YOUNG MAN OF PROMISE

REV. ALEXANDER BLACKBURN PREACHES ON JOSHUA.

Sermon by Rev. L. E. Rockwell at Centenary—Chaplain Gilbert's Address.

"Joshua, the Successful Man," was the subject of a sermon by Dr. Alexander Blackburn at the First Baptist Church last evening, the text being Joshua 1:8: "This book of the law shall not depart out of thy mouth; but thou shalt meditate therein day and night, that thou mayest observe to do according to all that is written therein: for then thou shalt make thy way prosperous, and then thou shalt have good success." Dr. Blackburn said:

"The man with no ambition to succeed is of little value to the world. Moses had no desire that his successor should make a failure of his undertaking, for he knew that his own success depended in no small degree on finding the right man to take up his work. He chose one whom he well knew, and who had been thoroughly tried—his own lieutenant, Joshua, the son of Nun.

"Our text is Moses' recipe for success. It might be studied by any young man. It would be interesting and instructive to analyze the recipe, to find how well it is suited to our times, but that is not our aim tonight. Rather let us study the results than the methods. We are to study the man under the rule not the rule itself. Moses said 'so shalt thou have good success.' Did he have it, and if so in what did it consist?

"Joshua made the right choice. There can be no real success unless there is a right choice. A man may be brave and honest and in many things an honorable man in a wrong cause, but he can never be successful. Joshua was born about the time Moses ran away from Egypt, so that he was 40 years old when to every young Hebrew the deciding time came. See him, a member of the tribe of Ephraim, a descendant of Joseph, probably in some sense his successor. There is little doubt that he had some military training in the army of Pharaoh. He has to decide. Shall he go with these poor slaves, or shall he remain in Egypt with all the chances of advancement? Ah, if he will only repudiate Moses and offer his services to the King, what an opportunity he will have! All the daily papers of Egypt will have headlines with the announcement: 'Joshua, the most promising young man of all the descendants of the great Joseph, refuses to be led by the fanatical renegade, Moses. His military training and knowledge of the Hebrew people will make him of great value to the King. It is rumored that he is to be given a command of importance. We predict for him rapid advance.' But, like Moses, he 'chooses rather to suffer affliction with the people of God.' Look out for your choices, young man, as you are counting on the way to success.

"Joshua entered upon his career with enthusiastic courage. The first we know of him was when the Amelekites set themselves in battle array against Israel. Moses chose him for chief in command. He won the day, and from this time onward he was the military man of the nation. Indeed, he is the first great soldier of the Kingdom of God. Other men had commanded in single battles, but Joshua was a soldier, and only a soldier. Not a priest, not a prophet, not a preacher, but a soldier—Moses' great war chief, always ready for any emergency, and often at his side. When he was one of the chosen men to spy out the land, he was so much a soldier that walled cities and armed giants scarce attracted his attention. He was not afraid of them. As a soldier of patriotic impulses, he saw an opportunity for his people, and to him the grape clusters of Eshcol and the flocks of the rich valleys were more than all the enemies. Men would have called him a foolish optimist, a dreamer. But it takes a man of optimistic spirit to conquer a world.

"He crossed the Jordan, and was in the land of promise. The City of Jericho was to be taken. The leader marches toward it, when, lo, a man with a drawn sword in his hand stands before him. Soldier-like, Joshua walks up to him with the question, 'Art thou for us or against us?' Sublime courage. But when the answer came, 'As Captain of the Lord's hosts am I come,' the soldier immediately obeys. With unsandalled feet he receives his orders.

"Follow our hero to Gideon. The five Kings of the Ammonites are against him. He is winning the battle, but the shadows of evening begin to fall. He must have time. Turning to the sun, he says: 'Sun, stand thou still upon Gideon; and thou moon in the Valley of Ajalon!' God was fighting in that battle, and he can call up his reserves of time as easily as a General can call up his reserves of men. He has not quit his control of Nature. What Agamemnon prayed, as related in the 'Iliad,' to Jove, Joshua prayed to Jehovah.

Jove, greatest Jove, most glorious sky-dweller, cloud bedight,
Let not the sun nor darkness fall and wrap the world in night.
Till Priam's stately palace I cast in ruin low.

"Joshua endured with patience. He knew what discouragements mean. He saw Israel dancing around that calf of gold, he heard their murmurings and disloyalty, he heard the evil report of the 10 spies, he witnessed the cowardly retreat before Ai, and yet in it all we never hear a word of discouragement or despair.

