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A ROMANCE OF THE RAIL.

By FREDERICK REDDALL.

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SEVENTH DAY.

CHESTER LIVES AT WORK.

The situation was an uncanny one. Chester had no matches and would not have dared to strike a light in the other event. The dense darkness, the rushing waters, the utter sense of isolation, the foreboding fear that any moment might plunge him into a chasm which would prove a nameless tomb—these tangible and untangible fears and dangers might have qualified the heart of the stoutest frontiersman, much less of an inexperienced tenderfoot, well enough versed in the wiles of Wall street, but a veritable tyro to the dangers of the Colorado desert.

However, the stuff of which brave men are made does not vary much with the world over, and Ives was buoyed up with the hope and belief that on him rested the safety of the whole party, including that of the girl he loved. If he saved her from this peril, she would belong to him in a dual sense.

For the space of perhaps 20 minutes he toiled painfully up the bed of the stream. He was soaked from head to foot, and his garments, heavy and sodden with the water, impeded his progress and held him back. Even as he floundered along he thought grimly of what a capital story the adventure would make for the sensational press of the metropolis and how the natty habits of the cafes of Wall and Broad streets would shout with merit could they behold him in his present drowned predicament.

Suddenly his head came in hard contact with the rocky roof, which proved that the orifice was becoming narrower, forcing him to flatten himself out until his chin was nearly touching the water, and in this fashion he wriggled for perhaps a dozen yards farther. Then, resting for a moment and raising his eyes, he beheld through the dense gloom, but right ahead, a cluster of tiny twinkling lights.

A moment's reflection satisfied him that they must be stars and that he had at last reached the open air. A few feet more, and he emerged through a crevice in the rocks on a little beach of pebbles and water worn rocks, at the margin of which he could dimly discern the surface of a considerable stream, whose placid bosom reflected the glorious firmament overhead. Never was the sight of the canopy of heaven more welcome.

Though he did not know it then, he was on the west bank of the La Fontaine, or Fountain, river, which fed the

Each sprang astride an animal and started at a hard gallop.

cave stream and whose gravelly margin was still wet and glistening with the high water mark caused by the cloudburst of a few hours before. What next to do Ives did not know. He was a stranger to the country and totally ignorant of the lay of the land. To proceed in the darkness seemed well nigh impossible, yet to wait for morning would be a pitiful waste of time. He had no very exalted idea of Filley's good faith nor of that of the Dalton gang—in fact, he reposed about as much confidence in the one as the other. If Filley bungled in any way, he dreaded to think of the consequences to those dear ones left in the clutches of a cold blooded set of wretches as ever drew trigger or bestrode stolen horseflesh. Besides, he shrewdly suspected that Filley would take good care to look after No. 1 and if he failed to get the money might content himself with keeping out of personal danger and perhaps giving an alarm without heed to the fate of Draper and his party.

All these reflections flew through Chester's brain as he sat shivering and queering the water out of his clothes on the wet boulder. Casting his eyes around the horizon, he noticed a white glare off to the north, showing clearly in that marvellously pure atmosphere. That, he thought, must be the lights of Denver and in that direction would help most likely be found. So, weary and aching in every joint, he set out along the bank of the little stream, stumbling and at times falling over the obstructions in the way. But after a couple of hours of this sort of tramping he was completely beaten. His thin city shoes were worn to shreds, and every step was acute torture. As the first pale streaks of lemon colored glow appeared in the east he sank by the wayside, his back against a rock and panting from exhaustion. He intended only to rest for a few moments, but fatigue gained the upper hand, and he soon sank into an uneasy sleep, from which he was awakened by lusty shouts and the cracking of a whip.

Opening his leaden eyes, he found the day all abroad and discovered that the uproar proceeded from a teamster who was standing up in the shafts of his wagon yelling like one possessed and snapping his heavy whip in order to attract the attention of the sleeper. "Thought I'd fetch you," was the

driver's first salutation. "Couldn't leave the team, you see, so I had to holler. What's the matter, man? Look as though you'd been through an ore crusher!"

