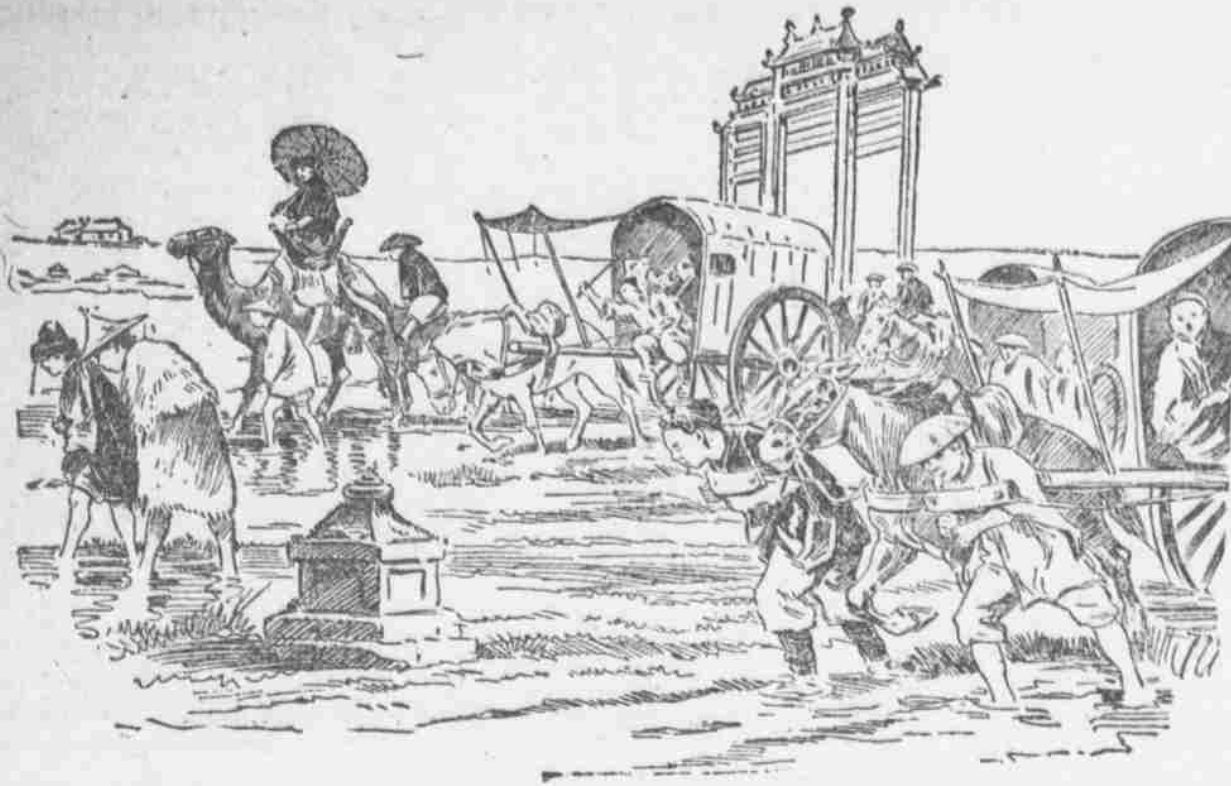


DIFFICULTIES OF A LAND JOURNEY IN CHINA.

The Overland Route Between Tien tsin and Peking, Over Which the Allied Army Marched.



The country between Peking and Tien-tsin overcome by the allied forces on their advance upon the capital, is in summer time a stretch of quagmire and mud. No traveler who has made the experience of a Peking cart will ever desire to repeat the experiment. There is no such thing as a road as we understand it. It goes anywhere and everywhere, and it is only used by the inhabitants for travel between town and town for local traffic. The waterway, by canal and river, is the usual mode of travel. The ancestral tombs are scattered all over the country, and arches erected to the memory of great men dot the landscape. All sorts of carts, beasts of burden and foot travelers are the adjuncts to the scene. Note the nearer of the two foremost figures, who is clothed in a waterproof of oiled straw. Literally he is a "thatched man."

TWO LOVERS.

