

# SUZETTE.

She Made a Quick Journey and Saved the Property.

By FRANK H. SWEET.  
Copyright, 1902, by American Press Association.

"I say they come here and drive away our game!" cried Suzette, stamping her foot. "Oh, I say it boldly. Do we not have to search the woods all day now for a deer or a turkey when both used to come to our very door? And they have a right and we have none. Do not tell me they have come to civilize, to open up the country and to bring prosper-ty. Bah! Have not we been happy here all by ourselves on our little slope overlooking the river, and does not our grandmother say she was happy here when a little girl, and did not her mother and her grandmother live here, too, and be happy in their time? What more is there? Have we not had prosper-ty? And what do we care for more civilize, more open up? It is not good for us. See!" scornfully and sweeping her arm toward a building



SHE SHOT OVER AND DOWN THE FALLS.

whose many open, mouth-like piazzas grinned affably at them through the trees. "That is their civilize, to dance and be amuse, and they have put up a-a clubhouse on the bank, at the very top of our own beautiful falls, where they have canvas sheels-to shoot the falls, and that be amuse too. And that is not all—ah, they!"

"Child, child," remonstrated her mother, "do not go on so. They mean well and want to be friendly. And, anyway, nothing we can do will change!"

"That is not all," repeated Suzette. "This morning some of them come on our own land with things to measure around our own cabin, and I did hear one of them say the slope would soon be theirs and that it would be a beautiful spot for a bun-ga-low. Think, mother! The land has been ours since the time of my great-grandfather, with nobody but ourselves here, and all the game and fish for us alone, and now they come here and walk across the land and make some figures, and all they have to do is to send the figures away and the land will be theirs forever and through all time! That is what I hear the man say. Bah! What kind of civilize do you call it, this open up? Is it not we who have five here. God did not make two lands for one man!"

"Hush, Suzette," anxiously. "They may hear you and drive us away when they own the land. We are nothing but squatters, they say."

"We have lived here, and they have not," flashed Suzette. "And what are the figures but marks that any school-boy can make? I look at them and know. The first paper the man they call sur-vey-or make be lay down, and the wind blow it toward me. Then he make another. And when they go I pick it up. I have it now, and it is nothing but some figures and some letters."

Her mother was usually calm and submissive to fate, but now a quick light flashed to her eyes.

"If we could get the paper to Quebec first, Suzette," she almost breathed, "maybe—maybe the land would be ours. I had an uncle who got some land that way once. Another man was try to get it, but my uncle reach the land place first, and the land have been his ever since, and now no man can take it except they pay him money and he is willing. — — — we could get our land like that!"

Suzette drew a paper from her bosom, and the two women bent over it eagerly, almost reverently, for to both it was alike unintelligible.

"Did you hear the man say when he take his paper to the land place, Suzette?"

"Not till next week. They were stand near the cabin, and I could not help to hear. They will fish this week and hunt, and the next week when they start home they will go to Quebec, too, and steal our land."

"If they can," the submissive face growing yet firmer with its new purpose. "But we try to do like my uncle did first, only, with a note of apprehension in her voice, "these people know things, and they have been to Quebec. The man who try to steal my uncle's land was only a tramp seller of pins, with slow wits, and it was a race of legs. This may not be so easy, but we will try. You hurry to the traps and find your father, Suzette, and tell him to come quick. He must start with the sunset, for it will be a long, hard journey, and he will have to go on foot. When they get it will be with fast horses. But there is the week's start. Hurry, Suzette!"

But the girl only drew herself up, shaking her head.

"Not father," she said. "He would

never get to Quebec. He would run at first, meaning to do everything, but when he found water or a sign of game he would stop to fish or hunt and forget everything. No, no, not mon pere. Now, there is a way we must not risk. I will go myself."

"You, Suzette!" "Incredibly. You cannot, child. It is three days' journey, and you have never been a day from home."

"Only two days by water, mother, and I shall go that way. It will be a straight course, and I cannot get lost. I will take my 50 shillings and some trout."