Chester hobbled down the rock incumbered bank, a sorry spectacle indeed. A "gentleman tramp" would have seemed a Beau Brummel by comparison.

"How far are we from Denver?" was his first inquiry.

"Matter o' 30 miles or so. Want to git thar? Jump up then!" was the cheery invitation. So Ives clambered up on the off side of the shafts, and immediately the heavy springless wagon went creaking and crashing along the rough road.

In a few brief sentences Chester acquainted him with the strange happenings of the past 36 hours.

"That's Jim Dalton's gang, sure 'nuff! See here, podner, there's \$5,000 reward out for Jim! This'll be his last ride, I reckon! What you goin to do?"

"Get help as quickly as possible," returned Ives. "You know the country and its customs; advise me. If those women are rescued alive and unharmed, I'll answer for it that John Draper will put another \$5,000 on top of the governor's reward to the man that does it."

"You don't say! Well, 'tain't none o' my bizness, but I guess I'll have to go you," was the matter of fact response.

"What do you s'pose that clerk o' his'll do? Has he got gumption?"

"Yes," replied Chester, "he's got gumption enough, but I don't trust him or the gang. You see, there may be some difficulty about getting the money. Fifty thousand dollars is a large amount, and the bank may hesitate and so cause delay. Then what happens? The two escorts get tired or afraid, conclude they have been fooled and ride back to camp. In which event I believe Dalton will be as good as his word—he'll murder them or worse!"

"Like as not," was the not very cheering response. During this colloquy they were making slow but sure progress toward the city, but to Ives the pace was tantalizingly tedious. Ben Gallup, the teamster aforesaid, uttered not a word for three or four minutes. Then, with a mighty crack of his whip, he exclaimed:

"By hokey, that's the dodge! Ged-dap, you lazy devils!" And, standing up on the shafts, he urged his team with voice and whip until they broke into a trot which doubled their speed. Then he descended to speak.

"Don't know as they'll interfere, but you'd better try."

"Who, man, who? For God's sake be more explicit!" sputtered Ives.

"Over yonder a piece, at Littleton," said Gallup, pointing toward the northwest with his whip. "There's an old military camp there—Fort Denver it used to be called. They're the lads for you if they'll do the job. S'pose it belongs to the sheriff by rights, but it'll take too long. He'd be all day getting ready and swearin out his warrants and habbus corpses for Jack Doe and Dick Roe. A dose o' cold lead is the best medicine for them fellers, and then you can 'rest them afterwards."

"Fort Denver, you say?" queried Chester, all on fire with impatience.

"Then drive, man, drive, as you love your own wife and daughters."

"Can you ride hossback?" queried Gallup.

"Yes; of course," was the quick reply.

"Then hold on a minute." So saying he drove the wagon to the side of the road, jumped down and began to unharass the team, Ives helping with nervous haste, quickly divining the honest fellow's intention. Rapidly knotting the traces and the lines, they each sprang astride an animal and started down the road at a hard gallop, the dust rising in clouds behind them.

On they went for a couple of miles, and then there loomed up right ahead the trim white walls and the black muskles of the two howitzers belonging to the little army post. A couple of sentries patrolled in front of the guardhouse and looked with wondering eyes on the strange outfit scampering past.

"I wish to speak with your commanding officer," said Ives. "Be good enough to hand him my card and say 'is a matter of life and death'!"

"Yes, and I'll be wuss'n death if he ain't pritty darn lively," muttered Ben. Then as the orderly turned away he called after him: "Tell the cap'n Dalton gang's broke loose ag'in. They've stole a railroad train! Guess that'll fetch him," he chuckled.

In less than 60 seconds appeared the officer of the day, Lieutenant Crosby, holding between thumb and forefinger the limp and water soaked piece of pasteboard which Ives had sent in.

