is covered with great factories and foundries, and there are smokestacks 100 feet high rising upon it. Indeed, Han Yang reminds me of Pittsburgh. Its mighty chimneys, vomiting smoke, stand out against the sky, and its huge foundries and blast furnaces can be seen for miles up and down the Yangtze river. Altogether the works cover about 130 acres, and including the mines which supply them, they employ a force of 20,000 hands. There are about 4,000 hands in the steel plant itself, and several thousand more in an armory and gunworks making rifles, artillery and small arms connected with it. Then Han Yang has a smokeless powder factory, a large electric works, and a military academy which has 1,000 students. It takes about three hours' steady walking to go through the various establishments.

**Owued and Run by Chinese.**  
 All these works are owned and run by Chinese. Of the 20,000 employees in the steel plant and mines, there are only twenty Europeans, and they are merely as foremen and advisory directors. As I have said, the works were originated by Chang Chi Tung, and that as a government enterprise. That famous viceroy had memorized the throne that it should not be dependent upon foreigners, but should build its own railroads and make its own steel. The late emperor, Kwang-Su, and the great dowager consented to this and directed Chang Chi Tung to go ahead and carry out his idea. He did so, but it was at a great expense and enormous loss. He sank millions, and was up to his eyes in debt, when the works were turned over to Sheng Kung Pan, China's multi-millionaire. Sheng bought them of the government, and, although he has nominally given them over to a stock company with a capital of \$15,000,000 or so, he is still practically their owner.

Sheng Kung Pan lives at Shanghai, but he has able assistants here in the persons of Y. K. Lee, Y. T. Tsang and Wang Hok Shan, all business Chinese, who have been brought up in the works. Mr. Lee, the manager, is a native of Suchow. He was sent abroad to study the iron and steel plants of Europe and America, and when he brought back the plans upon which the plant was reorganized. Mr. Tsang comes from Nanking. He began his life here as an ordinary clerk, and has risen to be the vice manager, while Mr. Wang, the commercial director, who comes from

Hongkong, has had a similar experience. These three Chinese will rank as business men with the managers of the steel works of the United States. Each speaks English as fluently as any reader of this newspaper, and understands our books on steel-making. I had letters of introduction to the managers from Mr. William Martin, our consul at Hankow, and in the absence of Mr. Lee, my card was taken in to Mr. Tsang. Dressed in a black cap, a long silk gown and heavy cloth boots, I found him dictating directions to a stenographer. He looked like a classical Chinese professor, and I was greeted in English. After a chat of a few minutes he took me over to the technical director, Mr. Eugene Ruppert, and asked him to show me through the establishment. As he did so, a Chinese brought in an important letter in French and Mr. Tsang and Mr. Ruppert, discussed this in the French language, as though they were both born Frenchmen. I doubt not Tsang can speak German as well, and that, although he has never been outside of the empire.

**Making Steel Equal to Sweden.**  
 Leaving the offices I went through the various departments of the steel plant with the technical director, Mr. Ruppert. He has been here for seventeen years. He started in at the beginning with Chang Chi Tung, and is still one of the chief advisers and directors of the establishment. I shall not attempt to describe the blast furnaces, the rolling mills and the foundries. They are just like those of Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Chicago and other steel-making cities. They have the finest machinery, and they throw their old machines on the scrap heap when they become worn out or antiquated. For instance, at the start, a costly Bessemer plant was put in, and most of the smelting was done by that process. Then it was discovered that there was too much sulphur in the coal to get good results and Siemens-Martin furnaces have been installed.

The steel now produced is said to be among the best of the world. I saw many tests which proved its excellence. These tests were performed with cold steel. One was on the little iron fish-plates which fasten the steel rails together as they lie on the ties. These plates are a half-inch thick, three inches wide and a foot or more long. They were put in a machine by which they were doctored up as though they were India rubber, and that without the sign of a crack. This was done with the cold iron. I saw cold railroad spikes twisted around and around until they looked like ropes, and sections of cold steel rails weighing ninety pounds to the yard twisted into gigantic corkscrews without a crack or break anywhere showing. I stood up a piece of one of these rails about five feet long beside myself and a Chinese workman, and had Mr. Ruppert snap my