"The minutes later the keeper of the boat-house at the head of the falls saw her running down the slope. Suzette never walked when she could run. As she approached the man rose to his feet. There were few visitors at this hour.

"Oh, m'sieu," she called merrily as she stepped on the platform and slipped past him to the riverside, where the boats were kept. "may I take one of the—or—shells to go over the falls? You know you said I could use them any time when not engaged."

"Certainly, Miss Suzette," the man answered respectfully. He had orders to treat these first settlers with every consideration possible that did not interfere with business or profit in any way. "Which one will you try?"

The girl's eyes swept over the boats, instantly fixing upon the one she felt to be the strongest and most seaworthy.

"This," she replied as she stepped into it. "Now see if I not go down the falls as nice as any of your notel people."

A minute later, with shoulders erect and hair flying, she shot over and down the falls, the man standing on the platform watching her.

After passing below the rapids the little side stream prepared for that purpose, up which the boat could be drawn. But, no; she paddled calmly on without looking back and soon disappeared round a bend in the river.

The man stood there for some time watching, then resumed his seat, with a chuckle. The girl had likely gone on to some quiet pool for an hour's fishing, or perhaps she was gathering lilies or leaves or just keeping out of sight through some teasing mood. She was a harem scarum thing anyway.

But when she had not returned at noon nor at night he grew anxious and at last went to the owner and spoke with him in a low voice, then sought the cabin with faltering steps.

Yet somehow, though Suzette's mother expressed anxiety in a voluble voice, he had a feeling that the words did not reach much farther than the lips, and the feeling lessened his own concern. Very likely the girl was accustomed to such escapades.

So little was said about it the next day, and it was not until the end of the third that the disappearance became generally known. Then it seemed chiefly to affect two men who had just come in from a fishing trip. They had planned to leave the week following, but after a hurried consultation they ordered the fastest horses and within half an hour were on the way to Quebec.

Three days afterward Suzette rowed to the foot of the rapids, turned into the small side stream and signaled for the keeper to draw her boat up. When she stepped upon the platform her face was pale, but triumphant.

"You may tell the owner his boat have been very useful to me," she said, "and that I have not harm it. And you may add that I own the land around the cabin now and all the slope beyond. All I have to do is to live on it. And, oh, yes, if the hotel want to use any more of the water from our spring it must pay us something for the privilege! So far it have paid nothing and tried to take everything, but I will let the use of the boat cancel all that."

And then she started up the slope to meet her mother, who was hurrying down from the cabin.

Meanwhile the two men, who followed the girl on fast horses, were galloping toward the land office at Quebec. They traveled fast, but Suzette had got too much a start of them. When they reached Quebec they threw themselves from their jaded horses and went into the office to register the land they found that an entry had been made only a few hours before. There on the books they were shown the name of the girl who had outwitted them. Their fishing trip had been spoiled, they had ruined two valuable horses, and they had got nothing for their pains.

And the bad temper of these men was balanced by the rejoicings of Suzette and her mother. They could not return to the times when the deer and wild turkeys could be shot at their doors and when the fish were plentiful in the streams. But people who had plenty of money wanted their property and kept bidding more and more for it every year. At last a hunting club had been purchased many acres lying all about it made them secure a fine offer for it that it was accepted.

With the money Suzette and her mother went away and purchased a new home. And now the game comes again to their door.

To School by Air Tube.

"Fifty years from now there will be no schools in Chicago," said Architect Dwight H. Perkins of the Chicago board of education the other day. He meant that conditions in Chicago, particularly transportation, will have changed to such an extent that the schools will be thirty or forty miles beyond the city limits, far from its smoke, dust, dirt and turmoil and close to nature.

"We will shoot the children out through pneumatic tubes every morning into fields, groves and parks to school," was the architect's enthusiastic prophecy. "And in the evening we will shoot them back again."