"This is Mr. Ives, I presume," he said, addressing the New Yorker and looking with polite amazement at his sorry plight.

"Yes, sir, and this is Ben Gallup, a teamster who picked me up on the road a few miles north of this place more dead than alive. The case is most urgent. Several women are in peril at the hands of the Dalton gang."

"Pray step this way, Mr. Ives," was the courteous request, and seats were given them, while a messenger was dispatched to rouse Colonel Byng, the commandant. They had not long to wait. The mere mention of the Dal-

ton gang, as Ben Gallup had surmised, was enough, and the orderly returned almost immediately to say they were to proceed to the colonel's quarters.

They found that officer just finishing his breakfast, and after the necessary introduction Chester proceeded to tell his thrilling story, which was punctuated with sundry exclamations of "Ha!" and "So!" from the attentive soldier.

"Well, Mr. Ives," he said as the former ceased, pulling his gray mustache, "strictly speaking, this is no affair for the military arm; 'tis a job for the sheriff. But I'll take the responsibility and do the explaining afterward. Can you guide us to the mouth of the cave?"

"I'm afraid not, sir," was the reply. "We were blindfolded after leaving the cars, and I made my exit by a totally different route, as you see," he ended, ruefully looking down at his shapeless garments.

"I presume your water tunnel is not available as a base of attack?"

"I should say not," replied Ives, "even if I could find the mouth of it again, which I doubt."

"Do you know the locality?" Colonel Byng inquired, turning to Gallup, who sat silently chewing a straw all this while.

"Like a pictur' book!" was the laconic reply. "Why, I was one of the last men to drive a pick in Bone gulch!"

"Then you're the man we want," was the clinching answer. "How many men shall you need, Crosby?"

"Scuse me, Cunel Byng," broke in Gallup, "them fellers won't be caught asleep—not by no means. They must be took unawares. You'll want two squads at least."

"How many are in the gang?" inquired the lieutenant of Ives.

"Not over 20, I should say. But let me beg you to act quickly. Think of those poor women in the clutches of such miscreants!"

"Rely upon it, Mr. Ives, all shall be done that can be done, and that immediately. You will accompany the troops, I presume?"

"Most assuredly!" was the reply. "Then in that case permit me to offer you a mount, and while the men are falling in you may as well refresh yourself. From what you say there is ample time. 'Tis not yet 12 o'clock. The two watchers will not begin to expect your friend Filley for three or four hours yet, and in any event they could not be back in Bone gulch before sunset, as they said. So your people are safe till then or even till tomorrow morning. Dalton wants the money more than anything else, and he won't proceed to extremities until he is convinced there is no hope of getting the ransom."

"I trust it may be as you say," said Ives.

In less than an hour there rode forth a little company of mounted troopers, seasoned fighters all of them, numbering exactly 20, under the command of Lieutenant Crosby. By his side on either hand rode Chester Ives and Ben Gallup, the former much refreshed after a bath and a brush down. Thus, it will be seen, the expedition numbered just 23 men.

All that day the little force rode southward over the hot and dusty Colorado trail, treading their tortuous path among the foothills, piloted by Ben Gallup. At sunset they were less than two miles from Bone gulch, according to Ben, but as it was then too late to think of attacking that night the expedition proceeded to bivouac. No fires were kindled for fear of betraying their presence to any of Jim Dalton's pickets.

TO BE CONTINUED.

COSTS MILLIONS.

Expenses of General Elections in England and America.

Great Britain has certain election laws which restrict the candidates and make an account for all his expenditures. These were made necessary by the frightful corruption into which the suffrage of England had descended; but if any one imagines that they corrected all the evils he is very much mistaken.

The present writer was in England during the last general election in that country and he went into the local details of the election machinery. He found that in the small matters of politics, in the getting of votes through influence, money and other means, the English politician was several miles ahead of anything we have in America.

