

LI HUNG CHANG.

Rise and Public Career of the Bismarck of China.

For Years He Has Been Virtual Chief of China.

The fact that one of the greatest of living statesmen arrived, a few days ago, at his 76th year, has almost escaped the attention of the press. The statesman in question is Li Hung Chang, who, for over a quarter of a century, has controlled the affairs of the oldest empire in the world. For the past thirty years every important negotiation with foreign governments has been practically conducted by Li Hung Chang on behalf of the Chinese Court; and the title of the Bismarck of China has been, perhaps appropriately, applied to a man who embodies the views of the Pekin authorities as completely as the great Chancellor ever represented the policy of the German Empire. Li Hung Chang first rose into fame during the Taiping rebellion. When the empire seemed to be at its last gasp he stepped forward to the rescue and enlisted foreigners to aid in crushing out the gigantic insurrection which threatened the overthrow of the imperial dynasty. To his action in securing the assistance of the late Chinese Gordon and other able mercenaries, may be attributed the suppression of the most formidable rebellion which has disturbed the Chinese Empire during the past two hundred years.

Li Hung Chang rapidly rose in favor, and in 1870 he was appointed Viceroy of the Imperial Province and Guardian of the Heir Apparent to the Throne. These offices, with numbers of others, he has since held. It is not often that an Oriental statesman has been able to hold his own for over twenty years against detractors and opponents, who commonly spring up to check the career and thwart the policy of prominent politicians in the East; and it may truly be said that if it had not been for his sagacity in perceiving the merit of foreign inventions, and utilizing them to strengthen the empire, and at the same time to secure his own position as chief of state, Li Hung Chang would doubtless have shared the fate of other famous but less fortunate Chinese Premiers.

He established a torpedo school, an arsenal, a railway and a foreign trained military force within his jurisdiction on lines which made him, beyond comparison, the most powerful Viceroy in the empire. Even if policy had made it advisable to weaken his authority any attempt to do so would have been attended with so much danger that the palace government at Pekin would probably have shrunk from the endeavor. Happily for the empire, as well as for Li Hung Chang, the fact that his policy has been successful and that he has never apparently overstepped the limits of his authority have kept him firmly established in office and in the favor of his sovereign.

Li Hung Chang shows no signs of decline, and it is probable that he will continue for years to come to be the virtual chief of the Chinese Empire. It is to be hoped that this will prove the case, for he surpasses other Chinese statesmen of the day in liberality of thought and action. He has a prudent appreciation of the strength and capacity of Western nations, and while he makes it his aim to maintain by every means within his grasp the power and influence of China, he prefers diplomacy to force in dealing with Europeans and Americans. He has improved immensely the defensive ability of the empire, and while in this he has served his own ends, he has also had in view the interests of his country. There can be no comparison between the China of the present and the past, so far as military and naval power are concerned. This should not be forgotten by American statesmen when called upon to provide for the protection of American interests in the Pacific.—[New York Press.

Anecdote of General Beauregard.

The death of General Beauregard recalls to an old contributor to Harper's Weekly the unusual circumstances under which his last interview with Beauregard took place. He writes: "When in Confederate service I was thrown in with General Beauregard in a fairly singular manner, and the incident of my coming across him would have made a neat episode for Archibald Forbes. It was two days after the fall of Columbia, South Carolina, and I had been ordered on ticklish service, which was to scout as near to Columbia as possible.

"I had been working on from dawn, and fairly familiar with the country, avoiding the roads, I had taken shortcuts across the woods. I made out beyond a clump of trees a man, somewhat Napoleonic in attitude, for his hands were clasped behind his back. He was striding to and fro before some embers. Peering through the thicket which screened me, I knew it was General Beauregard. I never would have done to have bounced in on him. My arrival was a surprise. He wheeled quickly, as if on a pivot, and faced me. I told him that if he remained an hour more where he was bivouacking, he stood a fair chance of being captured.

"He certainly did not know the danger he was in. I was probably much more excited than was General Beauregard, for he received the information I gave him with perfect sangfroid. Then he called to an officer—who was his aid, I suppose—who came in, tottering under an armful of wood, and addressed him in French. As I was familiar with French, I said, 'General Beauregard, English or French are about the same to me, so if you do not wish me to understand what you are saying, I had better go away.' I again explained conditions to him, giving him fuller details. In a few minutes the mule was harnessed, the wagon crashed through the brush, and that was the last I saw of General Beauregard.