Whose baby is loveliest?
Mother's own.
All round the world—north, south, east,
west—
Hers alone!
For whether it be a Chinese tot,
With eyes aslant and a shaven crown,
Or a dear little girl of the Land of the
Free,
Or a toddling Prince in Londontown,
Or the one rare treasure a Soudan slave
Hugs to her heart, all weed and brown—
Each in its mother's gentle pride
Is fairer than all the world beside.

Whose mother is loved the best?
Baby's own.
She whose cheek was first caressed—
She alone.
For whether she be an Eskimo,
Or colored mammy, or stately queen,
Or a wandering organ-grinder's wife,
Jingling and beating her tambourine,
In every land where children are
The baby eyes from their deep, serene
Gaze, rapture-bound by the tender grace
In the mother's beamed, love-lit face.
—Woman's Home Companion.

At the Eleventh Hour.

BUT he's so old, papa," protested Barbara Bessinger.
"A man should be several years the senior of his wife," declared Quintus Bessinger.

"And he has a glass eye!"
"One less with which to observe short-comings, my dear!"
"And has false teeth."
"So have I. Now, Barbara, be sensible, and think it over."

Barbara thought it over, and decided that if being sensible meant marrying Giles Ferguson she must persist in being foolish. The next time her father returned to the charge he put his plea on personal grounds. His pathetic representation of his position was rather effective. The improvements in his office building had cost much more than he had fancied they would. An Eastern firm, on whose leniency he had relied, were pressing him for immediate payment of a heavy account. Ferguson had practically refused him further advances because Barbara had declined to marry him. He could find better use for his money than loaning it to the man whom he was anxious to accept as a father-in-law.

"I wouldn't urge you," concluded Bessinger. "If I thought you cared for any one else, there isn't any one else—eh, Barbara?"

Barbara was eighteen. She had a round, trim young form, a brunette face full of life and sparkle, arch hazel eyes, and a lovely scarlet mouth.

"No one else, papa!" There was no doubting the frank sincerity of the reply. "Give me two weeks more to consider. Then—I'll say yes, if I can—for your sake—you poor, dear old worried thing!"

Bessinger made the most of Barbara's concession. Ferguson was profoundly gratified. His own movable eye expressed his happy anticipation.

"Tell her," said he, "that I have never married because my ideal was so lofty. Never until I met Miss Barbara did I meet any woman possessing every perfection."

"Tell her yourself," advised Quintus. "Girls don't like to be courted through their parents."

So Ferguson called every evening. His deliberate compliments and languishing glance set her wild with resentment. Two weeks! Why hadn't she said two months? Surely the hours were racing by. It seemed to her the days fairly galloped out of sight. Her father grew more haggard—more depressed. She used to catch him watching her furtively. Ferguson would stare off failure, would build up his business, would put his credit on a firm basis, if only— He had been a good father to her. She would probably never fall in love anyway. Perhaps she ought to do as he wished—there she shuddered.

The fateful day of her decision arrived. A glorious day it was, crisp and keen, with a rollicking wind skurrying

along State street and playing pranks at the corner where towers the Masonic temple. Just there it scurried a girl's skirts around her slender ankles, and—not content with this audacity—snatched off her veil and flirted it out of reach. But a tall man in a gray suit gave prompt pursuit. "O, thank you!" cried Barbara Bessinger, blushing, when he stood before her, hat in hand, returning the triant trifle. "You are very kind!"

A murmured deprecation, a lingering, eloquent look of admiration, a deep bow, and he was lost in the crowd. Barbara went home in a strange state of exhilaration. Some little ones at her gate offered her roses. She took the roses and kissed the children. She had never thought flowers and child faces so beautiful before. She found herself smiling as she ran up-stairs. She was startled by the loveliness of her own reflection in the glass. Why did she feel so happy, why—Suddenly she seemed to see again the homage of those flashing blue eyes. No! She surely was not so silly as that! In delicious, girlish shame she pressed her slim fingers over her eyes to shut out those others. But they would not be barred. They gazed into her still! All at once a dreadful thought thrilled her.

To-night Giles Ferguson would come for his answer!