In fact, some of the candidates had been "nursing" their constituencies for all the seven years since the former general election in that country. There is no doubt of the fact that our politicians do bribe and buy, but they do it on the moment. They do not generally have to purchase years of servitude in order to get the suffrage of a day. In England the "nursing" system keeps the distribution of wealth in progress for years.

The writer put the following question to the editor of one of the leading newspapers of London:

"How much do you estimate this election will cost the candidates for parliament?"

He made some calculations on a pad and then replied:

"Curious, isn't it, that it had never struck me before? Why, I find a total here of two million pounds."

"Ten million dollars for less than four weeks' politics in an area that could be safely placed in one of our States, makes an American feel rather small."

"Well, at any rate, we have better laws than you have, even if we do spend the money."

"Of course, in this country we spend more than ten millions on a presidential election. When we consider all the local expenses and all the running of campaigns and candidates the total must amount to several tens of millions, but we must remember that it spreads over the finest empire in the world, and leads to the election of the greatest executive on earth.—Saturday Evening Post.

Miscellaneous Reading.

GALVESTON.
A far cry and a faint cry
Comes up from the fair Southland.
A sad call and a sore call
That asks for a helping hand.

After the rush of water, after the seething rain,
Comes quivering near, in a sob and a tear,
The words of a woe-laden tale.

Wrecked, and rained, and routed—
In heart-breaking tones comes the walls
And over it all sounds the sorrowful
call "Help us to bury our dead!
Saddened and sore with affliction, help-
lessly weak we bow,
Sisters afar, wherever you are, pity us,
pity us now!"

Over the crashing of thunders, over the
Storm King's jeers;
In heart-breaking tones comes the walls
and the moans and saddening
drip of the tears:

"Dead! Ye are dead. Be glad of it!
We that still live are perishing.
God, in Thy pity and show Thy pitying
face. Save us from what com-
eth next!"

Crushed and broken in spirit—broken
by their grief—
Our brothers away seek the dawn of
the day that will glow with the
sun of relief.

After the surging torrents, after the
thundering cease,
Comes joyfully near, in a message of
cheer, the words full of hope
and of peace:

"Long ere you cried for our succor we
of the North stood appalled;
Our answer we framed ere our kinship
was claimed—'twas ready ere
ever you called.

Out of the heart of the Northland, out
of the East and the West
And the glorious heart of the South
had its part in the message: 'We
come, be at rest.'"

A good cry and a glad cry
Goes over the weary miles.
'Tis of good cheer and of great cheer
And changes the tears into smiles.
—Baltimore American.

WHAT ANARCHY IS.
A Name For the Extremes of Idealism and Savagery.

There are two kinds of anarchy—the anarchy of individual idealism, which needs no government by force, and the anarchy of murder, which would assassinate all rulers and remove all all restraints upon the lawless instincts of mankind. The anarchy of murder is the noisier and better known, and few people realize that the word anarchy can be anything but a synonym for violent crime.

A disciple of the gentler kind of anarchy describes it as a belief in the greatest amount of liberty consistent with equality of liberty. That excludes government as the term is generally understood, meaning the subjection of the non-invasive individual to a will not his own. The state is looked upon as the embodiment of government in an individual or set of individuals assuming to act as representatives or masters of the entire people within a given area. In so governing, the state is alleged to violate the equality of liberty, and ideal anarchy would therefore abolish the state.

To ask an anarchist what he would substitute for government, says an advocate of the theory, is like asking the trader what he would substitute for the tariff. It may be observed, however, that anarchism does not exclude under this definition the right of the individual to defend himself against aggression, or the right of individuals to organize on a purely voluntary basis for self-defense.

This theory may appeal to the idealist as something very pretty; but to the coarser being, who does not know the difference between liberty and license, and would greatly prefer license if the distinction could be discerned, anarchy appeals as a religion of vengeance and unbridled passion. The mill town of Patterson, N. J., with its heterogeneous population, should breed a nest of anarchists, is, therefore, not a strange thing.

