SECOND PART.

THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH.

PAGES 9 TO 16.

PITTSBURG, SUNDAY, APRIL 21, 1889.

AMERICANS IN ASIA.

How Many of Our Citizens Live in Japan, Korea, Siam and China.

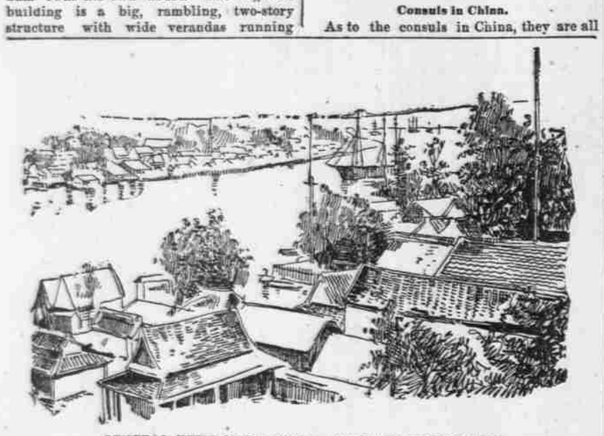
SOME OF OUR ASIATIC DIPLOMATS.

Who They Are, What They Get, and Something About Their Homes.

AMERICANS WHO ADVISE MONARCHS

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.]

BANGKOK, SIAM, March 10.—The Hon. Jacob T. Child, our Minister to the court of Siam, was in the United States at the time of the Presidential election. Upon the announcement of the result he at once sent in his resignation to Secretary Bayard to take effect in March next, and he has just returned to Bangkok to complete a work which he is preparing on Siam and the Siamese. He has been gathering notes for this book during his four years' stay here, and he writes at it daily, clicking out his poetic opinions of these strange people upon an American typewriter. He tells me he has enjoyed his stay in Siam, but that he is glad to go home and that he will again take his chair as editor of the Richmond, Mo., *Conservator* with pleasure. The mission to Siam is worth 5,000 gold dollars a year, and Bangkok is one of the few places in the world where Uncle Sam owns his own house. The legation building is a big, rambling, two-story structure with wide verandas running around both stories and with great porches looking out upon the waters of the busy Menan river and its thousands of floating houses. A garden of tropical plants and great trees surrounds the house, sloping down to the banks of the river in front. These trees are filled with birds, which keep up a continuous singing the year round. Gorgeous flowers bloom in the gardens, and the verdure is always green. The minister goes from one part of this city, of the size of Chicago, to another in his own gondola, rowed by three dark-skinned men in a livery of colored cotton, and when he takes a drive his carriage is managed by a Maylay coachman, who drives like Jehu and cuts the Siamese vagrants to make them keep out of the way. Bangkok has a pleasant foreign colony, and the climate though hot in the summer is on the whole healthy and pleasant.



GENERAL VIEW OF BANGKOK AND THE MENAM RIVER.

Some Fat Positions.

The Minister to Korea gets $7,500 a year and Mr. Dinsmore, the present incumbent, is one of the most popular of our foreign Ministers. He was appointed through the influence of Attorney General Garland and others, and he was not an office-seeker. He stands very well with the King and the Court, and it is due to his nerve that the foreign colony escaped so well the mob, which arose when the missionaries were charged by the people with killing babies and grinding them up to make foreign medicines. Mr. Dinsmore is an Arkansas lawyer of about 35 years, and if he goes back to America he will probably resume the practice of the law. There is a prospect, in case Judge Denny should conclude to resign, that Mr. Dinsmore may succeed him as advisor to the King.

The climate of Korea is fine, and the legation establishment is a compound or yard surrounded by a high wall and containing half a dozen one-story Korean buildings. The residence of the Minister has many rooms finished with the great varnished beams of Korean architecture and his parlor and dining room are so arranged that they can be thrown together. There is a great house at the back for the use of the Minister's friends, and the ships, which arrive every ten days or two weeks, bring all sorts of delicacies from Shanghai, which is the great foreign residence place of the Western Pacific. The Minister to Korea has a guard of 12 soldiers furnished by the King. When he goes out to ride through the city he has eight men in livery to carry him in his sedan chair, and his soldiers march in front and behind him.

Kicked by China.

The diplomatic places of Japan are generally esteemed more desirable than those of China. The Japanese are a pleasanter people and there is no danger of being mobbed or stoned. Still, the Chinese Consuls are better paid, and the Minister gets $12,000 a year. Colonel Charles Denby, of Indiana, is our Minister to China, and he is so well liked that during my stay a paper was gotten up, signed by the missionaries and others, asking the Government at Washington to continue him in office. He is a tall, fine-looking man of 60, with a smooth-shaven, statesmanlike face, a bright blue eye and a rather judicial aspect. His home at Peking is in the Legation buildings, consisting of a number of one-story brick structures, covering several acres and surrounded by an imposing wall of blue brick. The society of Peking is made up of the missionaries, the diplomats and the foreigners employed by the Emperor. The Minister is shut off during three or four months of the year from visitors, as the river is frozen up, and during this time he gets his mails about three weeks after they arrive in China. The Minister to China gets no favors from the court. He is not received by the better classes of the people, and his standing is a humiliation to the United States. He has good markets and can live, as far as the creature comforts are concerned, as well at Peking as at home.

