

## AGRICULTURAL CHINA.

ITS VARIETIES OF GRAIN AND FRUIT WOULD BE VALUABLE HERE.

The Chinese Are Skillful Husbandmen and the World Can Learn Important Lessons of Them—Advance in Orange Culture—Home of Winter Muskmelon.

"China can teach the world some great lessons in agriculture," said Mr. F. V. Coville, chief botanist of the department of agriculture, to a New York Post correspondent. "For example, we know that there are certain cereals cultivated on the headwaters of the Yangtze river, at an elevation of 13,000 feet above the level of the sea; they grow wheat there in some places at an altitude of 12,000 feet, whereas in this country very little can be raised at an elevation of 8000 feet, and that is in Arizona, where it is very warm. But the real test of the ability of the Chinese is this direction is afforded by a comparison of cereal elevations with the timber line. They raise wheat within 1500 feet of the timber line on the plateau of Turkestan, while in Arizona our timber line is 4500 feet above the wheat belt.

"A timber line furnishes a very definite basis of climatic measurement of the world over, just as the sea does for the measurement of altitude. One thousand feet below the timber line in Arizona would mean substantially the same climatic conditions as 1000 feet below the timber line in New England, and so when we say that the Chinese raise wheat within 1500 feet of that line, we mean that they have developed a strain which is far more resistant of cold and drought than anything we have in Europe or North America. Their civilization is so much older than ours that the gradual development of these strains has been brought about, and we could to advantage bring some of them into use here. We have now a representative of the department in the upper Yangtze, where he went for the purpose of gathering specimens for introduction here. Nothing has been heard of him for some time, and not a little anxiety is felt in his behalf.

"Besides the wheat and other cereals, China is said to have considerable advantage over us in orange culture. The Yangtze valley produces a delicious orange, according to reports we have received, in districts where the trees are subjected to a temperature 20 degrees below the freezing point. That part of China on the borderland of the great Turkestan plateau is also the home of the peach, and it was from southwestern Asia that the modern world secured this valuable fruit. They have varieties there now quite different from any that grow in this country—not necessarily better, for the development has been along different lines in the two hemispheres. Only a little while ago a peach was introduced from China into Florida, known as the Peento, which is shaped like a tomato—very short from stem to pit. It has a short, stout stone, and its flavor is delicious. It does not seem to be a good shipping peach, and for that reason seldom gets to the northern market. Neither is it especially adapted for canning, where the chief requirement is a certain firmness. The sugar used in canning takes the place of many natural defects in flavor and sweetness which the fruit may have. So the canning factories do not need a peach of the type of the Peento, and thus far its use has been confined to the local markets. There are other varieties from China, however, which may be better adapted to the commercial needs of this country, and upon that subject our agent in the Yangtze was probably working when the recent disturbances broke out.

"It was from this plateau of Asia, extending through Turkestan, by which China is bounded on the west, that we obtained the Turkestan alfalfa, one of the best of our forage plants. We found it growing there in condition of great dryness and great cold, and when the plant was subjected to the same conditions in our far western states it proved most acceptable. Its introduction has meant an enormous extent northward and upward among the mountain slopes of the alfalfa culture, and alfalfa is the great forage crop of the west.

"From this region, too, has come the winter muskmelon, which is now growing successfully in the west, and only awaits for its general introduction in the east some improvement in the method of shipping. This we have decided to leave to the ingenuity of the west. This melon grows as large as a watermelon, is edible in the months of December, January, and February, and is as sweet and delicate in flavor as any muskmelon that can be bought in the Washington markets today. I gave one last winter to a member of Congress who was getting up a dinner for some of his associates, and, as he afterwards told me, it produced a sensation. He declared that if those melons could be brought into the New York market in good condition in midwinter people would pay any price for them. Just at present the transportation problem is a little difficult. They grow in the deep, hot valleys of Utah to the best advantage, and when subjected to the long journey seem to lose their firmness. I have no doubt, however, that this will be corrected, and that the muskmelon will be one of the regular winter fruits of the future."

**Convenient for the Ant.**  
Ants can stand extremes of heat and cold. Forty-eight hours' exposure to frost will not kill them, and one sort has been observed to build its nest in chimneys in a blacksmith's forge.

## VICTIM OF SIMIAN JEALOUSY.

Talented Monkey Died Because Shunned by His Envious Fellows.

