

The Special Correspondent

CHAPTER XXVIII.—(Continued.)

A little before 12 I arrived at my destination. My vehicle had stopped before a house of modest appearance. It was on the first floor that the young Roumanian lived, and where, having learned her trade as a milliner in Paris, she was engaged in it at Pekin. I read the name of Mme. Zinea Klorik on a door. I knock. The door is opened.

I am in the presence of a young lady who is perfectly charming, as Kinko said. She is blonde, of from twenty-two to twenty-three years old, with the black eyes of the Roumanian type, an agreeable figure, a pleasant, smiling face. In fact, has she not been informed that the Grand Transasiatic train has been in the station ever since last evening, in spite of the circumstances of the journey, and is she not awaiting her betrothed from one moment to another?

Mademoiselle Klorik is evidently much surprised at seeing a stranger in her doorway. As she has lived several years in France, she does not hesitate to recognize me as a Frenchman, and asks to what she is indebted for my visit.

"Mademoiselle Zinea," I say, "I arrived yesterday by the Grand Transasiatic." The girl turned pale; her eyes became troubled. It was evident that she feared something. Had Kinko been found in his box? Had the fraud been discovered? Was he arrested? Was he in prison?

"Mademoiselle Zinea—certain circumstances have brought to my knowledge—the journey of a young Roumanian—"

"Kinko—my poor Kinko—they have found him?" she asks in a trembling voice.

"No—no," says I, hesitating. "No one knows, except myself. I often visited him in the luggage van at night. We were companions, friends. I took him a few provisions."

"Oh, thank you, sir," says the lady, taking me by the hand. "With a Frenchman Kinko was sure of not being betrayed, and even of receiving help. Thank you! Thank you! He loves me so much, and I love him. We met each other in Paris. He was so kind to me. Then when he went back to Tiflis I asked him to come to me in that box. Is the poor fellow ill?"

"No, Mademoiselle Zinea—no." "He asked you to come and tell me he had arrived?"

"Yes—but you understand—he is very tired after so long a journey." "Is he ill?"

"Yes—rather—rather ill." "The truth, monsieur, the truth! Hide nothing from me—Kinko—"

"Yes—I have said news—to give you." She is fainting. Her lips tremble. She can hardly speak.

"We have had accidents on the road. The train was nearly annihilated—a frightful catastrophe—"

"He is dead! Kinko is dead!" "The unhappy Zinea falls on to a chair—and to employ the imaginative phraseology of the Chinese, her tears roll down like rain on an autumn night. Never have I seen anything so lamentable. But it will not do to leave her in this state, poor girl! She is becoming unconscious. I do not know where I am. I take her hands. I repeat:

"Mademoiselle Zinea! Mademoiselle Zinea!"

Suddenly there is a great noise in front of the house. Shouts are heard. There is a tremendous do, and amid the tumult I hear a voice.

I cannot be mistaken. That is Kinko's voice! I recognize it. Am I in my right senses? Zinea jumps up, springs to the window, opens it, and we look out.

There is a cart at the door. There is the case, with all its inscriptions; this side up, this side down, fragile, glass, beware of damp, etc. It is there—half smashed. There has been a collision. The cart has been run into by a carriage, as the case was being got down. The case has slipped on to the ground. It has been knocked in. And Kinko has jumped out like a jack-in-the-box—but alive, very much alive!

I can hardly believe my eyes! What, my young Roumanian did not perish in the explosion? No! As I shall soon hear from his own mouth, he was thrown on to the line when the boiler went up, remained there inert for a time, found himself uninjured—miraculously—kept away till he could slip into the van unperceived. I had just left the van after looking for him in vain, and supposing that he had been the first victim of the catastrophe.

Then—oh! the irony of fate!—after accomplishing a journey of six thousand kilometers on the Grand Transasiatic, shut up in a box among the baggage, after escaping so many dangers, attacked by bandits, explosion of engine, he was here, by the mere colliding of a cart and a carriage in a Pekin street, deprived of all the good of his journey.