Gold at a Premium.

This matter of living well is the same in Japan. Our minister has as good markets as those of Washington or New York to supply his table and he has a big house, rent free. Minister Hubbard receives $12,000 a year and this, it must be remembered, is in gold. Silver is current in Japan and the rate of exchange adds at least one-fourth to the purchasing value of our consular and diplomatic salaries all through the east. A salary of $3,500 out here becomes about $4,500, and a salary of $12,000 in gold is $15,000 in silver. Servants are cheaper in the East than in America and the diplomats have, as a rule, three servants here where they have one at home. In Korea, China and Siam Chinese servants are used and all ministers and consuls use Chinese cooks.

Popular Americans.

The Consul General to Japan is Mr. Greathouse, a Kentuckian by birth, who was appointed by President Cleveland from California, where he has been living for some years. He has a comfortable home at Yokohama, and the foreign community there is the largest in the empire of the Mikado. Consul Jernigan, of North Carolina, has a pleasant station at Kobe, and his salary is $3,500 a year. He is tired of consular work, and is so anxious to get back to his law practice in the United States that he told me he intended to resign, whether President Cleveland was elected or not. He has made an excellent Consul, and his reports are among the best that have come to the State Department.

Consul Birch, at Nagasaki, is another popular consul. He is a young West Virginian who believes in American rights and who stands up for them. Not long ago there was a dinner given at Nagasaki and Mr. Birch asked permission to bring Admiral Shufeldt with him to the dinner. The English Consul, who had the dinner in charge, objected, saying that none but residents of Nagasaki were to be invited. Upon coming to the table Mr. Birch was surprised to see this same English Consul bring to the table a captain from one of the English men-of-war in the harbor. He at once arose and left the table, and the other Americans who were present, as soon as they apprehended the insult, did likewise. The action so alarmed the consul that he apologized to Mr. Birch, and since then the Americans have had things pretty much their own way. The consular residence in Nagasaki is one of the prettiest places in Japan. It is a large cottage on a hillside overlooking a beautiful harbor, and here Mr. Birch keeps bachelor's hall and carries on the consular business.

Consuls in China.

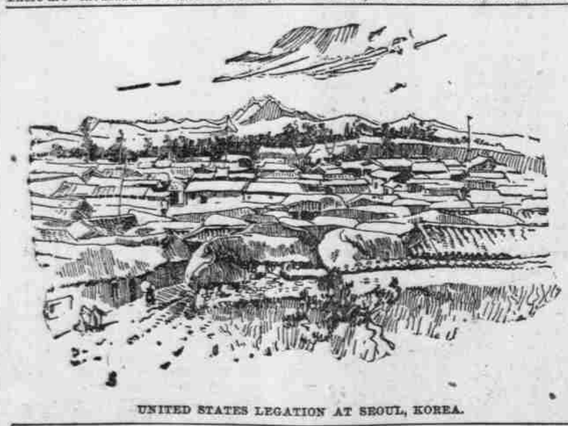
As to the consuls in China, they are all moderately well paid, and not a few of them are Republicans, who have been retained by the present administration. Charles Seymour, at Canton, is one of the most valuable men in the service and he has one of the most difficult of our consular positions. He is a Republican from Wisconsin and has served under several Presidents. Consul General Kennedy lives at Shanghai. He receives $5,000 a year and his reputation for efficiency is far above par. I am told that the people of Shanghai will petition his retention, but his place is a good one and the fact that he comes from South Carolina will operate against him. One of General Kennedy's secretaries is Mr. George Shufeldt, the son of Admiral Shufeldt. He has been connected with the Shanghai consulate for the past eight years and understands the consular business of China. He is a graduate of Cornell and as he is a Republican, it is thought that he will be given one of the good-paying consulates under the new administration. The vice consul, Mr. Emmens, is a fluent Chinese scholar and like Mr. Chesire, the Chinese secretary of the legation at Peking, he is an appointee who gets his place more from the necessity of his service than from any political influence.

Consul Smithers, of Tientsin, is a Delaware man. He has been in the consular service at different places for more than a score of years and is a Republican. The consul at Hong Kong is a Virginia Democrat, and the consulate at Fuchau will be vacated by the resignation of Mr. Charles Wingate, who, though a Republican, is tired of office and is going back to his farm in New England. The Amoy consul will probably be retired, and all told there will be half a dozen fairly good places in China and Japan open to the Republicans.

The King's Advisor.

Bangkok is the first Eastern city I have visited which has not a large foreign colony. There are thousands of men and women from England and America in China and Japan, and there is a colony of a hundred or so in Korea. The foreigners have the control of the customs service of China; the head of the Chinese navy is an English naval officer, and Americans act as the foreign advisers to the governments of Japan and Korea. Judge Denny, the foreign advisers to the King of Korea, I met at Seoul, the capital. He is an Oregon man, who was a Judge before he entered our consular service and who served for a number of years as Consul to Tientsin, and also as Consul General at Shanghai. He is acknowledged to be one of the bright men on the Asiatic coasts. He is perhaps the only foreigner who has been able to carry on a long fight with Li Hung Chang, and that with success.

