

FAMOUS HERMIT KINGDOM

Brilliant Work Done by the Late Gen. Dye and Le Gendre in Corea.

Americans have won distinction in many countries, but not often in Corea, and hence the notable part played by two Americans in the politics and vicissitudes of that land during the last few years is especially worthy of mention.

These two Americans are the late Gen. William McE. Dye, and the late Gen. W. C. Le Gendre. Like a romance the life of each reads, so picturesque and full of incidents were their careers.

A Frenchman was Gen. Le Gendre, being born in that country in 1829. He came to the United States in 1855, and during the civil war did good service as commander of the Fifty-first New York regiment.

For 20 years the general was one of the most prominent figures in Japan, during which time he worked vigorously and successfully with the object of abolishing coolie traffic and building up the Formosa tea trade.

Gen. Dye's career was equally full of surprises. From major of police in Washington, D. C., he came to be vice minister of war in Corea, and the chief adviser and protector of that country's king.

The Japanese desired to gain control of the palace guards, but the king insisted that they should be under his direct orders, and he asked Gen. Dye to live in the palace while the turmoil over this and other questions was in progress.

Gen. Dye under his contract was entitled to a month's leave of absence each year of his service, but so threatening were the conditions that the king was never willing to let him take a vacation.

BODKIN AND THE MOUSE

The Disasters of a Determined Campaign Against Four-Footed Household Pests.

"There's no use in talking," exclaimed Nehemiah Bodkin, banker, philanthropist and economist, at the other morning after breakfast, at the same time glancing knowingly at his wife.

"There's no use talking," repeated Bodkin, in a patronizing manner, "this house has got to be rid of the multitude of perambulating, little four-legged creatures, otherwise known as mice, that infest this place from cellar to attic."

"Why, my dear," interrupted Mrs. Bodkin, who knew only too well the results of following her husband's economical streaks, "were you not aware that there are men who hire out as professional ratcatchers who could clear our house of the pests in a few hours, and—"

"Not another word," broke out Nehemiah, at the same time endeavoring to increase his stature and casting withering glances at his wife he almost roared: "Do you expect me to pay out good money to professional good-for-nothings, who couldn't catch a rat after it had been stricken with the blind staggers? No, Mrs. Bodkin, I have decided to attend to this matter myself, and shall not call in any outsiders either."

With this remark, Bodkin arose from the table. He crossed to the opposite side of the room and opened the door into the vestibule just in time to see a tiny mouse dodge through the grating in the hall register.

With a look of determination on his countenance, Bodkin stalked over to the register and prepared to dispatch the offender on first sight. He removed the grating quickly, out jumped the mouse, and kerwhacks sounded the poker as it came in contact with the hardwood floor, where the mouse had been a short time ago.

Bodkin, finding that he had not knocked the mouse into smithereens at the first whack, became furious, and swore that the next blow would put the finishing touch on that mouse and no mistake. Turning about, he espied the mouse under the stand, the animal being in the act of winking the other eye, or at least Bodkin thought so.

Coats on this model have been worn for a long time by men and women who have been obliged to brave the keen wintry winds sweeping across the prairies, though, of course, on a cheaper scale.

Put a tablespoonful of lard and butter in a porcelain saucpan. When hot add one-quarter pound of spaghetti broken into desired lengths, half an onion sliced, one large tomato sliced, pepper and salt and a dash of cayenne pepper.

BASED ON NOTHING.

That Is the Way with Most of the Fears That Breat Fair Maids and Matrons.

The cause that implants the spirit of fear in the bosom of the gentle sex is a subject that may well puzzle the most devoted student of human nature.

One woman, who all her life has carefully searched beneath her bed before retiring, at one time found herself in possession of a folding monstrosity, the intricacies of which she had first to solve before taking her well earned rest.