All that Borax, the little pink-eyed monkey, wanted of his fellows in the Lincoln park zoo was kind treatment, and when they turned their backs on him and ignored the inoffensive creature altogether he got sick and sulked in the darkest corner of the cage. The keepers had never witnessed such a strange manifestation of feeling akin to human among the animals and did not worry about Borax. The ostracism imposed on him by his erstwhile companions made Borax sick, and he refused nourishment. Sunday morning the little animal died, and his long-tailed playmates of two weeks ago, unforgiving even in the face of death, refused to show the slightest sign of sorrow when he was carried away and buried.

The circumstances of Borax's death were not known to the thousands who visited the animal reservation. They found the monkeys in new cages, and when something was said about a demise in the colony they attributed it to an accident upon moving. There was one less simian to be bribed into a clever acrobatic feat with a handful of peanuts, but the demand was not lessened through the absence of the dead animal.

Borax was the cleverest performer of all the monkeys, and his skill led to his fate. He handicapped his fellows by his previous training, for he came from a circus where he got a bun if he rode a spirited greyhound around the track without losing his seat and a whipping if his performance did not suit the trainer. Borax's life at the Lincoln park zoo had promise of happy days. The first Sunday he performed he got as many peanuts as all the rest of the monkeys combined, but Borax was not selfish and attempted to divide his spoils. The simian's generosity was regarded as an attempt to lord it over the rest and he was not thanked.

After a month's stay at Lincoln park Borax apparently wished he had never left the circus, though the bun was frequently stale and the beating a severe one. There he was on good terms with the greyhound and the savage bull terrier that wouldn't treat any other member of the outfit with the least show of civility. Borax did his best to furnish amusement to the crowd, but would not accept the rewards. After dark his cage companions would appropriate their despised comrade's emoluments though they made unkind remarks about him.

"You can't tell me that the pink-eyed fellow didn't die of grief," said one of the keepers yesterday. "It was a plain case of getting shut out in the cold. He wanted to be the 'good fellow' with the crowd, but they wouldn't stand for it. It is just like men, anyhow. If they see a chap succeeding they begin talking bad about him. Borax wasn't accustomed to that sort of thing, and it broke him all up. I could see he could not live through it. He didn't see any chance of getting back to the circus or another job, so he went back in the cage and starved himself to death. That monkey was more sentimental than many a human being."—Chicago Chronicle.

**Strange Farming.**  
Not all the farming in the world is carried on in the country. Some branches of the farmer's work are pursued in cities, and even in their crowded parts. A writer in Cassell's Saturday Journal is responsible for the statement that the fattening of pigs is not incompatible with life in a densely populated quarter, and cites a case in point.

A man who kept a small grocer's shop in the heart of a city was for years very successful as a fattener of pigs. Under his shop was a cellar, the front door and window of which were boarded up. Access to it could be obtained only at the back.

This cellar was always occupied by two pigs, although not always by the same ones. The owner would smuggle his young charges into the cellar by night, bed them down with the straw from his egg cases, and feed them on the bread and potatoes and vegetables that the youngsters of the neighborhood bought him in exchange for a handful or two of candy.

So little did it cost him to feed his charges that he is said to have grown rich on his profits. The same butcher bought one pair after another of these city-fattened pigs.

A still more unlikely place in which to look for pigs is a back bedroom, but even this shelter is not unheard-of to the writer. These particular pigs were well trained. They not only lived up-stairs, but they walked down. Their owner knew that washing them helped to put on weight, so he used to take them into the small back yard for a tubbing, and taught them to walk up-stairs and down. He would never have been found out if some of his neighbors had not complained of him.

**Too Many Bees.**  
The honey-producing industry of Evansville, Ind., has reached such magnitude that the city council is considering an ordinance declaring the bees a nuisance and requiring the owners of hives to move them outside the city limits. It is said that 75 persons have colonies of bees in the city and the bees produce \$10,000 worth of honey a year.

A woman is never so mad as she is when she sees a hat that is terribly cheap, right after some smooth man has talked her around to buy an encyclopedia.

## A DIARY OF STARVATION

KEPT BY WEYHRICH UNTIL TWO DAYS BEFORE HIS DEATH.

Five Days Later Food Was Obtained by His Surviving Companion—A Story of the Terrible Suffering Genuinely Endured by Goldseekers in the British Northwest

Henry Weyhrich, a motorman, who left the service of the Los Angeles (Cal.) Railroad company in the winter of 1898 to seek his fortune in the Klondike, has starved to death. His comrade, A. L. Dominy, who narrowly escaped the same fate, returned in safety to his home at Adams and Hoover streets in Los Angeles, says the Times, bringing the news of Weyhrich's death. Mr. Dominy was with Weyhrich when he died, and brought back to a brave little mother and sister, who live out on Ninth street, just beyond Park View avenue, a 100 loving messages and a diary in which the young prospector told of his little daily adventures and at last how he was dying by inches of hunger. It is a piteous book, that diary; for he writes heretofore, trying to see hope where there was no hope.