# The Work Of Doctor Jonnesco



THE entire medical profession of the country is at present intensely interested in the work of Dr. Jonnesco of Roumania, now in America, and, while some of his remarkable demonstrations have won the highest praise, our physicians intend to adopt his methods here. Dr. Jonnesco, by the injecting into the spine of his new anæsthetic, stovaine and strychnine, is enabled to operate while the patient is perfectly conscious. Recently in New York city he anæsthetized four patients, three of them children and the fourth a woman of thirty-five years, with stovaine, while half a hundred keen, critical American doctors, six of them women, looked on from the amphitheater, following every move.

Dr. William Mayo, one of the noted Mayo brothers of Minnesota, ranked by some as the foremost surgeons of America, was among those who watched the demonstration. He had come halfway across the country to witness it, and when it was at an end he congratulated Jonnesco and invited the professor to demonstrate at Rochester, Minn., where the Mayos have their hospital.

The behavior of the patients was most remarkable. The youngest of the four was a boy four and a half years of age, suffering from infantile paralysis. He whimpered just a little as the needle punctured his spine and for a moment when the sharp lance touched his heel. The rest of the time he laughed. When he was asked after it was over how he felt he replied in a



INJECTING THE STOVAIN.

voice that carried to every corner of the room: "I feel all right. I feel fine."

The third boy was deeply worried for fear that the doctors were "going to do something" to him. Even while he worried over something he believed impending Dr. Coley finished the operation for hernia. The youngest lay on the table as calmly as if he were in his own bed, looking at the physician with big, unwinking eyes, feeling nothing, though there was an incision several inches long in the region of his abdomen.

Professor Jonnesco said that not one of the patients had felt any pain, and that was their own testimony. Some skeptics present declared that it remained to be seen whether stovaine had any effect on the spinal cord, which would take several months to determine. Professor Jonnesco was asked about these possible after-effects, and he said there would be none.

In an operation for appendicitis where stovaine had been injected the patient laughed and talked with the doctors. After the incision had been made and the appendix found the surgeon asked:

"Do you feel it much?"

"Feel what?"

"That pain."

"No. When will you begin?"

Spinal anæsthesia is no new thing, and Professor Jonnesco does not say it is. Dr. J. Leonard Corning, an American surgeon, is said to have been the first to suggest it, and Drs. Bier of Berlin, Tullier of Paris, Morton of San Francisco, Matas of New Orleans, George Fowler and William S. Halbridge of Washington have all used it. But Dr. Jonnesco uses stovaine combined with strychnine to stimulate the heart action, and that is a new solution. As he explains his method there are two essential points of novelty—the puncture is made at the level of the spinal column appropriate to the region to be operated upon. An anæsthetic solution is used which, owing to the addition of strychnine, is tolerated by the higher nervous centers."

Professor Jonnesco prefers stovaine to tropæ-cocaine and novocain, though he admits that the latter are equally efficacious and harmless.

What He Lacked.

"He's got no license to talk the way he does."

"Oh, he's got a license, all right! What he lacks is a muzzle."—Cleveland Leader.

Disagreeable.

Aunt—I can tell at a glance what other people are thinking of me. Nice (absentmindedly)—How very disagreeable for you, auntie!

Although the world is full of suffering, it is full of the overcoming of it.—Keller.

# MATCHMAKING.

A Story of Love Between Intellectual People.

By WAYNE S. BORROW.  
Copyright, 1902, by American Press Association.

A little dark woman dressed in a kimono was arranging a mahogany tea table, with chairs to its legs, on which were a teapot, dainty china cups and saucers, cream and sugar bowls. The apartment was as daintily furnished as the tea table. Persian rugs were on the floor, damask and lace curtains hung in the windows, while a profusion of bric-a-brac was scattered about. It was an apartment that a man would never dare enter, for should he turn around suddenly his coattail would be sure to sweep some valuable bit of china on to the floor, of course breaking it into fragments.

A woman large and fair entered.

"You poor thing! You look fagged to death."

"I am, dear. I'm dead already. This is my ghost that wants a cup of tea."

The little dark woman in the kimono pushed the large fair one into an easy



"GREEN STREAKS," SHE TOLD US, "STOOD FOR PATIENCE."

chair, slipped out hatpins and disposed of the gorgeous picture hat that crowned a blond pompadour.