The general rules by which anarchists are guided—they object to the word "governed"—throughout the world, are understood to be the same and impress an outsider as being more inconsiderate of individual liberty, alleged foundation stone of anarchy, than the government of Russia, Turkey or Zululand. The orthodox anarchist must recognize no country and no law. They must not permit any division among themselves. They are to recognize no judicial tribunals other than a tribunal of honor named by themselves. The decrees of this tribunal are irrevocable. The anarchists form a close body. Each one, at any time of his life, must defend his companions. They are to look upon the social revolution as the first and highest of their duties and the first of their obligations. They must repudiate every revolutionary movement which does not have the destruction of capital as its direct object. No anarchist dares to decline to accomplish the mission entrusted to him unless physically incapacitated. In this case he is replaced by another comrade. No anarchist is allowed to exercise a public function without the authorization of the assembly, on to take part in a foreign manifestation in the interest of the cause without the same permission. His only care should be the revolution. All anarchists should be personally acquainted with one another. Anarchists are to keep no political secrets from one another. They are not to become members of other associations unless in the hope of discovering secrets interesting to anarchism or to unveil the actions of false comrades allied with the bourgeoisie. This last will be considered one of the most important services to be rendered to the cause.

One of the leading anarchists of the higher class is Benjamin R. Tucker, of New York, a man of education and refinement, who is, of course, opposed to the revolution. In Mr. Tucker's opinion there are some 300,000 persons in this country in sympathy with the anarchist tendency, although the number of avowed "plumb liners" is quite small. These anarchist support quite a literature, and their publications have always been admitted to the

United States mails without question. It is estimated that about \$400,000 is now invested in publishing plants devoted to the propaganda of anarchy. Various attempts have been made to exclude these publications from the United States mails; but hitherto the anarchists have been able to exert influence enough to prevent such—London Advertiser.

SOME FACTS ABOUT GALVESTON.

Most Extensive Commercial City and Port of Texas.

New York World.

1. Galveston, often and not inaptly termed the "coming New York of the South," is situated on Galveston Island 340 miles west of the south pass of the Mississippi.

2. It is the largest and most extensively commercial city of Texas.

3. It is the gateway of an enormous trade, situated as it is between the great Western granaries and Europe.

4. Lies two miles from the northeast corner of the island of Galveston.

5. It is a port of entry and the principal seaport of the state.

6. Its harbor is the best, not only on the coast line of Texas; but also on the entire gulf coast, from the mouth of the Mississippi to the Rio Grande.

7. Is the nearest and most accessible first-class seaport for the states of Texas, Kansas, New Mexico and Colorado, the Indian Territory and the territory of Arizona and parts of the states and territories adjoining those just mentioned.

8. Is today the gulf terminus of most of the great railway systems entering Texas.

9. Ranks third among the cotton ports of the United States.

10. Its port charges are as low or lower than any other port in the United States.

11. It is the only seaport on the gulf coast, west of the Mississippi, into which a vessel drawing more than 10 feet can enter.

12. Has steamship lines to Liverpool, New York, New Orleans and the ports of Texas as far as the Mexican boundary.

13. Has harbor area of 24 feet depth and over 1,300 acres; of 30 feet depth and over 463 acres (the next largest harbor on the Texas coast has only 100 acres of 24 feet depth of water).

14. Has the lowest maximum temperature of any city in Texas.

15. Has the finest beach in America and is a famous summer and winter resort.

16. Has a public free school system unexcelled in the United States.

17. Has never been visited by any epidemic disease since the yellow fever scourge of 1857.

18. Has 40 miles of street railways in operation.

19. Has electric light throughout the city (plant owned by the city).

20. Is the wealthiest city of its size in the United States; has millions invested in docks, warehouses, grain elevators, flouring mills, marine ways, manufacturing and mercantile houses.