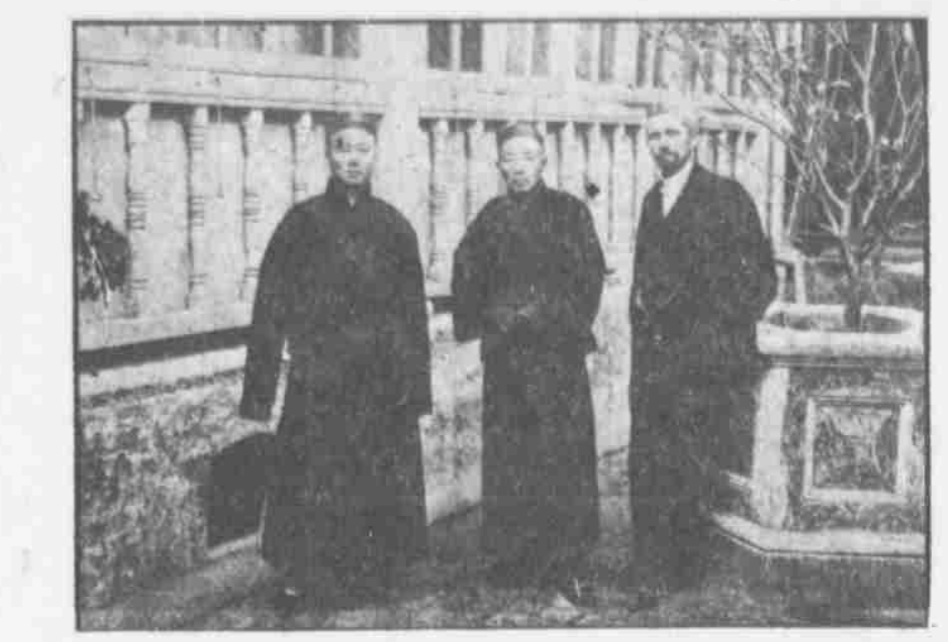


BIG BLAST FURNACES AT HAN YANG.

camera to show how it looks. A rail which can stand that kind of a test could not possibly break with the cold. It is as tough as wrought iron and can be bent up like a rope without cracking.

**Iron Rails for Chinese Trunk Lines.**  
 As we went through the works I saw great piles of steel rails, weighing eighty-five pounds to the yard, which are now making for the Canton-Hankow road. They are being turned out at the rate of several hundred per day. Mr. Ruppert tells me that the most of the rails for the Chinese roads of the future will be made at Han Yang. The government is granting all its new concessions, with the proviso that the rails must be purchased of this Chinese factory, unless the bids of foreign firms are at least 5 per cent cheaper, the quality being the same. The Han Yang Steel Works has furnished all the iron for the Hankow-Peking trunk line, which is over 700 miles long. It supplied the rails for the railway from Nanking to Suifu, and it is under contract to furnish those for the road now building from Kowloon, the port opposite Hongkong, to Canton. There is no doubt but that the Chinese can make their own railroad materials, and Mr. Ruppert tells me that they are now making steel rails and all sorts of structural steel at a profit.

**Chinese Iron for the United States.**  
 During my walk through the rolling mill I asked Mr. Ruppert whether he ever expected to export steel to the American market. He replied: "Most certainly not. At least not during the present generation. We have already shipped considerable pig iron to San Francisco and to Japan, and we have sent an shipment to New York by the Suez canal and sold it just to show that we could do so and make money. As for the present and for years to come, we can do better by supplying the Chinese demand



MANAGERS OF CHINA'S GREAT STEEL PLANT—MR. RUPPERT, THE BELGIAN TECHNICAL DIRECTOR, AT RIGHT; Y. K. LEE, THE DIRECTOR-IN-CHIEF, IN CENTER; MR. TSANG AT THE LEFT.

are carried on side by side. The ore comes down from the mines in great barges towed in by steam and it is unloaded by coolies who carry out the lumps of iron stone in little rope baskets as big around as a wash basin. A half dozen or more chunks of red ore are piled up in each basket, and the coolie has two of these slung to the ends of a pole which rests on his shoulders, his load weighing perhaps 100 pounds. This is dropped into cars and is then carried to the smelting furnaces a half mile farther on. The coolies who land the ore each receive 1 cent per hour. Near where such work was going on I saw modern cranes operated by steam engines lifting great castings and carrying them from one end of the yards to the other and farther on, inside the shop until they became dripping, flaming hot. I saw a man in charge of each shop and this is chiefly to keep the men from going to sleep. We prefer to use foreigners for foremen and now have something like eighteen or twenty in our employ as such. They are chiefly Germans or Belgians."