"Wanting to learn whether he remembered the incident, I wrote him in November, 1884, and this is a portion of his courteous reply: 'I have a recollection of the incident, I have no doubt that you saw me much troubled in mind. When you came suddenly upon me on the road I was still in doubt as to which route to follow.'

"Two hours afterwards five companies of United States cavalry, four hundred strong, were scouring that South Carolina wood."—[Harper's Weekly.

Plenty of Deer Left.

J. L. Dobbins, the former trapper and deer hunter of Reynolds County, Mo., is spending a week at the Lacadie. Mr. Dobbins has probably killed more deer and black bear between the east fork of Black River and Marble Creek than any hunter in Southwest Missouri. While his long, silvery locks indicate his extreme age, his eyesight is yet good and not less than twenty deer have fallen before his Winchester since November.

"It's no trouble to kill them, boys, but they are rather hard for a stranger to find," remarked the old trapper to a group of listeners at the St. James. "I have tramped all over the famous Bush Mountains, Cuford's Range, the Shutin, the twin Hills, the banks of the Big Black, Current River, Marble Creek and other places in the southeast for thirty years, and I know nearly every hill and rock in the country. Of course, game is not as plentiful now as it was then, but it is all a mistaken idea about the deer being exterminated; there are plenty of them right now in the canebrakes and mountains of Southern Missouri, but no hunting party from the city can find them; it takes us old managers to do that, and, as hunting is our living, we are not very fast in informing hunting parties where to find them, but on the other hand we steer them just as far away from the game as possible. While I don't presume one man out of ten from the city could kill a deer, they succeed in frightening them out of the country. These are the parties that are responsible for the statement that there are no deer in the state. They are instructed by the hunters to go to this place and that place until they become disgusted, shoot a few squirrels and pull out for home with the impression that there was not a deer within 500 miles of where they were hunting."—[St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Smoke Detrimental to Health.

A St. Louis physician says that there is no doubt whatever that the adoption of some practical method that will abate the smoke nuisance will greatly add to the health of the city as well as to the general comfort and cleanliness. It is a mistake to call the various devices smoke consumers. You cannot consume smoke, but there are several plans by which the nuisance can be greatly lessened by condensing the soot, which is what makes the smoke so unpleasant. Smoke thus free is much lighter, and will readily rise in the air and be carried away; but laden with soot and ashes, it becomes heavier than air, and naturally settles toward the ground, where high buildings prevent the wind sweeping it away. This soot-laden smoke is the cause of nearly all the throat and lung diseases in the city.—[Detroit Free Press.

WHITE HOUSE WIVES.

The Domestic Relations of the Various Presidents.

Some Presidential Love Affairs and Romances.

It is a notable fact, declares the New York World, that most of the Presidents were or had been very happy in their domestic relations. But, then, the ladies of the White House, from Martha Washington to Frances Cleveland, have been admirable and lovable representatives of their sex. Buchanan was the only confirmed bachelor among the Presidents, yet he, too, had his romance. He had loved a Miss Coleman, who jilted him without a word of explanation. When she died shortly afterwards, he wrote to her father, saying "that he had loved her more infinitely than any other human being could love, and though he might sustain the shock of her death, happiness had fled from him forever." Van Buren, Jefferson and Arthur were widowers when they entered the White House. All of them cherished a most touching devotion to the memory of their wives. Arthur had met his wife at Saratoga and after her death he could never bear to go to that place. Jefferson tended his sick wife four months, and on her death-bed solemnly promised, his hand in hers, that he would never marry again. When the end came he staggered into his library and fainted. When he revived he was almost out of his senses and for weeks was confined to the library, pacing up and down the room all day and all night until exhausted nature could stand no more.

