

IN CONGRESS.

TARIFF STRUGGLE OVER SUGAR, COAL, AND IRON ORE.

Congressmen, Representatives of the People Say Reform; but Senators, Representing the Money Power Say Don't Reform--Arizona and New Mexico Favorably Reported--Denson, of Alabama, now a Populist--The Bankruptcy Bill Passed--Arbitration for Labor Troubles Hereafter--Mr. Bland's Proposition Not Likely to Succeed.

From our Regular Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, July 23, 1894.

He must be a queer sort of a Democrat who can get any satisfaction out of the present tariff situation. The report of a general disagreement, as the result of nearly two week's work on the part of the House and Senate conferees certainly does not look encouraging, although some of the gloom is lifted by the knowledge that while the disagreement is for reasons satisfactory to the conferees reported to be general it is in fact only over some half a dozen of the Senate amendments, including sugar, coal and iron ore, the House conferees insisting that they should go on the free list, as in the Wilson bill, and the Senate conferees that they shall remain as passed by the Senate. It is not clear just at this time what the outcome is to be, but I cannot believe that the Democrats in Congress will be willing to carry the disagreement to the extent of allowing the McKinley law to remain in force, as is now being jubilantly predicted by the Republicans. It would be better if the conferees after another attempt fail to reach an agreement to call in some prominent Democrats from the outside and let them arbitrate. The Democratic party has promised the country a tariff law and it will be suicidal for the Democrats in Congress to fail to keep that promise.

The Senate committee on Territories decided at its meeting this week that although the Utah bill first became a law, Arizona and New Mexico should be admitted to the Union at the same time, and directed that bills therefor should be ready by its next meeting.

Political ingratitude is so common in Washington that it seldom attracts more than a passing notice; but the apostasy of Representative Denson, of Alabama, who has written a letter announcing his withdrawal from the Democratic party and his intention to act with the Populists hereafter, is such a glaring case and his object so plain to all that it is receiving more attention than it really deserves. Said an Alabama Democrat: "The reason given by Denson for leaving the Democratic party--his inability to support President Cleveland and his financial policy--is absolutely ridiculous when the fact is remembered that he owes his seat in the House to President Cleveland, who, during his first administration, appointed him U. S. District Attorney for the Northern and Middle Districts of Alabama, thus giving him the prominence which enabled him to get nominated and elected to Congress two years ago. Now President Cleveland, as all the world knows, has not changed the financial ideas he held during his first term. It is Denson who has changed, and the reason, while obvious, is not flattering to him. The third party has been strong in his district for several years--he only beat his Populist opponent by 1800 votes in a total of more than 20,000--and Denson believes it will carry the district this year and is willing to be elected to Congress as a Populist rather than to chance being defeated as a Democrat. Such men can be spared by the Democratic party."

Representative Bailey, of Texas, was made happy this week when the House, by a vote of 177 to 81, passed his voluntary bankruptcy bill. He has maintained ever since the Torrey bankruptcy bill was defeated that a majority of the House favored a national bankruptcy law, and that it was only because the Torrey bill put it in the power of creditors to force a man into bankruptcy when he considered himself solvent that it was defeated. The vote on Mr. Bailey's bill, which makes a man judge of his own solvency, indicates that his judgment was correct.

Representative Springer, of Illinois, was this week given a hearing, by a sub-committee of the House committee on Labor, on his bill providing for compulsory arbitration of all disputes between employer and employees, by a national board of arbitrators. Mr. Springer claims that his bill covers every possible contingency that may arise, and that if it is enacted into a law a long step will be taken towards the solving of the problem which has been so troublesome of late. A number of bills dealing with the same subject are being considered by the subcommittee.

Representative Bland, of Missouri, proposes to put the newly found friendship for silver which so many Republicans are professing to the test, by getting his bill for the free coinage of silver reported from the

House Coinage Committee, if he can manage to get a quorum of the committee who are favorable to the bill together soon. Owing to the absence of members and the nearness of the close of the session the chances are against Mr. Bland's succeeding. Another thing that adds to the chances against him is that a considerable number of members of the House, many of them Democrats, are strongly opposed to any further agitation of the silver question at this time, and still more opposed to the taking of a record vote on the Bland bill.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

A Letter from Mrs. Dr. J. B. Neal, now in China.

The country work connected with our station of Chi Nan Fu, is soon to suffer a great loss in the return to America of Mr. and Mrs. Murray, who for years have done much and faithful service in that part of the field that has been portioned out to them for evangelistic efforts. They are to leave us very early in May, and so on April 5th Mrs. Murray and of course James Murray aged eight, and Helen Murray aged one year and three months, started out for a last visit to the different stations where there are Christian women, inviting me to make a first visit with them, so as to become acquainted with the women, who say they shall feel like children left behind, when the home mother goes off on a journey. This little James Murray is not one of the Board's accredited missionaries, but he has been his mother's constant companion in her semi-annual trips to the country, and an unfailing help to her, always drawing a crowd of women and children when he was a fat baby boy, and giving his opportunity-seizing mother many a chance to turn mere curiosity to see, into interest in hearing, not only of the American child, but of the blessing that he and they had in common of a Father above, a Saviour and a home where all are alike good and happy.