Weyhrich was one of the Sunny South party which left Los Angeles for the Klondike two and one-half years ago. They took the Edmonton route, which carried them along Peace river, by Fort Graham and along Sylvester Post. The other members all turned back before long, but Weyhrich and Dominy kept on into the interior of Northwest Territory. They had bad luck. They found a little gold, but it was too fine and not in paying quantities. They had come so far for it that they could not bear to turn about empty-handed, and stayed on and on in the threat of the coming winter.

At last it caught them, and unable to travel further or go back, they built a cabin at the lower end of the McPherson lake on the Yesscezo river, about 500 miles from Dawson and 240 miles from Fort Liard, where were probably the nearest human beings. They knew they had not provisions enough to last the winter through, but rested easy in the hope in getting plenty of game.

Mr. Weyhrich writes merrily in his diary of their search for a good place for the cabin home and later tells how they built it. Their axes got very dull and nicked, and it was fearfully cold, the thermometer sometimes going down to 40 and even 65 degrees below zero. Still they seemed to be having a not unpleasant experience. Small game like pine martin and squirrel appeared to be plenty enough. But as winter settled down the game became very scarce and the provisions began to run low. The men kept living in the hope of getting a moose. Sometimes they found tracks; sometimes saw the game, but when the moose came it was too late for poor Weyhrich. Last New Year's day the two snow-seized prospectors had a pathetic little celebration in their cabin. They knew by that time that there was small chance of either one seeing another New Year's day. Weyhrich told of it in his diary. He made this entry:

"Jan. 1, 1900. Camp Winter Quarters.

"Cold and clear.  
"We had two good meals today. Dominy baked pancakes, using the last of our critic acid. He greased the spider with a bit of steric acid candle. I cooked dried apples, which we ate with the pancakes and flour gravy. For dinner we had vegetables, flour mush and a spoonful of peameal our last—and dried apples for supper.

"I remained in camp and cut up a big log of firewood. Mr. Dominy went moose hunting—Saw fresh signs, but could not get to them—they were traveling. He caught one martin and one weasel in a trap."

The wood had to be gathered in enormous quantities. Sometimes they burned as much as a cord in a night to keep from freezing. Weyhrich had run out of writing paper and the record of the doings of that last fateful winter was written across the pages of a little Spanish-English Bible, which had the sacred words printed in parallel columns in the two languages. It seemed as though hope had left them that New Year's day, for there is not a gleam of anything but despair in the record of the days thereafter—only a cool, manly resignation. On January 6 Weyhrich writes:

"Too weak to go hunting. Cooked spoonful of rice, one of flour, one of vegetable, one leg of squirrel."  
"Jan. 7—Very cold. I chopped wood. Mr. Dominy rested so as to save his strength for moose tomorrow."

"I feel that the Lord has saved our souls, though our bodies perish by starvation or freezing. Our situation is very desperate. Living on two meals of thin soup."

"Jan. 8—Mr. Dominy went moose hunting three miles up to the left. Saw moose on opposite mountain, but as it was getting dark and his strength was falling, he could not get at it."  
"We are eating buds of willow to stay gnawing pangs of hunger. Ate one little white weasel for breakfast. Our soup keeps getting thinner every day."

"We are getting weaker fast and can't hold out many more days."  
"If relief in some shape does not come soon we must perish."

"Jan. 9—Starving to death.  
"One spoonful of evaporated vegetable and one of rice and one of flour per man per day, and doing hard work on that."

"Mr. Dominy goes moose hunting every day from one to four miles, breaking new trails with snowshoes without getting sight of any moose except one at dusk half way up the mountain."

"Weather is cold, about 30 to 40 below zero, and fine snow, with wind from the north daily, which cuts through a person."

"We can hardly keep warm on the wood I can cut during the daytime."  
"Jan. 10—Very cold. Snowed during the night and all day. Fine snow."  
"Rice all gone. No living thing moving. The spurrules have crawled into their holes and the few remaining pine martins have done the same."

"Mr. Dominy and I both went moose hunting up to Tarmaragan beach, three miles up the river to the left. Saw no signs of any living thing."

"We both expect to die if we don't get outside relief within one week, as the snow is getting so deep and our strength is falling fast."