The cart gave a yell at the sight of a human being who had just appeared. In an instant a crowd had gathered, the fraud was discovered, the police had run up. And what could this young Roumanian do, who did not know a word of Chinese, but explain matters in the sign language? Zinea and I ran down to him.

"My Zinea—my dear Zinea!" he exclaims, pressing the girl to his heart.

"My Kinko—my dear Kinko," she replies, while her tears mingle with his.

"Monsieur Bombardier!" says the poor fellow, appealing to my intervention.

"Kinko," I reply, "take it coolly, and depend on me. You are alive, and we thought you were dead." "But I am not much better off," he murmurs.

Mistake! Anything is better than being dead—even when one is menaced by prison, be it a Chinese prison. Kinko is dragged off by the police, amid the laughter and howls of the crowd.

CHAPTER XXIX.

If ever the expression "sinking in sight of port" could be used in its precise meaning, it evidently can in this case. I offer my arm to Mademoiselle Zinea, and I lead her to my carriage, and we return rapidly toward the Hotel of the Ten Thousand Dreams.

There I find Major Nolitz and the Caterans, and, by a lucky chance, young Pan Chao, without Dr. Tio-King. Pan

Chao would like nothing better than to be our interpreter before the Chinese authorities.

And then, before the weeping Zinea, I told my companions all about Kinko, how he had traveled, how I had made his acquaintance. I told them that if he had defrauded the Transasiatic Company, it was thanks to this fraud that he was able to get on to the train at Uzun Ada. And if he had not been in the train, he should all have been engulfed in the abyss of the T'jon valley.

What an explosion there was of exclamatory ohs! and ahs! when I had finished my recital! And in a burst of gratitude, somewhat of the theatrical sort, our actor shouted:

"Hurrah for Kinko! He ought to have a medal!"

Until the Son of Heaven accorded this hero a green dragon of some sort, Mme. Caterans took Zinea's hand, drew her to her heart and embraced her without being able to restrain her tears. Just think of a love story interrupted at the last chapter!

But we must hasten, and, as Caterans says, "all on the scene for the fifth"—the fifth act, in which dramas generally clear themselves up.

"We must not let this brave fellow suffer!" said Major Nolitz; "we must see the Grand Transasiatic people, and when they learn the facts they will be the first to stop the prosecution."

We left the young Roumanian to the caresses of the worthy actress. Madame Caterans would not leave her, declaring that she looked upon her as her daughter, that she would protect her like a mother. Then Pan Chao, Major Nolitz, Caterans and I went off to the company's offices at the station.

The manager was in his office, and we were admitted. He was a Chinese in every acceptance of the word, and capable of every administrative Chinese—a functionary who functioned in a way that would have moved his colleagues in old Europe to envy.

Pan Chao told the story, and, as he understood Russian, the major and I took part in the discussion. This unmistakable Chinaman did not hesitate to contend that Kinko's case was a most serious one. A fraud undertaken on such conditions, a fraud extending over six thousand kilometers, a fraud of a thousand francs on the Grand Transasiatic Company and its agents.

We replied to this Chinese functionary that it was all very true, but that the damage had been inconsiderable, that if the defrauder had not been in the train he could not have saved it at the risk of his life, and at the same time he could not have saved the lives of the passengers.

Well, would you believe it? This living China figure gave us to understand that from a certain point of view it would have been better to regret the deaths of a hundred victims. In short, we got nothing. Justice must take its course against the fraudulent Kinko.

"Gentlemen," said Pan Chao, "I know how things are managed in the Celestial Empire. Two hours will not elapse from the time Kinko is arrested to the time he is brought before the judge charged with this sort of crime. He will not only be sent to prison, but the bastinado—"

"We must stop that abomination," said Major Nolitz.

"We can try, at least," said Pan Chao, "I propose we go before the court, when I will try and defend the sweetheart of this charming Roumanian, and may I lose my face if I do not get him off."