A sharp sense of repulsion overwhelmed her. She could not marry him! She would not. She bathed, coiled her dark hair afresh, went down



WHILE AS A LILY, BARBARA CAME FORWARD.

to dinner in a gown of rosy lawn. At 8 o'clock the hopeful suitor made his appearance. He wore a brand-new suit, and was apparently prepared for conquest. He and Bessinger talked. At 10 Barbara was to give her final decision. She watched the clock in an agony of nervousness. Half-past 8! The hands were moving around the dial with appalling speed. Nine! She did not know the bell had rung—that a visitor was shown in. He was young, tall, good-looking. With a start she recognized the agile captor of her veil.

"The small gentleman is Mr. Ferguson," she heard the servant say.

The stranger walked straight up to Barbara's suitor.

"How do you do, father?" he said.

"What's that?" screamed the old man. He had turned ghastly.

"My name is Robin Ferguson. I only arrived yesterday from California. Your man told me I would find you here. My mother died three months ago. Dying, she told me the story of your desertion of her when I was a little lad. She made me promise to look you up. For her sake I've done it. I can prove all I say."

"I—I—I can't discuss the matter with you here—now!" His teeth chattered so he feared they would drop out. "Even if—if it were so—I'd not give you a cent!"

The new-comer burst out laughing. "I'll never ask you for one. My mother's brother left all his property to me, and there's a rattling lot of it, too."

"O!" gasped Ferguson, senior. This gave matters a new aspect. But—there was Barbara. The clock struck 10.

"Barbara," said Bessinger, rising, "you agreed to tell Giles Ferguson at

this hour whether or not you would marry him."

White as a lily Barbara came forward. The young fellow stared in delighted surprise, as turning, he faced her.

"Never! You would not wish me now, papa, to do so. He has deceived me. At any rate, I could never love him." Then she bowed slightly and took herself and her peach-bloom gown from the room.

But soon Barbara learned how easy it was to surrender one's whole heart when the one destined lover came. Out of confidential talks grew reconciliation between father and son. The former came to the wedding.

"Lord, what an old fool I was!" he said. "Things are only as they ought to be! Bessinger and I are going into partnership. Together we'll make the business pay. And Rob, would you—have you—any objection if I were to—kiss the bride?"

"No, indeed!" cried the groom, heartily.

"No, indeed!" echoed the bride sweetly, as she held up her glowing cheek.

Fortune in a Truck Farm.

There are over 600 acres of Philadelphia land under cultivation south of Porter street, in the district known as the Neck, and there is now living in Germantown a man who has amassed a fortune of \$500,000 in raising early vegetables in that locality. His two sons are still engaged in truck farming, although they have not the same chances as their father had during the civil war, when spinach sold for \$8 a barrel and onions brought \$12 a barrel. The father, with his half million, has removed to a handsome country seat near Germantown, where he lives in opulence.

He was an orphan and at the age of 21, having been bound to a trucker, he went with another man to work a farm on shares. In two years he was able to take a farm of his own and success crowned his efforts. In those days the farmer took his own produce to market and sold it direct to the consumer without the aid of the commission merchant. The son, there was no competition from the South in the matter of early vegetables. The labor of boys could be had for \$2 or \$3 a week, but all this is now changed. On Porter street between Thirteenth and Sixteenth there are two large public school houses, and the boys who used to work on the farms now attend school. The farmers are consequently obliged to employ men and pay them \$9 a week.—Philadelphia Record.

Never Noticed It.

A traveller in Corsica says that although Porto Vecchio is so filthy that one would like to dip it in the Mediterranean for a thorough wash, it is wonderfully lovely at a distance. Its white granite houses with red-tiled roofs and fragments of old walls, with the blue sky above and the green knoll beneath and about, make up as alluring a southern picture as ever haunted a northerner's memory. But do the southerners appreciate it? If one may judge by comparison apparently not. Says a writer in Travel:

They do not seem a deeply intelligent folk on this east coast. I stopped in a very hot part of the road to ask a man the name of a certain noble mountain peak inland, with veins of snow upon it.