21. The first settlement of Galveston was made in 1837. The city is handsomely laid out upon ground which lies very even, elevated six or eight feet above the sea level. Its streets are straight, broad and elegant; those running parallel with the bay are designated as avenues and those at right angles as streets. The city presents a quaint look to the visitor from the North. The streets are flat and sandy, lined on each side by trees that stay green the year round. Nearly all of the residences are built of wood, and are surrounded with high plank or brick walls. Inside these courts are semi-tropical plants, such as banana and wild orange trees, oleanders, gummoli, etc. The city is strikingly similar in appearance to Mobile, Ala., and both are like New Orleans, except upon a smaller scale. The water supply is largely from elevated cisterns or tanks which are set upon the house-tops. There are a number of churches and schools of various kinds, an opera house and seven public halls; there are two libraries, two theatres, three market places and 14 hotels; in public buildings Galveston has a postoffice, a county court house, a county and city prison and a city hall.

22. The population of Galveston is about 39,000.

THE LEGION OF HONOR.

History of the Order Instituted by Napoleon.

The order of the Legion of Honor was instituted in May, 1802, by Napoleon as consul. In class it is an order of distinction and reward for civil and military services. Under the first empire the distinction conferred invested the person decorated with the rank of legionary officer, commander, grand officer or grand cross. Napoleon's ostensible purpose in creating the order was through its medium to protect republican principles and the laws of equality and to abolish difference of rank in society, every social grade being considered eligible. History asserts, though, that his real purpose was to popularize the idea of personal distinction, and thereby pave the way for the more exclusive titles of nobility that were to accompany it! The proposal for its institution was at first violently opposed by the legislative body and the tribunate on democratic grounds; but it was eventually carried by a narrow majority. The three great classes created by the order were the grand officers, commanders and legionaries. Later, Napoleon as emperor, divided the grand officers into knights of the grand eagle (the highest grade) and grand officers. When the Bourbons were restored to the throne the legion was much, but remodeled so as to the eagle was called a cross and the effigy of Napoleon was replaced by that of Henry IV. The knights of the grand eagle became the grand crosses, the legionaries were transformed into knights, and the numerous educational institutions founded by Napoleon for the education of the children of the members of the order were materially

reduced in number. In 1837 a new military class called officers were admitted. When Louis Napoleon became president of the republic part of the property of Louis Philippe, which had been restored to the state, was set apart as an endowment for the legion, and new regulations were made regarding the pensions of the different classes. The original form of the decoration was restored, which under the second empire was much modified. As worn, then, it consisted of a cross of 10 points of white enamel edged with gold, the points connected with a wreath of laurel proper, and in the center, with an azure circle charged



REAR ADMIRAL SICARD.
Rear Admiral Montgomery Sicard died of apoplexy at his summer home in Westerville, N. Y., last Friday morning at 9 o'clock.

with the words, "Napoleon III, Empereur des Français," was a head of the emperor. The cross is ensigued by the imperial crown of France and worn attached to a red ribbon. Since the republic of 1879 was created, the design has been changed again.

The membership of the order in 1872 was 69,179; but by the legislative action this was reduced to 59,208 in 1877. The present membership is about 60,000.

A NEW CENTURY REVIVAL.

Extensive Plans in England and This Country For a Concerted Movement.

Church Evangelist.
All of the free churches of England are joined in an effort to open the new century with a great evangelical revival. Eight days are to be given to the task, apart from the months of preparation, which have already been begun. In this task of preparation the Christian Endeavor and other lay help is brought into use. The meetings will begin on Saturday night, January being the month selected, cover the two following Sundays and terminate on Monday evening. The London meetings are to be held in advance of those in the province; this for local effect.

There are to be six London centres—principal centres, each of which will have many subordinate centres. In other cities of England the number of principal centres, each with subordinate ones, will number from one to six, according to size, and the work is already begun to see that no city, however small, is omitted from the plan. The date will be about a fortnight after the close of the London meetings. Evangelists from one to 10 in number will be sent to each city, according to size, and pastors will help out.