"He was a man of God. He is at the head of a long list of Christian men who enlisted against the hosts of oppression and sin. I can name only a few to illustrate: William the Silent, in the Netherlands; Coligny, in France; Cromwell, in England; Havelock, in India; Washington, in America; yes, and McPherson, and Thomas, and Howard, and Commodore Foote, and our own Philip, who at Santiago commanded that heads be bowed in prayer of thanksgiving for the victory."

THE NAZARENE.

Sermon by Rev. W. S. Gilbert at Calvary Presbyterian Church.

Rev. W. S. Gilbert, pastor of Calvary Presbyterian Church, preached the last sermon preceding his Summer vacation last evening. He and his family will spend about six weeks in Ohio, Mr. Gilbert's native state, where his mother still resides. Mrs. Gilbert has already gone to Eugene, where she will be joined today by Mr. Gilbert, after which they will go to Ashland, thence to California and on to Ohio. About the first of September he will again resume the duties of his pulpit.

The sermon delivered yesterday was from the text, Matthew xxii:42: "What think ye of Christ? Whose son is he?" Mr. Gilbert said, in part:

"And the world is still thinking of the Nazarene. That strange character coming suddenly into the stream of human life, after three years of labor, has commanded the world's attention and study in these centuries. Men neglected his truth, but it would not perish. Ridicule could not laugh it away. The sword could not kill it. It has moved on from conquest to victory, and today more than ever before this old world is thinking of that strange life. With all that is known of him every one is conscious that there is a vast deal more to be known. Somehow, he has the spirit of the infinite. His words are understood by child and sire, by peasant and scholar, and to all, it seems, he speaks as one who has authority. Whether we choose to be for him or against him there is for us all a strange fascination, a hallowed sacredness about the man. Pharisee may call him devil, Sadducee may seek to entrap him with questions, the mob may smite him, Pilate may in fancied innocence wash his hands, Israel may crucify him, Rome may persecute his followers, still all the world is going out to see him.

"Now and then some fossilized soul, rendered unsusceptible to spiritual truth by long-closed heart, may boast with Haeckel and other that 'no man of ordinary intelligence could be a Christian.' Still the world's best thinkers and most earnest lives are not ashamed to call themselves Christians. Gladstone, the greatest of all our contemporaries, dared to say, in candor to all the world in his 'Triumph of the Cross,' 'The religion of Christ is for mankind the greatest of all phenomena, the greatest of all facts. The art, the literature, the systematized industry, the arbitration of the fate of nations—in one word, the power of the world is almost wholly Christian.' And Balfour, in his 'Foundations of Belief,' closes his masterly work with an equally strong paragraph.

"So through the centuries Christ has come now to be a mighty factor in the world's life. Through every opposition conceivable, this man divine has won his way, and of him still the world thinks.

"'What think ye of him? Whose son is he?' Christ himself makes the answering of this question, with all that it implies, the crisis of every man's spiritual life. Some may say he is a myth, a great and good man, a teacher, or one of the prophets; but Christ presses the question upon every one: 'But whom say ye that I, the son of man am?' The very Spirit of God listens for our answer.

"His claim was not that he was a son of man, nor the son of a man, but 'the son of man'; of all men, of humanity, as if the blood of the whole human race were in his veins. He claimed also to be the Son of God. Not a son of God, as we all may claim to be, but the Son. The many arguments need not be restated. His life need not be reviewed. These things are known. What think ye of him? Has your heart made answer yet? 'He that is not with me is against me.' 'He gave himself a ransom for all.' What think ye of him as a savior? What think ye of the cross of Christ? Pilate testified, 'I find no fault in him.' Peter's great confession was, 'Thou art the Christ, the son of the living God.' What think ye?

"As a friend, what think ye of him? In life who is man's best friend? Ask some one brought out of darkness and storm, tempted sore, who is his friend. Ask the slave set free. Ask the sinner reclaimed who is his friend. Ask the bereft, ask the aged whose life is done who enters the evening bending upon his staff; ask him who is his friend. Ah, it is he who 'tasted death for every man.' He is our friend who is the friend of sinners for love's sake. He is the vine, we the branches; he is the great oasis in our pathway, we are the weary pilgrims. To us he is all in all. What think ye of him?

WOMAN OF CANAAN.

Sermon by Rev. L. E. Rockwell, D. D., Pastor of Centenary Church.

Dr. Rockwell, pastor of Centenary Church, East Side, spoke last night with much force as he delivered his sermon on the subject, "The Woman of Canaan." He said in part:

"Here is a character unknown, but unique. The woman of Canaan was not of the elect, and in no way connected with the Jewish race. She was only a drop from the ocean of common humanity. Judged by popular prejudice, she was a dog, yet she proves that she is of the human race, and not an orphan; that the great Father of all cares for all—the most isolated, the weakest and the most despised. Every event and circumstance seemed to be against her—the prejudice of the disciples and what seemed to be the cold reception and blunt denial of the Lord.