CHAPTER XXX.

We left the station, invaded a vehicle, and arrived in twenty minutes before a shabby looking shanty, where the court was held.

There was a crowd. The affair had got abroad. It was known that a swindler had come in a box in a Grand Transasiatic van free gratis, and for nothing from Tiflis to Pekin. Every one wished to see him; every one wanted to recognize the features of this genius—it was not yet known that he was a hero.

There he is, our brave companion, between two rascally looking policemen yellow as quinces. These fellows are ready to walk him off to prison at the judge's orders, and to give him a few dozen strokes on the soles of his feet if he is condemned to that punishment.

Kinko is thoroughly disheartened, which astonishes me on the part of one I know to be so energetic. But as soon as he sees us his face betrays a ray of hope.

Our young advocate was really pathetic and amusing. He interested the judge, he excited the audience with the story of the journey, he told them all about it, and finally he offered to pay the company what was due to them. Unfortunately, the judge could not consent. There had been material damages, moral damages.

Thereupon Pan Chao became animated and, although we understood nothing he said, we guessed that he was speaking of the courage of Kinko, of the sacrifice he had made for the safety of the travelers, and finally, as a supreme argument, he pleaded that his client had saved the imperial treasure.

Arguments were of no avail with this pitiless magistrate who had not acquitted ten prisoners in his life. He spared the delinquent the bastinado; but gave him six months in prison, and condemned him in damages against the Grand Transasiatic Company. And then, at a sign from this condemning machine, poor Kinko was taken away.

Let not my readers pity Kinko's fate. I may as well say at once that everything was arranged satisfactorily. Next morning Kinko made a triumphal entry into the house in the Avenue Cha-Coua, where we were assembled while Madame Caterans was showering her maternal consolations on the unhappy Zinea Klorik.

The newspapers had got wind of the affair. The Chi Bao, of Pekin, and the Chinese Times, of Tien-tsin, had demanded mercy for the young Roumanian. These cries for mercy had reached the feet of the Son of Heaven—the very spot where the imperial ears are placed. Besides, Pan Chao had sent to his majesty a petition relating the incidents of the journey, and insisting on the point that

had it not been for Kinko's devotion, the gold and precious stones would be in the hands of Paruskiar and his bandits. And that was worth something else than six months in prison. In a fit of generosity the Son of Heaven favored Kinko with the remission of his sentence.

I decline to depict the joy, the happiness, the intoxication which this news, brought by Kinko in person, gave to all his friends, and particularly to the fair Zinea Klorik. These things are expressible in no language—not even in Chinese, which lends itself so generously to the metaphorical.

And now, my readers must permit me to finish with my traveling companions whose numbers have figured in my notebook.

No. 1 and 2, Fulk Ephriniel and Miss Horatia Bluet; Not being able to agree regarding the various items stipulated in their matrimonial contract, they were divorced three days after their arrival in Pekin. Things were as though the marriage had never been celebrated on the Grand Transasiatic, and Miss Horatia Bluet remained Miss Horatia Bluet. May she gather cargoes of heads of hair from Chinese poles; and may she furnish with artificial teeth every jaw in the Celestial Empire!

No. 3, Major Nolitz: He is busy at the hospital he has come to establish at Pekin on behalf of the Russian government, and when the hour for separation strikes, I feel that I shall leave a true friend behind me in these distant lands.

No. 4 and 5, the Caterans: After a stay of three weeks in the capital of the Celestial Empire, the charming actor and actress set out for Shanghai, where they are now the great attraction at the French Residency.

No. 6, Baron Weisschuitzerlofer, whose incommensurable name I write for the last time: Well, not only did the globe trotter miss the steamer at Tien-tsin, but a month later he missed it at Yokohama; six weeks after that he was shipwrecked on the coast of British Columbia, and then, after being thrown off the line between San Francisco and New York, he managed to complete his round of the world in a hundred and eighty-seven days instead of thirty-nine.