There will be special services for milkmen, for car drivers, for fallen workmen, newspaper boys, etc. Some of these will be held at early hours in the morning, one of them at 3 a. m. They will be held at any hour those for whom they are held can best attend. The aim is, first to reach people of all grades and to provide meetings anywhere and at any times; second, to converge these meetings upon central mass meetings.

There is a movement on foot in this country to make this year a year of prayer and preparation for the incoming new century. A call to this end is issued to the people of the United States and is signed by many representative men, including such names as those of the Rev. Dr. J. H. Barrows, Joseph Strong, Washington Gladwin, Theodore L. Cuyler, C. I. Scofield, and Bishops Gilbert of Minnesota, Leonard of Ohio, Doane of Albany, and Andrews of New York, etc. The appeal is to Christians to make the year one of prayer, work and preparation and education by Bible study and study of missionary and other progressive Christian work, in order that a great revival of religion may be prepared for in the opening year of the new century.

WHERE CHINA'S GOVERNMENT IS.
Description of the City of Refuge Called Si-Gnan.

From the London Globe.

The Empress Dowager, Prince Tuan and other Chinese notabilities whose consciences have assured them of being mainly responsible for the recent outbreak of the anti-foreign movement in China, have fled westward across China to the town which may be said to represent the very cradle of the Chinese Empire of today. The fugitives have left Peking for the interior of China, and it is said that they are on their way to the famous city of Si-Gnan, the capital of the province of Shen-Si, and situated on an affluent of the Hoel-Ho. Si-Gnan is about 600 miles southwest of Peking as the crow flies, and it is regarded as practically the end of the question to follow the fugitives with anything like a properly organized punitive force. The choice of Si-Gnan as a city of refuge by the upholders of the political creed, "China for the Chinese," is certainly very fitting.

The city is said to have been built in the twelfth century before the Christian era, and at this day, after Peking, the most important town in Northern China and the capital of the entire northwest of China, so far as extent, population and trade are concerned. Times out of number Si-Gnan has been destroyed, and has arisen again out of

its ruins; but in spite of this varying fortune it has always maintained its importance as the great entrepot of the trade between the Western world and the centre of China.

Today the population of China consists of Tibetans, Mongolians, Tartars and Mohammedans. The last named became Chinese subjects after the great Jaham revolt which lasted from 1885 to 1873. The town contains a colossal stone statue of Buddha, and a mural tablet kept in one of the temples is probably the oldest existing evidence of Christian mission activity in that part of Asia, as it speaks of the Nestorian Mission of the year 781. The name of this town, one of the oldest in the whole world, is really Shangan, which means "everlasting peace." Baron von Richthofen visited Si-Gnan in the sixties, and he has left on record the following description of the place:

Si-Gnan is still an imposing city, and it is really the capital of Northwestern China, although the governor general of Shen-Si and Kamsu prefers to reside in Lan-Tehou on account of the large extent of extramural territory committed to his care. On approaching Si-Gnan from the east there is nothing in the character of the country to bespeak the approach to a great capital. At the end of a ravine lying between two terraces the long straight city walls of Si-Gnan come suddenly into view. The city lies four squares, and has a main entrance gate in the middle of each wall, and before each city gate there is an extensive suburb, which is really a little town of itself, and in turn has its own ramparts.

When von Richthofen visited Si-Gnan the city walls had been completely destroyed as they were not able to withstand the attacks made by the Mohammedans. The gates are finer than those in Peking; but the walls are not quite so strongly built as those of the Chinese metropolises. The streets are for the most part laid out at right angles. The houses form a square, of which each side is 10 u, three-quarters of a German mile in length. Within a special rampart, in the most northerly part of the city, are the magistrates' buildings, and the quarters of the Manchou garrison. The Chinese geography books give very accurate details of the ruins of the 36 palaces of olden days, but it is said that these ruins are scarcely to be discovered now. The population of Si-Gnan is estimated at rather more than 1,000,000, and this estimate includes 50,000 Mohammedans.