"The true greatness of this woman is seen in her claim for recognition and help when all things were against her. Such self-surrender made Joan of Arc the savior of her country. Such courage and faith made Maria Theresa Queen of Hungary and Bohemia and Empress of Germany. But the woman of Canaan did more. She demonstrated a proposition never solved. In that act of self-surrender and faith she showed to the world for all time that God is no respecter of persons, and that all are children of a common Father.

"Acting as orphans brings most of our troubles. Jacob thought God had forsaken him, when it was his own faith that had forsaken him. God was as near amid the silent hills when life's sun was setting as at Bethel when in the morning of life he cherished high hopes for the future. Paul was a greater sufferer from the 'slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,' yet he does not complain. He does not say with Jacob, 'All things are against me,' or with Elijah, 'It is enough; now let me die.' Paul seemed to be left alone to work out his own destiny; yet he never acts as though he were alone. He does not think like an orphan; hence he does not act like one. Paul has every reason to doubt, yet he trusts. Jacob sums up most of his troubles, and most of them are imaginary. Paul inventories his, and they are all real. Jacob makes himself an orphan; Paul exults and glories in his sonship. The difference between petulant old age and the cheery soul that beholds God everywhere is seen in that.

"The woman of Canaan more than any one has taught us that we are not orphans, and that there is not a burden or a sorrow, however small or great, that God does not know, and that he will not take away or give us grace to bear. The greatest exhibition of the patience of faith and the victory of faith is seen in this remarkable woman. She makes plain that in God's sight there are no orphans. Jacob stands for the worship of the one true, living God. Paul gives us reason for universal Fatherhood, but the woman of Canaan gives practical demonstration of both. In this particular she was greater than Jacob and greater even than Paul.

"How much it means to us in this practical world to act in all things not as orphans, but as children of a common Father. This is the secret of life. John Kepler gave to the scientific world the formula for calculation of eclipses, which are used to this day. This woman of Canaan has given us thoughts about God and the relation of every one to him which of necessity for all time must form the basis of all correct thinking and enter into all religion."

CLOSED HIS PASTORATE.

Rev. G. A. Blair Retires From Cumberland Presbyterian Church.

Rev. G. A. Blair, who has been pastor of the First Cumberland Presbyterian Church for over six years, closed his connection with that church yesterday. He preached morning and evening, and took leave of the members regretfully. When he took charge there were but few members, and the first meeting was held in the Hawthorne Hall, on the corner of East Morrison street and Union avenue, there being but few present. He leaves the church with a membership of about 200. A handsome building, costing about $6000 was put up, and with the ground on East Twelfth street, the property is free from debt. Mr. Blair tendered his resignation on account of the failure of his health. Two years ago he was compelled to take a long vacation, but this time when he felt that he was breaking down, he at once filed his resignation. At first the church asked that he recall it, but Mr. Blair, feeling that the Portland church should have a strong man at the helm, insisted that the resignation be accepted, and his request was complied with reluctantly. He will take a long rest at the seaside before engaging in work of any sort. The incoming pastor, Rev. J. J. Dalton, D. D., of Henderson, Ky., will arrive in Portland about the first of September.

Up-to-Date Decoration.—"Ma, haven't we got an old doorplate or an old brass knocker somewhere around the house?" "What do you want with it, daughter?" "Why, ma, I need some kind of a stunning gimcrack to wear on the back of my belt"—Indianapolis Journal.

MEN WITH NEW IDEAS

NEEDED TO PROSPECT EASTERN OREGON MINERAL FIELD.

Formations That Old-Timers Pass Without a Thought Frequently Prove to Be Rich Strikes.

SUMPTER, Or., July 14.—James Duckworth, one of the original locators of the E. and E. mine, in Cracker Creek district, and one of the best-informed men in the camp, says that what this country needs is a thorough prospecting by men with new ideas. The old-timers always look for a certain kind of float, and are particular about the formation. Now hardly a week passes without some find being made on hillsides that have been run over for years by the old-timers and pronounced worthless.

This week Mr. Duckworth visited a property at the foot of the mountain on the Sumpter-Granite wagon road, and found Ben Yeager and his partner, Montana mining men, working on a 200-foot ledge that he has been over many times and considered worthless. Development shows that the ledge is filled with strata of quartz of a bluish appearance, and all of it pans gold. A number of assays have been made, giving $3 to $13. The ledge can be traced for over two miles, from one side of the mountain to the other, and it prospects throughout. At present a 25-foot shaft is being sunk, from which a cross-cut will be run to determine if the values go down. If favorable results shall be obtained, machinery will be secured and a shaft sunk 300 to 400 feet. There is such a large body of ore that, with present values, $3 to $4 per ton, the property is another Treadwell. Facilities for mining and milling are excellent. At the head of Bull Run Creek, running alongside this ledge, in early days there was placer mining.