No. 7 and 8, Pan Chao and Dr. Tio-King: What can I say except that Pan Chao is always the Parisian you know. As to the doctor, he has got down to eating only the yolk of an egg a day, like his master, Cornaro, and he hopes to live to a hundred and two, as did the noble Venetian.

No. 8, Sir Francis Trevelyan, and No. 12, Seigneur Faruskiar: I have never heard of the one, nor have I heard that the other has been hanged. Doubtless, the illustrious bandit, having sent in his resignation of the general management of the Grand Transasiatic, continues his lucrative career in the depths of the Mongol provinces.

Now for Kinko, my No. 11: I need hardly say that my No. 11 was married to Zinea Klorik with great ceremony. We were all at the wedding, and if the Son of Heaven had not richly endowed the young Roumanian, his wife received a magnificent present in the name of the passengers of the train he had saved.

That is the faithful story of this journey. I have done my best to do my duty as special correspondent all down the line, and perhaps my editors may be satisfied, notwithstanding the slip or two you have heard about.

(The end.)

BURGLARY AS A FINE ART.

No Longer Practiced—Safe Howlers Now Mere Tramps.

Not many years ago the bank burglar was looked up to by other criminals with something like reverence, says the Kansas City Star. He was regarded, in fact, as the true aristocrat of crime, and was pointed at with furtive admiration upon the streets when at liberty and in penal institutions when occasionally deprived of his freedom. Nowadays almost every burglary that occurs in the United States is performed by common tramps or hoboes.

This situation is what the racing men would describe as a startling reversal of form, and it shows to what depth a once exalted profession may fall when it passes out of the hands of those associated with its highest flights. Indeed, as compared with the exploits of the old-timers, or "tool men," as they are technically known, the burglaries of recent days—or nights—might be described as petit larceny, for it is a rare occurrence that more than \$2,000 or \$3,000 has been involved in felonious expeditions during the last dozen years.

In former times, when the bands organized by "the big fellows" went after the contents of a banking institution they took pains beforehand to know that large amounts of money and securities were housed in the vaults they had marked for violation, and they rarely came away without bringing with them booty worthy of their enterprise. The records of thefts by "yeggmen," the bank vault and safe burglars of to-day, show that they have taken desperate chances of being shot or imprisoned for long terms to blow open safes containing amounts as small as \$150.

Few of the old-time burglars are ever seen nowadays. Some are dead, many have retired to quiet and unoffending occupations, and here and there—but not often—is one who can't resist the habit of breaking into the penitentiary. Such, for instance, was the case of Dunlap, of the once celebrated burglar partnership of Scott and Dunlap, who participated in the Northampton bank burglary. Scott died in prison, and a wealthy New York woman spent her time and money in a persistent effort to secure Dunlap's release, in which pursuit she ultimately succeeded.

It was thought that the convict, given a chance to earn a respectable living, might take advantage of it, and it seemed for a little time that he had determined to do so. But a number of burglaries in Western cities not far from Chicago were executed with such skill that they were obviously the work of a high-class criminal, and suspicion soon centered upon Dunlap. He is now completing a term in the Joliet penitentiary.

FARMS AND FARMERS



Certain kinds of plants grown in pots are often subject to the attacks of insects even in the summer, although the trouble is greater during the months of winter, when the plants are grown in the heat of the brooder room, without much moisture. To thoroughly cleanse plants of insects they must be fumigated, tobacco being the means generally employed. Of course, in this work the main idea is to keep the air from the plants during the process of fumigation.

The fumigating box may be of any size desired, according to the number of plants to be cleansed, although a box which may be conveniently carried about is preferred to anything larger. After selecting the box, make a frame three inches wide and nail around the edge of the box. Then bore a few holes in one end of the box. Then make a frame to fit snugly over the box (see the upper illustration in the cut) and fasten hoops on it. Cover this hooped frame with unbleached muslin, tacking the muslin

to the frame and gathering it in at the ends as indicated. The frame covered with the muslin will not break the top of soft plants, and it is readily constructed. This framed cover rests up on the three-inch frame which was first put about the box and will not readily slip off.