A favorite illusion is that of having one's legs seized, either from behind in going upstairs or on getting into bed. Women have been seen scuttling upstairs in the dark, setting at defiance all the laws of locomotion in a ludicrous attempt to keep their legs some distance ahead of them and beyond the reach of a mysterious clutch.

Many women search diligently in closets, bureau drawers and all sorts of improbable places before resigning themselves to sleep. An old housekeeper, whose table silver, in two baskets, was always placed in her bedroom after the evening meal, was one night awakened by what she considered suspicious sounds from the lower regions.

SHAGGY FURS.

Rough Robinson Crusoe or Automobile Coat Is All the Rage at Present.

The very latest fad is the rough, shaggy fur coat which automobilists are having made for wear when the thermometer falls toward zero point.

Outdoor sports are so much the rage, even in winter, among the smart set that these Robinson Crusoe coats have come to be a necessity with women as well as men.

The collars of these coats are perhaps the most distinctive feature about them, and to the initiated will at once stamp the garment as being the proper thing. They are very high and pointed, protecting and covering the ears completely.

Coats on this model have been worn for a long time by men and women who have been obliged to brave the keen wintry winds sweeping across the prairies, though, of course, on a cheaper scale.

The coming season's gowns, especially the dark blues, have mostly a touch of yellow in them, and for this daffodil would be an exquisite shade.

A Fragrant Sachet. Take one ounce of coriander powder, Florentine orris, powdered rose leaves, powdered sweet-scented flag root, two ounces of powdered lavender flowers, half a scruple of musk and half a drachm of sandalwood.

Hubby (angrily)—Whatever I say goes. Wife (sweetly)—Of course it does, dear. You say it so loud that it goes all over the neighborhood.

HERO OF TELEGRAPH KEY.

A Nervy Operator Who Stuck to His Post with One Hand Shot Away.

A recent dispatch from Altoona, Pa., says: Howard Bowman, little more than a boy in years, is the hero of the hour. With one hand terribly mangled, and weak from loss of blood, he stuck to his post in the Pennsylvania railroad signal tower at Garway, his uninjured hand at the key of his telegraph instrument.

The superintendent of the Cambria and Clearfield division received a message from Bowman about nine o'clock on Saturday morning, just after the morning train up the mountain had departed, asking that a substitute be sent up at once, as he had accidentally shot off one of his hands.

"Don't send engine," was the quick response. "Several freights coming down. I'll stick to it till afternoon train."

At three o'clock, when a substitute operator reached Garway, Bowman was prostrate on his desk, his bloodless face telling of the pain he had suffered. At sight of the relief man he sank back in his chair in a faint.

During the six hours that he nursed the stub of his hand he answered every call on the line and kept a careful record of everything that transpired.

For several days a squirrel had been disporting himself on the boughs of a birch tree within a stone's throw of Bowman's window.

THE HIGHLAND CLANS.

Cattle Raids and Consequent Feuds Were Common Among the Mountaineers.

The wealth of the clans consisted not in silver and gold, but in flocks and herds. Some of the latter were bred in districts from which they had been forcibly "lifted," but their possessors would point to the consideration that their late owners probably held four-footed property of which they also had, by similar means, forcibly deprived their original owners.

But cattle raiding was not the only, or indeed the primary, cause of the feuds which for centuries made the Highlands the seat of internecine warfare between the clans. The most trifling incidents generally operated in the same direction. An insult, sometimes a fancied insult, was sufficient to set the heather on fire.

How Women Dress in Siberia. Common class women in Siberia wear shawls or kerchiefs on their heads, while the rich women wear no head covering whatever.

Spilkins is a college graduate. The other evening he was calling on a young lady and they were talking over the results of the Saturday football games.

PITH AND POINT.

The bilious man is never an optimist.—"Ram's Horn Brown," in Indianapolis News.

The minute a man tries to be a "sponge" somebody ought to "soak" him.—Elliott's Magazine.

It is a good sign when a young girl eats potatoes, bread and meat, instead of candy, pickles and that sort of thing.—Aitchison Globe.