One of the queerest couples that ever inhabited the White House, and one of the most devoted, were Andrew Jackson and his wife. She was as democratic as himself, smoked a pipe and used strange country idioms and confined her reading to the Bible. Yet she was intensely sensitive to public opinion. There had been some misunderstanding about her divorce from her first husband, which, through a confusion of State laws, had not really taken legal effect until after her marriage with Old Hickory. The scandal was revived when she entered the White House, and it was the object of Jackson's tenderest solicitude to keep from her all knowledge of the shameful attacks that abounded in the newspapers. She died in the White House and her bereaved husband ever afterwards bore around his neck and hidden in his bosom a miniature, which every night he placed on a little table by his bedside, so that her face might be the first thing to greet him in the morning. On her tombstone he had caused to be engraved the words, "A being so gentle and yet so virtuous, slander might wound but could not dishonor." General Grant during the whole of his married life wore a ring which his wife had given him during his engagement and at his request it was buried with him.

General Tyler and Millard Fillmore were the only Presidents who were twice married. The former was President at the time of his second marriage, but for some reason he considered it indelicate to be married in the White House, a precedent which Cleveland rightly honored in the breach rather than in the observance. Fillmore's first wife was taken sick on the very day his term of office expired, and died a few weeks afterwards at Willard's Hotel, in Washington, whither she had been removed from the White House.

Lincoln's romance was connected with his first love rather than with the lady whom he afterwards married. The former was a golden-haired little blonde named Anne Rutledge, to whom he was engaged at the age of 24. She died before they could be married, and Lincoln almost went out of his mind. His friends thought indeed that he was crazy. He was especially violent in gloomy or stormy weather, when he would rave and cry that he could never be reconciled to have the snow, rain or storms to beat upon her grave. It was not until nearly ten years afterwards that he became engaged to Miss Mary Todd, who refused Stephen A. Douglas in order to accept him. But he had a presentiment that the marriage would not be a happy one. On the day first set for the wedding he became suddenly ill and was unable to make his appearance, though bride, clergymen and guests were all waiting for him. More than a year afterwards the marriage was finally consummated.

Most Wonderful Living Skeleton.

The most singular freak of nature known to surgical or medical literature was Claude Ambroise Leurat, a

Frenchman, known all over the world in the early part of the present century as the "Living Skeleton." At the time of his birth, and for quite a period after that interesting event, Claude was as plump and fleshy as any of the little French cherubs of his neighborhood, Troyes, France. One account says that he was born in 1787, but a half dozen others place it ten years later, so that we may conclude that, had he lived to the present day, he would only be three years older than the century.

At the age of four Claude was almost a perfect miniature mummy, being a mere skeleton clothed in a dry, yellowish brown skin. Still he continued to grow in height, the bones enlarging just as though they were the framework intended to support their quota of flesh. At the age of twenty-eight, when he was first exhibited in London, he was a man in height and general appearance, but weighed only fifty-six pounds. He stood five feet seven inches in height and is said to have looked for all the world like a varnished skeleton, the skin, which was tightly stretched over the bones, especially at the joints, being parchment-like, both to the touch and to the sight. When he first began wasting away in flesh (this during the third and fourth years of his life) the breast and sides retained their plumpness long after the legs and arms were literally "skin and bones." Finally, when the flesh wasted from the breast, sides and shoulders, the skin was so loose that it fell down and dried between the ribs, making it possible for a person with the nerve to do so to clasp the fingers around the ribs and touch the ends together, there being nothing but the two thicknesses of skin to interfere. A writer on the London Times says of him: "He had the appearance of a bag of hoops covered with leather and set up on two rough, knotty sticks."

The great wonder of Leurat's case appears to lie, not in the fact of his extreme emaciation, but in the fact that such a degree of decay should be compatible with human life.—[St. Louis Republic.

Story of an Altered Draft.

Within a few weeks the power of chemistry to aid criminals has been made manifest in the case of a Buffalo (N. Y.) bank. This bank believed that it was amply protected against fraud by what is called the advice system. Its habit has been at the close of each day's business to notify its New York bank correspondent to all the drafts it has issued that day, and the numbers and amounts of each of them. This it was supposed would prevent the payment of any altered draft when it reached the New York bank. But this advice system cost the bank \$12,000. A well dressed man, well introduced apparently, with the manner of an active business man, bought two drafts of this bank, one for \$12,000 and one for \$120. This transaction was reported immediately to the New York correspondent.