"I do not know," said he, heavily. "Ah, then you do not live here?" "Yes, I am of these parts." "But you were not brought up here?" "Yes, I was born here." "And you do not know the name of that very high mountain?" "I know nothing about it."

He spoke conclusively. The most conspicuous object in his daily landscape had, in his eyes, no significance whatever.

Every mother feels that her daughter-in-law is not living up to her nuptial promises, unless she is constantly worrying about her husband's appetite.

A mine with a Great Future is like a Promising Colt.

ATCHISON GLOBE SIX HTS.

Comments on Everyday Matters by an Original Genius.

A farmer is a great kicker. So is a town man, so far as that is concerned.

After a loafer has loafed six or seven years, he thinks he is as good as anybody.

You can start an argument any time by asking the meaning of the word croole.

As a man grows older, he begins to appreciate more why a dog gets out and howls.

When a woman begins to grow daff, her dressmaker is the first person to find it out.

A barrel full of sermons on the next world will not touch a man as quickly as the death of a man of his own age.

A woman is never proud down to her toes of an out-of-town guest, unless the guest is invited to sing in her church choir.

When a kin guest goes home the man of the house is always suspicious over what has been given her to carry home in her trunk.

When a man loses his position, and is without money, his relatives keep as far away from his house as if he had the bubonic plague.

A man fools himself all the way in his walk into temptation with the belief that he is going into it on purpose to show that he can resist it.

In cheering the young men, do not forget the faithful old fellows who kept the pot boiling while the boys were acquiring strength and experience.

The divine right of kings isn't in it with the right of the married daughter who comes home for the first time to show off her baby to her parents.

It is a pity that every girl doesn't follow business pursuits long enough before marriage to know that she must have dinner on time, or lose her job.

It is probably the secret hope of every woman's heart, after love has folded its hands on its breast and gasped its last, that she will outlive her husband.

Occasionally you find a young man who thinks he is entitled to money from his wife's father. If he is not compelled to take care of his wife's parents in their old age he will do well.

We don't know what the "yellow peril" is the newspapers talk about, but we imagine it is the stuff called salad dressing, which the women insist upon smearing upon everything on the table.

The women are warned that every time they send an invitation to a man and his wife to attend a party there is a fuss in the family—the man wanting to stay at home and the woman objecting.

Do not neglect good, honest, hard work for a little fool art. Some of the pictures you see, and some of the poetry you are asked to read, are not as creditable as an honest day's work in the harvest field.

What queer things the average person laughs at. If some one slips and falls, or is unfortunate enough to make any awkward blunder, the average person thinks it very funny and laughs, and repeats the affair for a funny story. If some one makes an unfortunate remark accidentally, his embarrassment is always a theme for merriment. Women, who are supposed to be sympathetic, are the ones who have the largest stock of such funny stories. They always seem to be a success; people love to laugh at the misfortunes of others.

Infant Sagacity.

"Out of the mouths of babes cometh wisdom." These may not be the exact words, but words of similar purport are to be found somewhere between the lids of the good book. The truth of the saying was demonstrated in an Omaha home one day, the day in question being one on which there was a heavy thunderstorm.

In the home in question is a 5-year-old lad who has a brother and a sister who are older than himself. The elder children were greatly frightened at the gathering clouds, flashing lightning and rolling thunder, and were making great outcries. The 5-year-old seemed to enjoy the gathering storm, but his enjoyment was somewhat marred by the bewailings of his brother and sister. Finally he turned to them and said: "Oh, shut up your bawling! Don't you s'pose God knows his business?"

If some of the older ones would exercise a little wisdom of this kind, there would be less trembling and moaning when a thunderstorm approaches.

Knowledge Needed.

The Ameer of Afghanistan takes great pride in his gun factory at Kabul, over which Sir Salters Pyne presides, says an exchange. He insists that his khans shall visit it.

Amra Khan, who controls a distant mountain region, came in one day, and after seeing the works, asked Sir Salters, "Now tell me in words just how you make guns."

"It is quite easy," replied Pyne. "You make a hole first, and then wrap some iron around it."

"Ah," said Amra Khan, sorrowfully, "there is plenty of air for the hole in my country, only no one there knows how to wrap the iron around it!"