"It all depends on our getting a moose, and they are not to be had."

"We are prepared to meet our Lord and Saviour in heaven, where care and sin and sorrow are no more. I will meet dear beloved mother and sister there with relatives and friends."

"Jan. 11—Very cold, snow continuing. Almost impossible to move around camp without snowshoes. Snow is four feet deep on a level."  
"Flour all gone. No sign of moose or any other game. Not even a bird. We are living on one spoonful of vegetables and the tips of willows."

For five days following this entry Weyhrich was too weak to write, evidently. Each day he merely entered the date and the name of the camp, "Winter Quarters."

The sad record closes Tuesday, Jan. 16. It seems as though Weyhrich knew it was to be the last entry. He wrote:

"Tuesday, Jan. 16, 1900. Winter Quarters.

"Henry A. Weyhrich of Los Angeles, Cal. A. L. Dominy.

"Cold. Very cold. About three inches of snow fell last night."

"I am a skeleton."

By one of those weird circumstances which are so often encountered where Bibles play a part Weyhrich's dying message was written across the following verses in Acts:

"And now behold I go bound in the Spirit unto Jerusalem, not knowing the things that shall befall me there."

"Save that the Holy Ghost witnesseth in every city saying that bonds and afflictions abide me."

"But none of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus to testify the Gospel of the grace of God."

Two days after, Weyhrich went to his death with the utmost pluck and cheerfulness. He and Dominy sang songs all the morning until the end came.

Dominy buried his friend and lived four months alone in the camp. Two days after Weyhrich died he managed to shoot a squirrel and five days after Weyhrich's death the longed for moose was slain. This saved Dominy's life.

When he regained his strength by food, he made a terrible journey across the snow to civilization and finally got safely home, carrying Weyhrich's diary and papers through all his hardships.

Weyhrich had many friends in the city. He was a native of Pekin, Ill., and came to Los Angeles in 1887.

**Education in China.**

Education of a certain type is very general, but still there are vast numbers of countrymen in China who can neither read nor write. There is a special literary class who alone know the literature of their country, to the study of which they devote their lives. There are boarding schools, day schools, and colleges. Examinations mainly confined to moral philosophy and literature are held in the prefectural cities of each province twice in three years for the lower degree necessary as a passport to the public service, and of the six or seven thousand candidates who have come forward, not more than 60 can be admitted to the degree of Literary Chancellor. For the higher degrees, other examinations are necessary. There is a "College of Foreign Knowledge" at Pekin, where European languages, mathematics, sciences, etc., are taught by European, Japanese, and American professors. There are besides many Christian mission schools, where the English language and lower branches of western sciences are taught. The government also maintains naval and military colleges and torpedo schools at the various arsenals to teach the young Chinese modern methods of warfare.

**How to Make Birds' Nest Soup.**

Here is the Chinese recipe for making real birds' nest soup, which may interest lady readers. Take clean white bird's nest shreds, or birds' nests themselves, and soak thoroughly. Take out all feathers. Boil in soup or water until tender and all is the color of jade stone. Place pigeon eggs below, and add some shreds of ham on top. Boil in clean water once more, add sugar candy, then eat if you're a Chinaman; if you are not—throw it out of the window.

During the last three years more than 600,000 Russian farmers have settled in Siberia.

## WOMAN'S KIDNEY TROUBLES

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is Especially Successful in Curing this Fatal Woman's Disease.



Of all the diseases known with which the female organism is afflicted, kidney disease is the most fatal. In fact, unless early and correct treatment is applied, the weary patient seldom survives.

Being fully aware of this, Mrs. Pinkham, early in her career, gave exhaustive study to the subject, and in producing her great remedy for woman's ills—Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—was careful to see that it contained the correct combination of herbs which was sure to control that fatal disease, woman's kidney troubles. The Vegetable Compound acts in harmony with the laws that govern the entire female system, and while there are many so-called remedies for kidney troubles, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the only one especially prepared for women.

The following letters will show how marvelously successful it is:

Aug. 6, 1899.  
"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I am falling very fast, since January have lost thirty-five or forty pounds. I have a yellow, muddy complexion, feel tired, and have bearing down pains. Menstrues have not appeared for three months; sometimes I am troubled with a white discharge, and I also have kidney and bladder trouble. . . I have been this way for a long time, and feel so miserable I thought I would write to you, and see if you could do me any good."—Miss EDNA FREDERICK, Troy, Ohio.