**Chinese as Steel Workers.**  
 I asked Mr. Ruppert as to the Chinese as steel workers. He replied: "At the start they are not equal to Europeans, but we can train them to be as good, man for man, as any of the world. I have been employing Chinese for seventeen years, and have used thousands right in these works. They are quick to learn. All we need to do is to put a trained man over each new hand for a couple of weeks and after that the amateur can be relied upon to do the work for himself. This is so even with complicated machinery. Take our new electric traveling cranes. If I have an employe who understands them I can let a Chinese coolie work with him for six days and after that the coolie will handle the machine. All of our operations in making every class of structural steel are perfected by Chinese. They do their work honestly and well. All that is necessary is to have a good foreman in charge of each shop and this is chiefly to keep the men from going to sleep. We prefer to use foreigners for foremen and now have something like eighteen or twenty in our employ as such. They are chiefly Germans or Belgians."

**Low Wages for Chinese.**  
 "What kind of wages do you pay?" "Our Chinese mechanics and mill men get from \$10 to \$20 Mexican per month, or from \$4 to \$12 per month, or from \$1 to \$3 gold per week. This is high in comparison with the wages throughout the country, the common laborer outside receiving only about 10 cents a day." "What are your hours?" "They are twelve, on all days except

Sundays, when they are twenty-four. We work day and night, and have day and night shifts. On Sunday we double the shifts, and for that reason they have double hours. This twice hours include one hour off for lunch, with double that time or more on Sunday." "Do you have many strikes?" "We have never had one, and have never had to shut down on account of labor troubles. We treat our men well, and they are attached to us. We have tenement houses which we rent to them at low rates; and also a first class hospital with European doctors. We expect to establish a library and reading rooms, and also a technical school."

**The Plant in a Nutshell.**  
 Before leaving the works I asked Mr. Ruppert to give me an outline story of the plant in a nutshell. Here is the gist of his reply:

"The Han Yang works were founded in 1888 by Chang Chi Tung, the installation plant being ordered through the Chinese ministry at London of English and Belgian firms. This consisted of three blast furnaces of sixty tons capacity each, a Bessemer plant with two converters of five tons each, a Siemens-Martin furnace of ten tons capacity, twenty puddling furnaces with one bloom mill, a plate-and-bar mill and one roller mill of four horse-power. To this installation were added the foundry and the shops for general repairs. "The works were started in 1894 and at the same time were built an imperial arsenal for making firearms and ammunition, crucible steel and also a plant for the manufacture of powder and explosives. Until 1897 both the arsenal and iron works were under one management, and then the iron works went into the hands of his excellency, Sheng Kung Pan. "It was under Sheng that the new plant was built. Everything was then modernized and plans were instituted which will eventually result in giving us 1,000 tons of finished steel per day. "At present the works comprise two old blast furnaces producing 130 tons per day, and two new ones, one being now under construction, each of which will produce fifty tons per day. "The steel works now have three Siemens-Martin furnaces of thirty tons each, and one of ten tons, with two more under construction and five under projection. There is a total of 150 tons capacity, a rolling mill with ingot-heating furnaces, which has a grossing mill of 7,500 horse-power; a beam mill of 15,000 horse-power, a plate mill of 7,500 and a rail mill of 6,500 horse-power, together with several bar-and-rod mills of 150 horse-power each. In addition to this we have a chemical laboratory and testing works, large office buildings and all the other appliances of an up-to-date steel-making plant."

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

## Short Yarns Told on Pertinent Topics by the Best of Modern Jolliers

**A Clergyman's Samples.**  
 MINISTER who had been doing missionary work in India recently returned to this country for a visit. He was a guest at a well known hotel, where everything pleased him except the absence of the very hot sauces and spices to which he had become accustomed in the far east. Fortunately he had brought with him a supply of his favorite condiments, and by arranging with the head waiter these were placed on his table. One day another guest saw the appetizing bottle on his neighbor's table and asked the waiter to give him some of "that sauce." "I'm sorry, sir," said the waiter, "but it is the private property of this gentleman." The minister, however, overheard the other's request and told the waiter to pass the bottle. "The stranger poured some of the mixture on his meat and took a liberal mouthful. After a moment he turned with tears in his eyes to the minister. "You're a minister of the gospel?" "Yes, sir." "And you preach the doctrine of everlasting fire?" "Yes," admitted the minister. "Well, you're the first minister I ever met who carried samples."—Detroit News.