There was little wash gravel in the creek bed, and the diggings frequently dipped to the hillside, where no gravel was found, but rich dirt. At that time it was wondered where the gold came from, and no one ever thought the big dike was guilty, but this recent discovery is almost proof positive that the placer gold came from the dike.

Thomas Besseler, who has charge of the work on the Grand Trunk, has taken a contract to sink 130 feet on the Ibex. The shaft is 270 feet deep now, and when the contract shall be completed, will be 400 feet. The management contemplates sinking another 100 feet as soon as this contract shall be completed. President Cannon, of the Sumpter Electric Light & Power Company, and Paul Mohr, of the portage railway, have secured a bond on the Ibex at a price near the half-million mark, and will present it to Chicago capitalists.

Ed Ralston, who owns an interest in the Last Chance, in Cable Cove district, has commenced milling the ore. They are using a Crawford mill and concentrator, and the present work is to determine the best method of treating the ore. The Cove is a veritable beehive. Crews of men are at work from one end to the other, some underground and many getting out timbers for the mines and cordwood for the hoists and other powers being used. The present year will see more development work in this district than was done prior to January.

A carload of ore was shipped from the Imperial group of mines, in Cable Cove, this week, to San Francisco, to be smelted. The ore is rich, but very refractory, the amount of lead being deficient for the other spices. The property is owned by J. C. Loring and others, and is the most extensively developed of any Cove property. The ores extracted pay for the development of the property.

Development work on the Monday Night and Noyo claims, situated a short distance from Sumpter, on the old Bonanza trail, is progressing. They are down 35 feet, and 18 feet of ore is exposed. While the values are low, they are increasing with depth. The ledge is between porphyry and slate walls. The property is owned by D. B. McBride and M. Walton, of Portland, and O. C. McLeod and C. A. Van Duyn, of Sumpter.

The shipment of machinery for the Golconda Company included 10 stamps and 10 vanners. It is very unusual to use so many vanners with the number of stamps; but the ores of the Golconda are heavy in concentrates, about one in ten. The new machinery will all be in place by August 1.

Colonel C. H. Peyton, of Chicago, is looking over the Chelan group, above the Red Boy, on Congo Creek, owned by himself and W. E. Hurd, of Portland. The property is being surveyed, and the owners are much pleased with the favorable indications.

The 10-stamp mill on the Don Juan property, near the Bonanza mine, has been purchased for the Richmond Mining & Milling Company, by E. D. LeClare, manager of the company. The mill will be installed on the property of the purchasers at once.

Some work is being done on the Tamarack claim, adjoining Analulu, on McCullock fork. They are thoroughly prospecting the surface to determine the extent of the chute, and if favorable, a tunnel will be started, which will drain the lowest level in the Analulu.

H. W. Northrop brought in some good ore from the St. Patrick claim, located on the hill west of Sumpter, about half a mile distant. The ore assays $14, and the tunnel shows five feet of ore. Mr. Northrop will continue the tunnel for a short distance, and then cross-cut the ledge to determine the extent of it. The surface indications are strong, the ledge being traceable through three full claims. The importance of this find can hardly be exaggerated, as it is virtually in the city.

LAND BUSINESS HAS INCREASED.

Statement for La Grande District—Comparison With Last Year.

LA GRANDE, Or., July 15.—Register Bartlett, of the La Grande Land Office, has compiled the following statement concerning the lands of the district and the business transacted in the past year, showing that the cash receipts of the office for that period considerably more than doubled the receipts for the preceding 12 months:

COUNTY.	Acres appropriated and unreserved. Surveyed	Unsurveyed	Total
Baker	727,353	11,335	738,688
Grant	965,341	60,821	1,026,168
Morrow	255,484	......	255,484
Umatilla	785,140	28,957	824,097
Union	841,200	355,426	1,196,629
Wallowa	757,790	738,959	1,496,749

COUNTY.	Area in acres disposed of	Total area of land surface of county in land district	Acres appropriated in year ending July 1, 1900
Baker	427,312	1,166,000	21,490
Grant	338,834	1,365,000	34,659
Morrow	255,516	511,000	16,846
Umatilla	1,015,643	1,901,000	35,271
Union	730,371	1,927,000	24,508
Wallowa	386,351	1,883,000	33,334

In Umatilla County there 151,369 acres reserved for the Indians.