"I'm sure you're an angel, Laura. Perhaps this poor ghost has got to heaven."

"Tell me about it," said the other sympathetically. "You haven't lost flesh over it, Anne."

The visitor laughed ruefully. "Do I lose flesh over anything?" she inquired. "But I have taken what Jack calls my annual vow and swear-off from clubs. The federation may federate in any town it sees fit. I'll not go near it. No, I'll not!" as her hostess laughed and refilled her teacup. "This vow is not to be annually broken—only annually renewed."

"You see, it was like this: It was worse than an ordinary federation meeting, for I had Myra Reed Morton and her daughter Lily's love affairs on my mind. You know, Professor Henry of the university has been desperately in love with Lily for a year, only he doesn't know it, poor soul! He's so wound up in his 'ologies and knowledges that he doesn't understand what he wants."

"And you were trying to help him, you matchmaking creature!" suggested Laura.

"Of course I was! Isn't Myra Reed a widow and one of my dearest friends, and isn't Lily the sweetest and best girl of her age I know? I've invited the professor to my house and listened to his theories till—"

"Till you're very, very tired of it," agreed the other sympathetically.

The sufferer nodded. "I've given him every chance in the world to be alone with Lily, and I've tried—well, it sounds brutal to put it just that way—but I've tried to shield Myra's little idiosyncrasies from the son-in-law I hoped she would have."

"Then along came this miserable federation meeting, and the evil one counseled me to put Myra on the program. Some madness led me to think that she would actually follow instructions and give me a paper on colonial families of Virginia—that for the Daughters, you know. In my besotted state of mind I ran and invited the professor to be present at that particular meeting. To invite him it was necessary to invite the entire faculty unless I wanted to seem desperately special. Oh, Laura, I don't know whether I have fortitude to go on!"

"Yes, you have," her friend insisted. "Take a water and several long breaths. Did Susie Allingham faint? I heard the most garbled account of the thing."

"Faint? No more than you or I. She had promised me to have a paper on traveling libraries and a full report. Five minutes before the reading I asked her how long her paper was and would she please let me glance over it. The shameless creature hadn't the scratch of a pen. She said she was going to give us a little talk, and she was shaking like a leaf with stage fright right then. Oh, yes, she pretended to faint!"

"You can't quite say that, can you? You didn't have a physician present or test her with a red-hot iron?"

The president of the Spare Moments club giggled comfortably. "I rather know what the latter. Jane Courtney—you know what a soldier Jane is—oh, a grandeur! Well, perhaps Jane had been on foot all day looking after the refreshments and various things that nobody else wants to, and when she saw Susie keel over she turned around and remarked: 'That Allingham girl looks a sight with her bonnet knocked over one ear, and her switch is coming loose. Good gracious, it'll fall off in another minute!'"

There was soft murmur of appreciation from the other side of the table. "And Susie?"

"Susie opened one eye to see who it was talking, and then she changed her mind about fainting. My, but she was mad! She wept. I had to fill her num-

ber on the program with some music. I didn't care. By that time it was all a mad, seething, boiling whirlpool of managing to make something do for something else anyhow."

"But about Myra?"

"Oh, yes! Well, Myra came, and so did all the professors. I had no idea those men were so interested in women's clubs. What do you suppose that woman had done in place of anything on earth about colonial Virginia?"

"Something wild, of course."

"Something wild? I like your phrase. It was bloodcurdling! She had diagrams! I thought I should sink when she drew those diagrams out. You know, she's a fanatic on some new ism about reforming the world by setting down and holding your breath and thinking about something else."

"Not a bad idea," with carefully preserved gravity. "And you put it so lucidly, Anne. I think I could do that myself."

"Oh, well, you know! The kind of thing that used to be in the front of the first readers when you and I were babies at school. You sit down and shut your teeth and say, 'I-am—in-it, be-is—in-it,' or something like that."

"No, dear. It's assertions that you mean. You build them into your character by saying them over that way."