Since he has been older and able to talk Chinese, he has helped in teaching hymns and tunes, Bible truths and verses to many a woman in the classes that his mother has had in different stations, going patiently and slowly over and over them again, till the poor slow minds had grasped them. He adds his little illustration of the truth in an apt way sometimes. I recall one day when there was a crowd of abused looking little children clinging to their mothers' knees, and we were telling of the joys of heaven, how he exclaimed in a most animated tone, "Yes and you don't get stapped there." I used to think the days when our Puritan ancestors had to sit still and quiet on hard, straight backed seats through many and long services, were over, and the little ones of the present had soft cushions and cozy little chairs but this little boy has had a training that belongs to those of a sterner time. Bangs and wooden benches, or stools minus any sort of back, through services day after day for weeks at a time. The beauty of it being he has always been having a "splendid time."

A gentleman from England who visited Chi Nan Fu once, told me of the most pathetic things he had ever heard was James Murray's answer to his question, "And whom do you play with?" "When my dog was alive I played with her, now she's dead I ride up and down the court on a stick." But James will soon be in America, where he can have many playmates, so I suppose we should rejoice for his sake. It is the work and the country Christians who are the great losers.

But of the country trip. We left on the festival of the Ching Mung, when all the Chinese worship at the graves of their ancestors. The city streets were thronged with men, women and children on their way out of the city. Each person had his string of paper money to burn at the graves, and his packages of fragrant incense. It is only at the times when some such festival is in progress and all the people are engaged in the performance of some such rite of worship that one is made to realize fully the hold heathenism has upon the masses. After over eight years of life in China, I felt as I stood on the banks of the Ganges in Benares, India, one bright January morning over two years ago, at the time of the year when the Hindoos feel that

a plunge in the--to them--sacred waters of that river, is the one thing that will cleanse them from all the stains of past sins, I felt, I say, that I saw more of the depths of superstition and degradation in one short hour, than in all the years of work in China. Something of the same feeling crept over me that bright spring morning in April, as I saw the throngs of our Chinese hurrying out of the city, intent upon the performance of this duty of providing for the wants of their dead parents. A new thing to me was the wearing of great wooden collars and heavy iron chains (both like those worn by criminals in China) by young women and little boys. They had made vows to the temple gods, promising to wear these chains and collars, and were going out to perform these vows. In the case of the boys the vows had been made by their parents. It was strange to see handsomely dressed and richly jeweled young women riding in sedan chairs, with these clanging iron chains around their necks and waists, or immense wooden collars around their necks, but sadder to know their hearts and minds were bound more firmly with the bands of a superstition and belief, that is real and not to be thrown off easily. These busy worshippers took no notice of us as we started out on one of these evangelistic trips, that by the scattering of the seeds of the true religion with its better forms of worship, is surely bringing about the day, when, little as they would believe it now, this festival of the Ching Ming (which means clear, bright) will be a thing of the past, and lost in oblivion of their dark ages.

We were in a barrow made after the pattern Dr. Nevius introduced into North China itinerating. The country people paid us more attention than our fellow citizens had done, and we never stopped for our barrow men to rest or smoke, that we could not gather an interested crowd of lookers on.

Several days later, when our numbers were swelled by the addition of Mr. Murray in a cart, Mr. Hamilton on a donkey, and Mr. and Mrs. Davies with their four months old son, in a native barrow, we were to the people of the different villages that we passed through, as the traveling circus is to the small boy of an inland town in the United States. As we were espied approaching the inmates of each house in town, had word of our coming, and as we left we were followed by the lingering and regretful last looks of those who could not follow, and escorted out by the children sometimes far into the country. If I took time to tell what was said of us, or to us, there wouldn't be space in a magazine to print this, nor time to tell of anything else. Only let me say the three children were the chief centre of attraction, and I am sure if I ever return over that same route, I shall hear countless tales of blue eyed children, with very white skins, and a baby boy who got a white milkish fluid out of a glass bottle through a "skin" tube in a most unheard of way, by some sort of principle of suction.

When we stopped at the inns, we had always numbers of uninvited spectators, to watch our lively movement.

We were asked our ages always, our motive in coming out to the country sometimes. My age was guessed at as being anywhere between my teens and my fifties, and as for the motive, I fear to dwell on what guesses have been made at it. But on the whole the people were friendly, only curious, cant, rude.

On the second day, about noon, we arrived at the first station where there were Christians, and stayed in the little "prophets chamber" off the chapel. There the Christian women all came to see us, and with them we talked, sang, prayed and visited until the next afternoon. The name of the village is Au Jarny temple, and most of the Christians there are women. Why? Because there is such a faithful woman there perhaps, who helps teach and lead those who know less than she. Her name is Mrs. Si, and she is now able to read most of the New Testament, though four years ago she spent her first month's study trying to master the few characters in a short prayer we often teach beginners.

