

SHIPWRECKS.

We cannot see the shipwreck of a heart, Beneath the placid waters of disguise; The soft, sweet voice does not betray the smart; 'Tis buried deep from gaze of scornful eyes.

An Electrical Elopement.

PARTLY out of pique and partly because her parents disapproved of the match, Tillie promised to elope with George Webley.

George Webley was rich, and could easily afford this kind of a wedding tour. In olden times the parents of Tillie Markham would have been more anxious that their daughter should marry George Webley rather than the poorer, but of course more moral young man, Tom Bantry.

So Tillie thought she would teach him a life-long lesson, and knowing well that her parents would oppose the match, and especially its hurried conclusion, she told George Webley if he would arrange for the special license at Liverpool she would meet him at Euston station on the 27th, and together they would journey to the town, be married and sail for America in the powerful steamship Erratic.

Tillie concluded that it was better to be married at Liverpool than in London, as there would be less chance of the escapade being found out until such time as they chose to disclose it.

Tillie met the postman on the steps as she was going out of the house that morning, and he handed her a bundle of letters. She had no time to read them then, nor in the cab, for there was barely time to reach the station, where she found Mr. Webley impatiently awaiting her.

"I was very much afraid we would miss the train," he said, as he hurried her out of the cab. "I have reserved a compartment."

"There's another train, isn't there?" she asked.

"Oh, certainly, but a railway station isn't the pleasant place in the world to wait, and since I left my hotel I seem to have met every friend I have in London, and all wanting to know where I am going."

remain all day in my chambers at the Temple awaiting your answer with some anxiety."

He signed himself, "Yours very truly, Tom Bantry," and then added in a postscript, as if an afterthought, "I should have told you that my uncle died two days ago, which makes a great deal of difference in my plan of life, as perhaps you are aware."

Tillie Markham was a cautious young woman, and always considered that a bird in the hand was worth two in the bush. She looked at George Webley, and she smiled across at her.

"Where do we stop first?" she asked.

"Willesden Junction, I believe, and we ought to be there now."

"Do you think you could get me half a dozen telegraph blanks while we are stopping there?"

"Where is the next stop, guard?" she asked.

"At Bletchley, miss."

"How long before we reach there?"

"We are timed for Bletchley at 11.14."

She had already written her telegram, all but the instructions where to reach her. It ran:

"Tom Bantry, Coke-upon-Littleton Chambers, Temple."

"What do you wish to see me for this evening? Answer Bletchley station, on board the Liverpool express."

"Can you send this off for me at once?" she asked the guard, slipping it with a sovereign into his hand.

"Certainly, miss," and he was moving away when Tillie said:

"I may have an answer to this when we reach Bletchley station. Will you see that I get it quickly?"

"Certainly, certainly, miss."

Just as the train was leaving George Webley sprang into the compartment with the train book in his hand. Tillie opened it and found the number of stops the train made between London and Liverpool. When they reached the station she said:

your last chance. Telegraph me at—" She looked inquiringly at the guard, who promptly answered: "Next stop Creve. We reach there at 1.35."

She gave the guard a handful of money to pay for the extra wording of this dispatch. That good man was rapidly becoming rich. He sighed as he remembered that the next stop was the last before reaching Liverpool.

He wished that he was on a train for Scotland with such a passenger aboard.

"Here is your tea, my dear," said George, as he came gingerly along with it in his hand. The girl drank it with many expressions of gratitude toward her lover.

"Well, the next stop is Creve, and after that Liverpool," he said, as he handed back the empty cup to a newspaper boy to take back to the refreshment room.

"So the guard tells me," replied Tillie, sweetly.

At Creve the guard came to her with the final telegram. Its wording was terse and to the point. It ran: "I love you. Will you be my wife?"

"Lend me another of those blanks," she said to George.

"I haven't another, but you can get one at the telegraph office."

The train was moving off, so she said:

"Never mind. I can send the telegram from Liverpool."

They reached the terminus in an hour. Turning to the guard, Tillie said:

"Would you mind taking my things to the telegraph office for me?" And to George she added: "You wait here until I send for you."

When they reached the telegraph office Tillie turned and said quickly to the guard:

"When is the next train back to London?"

"On this line there is not one until 4.50, but you can get one on the Midland at 3."