The Dalles Military Wagon Road Company selected 20,000 acres in Grant County within the year.

Cash receipts of the office, including fees, commissions and all cash for the year ending June 30, 1900:

Sales of lands	$65,971 00
Fees and commissions	15,691 43
Total	$81,663 03

Cash receipts of the office previous year:

Sales of lands	$26,909 17
Fees and commissions	11,025 07
Total	$37,934 24

FIRE AT ASTORIA.

Destroyed Fishery Building Worth $8000 to $10,000.

ASTORIA, July 15.—A fire which started about 9:30 o'clock tonight destroyed a two-story frame building, occupied by the Alaska Packers' Association. The building was situated on the water front, and it was with difficulty that the fire department kept the flames from spreading. The total loss is between $8000 and $10,000.

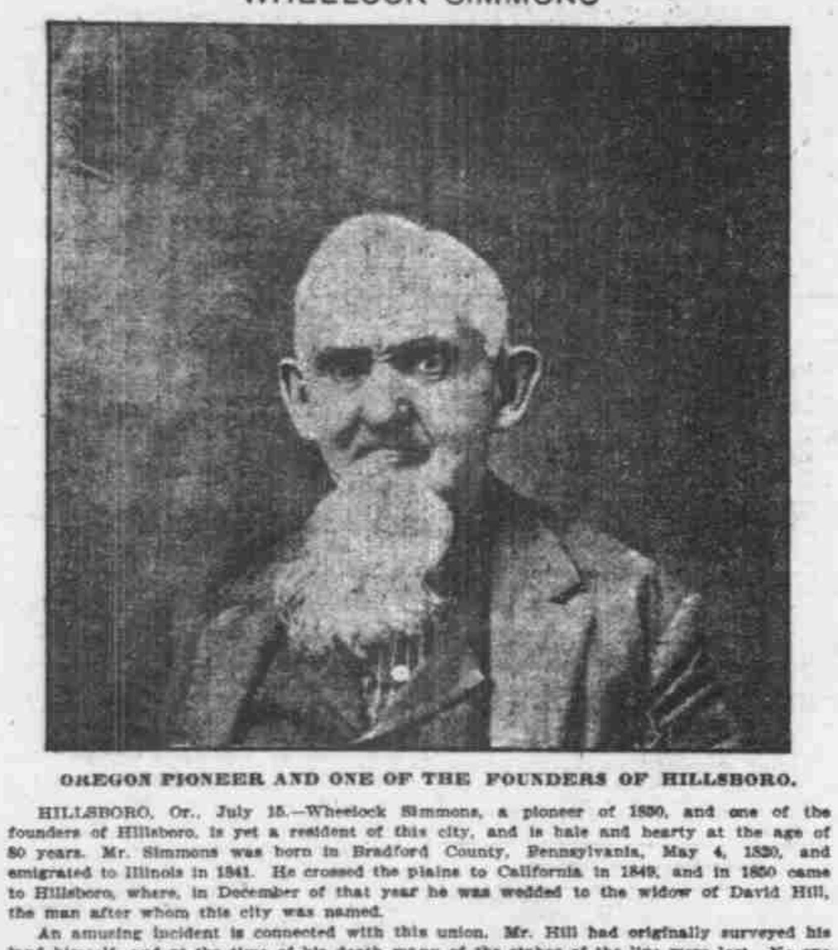
During the year ending on June 30, Clatsop County paid for care of indigent soldiers, as required by the state law, $226 10, and for burials of the poor, $208. For charities $3044 10 was paid as follows: For care of persons at the hospital, $1078 60; overseer's salary, $120; provisions and board for indigent persons, $1845 50. This made the total expenditure on account of the indigent, $3568 20.

The committee has announced as the dates for this year's regatta August 13, 14 and 15. On these days the tides will be exactly right for the aquatic sports, and the Weather uBreau records show that there has been good weather on those days for a number of years.

The Astoria Central Labor Council has been formed, as a branch of the American Federation of Labor, with temporary officers as follows: J. H. Morrison, president; A. F. Parker, vice-president; D. R. MacFarlane, secretary; V. Gardina, financial secretary; L. E. DuPark, treasurer. The permanent officers will be elected at the first meeting in September, as by that time the Fishermen's Union will have an opportunity to elect delegates.

A story about little Prince Edward of York appears in the British Weekly. Not long ago he was taken over a British man-of-war, and was much interested in a large, heavily built chest which was shown him. "What does that hold?" he asked the tall officer who accompanied him, "Powder," was the reply. The little boy looked sympathetically at the stalwart figure and observed, "Then do you take powders, too?"