Churning with the Wind. To buttermakers who have to do their own churning with a dash churn I illustrate a method that does away with manual labor. The illustration almost explains itself. A balance wheel must be arranged at one end of an axle, and a four or six-foot wheel, to catch the wind, at the other end. In the center the rod must be bent in the shape of the letter U. As the axle revolves, this plays the pitman up and down. The churn stands in the box. The rod should be so arranged that it

can be quickly detached when it is necessary to look at the butter. Handles are provided at the bottom of the box for turning in the right direction of the wind. When not in use, the fans can be taken off and the remainder of the crude machine can be left. Anyone can make one, and so help the work of the women who have to churn by hand.—Clement Grover.

The Great Country of the North. The resources of Canada are hardly yet appreciated by her nearest neighbors. Figures were recently quoted by a prominent Canadian speaker, Mr. Edgar Judge, showing that the homestead holdings in Northwestern Canada since 1896 have increased from 297,700 acres to 2,229,120 acres. "If fifty thousand farmers could raise seventy million bushels of wheat in 1902 in Manitoba, then 250,000 could raise 350,000,000 bushels, enough to supply the total import requirements of Great Britain, besides feeding the people of Canada." The speaker asserted that the freight on wheat shipped from Ft. William, Canada, to London, England, was less than that on shipments from English midlands, only one hundred miles from London. He concluded that the possibilities of Canada as a grower and exporter of fruit products were greater than those of either Russia or the United States.

Average Stock Prices. There was a time when the man that received an average price for the cattle, horse, or sheep he sent to market made money on it, but that time is not now. Then land was cheap, labor was cheap, and grain was cheap. Now all of these are high, and the average price of an animal does not

equal the cost of the labor and feed that have gone into him. This condition has grown upon us till we find ourselves facing the necessity of working out of it by producing animals that will sell for more than they do at present or discovering some combination of feeds and care that will lessen the cost of production. It is well to work along both lines.—Exchange.

Watering Trees. Unless the owner of trees understands some of the more important principles of growth, there is danger that he will, when applying water, do more harm than good. To apply water in small quantities through the droughty season is to cause the roots in the ground to turn toward the surface and grow in that direction. Then when watering is discontinued for any reason the roots dry out much more quickly than if they had not been watered at all. When water is applied to trees it should be in sufficient abundance to soak the ground to a depth of several feet. The roots will then not turn up to get moisture. If it is necessary to apply but little water at a time it should not be put on the surface of the ground. Dig a hole and put in a large piece of drain pipe so that the water being thrown into this pipe or piece of tile will soak deep into the ground. In case of not having a drain pipe or piece of tile, a hole can be made sufficiently deep to act as a reservoir. Let the water soak into the ground from this hole. The idea is to get the water to the roots from some other direction rather than from the surface of the ground.

Food for Work Horses. A number of writers in agricultural papers are urging the abandonment of oats and timothy hay for horses that work on the farm, because of the high price of these foods. As a substitute, these writers suggest clover hay and corn. It is best to be a little careful about making such a change. It may work out all right provided it is not carried to an excess—that is, try it for a month, then go back to oats and timothy, and then back to corn and clover. By the end of the third month one will know pretty well if the plan was a good one. There can be no doubt that oats are by far the best grain to feed horses, and it is at least doubtful if one can safely change to any other grain as a regular ration and make it pay in the long run. There may be little difference noted for a long time with some horses, and the saving will amount to considerable, but the experiment is a doubtful one. Remember there is such a thing as false economy, and this may come under that head.