Tillie took a last telegraph blank and wrote:

"Certainly. Why couldn't you have said so at first and saved me all this telegraphing? I return to London immediately. Call and see me to-morrow."

This being sent off she turned to the man who had been her friend all the way through.

COREA AND COREANS.

COUNTRY FOR WHICH JAPAN AND CHINA CONTEND.

Peculiarities of a People Who for Ages Lived to Themselves—Their Manners and Religion—Dignity of Korean Officials—All Labor Done by Hand.

Has Been a Battle Ground.

The tangle into which China and Japan have managed to get has brought into prominence the queer country which, for ages, was known only by name, and even in our own time, is so little visited by foreigners that the information concerning it is scarce and not altogether reliable.

Only a few years have elapsed since commercial intercourse was opened with the Koreans, and even after it was established, so poor were the people so imperfect was the development of the natural resources of their country, that for a considerable time there was grave doubt in the minds of the merchants whether the business would pay.

As, however, the Koreans, little by little, ascertained what foreigners wanted to buy and the prices they were willing to pay, the native cupidity of the Oriental mind was excited, and overcame the repugnance to foreigners, and now the peninsula has more than once been crossed by Europeans in search of business or pleasure.

From all accounts the Koreans are a curious people, having many of the peculiarities of both Chinese and Japanese. Evidently of Mongolian origin, they nevertheless differ from the Chinese in so many respects that they can hardly be called Chinese while the Japanese utterly disclaim all family relationship to them, regarding them as two barbarous races to be considered in the light of enemies.

Nevertheless, in spite of their long segregation from the society of other nations, they possess much of the shrewdness that causes the Japanese to be considered the "Yankees of the East." That is, the educated part of the Korean nation, for among the populace little distinction can be observed between them and the people who surround them on the Asiatic side, or who are their next-door neighbors across the narrow body of water that separates them from the Island Empire.

There is one remarkable point of similarity which almost instantly impresses every visitor—the population of the country. Korea has about 30,000 square miles of area, a little larger than Missouri, but in this territory over 12,000,000 of almost-eyed semi-celestials manage to squeeze themselves and after a fashion seem to enjoy life in their own peculiar way, without either appearing to know or to care what goes on outside of their little peninsula, which projects from the Chinese Empire like a wart.

Wherever one goes in Korea there are Koreans big and little in immense numbers, so that to travelers who witness the poverty of the country it is a constant source of wonder how the people live. The answer to this conundrum is easy; they do not live—they exist. A handful of rice and a mouthful of tea or water constitute the day's ration for the average Korean, and if to this be added a few persimmons or an egg, he is in clover, and for days will remember the auspicious occasion on which his inside was comfortably filled.

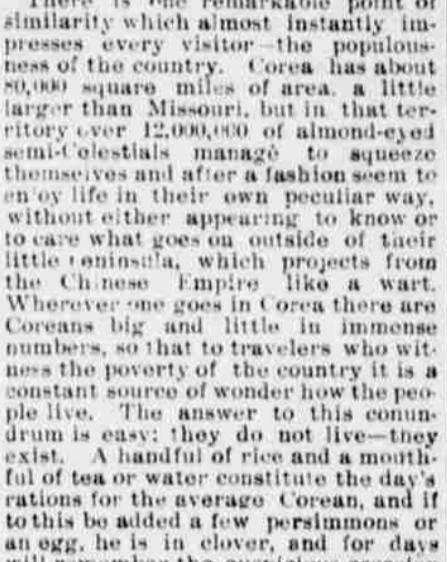
Korea is full of cities, if the expression is allowed to be used with regard to an aggregation of huts on the banks of a stream, and the cities are full of people who make a living, though nobody knows how. In dress they are very similar to the Chinese, save in the matter of hat. They have the same baggy breeches, the same plenteous of shirts worn outside, and on state occasions they are arrayed in robes that would put Solomon in all his glory to the blush; but nowhere outside of Korea can such hats be seen as are sported by the Koreans on every-day occasions. They are like a combination of a Mexican sombrero and a Welsh stove-pipe, with appendances and belongings peculiarly their own. The foundation consists of a truncated cone and a base piece about as wide and as graceful as the rim of the straw hat that decorates the fashionable young man during the present season, but, in addition, there are flaps and ear pieces, and things like the wings of a Roman helmet; there are bands and straps and other matters, the compilation of which strikes the beholder dumb with amazement. These are the every-day hats, for on Korean Sundays an affair even more imposing is mounted, in size and shape closely resembling an umbrella. Of wicker or bamboo it is equally adapted to keep off the rain and keep out the sun, and with this portentous head-piece the



A KOREAN GENTLEMAN.