WHEELOCK SIMMONS



OREGON PIONEER AND ONE OF THE FOUNDERS OF HILLSBORO.

HILLSBORO, Or., July 15.—Wheelock Simmons, a pioneer of 1850, and one of the founders of Hillsboro, is yet a resident of this city, and is hale and hearty at the age of 80 years. Mr. Simmons was born in Bradford County, Pennsylvania, May 4, 1820, and emigrated to Illinois in 1841. He crossed the plains to California in 1849, and in 1850 came to Hillsboro, where, in December of that year he was wedded to the widow of David Hill, the man after whom this city was named.

An amusing incident is connected with this union. Mr. Hill had originally surveyed his land himself, and at the time of his death many of the stakes of the line were lost. No one had been able to resurvey the line to the satisfaction of the widow, until Simmons came on the scene. He was employed to run the line, and the widow closely watched the proceedings. As the survey was being made the widow remarked to one of the two other women of the neighborhood: "That gentleman is following the same line that David did, and somehow I feel that he is going to take David's place in my affections." In two months' time he and the charming widow were married. She lived until 1879.

Mr. Simmons lived here continuously until 1857. In 1880 he was married to Lucy Ellen Moore, a daughter of Michael Moore, a pioneer of 1844. To this union there were born two children, Herbert and Orville, aged 18 and 15 respectively. In 1898 he was again married, this time to Mrs. Ellen Pickard, of McMinnville.

Mr. Simmons is at his best when in the reminiscent stage, and many and rich are the stories he tells of pioneer life. His 80 years do not at all set heavily on him, and he is as active as the average man of 50. When he first came to Hillsboro there were but two log cabins as the nucleus of the present thriving county seat.

WEALTHY LI HUNG CHANG

HIS FORTUNE AN ACCUMULATION OF MITES AND ATOMS.

How a Barefoot Orphan Boy Became One of the Richest and Most Powerful Men on Earth.

John R. Rathom, well known in newspaper circles all over the Coast, is writing some very entertaining letters on the Oriental situation. In his early days Rathom was connected with the British Legation at Hong Kong, and other points in the Orient, and he writes with a thorough knowledge of the subject. The following from his pen appears in the Tacoma Ledger:

People are apt to believe that America has a sort of monopoly on the possibilities that exist for the friendless, helpless boy and that no land but a democracy can ever show such startling and rapid evolutions from poverty and humble surroundings to great wealth and power.

Let us turn to China—the oldest monarchy in existence today, a country supposed by many good people to be an old-fashioned, empty tomb that various nations are now rolling round the map preparatory to shoving off the earth altogether. Some day they will touch the fuse. When they do the legend of the inquisitive youth and the buzz saw will cover the result.

Li Hung Chang, the "old fox with the gray goatee," as Vizevona, the Italian freebooter, once called him, is a man whose wealth is reputed to be on a level with that of the Rockefellers, Rothschilds and Vanderbilts, though students of Chinese history will tell you that he could buy up any two of them. In 1840 this representative of a "dead" nation was a puny orphan boy, working on a riceboat in the marshes of Hwei Ling, where he was born. His life was bounded on all sides by the rice fields.

Imagine this barefooted beggar lad earning a few handfuls of food a day for his labor, shut in the heart of a province crowded with poverty-stricken coolies—a father and mother laborers before him. The village settlement, 20 miles away, was a place that, in his wildest dreams, he probably never hoped to be able to visit. Make a little leap and see this small earth creature as he is today: swaying millions of his countrymen with his bare word, more powerful in reality than the Empress if he chose to act, the friend and intimate of the leading potentates and statesmen of the world, the only channel through which the powers can hope for the pacification of China—and the richest man in the world.

How many other instances are there today of vast wealth allied to statesmanship, of millionaires being the unquestioned leaders of their fellow countrymen? Not one. We are accustomed to see great fortunes made in a few years, to hear of half a dozen successful stock manipulations placing a financier in the "six noughts" column, and to watch a business grow to enormous proportions, enriching its founder in what seems to be a twinkling of time.

But Li Hung Chang's exchequer has been built up in a different way. He never gambles, for he has no need to take any chances. "Many a mickle makes a muckle" seems to have been his policy, and the mild-mannered old gentleman has done fairly well by sticking to the tenets of that homely Scotch proverb.

To understand fully the manner in which Li Hung Chang has acquired his enormous wealth it would be necessary to understand the whole system and method of life and government in China, but in a general way a few facts may throw some light on the subject. It may be said in starting that Li Hung Chang, though the greatest, is only one of China's multi-millionaires. There are 20 or 30 of them, and having had the sagacity to acquire their wealth, they know pretty well how to take care of it. The strongest European banking institution and gilt-edged government bonds and funds are the great storehouses of these Chinese fortunes.