Can Control Swarms. An expert beekeeper can manage two or three hundred colonies without help when he has them in hives where he can see what they are doing, whereas if they were in box hives he would be unable to do anything with such a number. A very little reading and study will give the farmer all necessary knowledge for the management of a few hives, so that he can have his swarming (the bumble of the farmer-beekeeper) when it is most convenient for him or not at all if he doesn't want any increase. With box hives there can be no control of swarming—the bees have it entirely in their own hands (or wings), and come out when they are ready, regardless of the fact that their owner may be half a mile away in a hayfield, hustling to get ahead of approaching rats.

The Poultry Yard. If there are any hollows in your poultry runs that are liable to hold water after heavy showers, fill them up or drain so that the birds will not be compelled to wade through muddy water half way up to their knees, so to speak, says Commercial Poultry. Otherwise some of those valuable and highly prized early hatched birds will likely lie down and die. And you will wonder what is the matter with them. They will be dead, of course, but you might have saved them.

For Dry Hoofs. A soaking tub may be made by cutting off about one foot from the end of a stout, tight barrel. The short end is filled with water and placed in the stall so that the forefeet will come in the tub. An hour or two of soaking daily is good for dry, hard hoofs.

The Stable and Pasture. Put fresh hay in the stables. Ventilate the buildings. Clean the hoofs and clip the overgrowth. Put lighter shoes on the horses. Curry the horses while they are shedding their winter coat and wash them often. Cut down the grain allowance of the horses in pasture and see that all the animals get plenty of fresh water. The colt can safely be allowed in the pasture with the other animals, and at a very early age should be broken to gentle habits. Turn the cows out to pasture gradually, diminishing the grain. See that there is shade for the cows—either natural or artificial. When the horses are hot and sweaty after a long drive or a day's work, sponge them with cold water so that they will not catch cold.

Senor Joaquin D. Casaus, the new Mexican ambassador to the United States, has for many years occupied a leading position at the Mexican bar, and has been during a considerable portion of this time the chief legal adviser to President Diaz. He has given a good deal of his time to literary study and work and is one of the greatest linguists in the entire republic, being a master of Latin, Greek, French, Spanish, Italian and English. He has made an excellent translation of Longfellow's "Evangeline" into Spanish and has also translated extensively from the classic Latin. In 1880 he entered the Mexican Congress as a deputy and has been successively re-elected ever since. In Mexico City he and his wife occupied the highest position in social affairs and their home, one of the finest in that city, was the scene of many elaborate functions. It is expected they will be equally prominent in the diplomatic social circles of Washington. They have seven children and are wealthy.

Prince Michael Chirikoff, imperial minister of railways for Russia, has had a varied experience in life. He was born heir to an immense estate and as a youth was reared in the luxury which is so characteristic of the Russian nobility. He had a taste for mechanical engineering, and in 1857 he came to America and spent a year in the study of railroads. Soon after his return home the Czar issued the proclamation freeing the serfs. This resulted in great financial loss to the prince's father, and the old man became very bitter against the reform. Michael was enthusiastic in its support, and the upshot of the matter was a quarrel. The young man renounced his title and came to America. He worked for a dollar a day in a Philadelphia machine shop until he had learned the business and then went to South America. Thence he returned to Russia under the name of John McGill.

Rev. Dr. Francis Landey Patton, who says one can do just as much good with tainted money as with any other kind, but who particularly objects to the "cold-blooded, right-living rascal who grinds the faces of the poor under the cloak of the law," is famous as an educator and theologian. He has been President of Princeton Theological Seminary since 1902, and previously, for fourteen years, had been at the head of Princeton University. Among other pastorate that Dr. Patton has held was that of the Jefferson Park Presbyterian Church in Chicago, and he also held a professorship in the McCormick Theological Seminary. He was born in Bermuda in 1833, and is a graduate of the University of Toronto and of Princeton Theological Seminary. In 1865 he was ordained to the ministry. He has written several volumes, most of them being of a religious character, and has served as moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly.