KOREAN MERCHANTS.



A KOREAN SOLDIER.

Corean trots about greatly impressed with an idea of his own good looks and importance.

But this is not the only use he makes of bamboo in the matter of dress, for during the summer season he has a bamboo frame fitted rather closely to the body, and over this he puts his clothes. Thus he is inside of a cage, which prevents his clothes from sticking to him, and in the hottest weather he remains cool and comfortable.

In spite of his odd headgear, he has a long head and knows how to use it. His clothes do not cost him much money, for the simple reason that he has not much to spend, so he makes that little go a great way, and has learned to utilize materials that in other countries are almost unknown.

There is paper, for instance. The Koreans possess some secrets with regard to paper making that are unknown even to their ingenious neighbors, the Chinese. They can make paper of such toughness that it will resist many months of wear, and by a process of oiling it they render it impervious to water, and so make overcoats that will stand any amount of rain. True, they cannot be mended, for when they begin to go they go all over and all at once, but as they only cost about a quarter they are easily replaced—if the Korean happens to have the qua ter.

His other clothes are mostly cotton, and the chief peculiarity about them is the fact that they are always being washed. The Koreans have no soap, and yet they expect the women to keep the clothing in good condition, and the toiling creatures manage to accomplish this herculean task by washing the clothes four or five times and then pounding them with a mallet made especially for the purpose. This takes time as well as labor, and the monotonous tapping that goes on forever in a city comes to be regarded by the Korean visitor as one of the indispensable, without which a Korean community would seem unnatural. When the women are not engaged in beating the clothes they are busy at some other household employment, but save when purchasing necessary articles or food, are seldom seen abroad. They do not always stay in the house, however, for in Korean cities certain hours after dark are set apart for the women to take their exercise, and during that time all men are forbidden to appear on the street under penalty of arrest. This police regulation is very strictly obeyed, too, for in Korea there is no such thing as a jury system, the rights of the individual are very lightly regarded, and justice is meted out in the most summary fashion. An offender in the manner just indicated, for instance, is taken at once to the station house, and the officer in command decides that a man out of doors when the women are taking their walks deserves a thrashing, no matter whether he was doing anything or not, so the thrashing is promptly administered, the offender is detained until the women's hour is past, then ordered about his business, and thus are the demands of the law fulfilled.

Farming in Korea is of the most primitive description. The multitude of people forbids the employment of labor-saving machinery, and all operations, of whatever nature, are carried on by hand. Even the irrigation of crops, a process so purely mechanical that it might be supposed some sort of simple device would be constructed to obviate the necessity of hand labor, is done by lifting the water from one pool to another by means of a large scoop, a succession of able-bodied Co-



THE KOREAN EMBASSADOR AT WASHINGTON.

reans shoveling the water as elsewhere said is shoveled. After the crops are planted they are watched, a small tower being constructed to overlook the fields of a whole neighborhood, and the farmers take turns in guarding their property from the depredations of thieves and hungry animals. In the case of fruit farms this precaution is very necessary, as fruit is one of the great staples of Korea, and almost any kind generally finds ready sale at good prices. The list of fruits is long. On the southern side of the peninsula there is a wonderful abundance of grapes, apples and pears, and everywhere in Korea the persimmon flourishes and forms one of the staple articles of diet. Large luscious and of several varieties, not all need the advent of frost to render them eatable, some kinds being ripened by the sun, like apples or peaches. The crops of nuts also form an article of export; walnuts, chestnuts, pine nuts and many kinds of small seeds being carefully picked and preserved in various ways to be sent across the line to the Chinese. Of the field crops, beans and rice are the most important, the former being used not only as food for man, but also for the small, hardy ponies which are employed by the rich and official classes as a means of transportation. Not always, however, a Korean official has a large stock of dignity, and among the various devices by which this is upheld is the idea that it is degrading to walk anywhere. So every official is provided with a litter and a number of bearers in proportion to the weight of his dignity. He may walk about his house without sacrifice of personal self-respect, or even, on certain occasions, when he is so out of court, he may walk through the court yard, but every public appearance must be in his litter. The appointments of this apparatus for the conservation of dignity are very carefully fixed, as also the length of the poles and the number of carriers, and an official of the highest rank, a minister of the kingdom, has the right to have, under his litter, a single wheel, which does not rest on the ground, which takes no part of the weight; from the bearers, but is simply