"Laura, in a tragic tone, 'you're almost as bad as she is! I don't want to build things into my character. You talk as if it was a summer cottage. Oh, dear me, I haven't a shred of character left since Myra disgraced me as she did! She got to talking about things that weren't quite nice, it seemed to me, for a mixed audience, and I was in agony because I had Lily portioned off with the professor there in the back room."

"I could see the other men trying not to laugh, and I felt so apologetic—so abject! If I could have crawled out under the seats, dusting those men's boots as I went, I should have been glad. Then came the diagrams! A large pink thing meant your natural affections. Laura, do you have people in that shade of pink? Because, if you do, may never love me any."

"A blue wedge was for your—your—intellectual capacity, I think. I hadn't any by the time that came. Some green streaks, she told us, stood for patience, but mine was at an end. I pulled the back of her frock and whispered to her, 'Where is your paper on colonial Virginia families?' Laura, that aggravating creature looked across her shoulder at me as serenely as she will look at her son-in-law when she runs right over him, and she said, loud enough for everybody to hear: 'Oh, this is a much more important matter, my dear. This concerns the source and origin of man and his cosmic destiny.' Laura, what is cosmic destiny? Do you suppose you and I each have one?"

Her hostess got breath finally from the smothered laughter that had greeted the diagrams. "Never mind your cosmic destiny, honey," she counseled. "Tell me what the professor and Lily did."

"I was in agony for them. Some of Myra's remarks were very plain and hardly the things for young girls to hear, let alone girls accompanied by gentlemen. But there! I might have spared myself worry. It seems I am only a plain fool."

"Oh, no," remonstrated her friend slyly. "Nobody would ever say that of you."

"I'd rather be a plain fool than a pretty one," retorted the other. "And that's what Myra Morton and her like call me. I know! It seems that Myra is a brilliant woman and that I had only made trouble and retarded things, instead of helping."

"How was that?"

"Oh, the professor is deeply interested in the particular ism that Myra is exploiting just now. I suppose he loves Lily in that shade of pink and does his thinking in blue wedges and has streaks of green patience. Anyhow, he said that Myra's diagrams were very illuminating. He was up in the crowd congratulating her on that disgraceful performance. I saw that both he and Lily looked mightily pleased about something, and after the thing was over he told me confidentially—I have been encouraging his confidential talks, you know, during the past year—that the hearing of that paper had removed the last shadow of a barrier between himself and Myra's daughter."

"Barrier?"

"Oh, yes; I have been trying to tell him about Myra and prepare him for what he might expect, and I suppose my opinion of her crankism and Professor Henry's don't precisely agree."

"They wouldn't naturally," slipped from Laura's lips, and then was regretted.

"Don't you tell me that I mean well!" turning sharply. "I'll hear anything but that. So don't let's what the professor and Lily and Myra Reed Morton are saying of me this minute. They are sitting and holding their breaths and thinking about something else and saying that I am a well-meaning creature who lacks sense."

"Well," commented her friend crisply, "if they can do it all at one time I believe I'll investigate the system myself."

Too Risky.

In boring for oil when the drill reaches the depth where it allows gas to escape every precaution is taken against lighting it lest there should be a destructive explosion. This necessary precaution gives point to the following story, told by a writer in the Pittsburg News:

"I can deal with men," growled a grizzled oil driller, "but a woman can outdo the best of us."

"I brought in a well in Virginia right close to the kitchen door of a little farmhouse. Just as we were getting to the ticklish point, where smoking wasn't allowed within forty rods, out comes the farmer's wife and goes to building a big fire in a Dutch oven."

"Mebby I didn't kick, but she just showed me a batch of dough 'n' said if she didn't bake it 'twould spoil. If I wanted the fire out I had got to pay for the dough—ten dollars too. She just dared me to touch that Dutch oven, 'n' I didn't touch it either. I just gave her the tea."

"Mebby we didn't get that fire out quick. If the well had broken loose it would have blown me 'n' the whole farmhouse out of sight."

"No, sir; I don't want any more dealings with women. They're too risky."

# D. O. MILLS, NOTED PHILANTHROPIST

Financier Who Favored Aiding Others to Help Themselves.