Li Hung Chang is the Secretary of State of the Emperor of China. He is the strongest man in the empire, and it was through his influence that Judge Denny was appointed to his present position. At this time Li Hung Chang was in favor of the independence of Korea, but he has since changed his mind and he wants it to be looked upon as subordinate to China. Judge Denny, as the adviser of the King, refuses to advise his master to acknowledge the claim and hence the quarrel. Now Li is doing all in his power to oust Judge Denny, but so far his attempts have been in vain. Judge Denny lives at the capital of Korea and he has there as nice a home as one could wish. Of one story, it extends over several acres and it is a sort of a mixture of Korean architecture and American comfort. It is one of the finest places in Seoul, and Mrs. Denny, an accomplished American lady, and not a Korean as has been stated, presides over it. I am told that Judge Denny has a salary of $12,000 a year from the King, and he ought to be worth at least that to Korea. He is a fine lawyer, a man of culture, and through long training, added to natural ability, one of the shrewdest diplomates of the East.



UNITED STATES LEGATION AT SEOUL, KOREA.

Influential Americans.

The foreign adviser of the State Department at Tokio is Mr. Henry Denison, a young New Englander, of about 35. He has a fine house furnished him by the Mikado and has received a rank from the Emperor. He gets a high salary and he is esteemed one of the most valuable of the foreigners connected with the Japanese Government. He has more influence than any other American in Japan, and he is constantly dealing with matters connected with America.

Another American connected in a responsible way with the government of the Mikado is a tall, fine-looking, gray-mustached gentleman, who has been in Japan for a quarter of a century. This is Mr. Peyton Joudan, of Baltimore, who went there as a boy and has been employed there ever since.

In the educational branches of the Japanese kingdom, Americans hold high rank. There are not so many connected with the imperial university as there were a few years ago, owing to the principle adopted by the Japanese of not allowing foreigners to do for them anything that they can get or teach the Japanese to do. Still Prof. Fenalossa, of Salem, Mass., is now the great art critic of Japan, and he is, I am told, to have the charge of the old art works of the empire, which largely through his efforts are now being collected by the Government and preserved. Prof. Fenalossa looks upon Japanese art as the great art development of the world, and he says that Europeans and Americans have as much to learn in art from Japan as Japan can learn from them. He has made a study of Japanese art since he came to Japan, a decade ago, to take a place in the university, and he is an enthusiast upon the subject. During my stay in Japan he was traveling over the empire in company with our late Japanese Minister, Mr. Kuki, collecting the art works about Kioto, and having some of the most noted of these photographed by the court photographer. Mr. Fenalossa is married, and his wife, a New England lady, is one of the court circle of Tokio.

Missionaries in Japan.

There are a large number of American missionaries in Japan. These have their homes all over the country and there are extensive settlements in the larger cities. Like all foreigners in the empire, the missionaries have large houses and very comfortable homes, and were I going to choose a country in which to do missionary work I would pick out Japan. The people here are more clean and friendly than the Chinese and they are as far above these heathen of Siam as we are above the Indians of our Western plains. The field is a good one, for three-fourths of the Japanese are infidels and the other fourth does not more than half believe in the Buddhist religion. Our missionaries are, I am told, doing good work and they have churches and schools everywhere. Dr. Hepburn, the author of the only English Japanese dictionary, is an American, and now in his seventies he prefers to live in Japan. He has been here a lifetime and he now acts as the President of a missionary college at Tokio. He came to Japan long before the revolution and was one of the first missionaries here. He lives very nicely in Yokohama with his wife, who is, notwithstanding her three-score and odd years, as spry and as bright as the doctor himself. Another of the pioneer Americans of Japan is Doctor Simmons, of Tokio, who came out to Asia as one of the first missionary doctors and liked it so well that he has remained here to this day.

American Merchants in Asia.

As to American merchants, there are a number in Asia, though not so many, perhaps, as there were ten years ago. Walsh, Hill & Co. is one of the oldest firms in Japan. It does business with all parts of the world and ships millions' worth of goods to America and Europe every year. It has houses at Kobe and in Yokohama, and its paper mill at Kobe is one of the largest in Japan, and it will rank among the large mills of the world. The two Mr. Walshs, of Japan, come of a Georgia family, which afterward moved to New York, and they are relatives of Congressman George Barnes, of Georgia. Mr. C. P. Hall, the young man of the firm, is from Boston, and he is, like his partners, a good fellow, well read and cultured.

The American merchants in China are now to be found chiefly at Shanghai, but the American firm of Russell & Co. is found everywhere. It has its big houses at Hong Kong, Canton, Tientsin, Shanghai and on the island of Formosa, and it is one of the largest firms doing business in Asia. It had for years its own ships, and its business houses are like palaces. It has one at Shanghai which would be a good building in New York or Boston, and which is pointed out as one of the sights of the city.