The Two Kinds Confused.—Student (in geology class)—"The carbuncle is greatly admired for its rich red color and—"

Dominic, the harlequin, going to see Louis XIV. at supper, fixed his eye on a dish of partridges. The king, who was fond of his acting, said: "Give that dish to Dominic."

CITY COMMUTERS.

Passengers Who Come Together Daily on Certain Elevated Trains See Different Persons.

"I ride down town and up town again, on the elevated rail, every day at about the same hour, as I have been doing for years," said a city dweller, "and I never meet the same people twice. People that go over the same ground in the same manner on the surface roads tell me they have the same experience, they never see anybody they had seen before. This seems at first rather curious; you would think you'd meet people, going like yourself, at fixed hours, every day; but when I come to think of it, perhaps it is simple enough; I go at hours when there are lots of trains running, with only a minute or two, or even less, headway. There are thousands of people who go and come as I do, at approximately the same hours, and who perhaps vary from it less than five minutes any day; but I suppose the chances, if they could be figured out, of their striking absolutely the same train and the same car with ourselves every day would be very small. So we travel every day at the same hours, with different people, and think what a big town it is, and what a lot of people there are living in it."

"But I traveled on a way train. They tell me that on an express train on the elevated you may find day after day the same people together on the same train. The man that lives in Harlem, doing business down town, wants to get an express train. He wants to get down at a certain time, he knows what train he must take from his elevated station to make it; and as likely as not he hits that train every morning, with a lot of other men who do the same thing, and it's the same way going up at night. So men that travel on these trains come to know one another, or rather to recognize one another as men they see on the trains. And the guards that run on the expresses come to know many of the passengers as regulars, and in the course of time they may come to know some of them personally; while the guard's experience on way trains is substantially that of the passenger; he may make certain stations at the same hours and minutes day after day, and yet pick up different passengers every time.

"Other times when passengers meet on the elevated are at hours when the trains are all local and further apart, as very late at night, say after one o'clock, and very early in the morning, say before six o'clock. These passengers include besides the limited ordinary travel the many—take them altogether—workers in various occupations that, in a great city, keep more or less men busy at all hours, day and night. The man who works till one or two o'clock in the morning gets home as soon as he reasonably can after work is done; he doesn't miss a train, where trains are eight, or twelve, or whatever they may be, minutes apart, if he can help it; and so he is likely to take the same train every morning. The man who goes to work at five o'clock in the morning doesn't get up any earlier than is necessary to get his breakfast and get the train that will land him at his station in time.

"The man going home late may meet the same men morning after morning going by the same train; the man going to work early may see, morning after morning, when he gets aboard at his station the same man, who has come from some other station further up the road, always in the same corner and always asleep, getting in here such additional sleep as he can on the way down.

"And these, the men who meet, or at least travel by the same trains going home from work in the early morning; the men who travel together, early on the way to work, and the people who travel by the elevated expresses, might, I suppose, be described as the city commuters."—N. Y. Sun.

Crushed. Spilkins is a college graduate. The other evening he was calling on a young lady and they were talking over the results of the Saturday football games.

"Where you a football player, Mr. Spilkins?" asked the young lady. "Oh, yes, indeed. I was quite a star in my day."

LONDON SUBURBAN TRAFFIC.

Over 500,000,000 Passengers Carried Annually—300,000 Accommodated Every Day at Single Station.

London, with its population of 5,000,000 or 6,000,000, furnishes the opportunity for the movement of an immense passenger traffic; consequently it is not surprising that that great metropolis can boast of a single omnibus line carrying 200,000,000 people a year, at an average rate of about three cents each. What is more remarkable is the fact that each one of this multitude is invariably provided with a seat. To convey them some 1,200 busses and 16,000 horses are required. The company itself is a remarkably prosperous one and pays big dividends. While our own steam roads enjoy a Boston traffic of less than 50,000,000 passengers per year, it is safe to say that the London railroads handle upward of 500,000,000 per year. If we are to believe the London Engineer, one of the most conservative of weeklies, the Waterloo station of the London and Southwestern railway surpasses all other stations in magnitude of traffic.