## FOUNDER OF NOTED HOTELS.

Three Built in New York Are Monuments to the Late Banker's Common Sense Charity—Incidents of His Career and Early Life—A Sample of His Wit.

To many thousands of persons in the United States the name of Darius Ogden Mills, the famous banker, financier and philanthropist of New York, who recently died at his winter home at Millbrae, near San Francisco, will be associated solely with his broad interest in the welfare of his fellow-men. His theory was that there is too much waste in the United States and that the value of money is not appreciated. He believed that economy could be practiced without a loss of self-respect or injury to the physical being, and he pointed the way in practical fashion. Thousands of young men he saw were expending every cent of their earnings for a bare living amid squalid surroundings, and he erected cheap hotels where food and lodging could be obtained at a minimum price and where a man's self-respect would not suffer.

Object Lessons in Thrift.

These hotels, of which there are now three in New York city, are object lessons in thrift, cleanliness and decency. There the man of small income may live well at a small cost and absorb a motive to save a part of the earnings that he would otherwise have to expend for food and lodging. He also erected several model tenements for families of small resources and found that these people responded quickly to the uplifting influence of modern sanitation and moderate rentals. Although his charities were broad, he was always thinking of a way to help men to help themselves before the time came when they had to be helped by their more fortunate fellows.

Mr. Mills was born in North Salem, N. Y., on Sept. 5, 1825. He was the fourth son of James Mills and Hannah Ogden Mills of North Salem. In December, 1849, he started for California, going around the Horn, and arrived at San Francisco on June 8, 1850. From that day his name was interwoven with the story of the growth of California.

Became a Leading Banker.

To establish the banking house of D. O. Mills & Co. of Sacramento, which is still the leading bank of the interior of California. Although Mr. Mills spent the greater part of recent years in New York, he passed some months each year in California.

Mr. Mills married on Sept. 5, 1854, Miss Jane Templeton Cunningham of New York, who died on June 23, 1888. When young Mills left his home in Westchester county, N. Y., to win a place for himself in New York that city was little more than a provincial town, with woods and meadows covering the district north of the city hall. It was not difficult to obtain a clerkship in a bank in those days, and Mr. Mills was not long in finding work. He was not satisfied with the outlook for promotion, however, and gave up the position for a better one in Buffalo, where he soon became cashier and his employer's partner. The first rumors of the discovery of gold in California found him an eager listener, and he resolved to try his fortunes in this new western world.

Got the "Gold Fever."

The "gold fever" which possessed him was not of the speculative character, which was typical of the man. He argued that the rush of men to the gold sections of California would result in suffering from lack of the necessities of life and that there would be a dearth of business organization. Investing his savings in a stock of mining supplies, he made his first appearance in the gold fields as a merchant. He was successful from the start. Sacramento was not much more than a village at that time, but the proximity of the diggings made it a center of trade with the miners. It was not long before he had established a bank, the first institution of the kind on the Pacific coast. It became a prominent factor in the growth of the community surrounding it.

The bank spread out into a network of enterprises and was finally followed by the Bank of California, which Mr. Mills helped to organize in San Francisco and of which he was the first president. The institution soon attained an international prominence.

A sample of the banker's ready wit was displayed on one occasion in the fifties when an amateur dramatic performance was given in San Francisco for the benefit of some deserving charity. One of the performers was the late Hugh Farrar McDermott, the poet, and in a box was Mr. Mills. The play was some classic piece, and the acting was so bad that what should have been a tragedy became a farce. In the last act McDermott dropped his sword and, stooping awkwardly, picked it up. There was a titter in the audience, which increased as the luckless performer asked, "What shall I do with this envomed blade?"

From the banker's box came in a queer stage whisper, "Stab yourself, Hugh, and be done with it!"

Needle Dues.