Smith, Baker & Co. is another American firm which does a good business in Japan and the China and Japan Trading Company have houses in Japan and China, and send their goods everywhere. I found in Yokohama and Tokio the Japanese and American Trading Company, headed by a typical American merchant traveler in the person of a young man of 30. His name was E. V. Thorne and he was introducing American lamps and notions among the Japanese, and shipping goods home to America for sale. He was advertising as freely as though he were in a big American city and his business seemed to be good. I met at Tokio an American named Clark, who was introducing those globe-like bottles of fire extinguisher among the Japanese and I saw the Waterbury watch wherever I went. It sold in Japan for less than I bought one before I left America and its agent, Mr. Charles Flint, formerly of Washington, told me he was selling them to the merchants by the tens of thousands through his agent and that he proposed to introduce them in Korea and China.

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HONESTY OF DISSENT.

Gail Hamilton Discourses on the New Theology and Its

RIGHT TO RESTORE THE TRUTH.

Christ Destroyed the Law as the Day Destroys the Dawn.

WAS SAINT PAUL A DOUBLE-DEALER?

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

The old orthodoxy of New England, the new religion of old Oxford, and aggressive radicalism everywhere agree in this: that new orthodoxy must be honest. Robert Elsmere's idea of honesty compels him to give up church and home and run. It is naturally difficult for him to understand how Prof. Egbert Smyth's honesty can compel him to stay in Andover and fight. The old orthodoxy wails that the new orthodoxy even "affects" the use of the old-fashioned tunes, and Mr. Charles Voysey, transferring to the extreme left that mental quality which on the extreme right is called bigotry, says:

THE OLD AND NEW THEOLOGY.

They scandalously, and with intellectual fraud, tried to foist a new meaning into the old horrible Christian phrases, a meaning the exact opposite of the hitherto accepted sense. I reject these miserable subterfuges * * * because the process of interpretation is fraudulent."

But the new theology is right in refusing to sacrifice to the old one single word. To the truth it is willing to sacrifice all words, to falsehood none. If human fallibility for a thousand years has given a false meaning to a phrase, the new theology has still a divine right to throw out the false meaning and restore the true. The truth has no statute of limitations. The truth does not lose proprietorship in a formula because falsehood has been an unhindered tenant for centuries.

The right to retain old words is inalienable. What as to the wisdom?

There can be no greater difference between the old theology and the new than there was between the Mosaic theology and the Christian theology. The Christian system involved the complete overthrow of priesthood, temple, altar, sacrifice; the whole system not only, but the very structure of Jewish worship. The clever and learned Pharisees, scribes, doctors of the law saw this clearly. The conservatives of that day and city were not to polite, so self-restrained, so moderate as our conservatives at Des Moines and Springfield and Andover and they protested against the new theology to the point of mobs and scourge and crucifixion for the new Theologian; and all the while to their charges He constantly protested: "Thinkest thou I am come to destroy the law and the prophets! I am not come to destroy but to fulfil."

How could He honestly say that? He preached a religion which not only has subverted, but which was intended to subvert the whole Jewish ritual, the priests who administered it, the temple in which it was performed. Must there not rest upon all minds a painful misgiving that Christ, for love of a quiet life and fear of opposition, may have forgotten those high principles of uprightness which Dr. Dana of old times inculcated upon Prof. Park, and which Prof. Park in his turn enjoins upon Prof. Smyth? Does he not incur the suspicion of intellectual fraud in putting a new meaning into the old words?

But Christ saw further, deeper, keener, wider than the Pharisees, and He spoke as He had a right to speak, from His own broad vision and not from their narrow one. They saw the destruction in His teachings, but not the construction. He had not come to destroy the law. He had come to fulfil the very object for which the law had been originally established.

BUILDING UP NOT TEARING DOWN.

It is true that this fulfilment involved the destruction of the law, but this destruction was not the object of his coming, and, still more and vitally to the purpose, it was not such destruction as the Pharisees apprehended, by force from without, but a gentle dissolution by inward necessity—a natural, healthy and painless absorption. The object of the law was to establish communication between man and his Maker for his own upbuilding in righteousness. Christ came to bring a more perfect communication, and the more perfect must in time disestablish the less perfect. Man had built a hard and even a hateful and cumbrous way to God, a way of burnt offerings and brutal slaughter and costly temple and ceremonial priest. Christ came to say: "I am the way"—the way of love—that potent alembic in which rite and violence and selfishness should be forever dissolved. Christ destroyed the law as day destroys the dawn.