Swift Messengers.

A French physician, who has an extensive country practice, takes with him several carrier pigeons. When he finds a patient in urgent need of medicine he attaches the prescription under the wing and releases the bird. On the appearance of the latter, the druggist catches it and dispatches the remedy, thus frequently saving many hours delay. The idea is an excellent one, which might well be adopted in other countries than France.

DECLINED A CROWN.

MANY HAVE DONE SO SINCE JULIUS CAESAR'S TIME.

Some of the Persons Who Have Refused to Become Kings—Throne of Greece Went Begging for Some Time—Similar Experience in Roumania.

It is no mean distinction to have refused a crown. There is probably not one man in a million who would decline a kingdom if it were offered him, in spite of the restless nights and fearful days that are commonly supposed to be the lot of a King. Even Cromwell is said to have refused the crown of England more from fear of others than from any other motive.

But there have been many men since Cromwell who have refused to wear a monarch's crown. Thirty-five years ago, when the throne of Greece was vacant, more than one great English statesman might have ruled over the destinies of that classic country, but the difficulties in the way were formidable. Mr. Gladstone's name was freely mentioned in connection with the crown of Greece, though, as Mr. Gladstone was a member of the government at the time, the proposal never took definite shape.

The late Lord Derby, however, who had strong sympathies with Greece, was offered the crown and refused it, throwing away £50,000 a year and a kingdom. It was not the first time a man had declined to sit on the throne of Greece—Prince Leopold, the father of the present King of the Belgians, having refused the crown when Greece was declared a kingdom, in 1830. Prince Leopold's reason for refusing the crown was that the boundaries of the country were insufficient, the exclusion of Crete especially influencing his decision.

One of Queen Victoria's sons, the Duke of Edinburgh, has also been offered to sit on the throne of Greece. He was offered to sit on the throne of Greece, but was compelled to refuse the office, owing to the attitude of the powers, who strongly declared their opposition to Prince Alfred being crowned King of the Greeks. The throne was then offered to the present King, on whose behalf it was accepted by his father, the King of Denmark.

The crown of Austria-Hungary was refused in the middle of the century by the Archduke Franz Karl, the father of the present Emperor, King Ferdinand I. abdicated in December, 1848, the throne then descending to the ordinary course to Archduke Franz Karl. The Archduke, however, declined the crown, which he handed over to his son, who still wears it.

Another crown which has been more than once refused is the crown of Roumania. When Roumania was declared a kingdom it was settled that the throne should descend to Prince Leopold, the eldest brother of the then reigning King. The Prince, however, voluntarily yielded his rights to the crown in favor of his son, Prince Wilhelm, the renunciation being registered in the Senate in October, 1880. Prince Wilhelm remained heir apparent for eight years, but toward the end of 1888 he formally refused to accept the crown, and his brother became heir apparent, being now Prince of Roumania. The Prince has since married Princess Marie, a granddaughter of Queen Victoria.

Not many years ago a nephew of the great Napoleon died in exile, after refusing a crown. Prince Napoleon, nicknamed "Pon-Pon," son of a brother of Napoleon Bonaparte, was invited to sit on the throne of Roumania as the first King of that country, but he declined the offer, believing at the time that he might ascend the throne of France. So the bird in the hand flew away, and the bird in the bush was never caught. The man who had hoped to be crowned King of France died out of that country in solitary exile. He had sacrificed one crown in the hope of receiving another, and lost both.

Early in the present century Ferdinand VII. renounced the crown of Spain in favor of his father, who again refused it in favor of Napoleon. The great conqueror had to face a nation in arms, however, and never took the throne.

The story of Lord Beaconsfield's golden crown provides us with another instance, though there was no throne with this strange crown. The man in whose brain the idea of crowning Lord Beaconsfield originated is now dead, but as long as he lived he never recovered from the blow of Lord Beaconsfield's refusal of this tribute. Tracy Turnerell received subscriptions from 50,000 people toward his gold laurel wreath, but in June, 1879, when he formally offered the crown to his idol, it was refused.—Philadelphia Times.