Sept. 10, 1899.  
"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I have used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound according to directions, and can say I have not felt so well for years as I do at present. Before taking your medicine a more miserable person you never saw. I could not eat or sleep, and did not care to talk with any one. I did not enjoy life at all. Now, I feel so well I cannot be grateful enough for what you have done for me. You are surely a woman's friend. Thanking you a thousand times, I remain,  
Ever yours,  
MISS EDNA FREDERICK,  
Troy, Ohio.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I have taken five bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and cannot praise it enough. I had headaches, leucorrhoea, falling of the womb, and kidney trouble. I also had a pain when standing or walking, and sometimes there seemed to be balls of fire in front of me, so that I could not see for about twenty minutes. Felt as tired in the morning when I got up as if I had had no sleep for two weeks. Had fainting spells, was down-hearted, and would cry."—Mrs. BECKA OBER, Second and Clayton Sts., Chester Pa.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I cannot find language to express the terrible suffering I have had to endure. I had female trouble, was nervous, also liver, stomach, kidney, and bladder trouble. . . I tried several doctors, also quite a number of patent medicines, and had despaired of ever getting well. At last I concluded to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and now, thanks to your medicine, I am a well woman. I can not praise your medicine too highly for I know it will do all, and even more, than it is recommended to do. I tell every suffering woman about your Vegetable Compound, and urge them to try it and see for themselves what it will do."—Mrs. MARY A. HIPPLE, No. Manchester, Ind.

**\$5000 REWARD.**—We have deposited with the National City Bank of Ind., \$5000, which will be paid to any person who can find that the above testimonial letters are genuine, or were published before obtaining the writer's special permission.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO.

**SLAVERY IN NEW YORK.**

In Early Days the City Engaged in the Traffic in Human Flesh.

The greatest impetus was given to the slave trade by the act of parliament of 1684, which legalized slavery in the North American colonies. This does not mean that slavery was unknown in what is now the United States before that time, because, as early as 1620, a Dutch man-of-war landed and sold 20 African negroes at Jamestown, Va. In 1626 the West India Company imported slaves from the West Indies to New York city—then New Amsterdam. The city itself owned shares in a slave ship, advanced money for its fitting out, and shared in the profits of its voyages. This recognition and encouragement may account for the astounding fact that in 1750 slaves formed one-sixth of the entire population of New York.

The general prevalence of slavery is shown by the fact that, at this time, there were 67 slaves in New York's small suburb of Brooklyn, and that in London itself there were resident 20,000 slaves. Slaves were at that time publicly dealt in on the London Exchange. No wonder the traffic in human flesh was a recognized commerce, and that, in 1771, the English alone sent to Africa 192 ships equipped for the trade and with a carrying capacity of 47,146 slaves per trip.—Pearson's Magazine.

**GAME LAWS IN FRANCE.**

Rights of the Farmer Are Considered and His Interests Protected.

In France the protection of crops and farm stock is among the chief objects of the game laws, so much so indeed that a French law is not only prohibited from encouraging or tolerate such noxious animals as the fox, badger, otter, boar, roebuck and rabbit, but is even compelled to organize for the suppression of such scheduled "vermin" by periodic drives; and neglect of either obligation is likely to land him in costly claims for agricultural damage.

All manner of interesting legal quibbles are common whenever the question crops up of practical application of the laws. Thus, whereas in French law the prohibition of "night" shooting covers only the period of darkness, a similar restriction applied to fishing applies to the entire period between sunset and sunrise, a very different matter in the summer months.

Again, a very proper consideration of the extent to which intense cold may deprive birds of their wild instincts and their powers of flight has prompted a prohibition in France of shooting in the snow; but here again, before a prosecution can be established, it must be shown that the snow was thick enough at the time of the offense to enable anyone to follow the footprints of the beast or bird.—London Express.

**London Has a Dead Man's Curve.**

In London, although street accidents are of much rarer occurrence than in the metropolis of the United States, we yet have danger spots which annually claim their appointed tale of victims. According to a high police official, London's "dead man's curve" is Chatham place, situated to the north of Blackfriars bridge and at the junction of the Embankment, Bridge street and Queen Victoria street. This, notwithstanding opinions to the contrary, is by far the most dangerous crossing in London.—London Daily Mail.

Auctions in Japan are quietly conducted. The bidding is secret and silent, each person writing his bid on a slip of paper and dropping it into a box. When it appears that all the bids are in the box is opened and the highest bidder is named.

Laborers are so scarce in Switzerland that they have to be imported not only from Italy, but Bohemia and Silesia.

Alaskan travelers say that the mosquitoes there have driven men to suicide.

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