The great apostles wrought in the same spirit. They did not tear down the old as a necessary preparation for building the new on a mechanical theory of ecclesiasticism. They proceeded on the spiritual theory and developed the new out of everything that was eternal in the old and not only on the old of the Mosaic law, but on the old of the pagan nations as well. Indeed it was Paul's boast that he became all things to all men. Whoever wrote the Epistle to the Hebrews employed the tactics of infusing the gospel of Christ into the Hebrew law. He did not preach "Abolish your priesthood, throw down your altars, burn your temples, they are outgrown." He said: "Christ is your High Priest forever. We also have an altar and to do good is its sacrifice." He did not scornfully repudiate the centuries-old covenant of Abraham, so dear to the Jews, calling it a clumsy and imperfect make-shift. He directed attention to the better convenant in Christ; that the divine law should be written, not on tables of stone, but in their minds and in their hearts.

PAUL WENT TO THE MARK.

By the same tactics, when Paul was giving his charge to Timothy there was an utter change of policy. No beating about the bush, no careful deference to long associations, no cautious verbal manipulation. He went straight and swift to the mark: "There is one mediator between God and men—the man, Christ Jesus, blessed and only Potentate, King of kings, and Lord of lords, who only hath immortality." We have not a word about altar or sacrifice, but short, sharp and decisive: "Let everyone who nameth the name of Christ depart from iniquity." Paul was careful of his beloved son's stomach and he was careful of his own cloak; but he did not take the smallest pains to walk softly over Timothy's ecclesiastical prejudices. He had himself educated that young man, and knew that he had no right to have any.

But when he left his well beloved Timothy and addressed the stranger Athenians he was again all suavity and tact and consideration; addressing them not indeed with Hebrew metaphor any more than with the Timothean brusquerie, but with the Greek technique. Just as he had poured his gospel into Hebrew forms for the Hebrews, so now he poured it into Greek forms at Athens, knowing that the forms were temporal and irangible, but the gospel is eternal. As he had talked of high priest and sacrifice to the Jews, he now talked of Zeus and poetry to the Greeks, declaring unto them not the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, whom they would probably despise, but the God to whom their own altars were erected and of whom their own poets sung. And be it observed, Paul apparently selected the only one of all the altars of Athens that could be upreared to the Supreme God. It required a robust logic, but Paul was equal to it. I greatly fear that old orthodoxy would have thought that Paul was double dealing, and I am not sure that Professor Park would not have adjured him to say that he was an idolator if he was an idolator; and no doubt Mr. Voysey would have cried out upon the "miserable subterfuge" if he had been on Mar's hill that day. But Paul stoutly asserted and maintained his right to speak his own way.

From our day, prophet, priest and king have passsd. The words have no living meaning for us. Even with the Roman Catholic Church, priest, altar, sacrifice are merely symbolic. No smell of blood is found, no bleating of lambs is heard in a Catholic cathedral any more than in a Protestant meeting house. If Paul were preaching to us he would not represent Christ as a sacrifice. He would say to us as to Timothy: "Let every man that knoweth the name of Christ depart from iniquity."

NOT A DAY OF CREEDS.

Therefore, when the Andover Creed orders its professors to declare that Christ, as our Redeemer, executeth the office of prophet, priest and king; when Professor Park apportions the work of Christ by lot to the various functions of the Jewish priesthood, they are guilty of—what? An anachronism. Nothing more. They are speaking as old Jews instead of American republicans. They are emphasizing the temporary, the already vanished part of the Hebrew teaching. Now that the Jewish ritual has for us completely passed away, all this terminology has for us only a historical, not a vital meaning. We have no such officer as prophet, priest or king. All these offices were merged in Christ so long ago that the words themselves are merely literary. Everything on that theme was said centuries ago, when Paul faced the past with a gospel which was to supplant them all. What needs to be hammered into us is what Paul said, fronting the future: "Let him that nameth the name of Christ be careful to depart from iniquity."

But deny it not—the literary and moral sense these words still have. In that sense they are wholly true. Nothing has ever put into them a single element of falseness. Every good thing which prophet, priest or king was supposed to do or actually did for the Hebrews, that, Christ came to do for all the world. If I were to frame a creed I should not put in the Hebraistic clause, but I could subscribe to the Hebraistic clause in any creed whatever.

A CHILD'S THEOLOGY.

There is a pretty little rhymed theology lisped by very little folk:

"Where did you get your eyes so blue?"
"Out of the sky as I came through."

As a scientific biogenesis this Socratic creed may leave something to be desired; but it expresses the Bible truth, the truth which, by exclusion, is thus far the established truth of science, that life is from God; and it teaches this truth to the child by a pointed, definite and rememberable statement.

Nay, I go further than this. It is not only that the baby soul could know nothing of hereditary transmission, but the scientist who knows all that man knows of heredity knows no more than the little child, where did you get your eyes so blue.

From your father. No, the father's eyes are black. From your grandfather then. No, the grandfather retains his own eyes blue and bright. The scientist is profoundly ignorant. Heredity is but ignorance writ another way. The sage knows no more than baby the principle on which baby's eyes are blue and baby's brother's eyes are black. It is only that so the Hidden and Absolute Force wrought it out in the eternal order; and so the baby prattles a great truth with innocent lips.