A day or two later a draft for \$12,000 was received by the New York correspondent. Its number corresponded with that indicated in the letter of information sent from the Buffalo bank, and it was, therefore, paid. But when a few days after that another draft for \$12,000 of the same number was received, it was evident that fraud had been practiced. The last draft was genuine. It had been negotiated in a distant city. The first draft had been altered so that its number corresponded with that of the genuine draft for \$12,000, and it had been raised to \$12,000. Yet the alterations were so perfect that it was almost impossible for Mr. Sic to detect them. As the New York correspondent had paid the forged draft, it was, of course, compelled to pay the genuine one, and the Buffalo bank lost its money.—[Atlanta Constitution.

The Electrical Wonder.

There has been some misconception as to the working of the so-called "electrical wonder," which is now drawing large crowds in London. The invention would probably be more correctly described as a photographic wonder, the electrical part of the arrangement consisting simply of the motor, which gives the rapid motion to the series of pictures, and an incandescent lamp in the interior of the machine, both of which are operated by a coin falling in the slot. The effects exhibited are truly wonderful. Figures of men and animals seem instinct with life, and their animated gestures are absolutely true to nature. Notably an elephant and a camel walk and run respectively across the field of vision, and not only is the characteristic gait of each made manifest, but the action of the various muscles of the body and limbs is distinctly seen.—[Chicago News Record.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

Hope is the wing by which the soul ascends.

We easily forget our faults when they are known only to ourselves.

A gentleman is one who is willing to abate something from his right.

Every action becomes more certainly an eternal mother than an eternal daughter.

No man convinces an audience who is not willing to make a fool of himself for his cause.

Degeneration begins when the point is reached where one is thoroughly satisfied with himself or his attainments.

To discover truth is the best happiness of an individual; to communicate it, the greatest blessing he can bestow upon society.

Be not in too much haste to come to a determination of a difficult or important point. Think it worth your waiting to find out the truth.

Men are tattooed with their special beliefs like so many South Sea Islanders; but a real human heart, with divine love in it, beats with the same glow under all the patterns of all earth's thousand tribes.

Times of general calamity and confusion have ever been productive of the greatest minds. The purest ore is produced from the hottest furnace, and the brightest thunderbolt is elicited from the darkest cloud.

A man that only translates will never be a poet; nor a painter that only copies; nor a swimmer that swims with bladders; so people that trust wholly to others' charity, and without industry of their own, will always be poor.

Life is a succession of lessons which must be lived to be understood. All is riddle, and the key to a riddle is another riddle. There are as many pillows of illusion as flakes in a snow-storm. We wake from one dream into another dream.

Hair-Dressing in Central Africa.

During the hot hours of mid-day, when all actual labor is suspended in the village, the natives, urged by vanity and national pride, devote a great deal of time to the arrangement of their odd but elaborate toils. Hair-dressing is one of the principal obligations, and constitutes one of the numerous domestic duties allotted to the "fair" sex. On a reed mat spread out in some shady corner the woman sits down, and the man upon whom the operation is to be performed reclines at full length, resting his head in her lap. She begins at once to unplug his hair, and soon has it all raveled, and then, with a coarse wooden instrument resembling the head of a child's toy rake, she combs it thoroughly until it is clear of all entanglements, and stands out all over the head in a thick bushy mass six or seven inches deep.

It is now generously greased with oil from the palm nut. The woman then parts it off into sections, and very soon the coarse bunch of hair, cleverly manipulated by her nimble fingers, is woven down closely to the head. They display a good deal of ingenuity in forming a variety of designs. Sometimes a series of little plaited strands, like rat tails, hang in a fringe all around the head. Often solid plaits of hair about the size of a goat's horn are made to stand out from the head in different styles. Two of these will appear sprouting from the top of the head, or one will drop over the forehead and lie along the nose. A very popular fashion is to have a roll of hair along each side of the head, ending in two solid plaits, which curl over each cheek like sheep's horns. Both men and women have the hair treated in the same way.