**Troubles of a Hamorist.**  
 Mark Twain once approached a friend, a business man, with a sense of humor, and he conferred too much with the work. I can't afford to pay a man \$2 a day for laughing."—New York Times.

**Father Might Have Waited.**  
 Father was running on the democratic ticket for district attorney in Greene county, New York, in the fall of 1864, and his canvass for votes took him to one of the river towns among the farmers. He found in the field, ploughing, a hard working farmer, one of several brothers, who took much more interest in the subject of agriculture than in politics. Father broached the subject of his candidacy to the farmer, requesting him to come out a election and asked to be remembered. He then spoke about the other boys and was

told that if they got along well with their fall work all of them would be at the polls and cast their votes for father. It then occurred to father that he had heard that the boys' father had died a short time before, and he said to the farmer, "Let's see, your father is dead, isn't he?" "Yes, sir," answered the farmer, assuming a very solemn tone and expression, "he died here last summer, right in haying time, when we were just as busy as we could be."—National Monthly.

**The Mind that Exceels.**  
 Colonel George Harvey, the brilliant young publisher and powerful writer, was praised a recent address in New York, the country mind. "I'm in wrong and foolish things," said Colonel Harvey, smiling, "even in driving hard bargains, the country mind excels that of the city. I recall a dialogue that I once heard in the general store of my native Peacham. What Wall street sharp would have driven a bargain as the old Vermont ruralist achieved in this dialogue?" "And Colonel Harvey with really excellent mimicry repeated: "Ye say, ye want a dollar for the boots, take 75 cents?" "Ye mout throw in one of them woolen throat warmers, too, hey?" "Hold on!" "All right on that. The boots ain't got no strings." "Better give ye a pair of strings." "Better make it two pair. One won't last no time." "Very well; two pair it is." "Can't ye chuck in one of them paper collars, for good measure?" "Oh, I guess so, rather than miss a trade." "Look-a-here, when a feller buys a bill of goods offn ye, don't ye set 'em up?" "Ye, what'll ye take?" "Gimme two plugs of chewin' tobaccoer an' I bound 'o scapple!"—New York Tribune.

**A Revolutionary Hero.**  
 The real origin of the greatest fake hero story ever told has come to light in a scrap book owned by an old resident of Washington. A group of revolutionary heroes were standing before an old bar in Washington, and from the lips of each there fell wonderful stories of what he had done in the shock of battle or the frenzy of the charge. Finally one old fellow with long white whiskers remarked: "I was personally acquainted with George Washington." "I was lying behind the breastworks one day, pumping lead into the Britishers, when I heard the patter of a horse's hoofs behind me. They came a voice: "Fill, there, you with the deadly aim! Look here a moment." "I looked around and saluted, recognizing General Washington, and he said: "What's your name?" "Hagan," said

ally, which was known also as the Lincoln Cavalry. He served with the army of the Shenandoah until peace was declared in the following year, and he was honorably discharged in Washington. With the war over, Joseph Pulitzer drifted back to New York. That winter came when a cold one that he contemplated tramping to New Bedford and shipping in the whaling fleet. Horace Greeley, in whose life in a few years this alien was to play an important role, was thundering his "Go West, young man, go West!" It is doubtful if Joseph Pulitzer would have hearkened to the western cry had it not been for an incident which was destined to make one of the big high lights in the picture of his dramatic life. In those days French's hotel stood at Frankfort street and Park Row on the present site of "the building with the gilded dome." A homely, fat-bellied stove in the hotel lobby tempted many a starving unfortunate. Joseph Pulitzer knew well the cheery warmth that stove. He discovered that having his boots polished and his faded blue uniform brushed by the bootblack at French's gave him a certain standing in the eyes of the servants, who would pass him by to elect others. The day came when a busy porter ended all this by incidentally kicking the boy into the middle of Park Row. Humiliated and stung to the soul the boy lifted himself out of the street, and in that hour his decision was made. He was done with New York, he thought. "What porter in French's wash a wonderful hicker. The kick with which he landed Joseph Pulitzer out of doors was twenty-two years long. When his impulse ceased the object of his attack was able to put his name to a check for \$30,000, settle himself in French's hotel, and all there is contained. There the World building now stands."