In 1844 Li Hung Chang, by some freak of fortune that nobody has ever been able to discover the truth about, reached Canton, and a year later, thanks to the way in which a ragged, friendless beggar lad can sek and obtain an education while the state feeds and clothes him in that "effete" and "barbarous" land, he was admitted to the famous study cells. In 1849, after five years of hard work, he had outstripped all competitors and became secretary to the Viceroy of Kowloon Province. In the following year this Viceroy led 50,000 men against a rebel uprising. He was killed in action, and Li Hung Chang took his place, pursued the enemy and won a great victory.

In 1851 he was called to Pekin, and became Secretary of War, and in the ten years following he studied and mastered the whole intricate system of his country's government. The year 1865 saw him still a poor young man, but when he was appointed Governor of Kiang Su he began to accumulate money.

In Kiang Su are the great salt mines of China, and the Governor of the district has the privilege of "farming" the monopoly. Then, too, he began to round up the Mandarins in his province. They tried to tell this young, quiet-mannered Governor that they were only earning a bare living out of their fees, but he astonished them by exhibiting complete knowledge of their methods, and soon 50 per cent of their emoluments went into his capacious pockets.

In 1863 came the great rebellion, and General Gordon began his triumphal march against the insurgents. Li Hung Chang, the war genius of the empire, became his right-hand man, and after four years of marvelous success on the field his Emperor loaded him down with more honors and emoluments. In 1865 he was appointed Governor-General of the Liang King Provinces, with four Viceroys and 1800 Mandarins under his orders and absolute control of the salt tax, the rice tax, the sampan tax and the house tax—all infinitesimal charges on the individual; but when one directs the mulcting of 190,000,000 people, it is the fractions that count.

In 1868 his wealth was estimated by foreigners who knew him intimately to be $45,000,000. Still he remained in imperial favor, and in 1872 came his culminating triumph, when he was made Viceroy of Pe Chi Li, the imperial province, with a palace in the royal city, and practically the collection of all the national funds under his control.

Here he evidenced a peculiar method of semi-moral squeezing. His emissaries visited every province regularly and took good care to guard the mass of the people from extortion at the hands of the Mandarins. An officer found guilty of demanding or accepting more than the set amount of taxation was promptly dismissed from his office in disgrace. Li Hung Chang saw that with such an enormous population there was no necessity to crush the individual with heavy taxes. He insisted on one-half of every tax being turned into his hands, and one-half of these receipts he handed over in turn to the imperial treasury, keeping the balance for himself.

There was no false pretense about it. The Emperor, happy in the fact that never before had he found a man who could drag such enormous sums out of the Mandarins, was more than satisfied with the share that came to him, and he knew very well that his Minister was dividing equally with him.

As Viceroy of Pe Chi Li, Li Hung Chang started to build a navy. He let contracts for ships, armament and dockyards, and, beginning to mingle with Europeans in this way, soon came to see a vista of new possibilities for the acquiring of wealth. He was chief promoter and is today principal owner of the China Merchants' Steam Navigation Company, the only native steamship line in existence, with a monopoly of all internal and most of the coast traffic.

The fluctuations in the value of silver gave him a chance for the accumulation of more millions by skillful manipulation of deposits in the great Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank, of which he is now one of the largest shareholders. In 1877 the members of the Diplomatic Corps at Pekin presented a memorial to the Emperor begging for the establishment of an exact system of coinage. The Viceroy told them blandly that he would see about it. He has been seeing about it ever since.

The sale of titles and honors, a recognized perquisite of the Viceroy of Pe Chi Li, was in his hands for several years, and his policy was to charge "all the traffic would bear" to merchants who were able and willing to pay for handles to their names or the right to wear gold buttons on their caps. In 1894, when he became Commander-in-Chief of the Chinese forces, he was "visited" by dozens of contractors, but it may be said to his credit that he listened to none of their advances, possibly because their "offers" were so small in comparison with his vast wealth that he chose to overlook them; possibly, too, because he wished to give them the idea that he was not a man who could be bought.

In addition to the many sources of revenue mentioned, he has had percentages of very large customs duties, the export silk tax, the jade mines and the municipal earnings of many cities. No one in the empire can approach Li Hung Chang in the hold he has on the common people of China. They know of his great riches, but they also know that for 40 years he has stood between them and the extortions of petty Mandarins.

His fortune is an accumulation of mites and atoms. JOHN R. RATHOM.

WHAT BECAME OF BOER FUND

It Went for Hacks, Band, Fireworks and Wines.