The plaiting operation is also extended to the man's beard. The mustache is removed, and so are the eyebrows, with a razor, which is a small cheese-cutter blade with a long slender handle. This is used somewhat as we hold a pen, and the stubby hair is really chiselled off the face, no small amount of it being dragged out by the roots. Tribal custom compels its removal, and the African is so insensible to pain that the means employed do not inconvenience him in the least. Often when undergoing this treatment he falls asleep, and never betrays any discomfort.—[Harper's Young People.

One Man in a Million.

"Hello, Rivers you have a bad cold."
"Worst I ever had, Banks."
I am sorry for you, old fellow. Wish I knew of something that would cure you, but I don't. (With tears in his eyes) "Give me your hand, Banks! You're the only man I've seen for three days that hadn't a sure cure!"

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

BEGINNINGS.

O mighty, mighty river, flowing down so deep and calm,
With the mills upon thy fingers and the ships upon thy palm!

Tell me why thou never faltest, never growest weak and small,
But with ever-swelling current bringest down thy wealth to all?

Quickly then the river answered: "Praise the little mountain spring,
Ever sparkling, ever gushing, for the precious gifts I bring."

"Far away among the forests, where the moss lies deep and cool,
There the mill hums in a crevice, and the ship swims in a pool!"

—[James Buckham, in Harper's Young People.

"DON'T LOOK AT THE CLOCK."

This is the motto Thomas A. Edison, the "electric king," once gave to a boy who desired his advice on getting on in the world. The implication is obvious.

An employe who measures out the time he gives to business by the minute, stopping in the midst of any work on which he happens to be engaged the instant the whistle blows, is not a clerk to be depended on. Just as he watches the clock, so his employer watches him, realizing that he needs it. There is no heart in such working. The boy who starts in on a business career with no higher aim than to make each day seem as short as possible and to draw his salary on Saturday, is certain not to have his pockets weighed down with an increase in his pay.

Don't look at the clock, then. Time will pass no more quickly because of your doing so; the way to bring this about is to throw such zeal and whole heartedness into the discharge of your duties that you will forget such limitations as time, which will then fly so swiftly that you will not note its passage.—[Argosy.

THE THREE CARAVELS OF COLUMBUS.

In the days of Columbus vessels were generally called "caravels," and it of considerable size for those times they were called by the Spaniards naos.

When Queen Isabella determined to help Columbus to make his voyage, a royal order was sent to the city of Palos to fit out three caravels and to place them at the royal disposal. The city made a pretense of complying, but it was so well known that the ships were for Columbus's hazardous venture into the terrible western ocean that neither money nor force could get them equipped and manned. Over and over again the people were assembled in the public square and the order read with great pomp, but all in vain.

Columbus, in his despair, begged that the prisons be opened and the convicts allowed to go with him. Finally, a ship-owner of Palos, Martin Alonso Pinzon, was induced, by an offer of a large share of the rewards in case of discoveries, to make an active effort to fit out the expedition. He was a popular sea-captain and a vigorous man of business, and it was entirely due to him that Columbus was able to set sail from Palos on his ever-memorable voyage. Pinzon condemned two of the caravels given by the town, and substituted two stanch vessels of his own. One was a decked vessel of three hundred tons, large enough to be called a nao, and the other was a little thing with lateen sails, which was chosen on account of her light draught, in case rivers had to be ascended in the country they expected to discover. The nao was at first named the "Gallega," but they renamed her the "Santa Maria."

Columbus took her for his flag-ship, for he held an admiral's commission from Ferdinand and Isabella. The little lateen-rigged caravel was called the "Nina." Of the three caravels offered by the town of Palos, the only one which Pinzon considered seaworthy enough to accept was the "Pinta," a boat about half as large as the Santa Maria, and rigged like her. His shrewdness in rejecting the others was fully proved before the expedition reached the Canaries; for it was discovered that the Pinta had been tampered with, and had been purposely weakened. A long delay in the islands was necessary to repair her.

Such were the vessels in which Columbus discovered America; one as large as a small schooner, and the other two about the size of lighters. Had he suspected the length of his journey, or known of the terrible storms which can rage in the Atlantic Ocean, he never would have dared to venture out in craft so frail.—[St. Nicholas.

The New Orleans Board of Trade recommends the shipping and handling of rice in bulk instead of in bags as at present.