**Not Yet.**  
 A Missouri clergyman had in his pastoral flock a member who was reluctant about meeting the contribution basket. The pastor had thrown out many broad hints, but taken to no avail. One day the member fell ill and was taken to the Ensworth hospital. When the clergyman arrived the man was delirious. While the pastor was sitting beside his bed a wild yell of "Fire! Fire!" came from across the street. "The sick man drew himself up on his elbows. "Where—where am I?" he asked excitedly. "Calm yourself, brother," soothed the pastor, with just the faintest twinkle in his eye. "You are still at the Ensworth hospital."—Lippincott's Magazine.

**A Cannibal Bishop.**  
 The queen of Denmark once paid a visit to the Danish colony of Iceland, where the good old bishop exerted himself to the utmost to show her everything that was worth seeing. The queen paid many compliments to her host and having learned that he was a family man graciously inquired how many children he had. "It happens that the Danish word for children is almost identical in sound with the Icelandic word for sheep and the worthy bishop promptly answered, "Two hundred." "Two hundred children?" cried the queen. "How can you possibly maintain such a number?" "Easily enough, please your majesty," replied the prelate, with a cheerful smile. "In the summer I turn them out upon the hill to graze and when the winter comes I kill and eat them."—M. A. P.

**Took Time by the Forelock.**  
 The family were to leave town on the 2 p. m. train, so the mother said, as she was hurrying along the preparations in the kitchen. "Now, children, get ready to go before luncheon. Don't leave anything to be done at the very last minute." "And the children said they wouldn't, according to the New York Globe. Luncheon ended, they hurried into their wraps and started. In the hall the mother said: "Edward, you didn't brush your teeth." "Yes, ma'am, I did." "But you couldn't," she said. "You didn't have time. Why? you just this minute got up from the table." "I know that," said Edward; "but we were in such a hurry that I brushed 'em before I ate."

**Mark Twain's Grievance.**  
 Mark Twain was talking about the famous robbery in his beautiful country house. "Had I still been living in Hartford," he said whimsically, "some of my Hartford friends would certainly have accused me of robbing myself. They had a poor opinion of

me in that town. "Marshall Jewett, the ex-governor, used to take up the collection in our Hartford church. They never asked me to take it up. I fretted a good deal over this matter. "See here, Jewett," I said one day, "they let me take up the collection every Sunday, but they never would let me do it." "Oh, yes, they would," said Jewett, "that is, with a bellpunch like the horse car conductors use."—Boston Herald.

**Scientist Loses to Landlady.**  
 An editor was talking about the famous English astronomer, Sir Robert Ball, who has recently declared that radium produces the earth to be 800,000,000 years old. "Sir Robert Ball is as full of fun as of learning," said the editor. "Once I din'd with him and a half dozen other scientists at Stratford. At the end of the dinner Sir Robert's eyes twinkled and he said to me: "Madam, I am going to give you a lesson in astronomy. Have you ever heard of the great platonian year, when everything must return to its first condition? Listen, madam, in 26,000 years we shall all be here again, on the same day and at the same hour, eating a dinner precisely like this one. Will you give us credit till then?" "Gladly," the landlady replied. "It is just 26,000 years since you were here before, though, and you left without paying then. Settle the old bill and I'll treat you with the new."—London News.