John W. Hutchinson, 85 years old, sole survivor of the famous family of singers of slavery days, dispatches a ray, has been threatened with a suit for breach of promise of marriage by Miss Ellen F. Wetherell, 70 years old, of Lynn, Mass. During the anti-slavery movement before the war they appeared on the same platform, when she lectured J. W. HUTCHINSON, on freedom for the slaves and he sang. During his lifetime he claims to have sung at 11,057 public meetings—anti-slavery, religious and temperance. Hutchinson is well known in the Northwest. Part of the time he makes his headquarters in Hutchinson, Minn., which derived its name from this once famous family of singers.

Col. "Bill" Sapp, a leading Kansas Democrat, is a descendant of a royal French house. One of his ancestors was a teacher of the great Napoleon at a military academy.

Franklin Thomason, descendant of John Bright, is soon to start a daily paper to be called the Tribune in London to represent the Liberal party.

E. W. Stephens of Columbia, Mo., will represent the Baptists of North America at the Congress in London in July.

THE PUBLIC EYE

Senor Joaquin D. Casaus, the new Mexican ambassador to the United States, has for many years occupied a leading position at the Mexican bar, and has been during a considerable portion of this time the chief legal adviser to President Diaz. He has given a good deal of his time to literary study and work and is one of the greatest linguists in the entire republic, being a master of Latin, Greek, French, Spanish, Italian and English. He has made an excellent translation of Longfellow's "Evangeline" into Spanish and has also translated extensively from the classic Latin. In 1880 he entered the Mexican Congress as a deputy and has been successively re-elected ever since. In Mexico City he and his wife occupied the highest position in social affairs and their home, one of the finest in that city, was the scene of many elaborate functions. It is expected they will be equally prominent in the diplomatic social circles of Washington. They have seven children and are wealthy.

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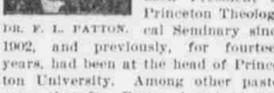
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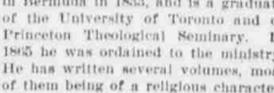
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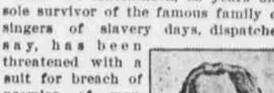
Rev. Dr. Francis Landey Patton, who says one can do just as much good with tainted money as with any other kind, but who particularly objects to the "cold-blooded, right-living rascal who grinds the faces of the poor under the cloak of the law," is famous as an educator and theologian. He has been President of Princeton Theological Seminary since 1902, and previously, for fourteen years, had been at the head of Princeton University. Among other pastorate that Dr. Patton has held was that of the Jefferson Park Presbyterian Church in Chicago, and he also held a professorship in the McCormick Theological Seminary. He was born in Bermuda in 1833, and is a graduate of the University of Toronto and of Princeton Theological Seminary. In 1865 he was ordained to the ministry. He has written several volumes, most of them being of a religious character, and has served as moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly.



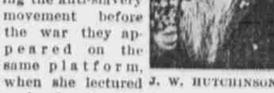
John W. Hutchinson, 85 years old, sole survivor of the famous family of singers of slavery days, dispatches a ray, has been threatened with a suit for breach of promise of marriage by Miss Ellen F. Wetherell, 70 years old, of Lynn, Mass. During the anti-slavery movement before the war they appeared on the same platform, when she lectured J. W. HUTCHINSON, on freedom for the slaves and he sang. During his lifetime he claims to have sung at 11,057 public meetings—anti-slavery, religious and temperance. Hutchinson is well known in the Northwest. Part of the time he makes his headquarters in Hutchinson, Minn., which derived its name from this once famous family of singers.



Col. "Bill" Sapp, a leading Kansas Democrat, is a descendant of a royal French house. One of his ancestors was a teacher of the great Napoleon at a military academy.



Franklin Thomason, descendant of John Bright, is soon to start a daily paper to be called the Tribune in London to represent the Liberal party.



E. W. Stephens of Columbia, Mo., will represent the Baptists of North America at the Congress in London in July.