a mark of rank. Whatever the number of bearers and attendants, however, it is always liberal, even the petty governors of towns being attended by 200 or 300 men, who, with banners, flags and other devices, march in procession whenever the governor goes abroad, while runners speed before, repeating his titles and dignities, and ordering all persons to clear the road.

The leading features of every Korean city are the palace of the governor and the temple of the presiding deity, and it is often a matter of difficulty to decide which is of the more importance, for, in order that the dignity of the government may be properly maintained, the former is frequently more pretentious than the latter. As the Korean religion is modeled after that of the Chinese, so is the architecture of Korea based on that of China. It is not a whit less pretentious, either, for the Koreans are a proud people, and they are politically subject to China, they take great pride in doing what



WATCHING A MELON PATCH.

they can to prove that the inferior is only political. So in every place, consequence there is a temple or a house, where incense is daily burned before the holy images and where the names of deceased ancestors are inscribed with rice and such dainties as are supposed to enjoy. But the Koreans do not allow what little religion has to interfere with business. While his religion is one thing, his business is quite another, and his religion does not either forbid or prevent his stealing anything, or can lay his hands on. At the time of the great annual festivals his piety takes the form of prayers, offerings, food to the dead, eating, drinking, and listening to music and dramatic entertainments. Like his religion, his art, both music and drama are borrowed from China; the former is ear-splitting and the latter is lengthy and non-intelligent as anything in the same line the Flower Kingdom is able to offer.

But for his geographical position and the fact that he has several harbors that are coveted by Russia, England and Japan, the Korean would be permitted to vegetate in seclusion to the end of time, but circumstances have forced him to the front, and must now take part in the march of human events whether he will or

Colleges for the Rich.

It is useless to dispute the fact that the present tendency is to make Yale a rich man's college. We are aware that men can and do go through Yale for a very small sum, says the New York Post. Eight members of class just graduating have lived \$200 a year, thirty-four more have not exceeded \$300, and forty-e others have got along on between \$300 and \$400.

But this is not a question of possibilities; it is a question of tendency. The very announcement that the average expenses of the four year course have been \$4,528 will of its make Yale seem "out of the question" in hundreds of families who studious boys are now preparing for college. Then, too, there is the natural resentment of a democrat against classifying men according to their money, which seems as odious of all in the case of an educational institution.

The boy is not to be severely condemned who decides against going to college where poverty makes him conspicuous and he fancies his standing among his fellows. Any of our colleges come to be distinctively rich men's colleges; they will cease to draw the element which in the past has done most to make their list of alumni honorable and distinguished.

We have spoken only of Yale in this article, a reply because the fact make that institution just now conspicuous in this respect and because its success in the athletic field of years have made it so prominent throughout the country. But tendencies which we have in mind are by no means confined to Yale. There are other of our larger colleges where the same evil challenges attention.

Boston the Highest and Lowest.

"Boston, the highest city in culture, the lowest in morality," was the striking sentence uttered by Rev. Isaac Lansing, at Park Street Congregational church, in that city, Sunday.

"It is in this connection I am glad to speak of a 'moral revival.' If even days we could have such a revival in this city, a moral revolution would take place. The apathy existing toward forms of vice which rampant would give way to energy and this soul-destroying vice be suppressed.

There is a gruesome flood of immorality sweeping with almost unresistable force throughout the United States, and numbers are being led to which death is far preferable. I have held in my hand with the past week a list of eighty places, principally on three streets, where vice exists. The proprietors of the places of infamy have no hesitancy making the location of these dens public."

Taking the Census in India. The last census of India was taken with marvelous celerity and thoroughness. One million people were employed as census takers, and the huge task was done chiefly on Friday, Feb. 25, 1891.