**Blue Laws of Old Virginia.**  
 (Continued from Page One.)  
 for the second offense 20 pounds, and if the third offense he was to be hanged by the neck. The first offense of hog stealing shall be punished according to the former law; upon a second offense the offender shall stand for two hours in the pillory, and shall lose his ears, and for the third offense shall be tried by the laws of England as in case of felony. "The 27th of August is hereby appointed fast and a day of humiliation, fasting and prayer to implore God's mercy if any person be found upon that day gaming, drinking or working upon presentsment in the church warden, and proof he shall be fined 100 pounds of tobacco, half to the informer and half to the poor of the parish. Evidently a little thing like a couple of years in servitude did not deter the lovers of pork chops from appropriating their neighbor's swine, for in 1673 the assembly delivered themselves of the following act: "The first offense of hog stealing shall be punished according to the former law; upon a second offense the offender shall stand for two hours in the pillory, and shall lose his ears, and for the third offense shall be tried by the laws of England as in case of felony. "As the English law of the period usually prescribed hanging for a twice convicted felon, it is presumed that the third dose of justice proved an efficient remedy. "For the benefit of those who may think the Virginia laws were very cruel with their tobacco in these early days, it might be well to say that from 1615 until the latter part of the seventeenth century the legal tender of the Virginia colony was tobacco, and a law enacted in 1633 making English money the standard of exchange proved so unpopular and created so much confusion between the planters and the merchants that it was repealed in 1641 and tobacco again assumed its place as standard currency. "Not only in the stringency of their laws did the gay cavaliers of the Old Dominion

run neck and neck with the grim visaged gentry of Plymouth Rock, but the doubtful gentry of the last to relinquish the gentle art of witchcraft persecution probably belongs to them as well. "The witchbaiters around Salem and throughout New England generally ceased to a considerable extent their persecution for alleged witchcraft before the eighteenth century, but the Virginia records show the arrest and persecution of Grace Sherwood of Princess Anne county for witchcraft in 1706. "For six months this young woman was imprisoned, being brought time and again before the court in an effort to convict her. Finding no evidence in her actions to justify the persecution, the attorney general caused the sheriff of the county to imprison a jury of women to examine Grace Sherwood physically and instructed them to find something to indicate that she was a witch. This the women failed to do and they were threatened with contempt of court for their failure. "Everything else having failed, it was decided to put Miss Sherwood to the water test, which consisted in tying her hands and feet and throwing her overboard in the nearest lake or river. If she sank she was innocent, but if by her struggles she managed to keep afloat for a few moments, she was guilty of witchcraft. "The full account of this trial is preserved by the Virginia Historical society and the last two court orders in the case are of interest as marking the close of witchcraft persecution in the colonies. "Whereas Grace Sherwood, being suspected of witchcraft, have a long time waited for a fit opportunity for a further examination, and by her consent and approbation of the court, it is ordered that ye sheriff take all such convenient assistance as he shall think fit, and shall be by him brought to meet at Jno. Hargers plantation, in order to take ye Grace Sherwood forthwith, and BUTT her into the water above a man's depth, and try her how she will behave, always having care of her life to preserve her from drowning, and as soon as she comes out that he request as many silent and knowing women as possible he can to search her carefully for all

spots or marks about her body not usual on others, and that as they find the same to make report on oath to ye court, to ye court, and further that ye sheriff be requested to shift and scrub her before she goes into ye water, that she carry nothing about her to cause further suspicion. "On the afternoon of July 10, 1706, the court and county officers and populace assembled on John Harper's plantation, and the arrangements being completed, Grace Sherwood was carried out to a nearby inlet of Lynnhaven Bay. The official court reporter tells quaintly the rest of the story: "Whereas on complaint of Luke Hill in behalf of her Majesty, that now is against Grace Sherwood for a person suspected of witchcraft, and having had sundry evinces sworn against her, proving many circumstances, and which she could not make any excuse or little or nothing to say in her own behalf, and according to what ye court should do, and thereupon consented to be tried in ye water, and likewise to be searched again with ex-parte; being tried, and she swimming therein, and being carried out to sea, that she be not like them; all which circumstances ye court weighing in their consideration, do hereby order that ye sheriff take ye said Grace Sherwood into his custody, and commit her body to ye common goal of ye County, to be there to secure her by irons, or otherwise there to remain till such time as she shall be tried as a witch, and commit her body to ye common goal of ye County to be brought to a future trial. "The woman was finally turned free, and she ended the last legal prosecution for witchcraft in the colony.

**A Bachelor's Reflections.**  
 A man needs all the sense he is born with to offset all the foolishness he picks up. A man puts enthusiasm into his politics because he can't put convictions into it. As fast as you can find truth anywhere in the world it goes right off and gets lost again. Most everybody is always wishing for something that, if he had it, would make him wish for something else. The thing a person likes about slander against another is how he wouldn't like it, if it was against himself.—New York Press.