MAY BE HEARD TEN MILES AWAY.

Roaring Phonograph Given a Successful Trial in Ireland.

According to reports printed in English exchanges a phonograph is now available by the use of which messages



can be delivered in such tremendously loud tones as will make them easily understood at a distance of ten miles. The machine has been tested at Brighton, the home of its inventor, Horace L. Short, and its possibilities are practically endless. It will render loud selections in the open air that can be listened to by thousands of people, or it will shout news messages that could

be heard high above the roar of traffic and the thousand noises of a city. You can whisper a sentence into the machine's small funnel-shaped mouthpiece and it will repeat it in tones that are more deafening than the shrieks of a liner's steam siren. In every word is perfectly articulated, and a shorthand writer ten miles away can take down the message as easily as if you were dictating to him in a small room.

In appearance the machine is merely an ordinary phonograph, with a large trumpet measuring four feet in length. Inside this trumpet there is a small and delicate piece of mechanism that looks something like a whistle. This is the tongue of the machine.

Instead of the records being taken on wax in the usual manner a supply of needles is made to cut the dots representing the sound vibrations on a cylinder, and when the needle traverses these cause the whistle to produce a series of air waves, and the machine thus becomes a talking drum which transforms the human voice into a deafening roar.

The experiments were made near the Devil's dyke, Brighton, where the inventor had his workshops. The instrument was placed on the roof of the laboratory and was made to produce a number of sentences. At a distance of ten miles the sounds were plainly heard by a large number of people, every word being perfectly distinct, and a second trial with a favorable wind it was found that an unknown message could be taken down in shorthand at a distance of twelve miles. Over the water the sounds will carry still further, and under favorable circumstances they might easily be heard by persons on a vessel fifteen miles out at sea.

DREAD POST AND PILORY.

Why Delaware Clings to This Relic of Barbarism.

Alone among the States Delaware still clings to the whipping post and pillory, and instead of being ashamed of what is generally considered a relic of barbarism is proud of it. Penalties of the pillory and whipping post still



WHIPPING POST AND PILORY.

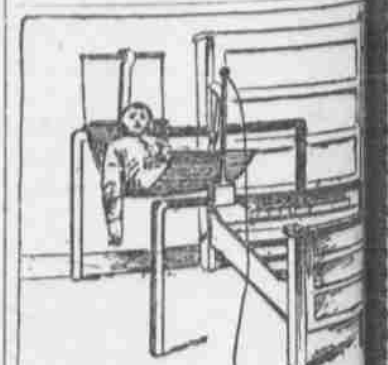
both are occupied are even offered for sale as souvenirs to all who visit Delaware State prison at New Castle.

Among the classes of criminals who are punished by whipping are debtors, and Delaware people say that no other punishment so well fits the case. There is also a class of petty criminals by whom a chance to hold a few months at the State's expense is looked upon as a privilege, but to whom a few lashes at the whipping post is looked upon with horror, not so much because of the ignominy of the punishment as because of the physical pain which is inflicted. Cruelty is prevented by a provision which forbids the administration of more than sixty lashes or the confinement of a prisoner for more than one hour in the pillory.

INVALIDS EASILY MOVED.

Woman Invents a Useful Appliance for the Sick Room.

Changing the linen on an invalid bed is a task to be dreaded, both by the patient and the nurse, and any device which will aid in the work will be much appreciated. Below we show new apparatus, recently patented by Anna E. Countryman of Marcus, Md., which should prove of great advantage



INVALID BED ATTACHMENT.

in the sickroom. It is an easy matter to move the patient from one side of the bed to the other, but when it comes to changing the mattress there seems to be no place for the invalid. This new apparatus will lift the patient from the bed and keep him suspended until the work is accomplished, the hammock being detached from the supports and laid flat on the bed to receive the patient, after which the head portion is lifted slightly and connected to the frame by the ropes. The pulley at the foot is then connected and the mattress tightened until the hammock is clear of the bed, when the supports are rolled toward one side, leaving the bed free for the performance of the necessary work.

After a girl passes 25, she ages rapidly—that you can see a difference every time she comes down town.