Were not the reputation of the Engineer so trustworthy its estimates of this traffic would seem incredible. It states that the Waterloo station has to deal with 800 trains per day, and estimates that each of these represents 400 passengers and 80 packages, which gives 320,000 passengers and 64,000 packages to be moved in 20 hours, the working day, an average of 16,000 passengers and 3,200 packages. But as the traffic is unequally distributed, from 8 to 11 there are 165 trains; from 5 to 7 p. m. 200 trains, or 66 per hour.

There are ten platforms and 16 tracks at the Waterloo station to handle this immense business, consequently it is not surprising that the Times and other London journals contain numerous complaints of serious delays in the train movements. The average Southwestern train is given 12 coaches, many of them equal in length to two ordinary ones. This gives 3,600 coaches for an ordinary day's work, but when the specials are required there are as many as 1,050 trains run, requiring 1,260 coaches in and out of the station in 20 hours. Twenty thousand people make a huge crowd, yet it is claimed that 16 times as many enter Waterloo each day. Add to this the great piles of baggage and the station must be a very active locality.

A notable feature of the London steam railroads is what are designated as "workingmen's trains." These two-cent fare trains were decreed a few years ago by parliament to enable workingmen to get away from the squalid quarters of the city. The Great Eastern, for instance, was compelled to run a train out, and in for 20 miles, on which the fare for a part or the whole distance is a penny, or only two cents, a cheap rate, but not the lowest in the world. Although the railway managers bitterly complained of, and denounced this act of parliament, compelling them to run two-cent fare local trains, the result has been that instead of only the limited number of them they have themselves voluntarily added hundreds to the number, and the larger roads are carrying from 3,000,000 to 5,000,000 upon these trains each year. An evidence of the profitability of the uniform two-cent fare railway, though not compelled by the parliamentary act to return the workingmen until after six o'clock, the actual fact is that most of them allow a return trip any time after the noon hour.

Some of the London railroads sell a season ticket for \$25 a year good for a distance out of four miles, which the holder can use as often as he pleases. One of the railroads, the Great Eastern, referred to above has recently expended in enlarging and improving its Liverpool street station, which accommodates a daily average of 175,000 passengers, \$10,000,000 for the purpose of better accommodating its suburban traffic. Other roads are expending millions upon millions to increase their accommodations to this class of business. One corporation is promoting the construction of a trolley line largely upon its own locations for the purpose of relieving its main line of its suburban traffic, which is so rapidly increasing. At the recent semi-annual meeting of stockholders of the London railways more than one chairman in speaking of this suburban business claimed that it was a very profitable character and wanted the large expenditures it required.

All this is in marked contrast to the local railroad policy developed at a recent hearing before our own railroad commission, where in behalf of one of our Boston railroads figures were submitted that apparently showed that the suburban traffic within the 15 mile limit of the hub cost upward of \$400,000 last year more than was received for it, with no allowance for the large capital employed in its manipulation. And while representatives of some of the other roads submitted no figures they did not hesitate to claim that higher rates upon suburban traffic should be obtained.—Boston Transcript.

Three Hundred Years Old. Salem, N. J., is notable for being one of the oldest towns in that state. One of its most venerable objects is a brick dwelling on East Broadway, once occupied as a hotel, which was erected in 1601. The building is in a fair state of preservation and is referred to with a pardonable pride by the people of the little town. The courthouse was built in 1735 and justice is still administered from beneath the broad arch which spans the staggelike platform upon which the presiding judge sits.—Chicago Chronicle.

His Place in the Menagerie. "What's the matter, old man?" "Been speculating in stocks." "Were you a bull or a bear?" "Nope! Just plain ass."—San Francisco News Letter.