I should not frame a creed saying:

I believe that children are brought from heaven; and that the blue is painted on their passage through the earth's atmosphere. But if the little children had made themselves into a Christian society to help each other to be kind and true, I could with good conscience sign even such a creed. I could sign it for substance of doctrine fully believing that all souls are born of God and partake of the divine nature, and I could sign it for scientific truth if I were challenged. For, as the human body is demonstrably composed of 95 parts water and all parts earth, and as the earth's atmosphere is largely composed of water, it must be that the baby's blue eyes are gathered from the earthy materials and chiefly from the watery atmosphere of the planet on which it lives and from which its tiny body is composed! The only creed one could not sign would be a creed precluding the order of nature. This creed would simply give the order of nature, the Divine order, under a figure which the childish mind could follow. Therefore, when the innocents lift their sweet voices in devout inquiry: "Where did you get your eyes so blue?" loudest and firmest shall ring my voice with theirs in confident, and I may say, defiant response and accord: "Out of the sky as I came through!"

GAIL HAMILTON.

ALL AT REGULAR RATES.

The Queer Demands Made on Hotel Clerks by Travelers.

Chicago Times.]

"You can't imagine the amount of extra work we do for our regular guests," remarked Clerk Willey at the Grand Pacific last night, as he finished charging a hungry-looking man with an extra meal. "We receive telegrams from customers journeying from East to West and vice versa to buy them all sorts of things and do all sorts of queer errands. Any like communication received from a guest of the house always receives our best attention. We came near disappointing a man last night, though. Just look at this telegram."

"'Have young, cunning Skye terrier at hotel to-night; will pass through city.'

"The signature was unknown to me and I put the message one side. After a while I picked it up and thought it a joke from some mellow traveling man.

"Then I decided I'd have the dog but tell no one about it in case it turned out a game. I sent a boy to a dog fancier and he brought back some kind of a purp. He had just entered the hotel as an ex-Governor from Montana arrived and asked if I got his dog.

"It seemed he had promised his little girl to bring home such a pet, but the errand had slipped his mind till within a few hundred miles of this city. So he telegraphed us. The operator had caught the name wrong, and that's what bothered me.

"Our luck in getting the dog saved the politician quite a few Montana dollars, because several bottles of champagne were wagered on the chances of having his terrier at the hotel when he came.

"So you never thought hotel clerks had to supply dogs for guests? Why, I expect someone will wire us to get a divorce for him, and have it down to the train when he passes through."

A LAWYER'S LIBERALITY.

He Collects a Bill For a Widow and Takes All the Money for His Fee.

Boston Courier.]

It was in the town of Stoneham that there abode a lawyer thrifty and keen in his pursuit of the root of all evil. And of him it is told that on one occasion he was employed by a poor widow to collect a debt of $23 47 which was due her.

The lawyer succeeded with little difficulty in securing the money, the person who owed it being ready enough to defraud the poor widow, but having a wholesome fear of the law before his eyes. The lawyer sent for the widow to tell her of his success, and great was her joy, since sorely did she need it.

"I suppose," she said, with hesitation, after he had related his success, "that I owe you something for your work."

"Well," he replied, with an air of the greatest magnanimity, "I ought to charge you $25; but I know you are poor, and you need not bother about the other $1 53."

And the widow went home sorrowful, but wiser than she had been before.

NYE AS A BOTANIST.

He is Impressed by the Beauty of Nature's Handiwork as Shown in

A PALMETTO TREE MADE OF IRON.

Bill Does Some Eloquent but Hysterical Word Painting.

LEGENDS OF THE MISSOURI VALLEY

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

WEST OF THE MISSOURI, AND STILL DOING THE WESTWARD HO! ACT.

THERE are no palmettos in the State of Nebraska, but there are other flora, such as corn, beans, succotash, wood, cordwood and live stock in great profusion. The first palmetto I ever saw was at Columbia, S. C., in November last. It was situated near the State House and filled me with wonder and admiration. The odd endoginous trunk, with its deep scars, and then above and crowning all the delicate fluted dark green leaves, through which the gentle breezes were almost constantly engaged in soughing.

I looked at it a long time in silence, and wrapped in profound admiration. Then I went away and got a friend to come and assist me in admiring the delicate beauty and subtle perfume of the tree.

"How wonderful," I said, "are the works of the Creator. Who could fashion the fronded palm or paint the delicate fringe of foliage that crowns the graceful palmetto? Man may strive to do it, but he will never succeed. How beautiful, how wonderful, are the works of the Maker."

Nye Lost in Admiration of a Palmetto.

"Yes," said a low voice which emanated from a full set of rank whiskers near by, "but you are mistaken about the name of the maker of that tree. It was made by the Columbia Iron Works of this place."

I now decided to abandon the tree and admire something else.

UNOBTRUSIVELY FATAL.

The Platte river is a queer stream. It has a very large circulation, but has very little influence. It covers a good deal of ground, but it is not deep. In some places it is a mile wide and three-quarters of an inch deep. It has a bed of quicksand which assists it very much in drowning people. The Platte makes very little fuss about it, but succeeds in being quite fatal. You might cross the river without even getting your hose wet, and then again you might find in crossing the stream you had struck an entirely new country from whose bourne no traveler returns.