The next morning several women from a village two miles or more away, came over on their poor deformed feet to see us. They had their copies of Matthew's gospel, and hymn books with them, and we spent the morning trying to teach them more verses and more hymns.

One of them had been in our class that we had during December and part of January in the city. Our next visit was at Mrs. Fau's where our school girl "Hope" had been called from her little school and work for the women of her native village less than a year from the time of her graduation, and when she had such promise of usefulness before her. There were many things about her town and home that recalled her, and the women of her native village were full of love and praise, as well as regret that her life had been so short. The next day was Sunday and we had service in the court as no room in the house was large enough for the eighty people,

equally divided between men and women. There, in the sun and wind, with little low mud huts all around us, and the yellow sand that the Yellow River has left on that much afflicted region, stretching out before our eyes, with only a few green trees and the clear gorgeous blue of the sky to give color to the landscape, we had a quiet impressive service, followed by the communion service. After Mr. Murray's address Mr. Davies added a few words about the "Many Mansions," and those poor people, most of whom had their homes visited by the floods of past years, and who are now living in houses quite inferior, built up after the waters subsided, it must have seemed very appropriate and comforting.

Our next visit was to a village where Mr. Bergen used to often go, and where when he went away there was just beginning to be a promise of growth. We found a new little chapel and a boy's school of thirteen promising boys, taught by one of our young men from the Chinanfu Boy's School, and on the first morning of our stay there we had the pleasure of seeing the first woman unite with the little church. When she was admitted to the church and her pastor asked her if she had given up her worship at the idol shrines, the contempt she put into her emphatic denial as she said: "That! Why yes, long ago." was so real that though not like the conventional answers one hears from people at such times, it forced upon me the idea of a sincere turning away from her former rites and ceremonies.

At this station a poor dumb woman, who seems to understand a great deal of the truth, and is unable to express herself, moved us to pity, when the others were singing or reading, and she sat by with her eyes full of tears.

At a little service with the women I told the story of the Prodigal Son and one of the women said, "Why, that's the best of all!" When she was examined for baptism the next day and seemed not to comprehend one of the most vital truths of salvation, and her pastor put her off until next Autumn, she came to us with tears and real sorrow, bemoaning that her husband could go to heaven, and she was thus shut out, which proved two things to me, one that she wasn't yet ready to be taken into the church, and the other that she was in earnest.

From there we went on four miles further to the home of an old Christian, where Mr. Murray baptised the little grandson, thus making three generations in that family who belong to the kingdom. As one of our number said, we know not whether the scene was "a ridiculously pathetic one, or a pathetically ridiculous one." The father of the seven months old boy was not seventeen years old, and much smaller and younger looking than the mother, who was about eighteen. The father is still a school boy and looks but a child himself, but both he and the little mother are Christians, and though much embarrassed at the beginning of the service, they gave such bright and earnest promises to guide their little one, and to pray with and for him, that the ludicrous disappeared, and the pathos seemed to come uppermost. Later on, just as the two young parents were returning to their seats, an elderly woman stepped up before Mr. Murray, with an infant in her arms, saying, "Won't you ask the Heavenly Father to bless this child too?" It was most touching. The father was not present, being in the city as one of the medical assistants, and the mother is not a Christian, and it was the child's grandmother who craved the blessing for the little boy.

From there we went still further on, more than a day's journey, to another station, where there is a girl's school, and where we examined the scholars, and were pleased with their progress in their classical and religious studies. Here too, two men made a profession of their faith in so clear and joyful a manner, that our hearts were warmed with theirs. One question Mr. Murray asked at their examination that is not in the usual list. The Chinese have a rumor that we foreigners bewitch our Christians by giving them a potion to drink, that makes them wish to become Christians. So Mr. Murray asked before the crowd of outsiders who thronged the doorway, "Are you sure that I have not bewitched you?" to which a most emphatic denial, and the accompanying exclamation of disgust, made a smile pass over the faces of the congregation.

While I have been writing this afternoon two Chinese ladies of the better class were announced and invited in and on my ordering tea poured, though they had barely got seated, they rose to leave, frightened lest that bewitching drug had been poured in the tea, and nothing would prevail to reassure them.

From this one station another still was visited, and there, although there were no additions to the church, we had pleasant services, and several inquirers were visited who will likely be secured in the autumn. Among others there was a wealthy farmer, who had been broken of the opium habit at our hospital at Chinanfu, and who has sent a son to the school this spring, and is with his whole household seemingly turning toward the light.

From there we wended our weary way home through great heat, and

across the sand, and over the Yellow River, reaching Chinanfu tired out and happy, after a thirteen days trip that let little to discourage and much to cheer us after this first journey to the regions north, and northwest of our city.

ELIZABETH S. NEAL.



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