WASHINGTON, July 11.—The generosity of Washington, in its normal condition, has always been an object of comment outside the city, and an object of regret and remorse to the citizens of the Capital City. But when this normal stinginess has added to it a scheme for cutting down the generosity, then it is time for sincere Washingtonians to throw up their hands. The worst example of Washington generosity that has yet come to light is in connection with the Boer testimonial given there some time ago, when it was announced that a fund was to be raised "for the benefit of the widows of Boer patriots." The testimonial, or rally, or whatever it might be termed, went off per programme, and the large sum of $1114 38 was raised as a relief fund. This was the famous Boer meeting at which such illustrious lights as the Hon. William Sulzer, late Democratic aspirant to the Vice-Presidential nomination, and general calamity howler and Boer sympathizer, were prominent among the instigators.

At the time the benefit was held the receipts were announced, and the matter was generally forgotten, it being supposed that the full amount would be shipped abroad, where it would be applied to the purpose for which it was raised. One of the restive citizens of Washington, however, suddenly opened up the matter by addressing, through the public press, a letter to the treasurer of the enterprise, calling on him to know what disposition had been made of the funds so raised. The request, made in this way, could not be ignored, and the following day this gentleman responded through the press, with a statement that the expenses of the meeting had been quite heavy, and had been defrayed from the fund raised on the occasion. He concluded with the statement that "if no more bills were presented, there would be a grand total of $18 to be turned over to the Boers." A glance at the list of bills that were paid out of the fund of over $1100 showed such items as $127 spent for hacks, $85 for chairs, $87 for a band, $34 for fireworks, $565 for entertainment of the Boer delegates at their hotel, and $140 for wines, the recipients of the latter commodity not being named. The Hon. William Sulzer was one of the Congressional reception committee which had to go to New York to accompany the Boer delegates to Washington, and the expenses of that trip were also taken from the "relief" fund.

This entire incident only serves to illustrate forcibly two or three well-recognized points: Washington hospitality and Washington enthusiasm is not what it is cracked up to be; the sympathy with the Boers in many directions is, as in the case of Mr. Sulzer, superficial, a mere excuse for raising a howl, and a loud, meaningless cry, with a view to stampeding the unthinking public; and furthermore, that those who profess to be real, true sympathizers with the Boers do not sympathize beyond the point where their pockets are touched in any degree. They are all willing to talk sympathy, and many of them are willing to stand before the public and howl sympathy, and denounce those who will not do likewise, but when their true purpose is divined, it is found that they are out for cheap notoriety, out for the purpose of howling to hear themselves howl, and out in the hopes of making political capital out of every situation that arises, whether it be a subject pertinent to American welfare and American interests or not. Inasmuch as this Washington Boer benefit has been shown up in its true light, it is perhaps not to be regretted so much as it might be had the fund of $18 been raised solely by honest, upright means. Now the people know where Mr. Sulzer, and such of his associates as Lentz of Ohio, and others, really stand, and they will treat them accordingly.

Politics on Wheels.

Baltimore Sun.

Hon. Joseph Flory, Republican candidate for Governor of Missouri, is making his canvass on a railroad velocipede. "While 'Teddy' Roosevelt is careering toward the Vice-Presidency as a broncho rider," says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, "the Hon. Joseph Flory, candidate for Governor of Missouri, not to be outdistanced by any theatrical funny business, comes tearing into St. Louis on a railroad velocipede and carrying the railroad men by storm. We shall next hear of some Middle-of-the-Road Populist traveling over the country in a hot-air balloon. Populists are supposed to feel at home with their heads in the clouds. It appears that public office is not to be reached on foot any more—not in these swift days. Mr. Flory's bicycle, or, more properly speaking, his quadricycle, came up from the South on Friday and made nearly as much of a sensation along the river front as the famed and much-lamented Great Republic on her maiden voyage. This sensation was materially heightened by the piercing notes of all the locomotives along the Iron Mountain yards, whose engineers are bent on tooting for Brother Joe vocally as well as locomotively."

Mr. Flory while talking to the railroad men fanned himself with his straw hat, and, like many another man, received an inspiration through the straw. Clapping it on his head, he said he was glad they had turned out to see him, and added: "Boys, when I'm inaugurated Governor this same hat will fit my head just as it does now." This is a good campaign phrase and is recommended for use in other localities. On the whole, the Globe-Democrat thinks "campaigning on a railroad velocipede promises well. Mr. Flory's progress will, no doubt, be watched with interest by his opponent, Mr Dockery," who, it is to be hoped, is riding something swifter than the donkey which the Republican managers usually provide for the Democratic Presidential candidates.

Pears'

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