Nebraska is bounded on the north by Dakota, on the east by Iowa, on the south by Kansas and on the west by Colorado and Wyoming. The chief productions are fruits, including osage orange and lima bean. Cereals of all kinds abound here, including maize or Indian corn in great profusion, broom corn, sorghum and Percheron horses. The chief industries include agriculture, running for the Legislature and ship building.

Nebraska is a very rich State, with resources on every hand, which as yet have hardly been tried or fairly started. Coal infests the bowels of the earth. Boundless areas of rich farming lands await only the agriculturist humorist, who is supposed to tickle them with the hoe (the westward ho) in order to make them laugh forth heartily with abundant harvests. The air is pure and whisky is abundant. Hostile Indians are now quite scarce, it being almost impossible to get enough for a mess. Wild geese, water cress, pizen weed, politicians and the Salvation Army thrive well here.

Farms in Nebraska are very valuable, especially those on Farnam street in the city of Omaha.

Omaha was founded by Fred Nye at the close of the war. Nye, who is a Spaniard by birth, with rich Castile blood in his veins, discovered the site of Omaha by accident, and immediately started a paper there which was followed by the arrival of several thousand people, who came there to subscribe for the paper.

FOUNDER OF THE NYE FAMILY.

After founding the paper and building a court house, Mr. Nye became the head of what is known all over the civilized world as the Nye family. From Omaha this hardy and energetic race moved Eastward, and with its refinement and cultivation soon made itself felt in Boston and Skowhegan, Maine. Everywhere the name became the synonym for remarkable strength and rigid integrity. Manly beauty characterized the males, and female beauty seemed to confine itself mainly to the women and girls of the tribe.

Tripping the Light Bombastic Toe.

In 1804 Messrs. Lewis & Clarke, who were doing a general discovery business, camped at what is now Council Bluffs. They held a treaty with hostile Indians at this point, under the provisions of which the Indians were firmly bound by those present to avoid killing the Messrs. Lewis & Clarke. They also deeded a few counties to the white man in consideration of 20 cents' worth of beads and a fine tooth comb, to them in hand paid.

It is thought that Nebraska was discovered by Coronado in 1541, at a point which is between Gage and Fumas counties.

The Omaha Indians now number about 1,000 souls, I was about to say, but they have associated with the white man so much that I will just say, there are 1,000 head of them. Some of them at times fly in the face of industry. The Indian by nature seems to reluctantly part with his perspiration.

Lucien Fontenelle, born in New Orleans about the year 1800, went to the West in 1824, where he soon began to move in the best Omaha Indian society circles. He was always invited to attend the best and most recherche scalp dances, where he would trip the light fantastic toe till "the wee sma' hours anent the twa," as I read in a paper once. It was not long, then, until Mr. Fontenelle won the heart of a young Indian squaw. It was but the work of a moment to make her his wife. She did not play on the piano at all, and so made him a good wife. She was a remarkable woman in many respects, and as she walked through the spacious halls of her home her footfalls sounded like a game of beanbag at a quiet social.

A MODEL WIFE.

She dressed plainly in an army blanket, and, in addition to her housework, used to catch muskrats during the winter. She became the mother of five half-breed children. Her husband died in 1840 as a result of his efforts to combine business with delirium tremens. Whisky at that time in Omaha was often attended with fatal results. It would remove warts, corns and bunions. Mr. Fontenelle used it frequently in order to afford exhiliration. Finally it began to afford not only board and lodging, but also spectacular entertainments, during one of which he suddenly expired, leaving four sons and one daughter. Logan was finally killed by the Sioux, after having made a good many experiments with the demon rum. Albert was a blacksmith up to his death, since which little is known of him. He was thrown from a mule in a vertical direction, and when he struck the town his soul had fled. The mule's injuries were slight. Tecumseh was killed by his brother-in-law in a drunken frolic. He was a lovely character except when drunk. When he was drunk he frequently said things which he afterward bitterly regretted.

Mrs. Fontenelle had the ill fortune to see one of her little sons coming home from school with a spear inserted in him one day, from which he died. She found out that the deed was done by an Iowa Indian.

She concealed an ax under her blanket and, telling him to look at the beautiful sunlight which bathed the entire landscape and flooded it with glory, she spat on her hands and, swinging the ax about with great vigor, buried it in the center of the low, coarse brute. Wiping the ax carefully with her pocket-handkerchief, she returned to her home and wrote up the occurrence for the local papers, laying the blame mostly on the deceased for the unfortunate affair.

Omaha is situated in the eastern part of the State, her feet being bathed by the waters of the Missouri. The Missouri carries quite a quantity of Nebraska down to Louisiana every year, but replaces the loss by leaving large deposits of Dakota in the meantime. The Missouri is quite a wet stream, however, compared with the Platte. In August street sprinklers have to run up and down over the parched bosom of the Platte.

PLACID POLITICS.