In factories where needles are made the grindstones throw off great quantities of minute steel particles, with which the air becomes heavily charged, although the dust is too fine to be perceptible to the eye. Breathing the dust shows no immediate effect, but gradually sets up irritation, usually ending in pulmonary consumption. Ineffective attempts were made to screen the air by gauze or linen guards for nose and mouth. At last the use of the magnet was suggested, and now masks of magnetized steel wire are worn by workmen and effectively remove the metal dust before the air is breathed.—London Graphic.

# CHINA'S DEMAND FOR RAILROADS

Wu Tells of Early Prejudice Now Changed to Enthusiasm.

## NETWORK OF LINES PREDICTED

Former Chinese Minister and Li Hung Chang Dared Not Even Suggest Railways Once—Remarkable Revolution in Sentiment in Twenty Years.

Wu Ting Fang, the former Chinese minister, who was interviewed at New York a few days before he sailed for China, spoke on the question of railroad building in China and imparted some startling facts.

"China for the Chinese" is, according to Mr. Wu, the motto of the Chinese so far as railroads in their country are concerned, and the fault, he says, lies with Americans. To make this clear he gave a brief history of Chinese railroads.

Li Hung Chang's Strategy.

"Twenty years ago," he said, "Li Hung Chang, whose legal adviser and secretary I was, was the only Chinese statesman who favored the building of railroads in China. He knew that it was useless to try to persuade the Chinese by argument of the advisability of having railroads, but he felt that if they could once see a railroad in operation they would want them all over the empire, where traveling is so difficult that many persons live and die without stirring from their native villages. Li Hung Chang dared not ask the imperial sanction for building the first railroad."

"He got around the difficulty by having me construct a road from a mine to the bank of a river that passed through no towns or villages even, so that no sanction was necessary. This road was ten miles long. People flocked to see it and were so favorably impressed that when Li Hung Chang asked the emperor's permission to extend the road to the city of Tientsin it was granted. All opposition to the railroad among the Chinese died out."

Network of Roads Soon.

"The Chinese now are so strongly in favor of railroads that in a few years the whole country will be covered by a network of them, but they want to do it themselves. As they have neither the money nor the experience the work is progressing much more slowly than it should. But they persist in the 'China for the Chinese' policy."

"Now, I am as loyal and patriotic as any Chinaman, but I recognize the difference between a foreign capitalist like the late Calvin Brice and an exploiter, and I hope to make my countrymen see the difference, too, but it will take a lot of diplomacy."

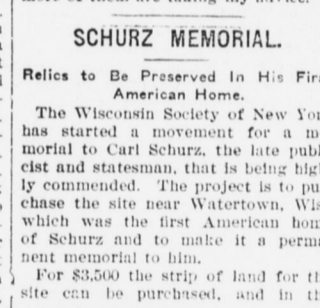
"There is a great future for China-men with a knowledge of railroading. I continually advise young men who come from China to study in the United States to take it up, and more and more of them are taking my advice."

SCHURZ MEMORIAL.

Relics to Be Preserved in His First American Home.

The Wisconsin Society of New York has started a movement for a memorial to Carl Schurz, the late publicist and statesman, that is being highly commended. The project is to purchase the site near Watertown, Wis., which was the first American home of Schurz and to make it a permanent memorial to him.

For \$3,500 the strip of land for the site can be purchased, and in this



CARL SCHURZ HOME, WATERTOWN, WIS.

house that stands on the ground it is intended to collect the speeches and writings and other relics of Schurz and to preserve them. The society holds an option on the site.

Mr. Schurz was a boy of twenty-three when he landed in New York. He lived first in Philadelphia and then purchased a home near Watertown, Wis., where the new memorial is being planned.

Practical Considerations.

"My family tree"—began the titled suitor.

"I'm tired of hearing about family trees," answered Mr. Camrox. "In the part of the country I came from a man's industry and consequence are measured by the size of the family wood piles."—Washington Star.

# SOMETHING NEW!

A Reliable

## TIN SHOP

For all kind of Tin Roofing, Spouting and General Job Work.

Stoves, Heaters, Ranges, Furnaces, etc.

PRICES THE LOWEST!

QUALITY THE BEST!

## JOHN HIXSON

NO. 116 E. FRONT ST.