Nebraska was organized as a Territory May 23, 1854, and she figured prominently in the great Kansas-Nebraska bill introduced by Stephen A. Douglass, the fight over which was undoubtedly the skirmish in the early gray of the morning of that day, which at its close found the negro of America a free man, but out of a job; a citizen with a ballot, but a dull market for it; a sovereign with no possessions; a prattling infant suddenly requested by the law to be a full-grown man.

Slavery does not exist in the State of Nebraska to-day, and politics is said to be very pure. I gather this from the papers. The Republican press admits the purity of the Republican party in Nebraska, and tacitly the Democratic papers refer to the chastity of the ballot in that party. I am glad to know this at a time when corruption seems to creep into politics elsewhere and embitter the lives of the many, even driving out of public life many who would otherwise be willing and almost glad to mix up with it. I may truly say that it is really the amenities of public life which have kept me out of it. I dread opposition and vituperation at all times. Vituperation, bitter words and paucity of votes have kept me out of politics and deprived the country of a man who would otherwise have shone with a degree of intellectual polish in any position to which he might have been called.

Revenge is Sweet.

I am indebted to Mr. Sarenson, of Omaha, and his justly celebrated history of Omaha for the facts given in this letter. The word painting is my own.

I may speak further of Nebraska in my next letter, giving two or three columns of thrilling statistics and bright, racy gossip relative to the crop, acreage and mean temperature.

I may also speak of the Prohibition movement in Iowa, showing how it has embittered the life of the saloon keeper and built up and fostered the drugstore in its stead, also showing the great falling off in the consumption of whisky, and so forth, while the price of liniment has gone up 100 per cent.

BILL NYE.

GIRLS AS REFORMERS.

How the Damsels Can Succeed Effectually as Temperance Workers.

Punxsutawney Spirit.]

Girls, you have it in your power to make every young man in this country who is worth a picayune, temperate and industrious. Simply refuse to recognize the youth who gets drunk and the youth who shows a disposition to live on the labor of others. That will fetch them to time blamed quick, and you can bet your bustle on it. There isn't a young man in America to-day who amounts to shucks that could stand it to be boycotted by the girls. Not one.

Those who haven't sense enough to like the girls, and a disposition to be spooney at times, are too totally depraved to be taken into the account, and they might as well make beer tanks of themselves as anything else. They are no good nohow.

Why the Lions Didn't Eat Daniel.

Baltimore American.]

A Kentucky authority asserts that Daniel was a lawyer. If this is true, it explains why the lions refused to institute habeas corpus proceedings. They preferred hunger to the risk of a long speech from the defense.

AN INHUMAN SPORT.

Ouida Condemns in Strong Terms the Brutality of Horseracing.

WITHOUT A REDEEMING FEATURE.

A Horse Should Not be Used at All Until He Is Four Years Old.

FOSTERING AFFECTION FOR HORSES

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

If one in a thousand or ten thousand pass to the stud and paddocks after the severe trials of the turf, all the vast remainder of horses and mares trained for flat-racing and steeple-chasing pass to lives of misery, for which their hothouse forced powers and their overtried youth render them cruelly unfitted. The bleeding sides, cut open by the jockey's whip, the lather of sweat, the bursting heart, the straining eyeballs, the fleshless and nervous physique, all tell, without words, what the racer suffers in the best years of his life; no human language would be adequate to describe his sufferings in after years, when, unless he has been one of the exceptionally fortunate winners who are deemed worthy of preservation, he passes through all the degrees of degradation, from the selling races of low meetings to the shafts of the hansom and the mail cart and the butcher's van; to the last his high spirit animates his trembling, aching and emaciated frame, and to the last he strains his exhausted and quivering limbs in the service of that humanity which has dared to call him the brute.

A BRUTAL SPORT.

Racing has not one redeeming quality in it; it has not even that share of peril for man which does in a degree palliate the brutalities of a bull fight; its essential essence and object is gambling; even where the owner, which is very rare, does not bet, yet the excitement with which he hangs on the issue is essentially the excitement of the gambler; fine fortunes have been surrendered, great names have been ruined, rich men and poor men have been dragged down to bankruptcy and blackguardism through the fatal temptations of the turf; and throughout its paltry and poisonous seductions there is not a single throb of any emotion that is generous, any ambition that is honorable, any endeavor that is meritorious. That great nobles and honest gentlemen continue to patronize its sport and deify its jockeys is one of the most melancholy spectacles of modern life.

AN UNFORTUNATE EULOGY.

When the jockey, Fred Archer, died the wail of the country, the threnody of the press, were an insult to commonsense and human nature. He was killed by the fasting and privations entailed on his success in his miserable profession; but no one seemed to remember this, or point out the lessons to be learned from it; they only reported the bulletins of his illness, consecrated column after column in the newspapers to his biography, and lamented his loss as a national misfortune as though Shakespeare's or Wellington's self had perished.

Of the moral of the whole disgusting story no one seemed in any way conscious, and when, among the eulogies passed on him, it was described how he was wont to "cut the last inch out of" any horse he rode, there seemed no perception whatever of the horrible cruelty involved in gaining such a repute.

Racing confirms the inclination to view horses as mere gambling machines, like roulette wheels, which is so general