

common punishment. This prevails everywhere, and the official is very low indeed who cannot order the common man down to be paddled. Every magistrate has his professional paddlers, and many officials, when they go about, have officers who go with them, carrying these instruments of torture. In passing the front gate of the palace one afternoon I saw a number of these kesos, as they are called, with their paddles beside them. Their masters had probably gone in to see the king, and they were waiting outside. These paddles are about six feet long, five inches wide, and perhaps an inch thick in the center, tapering down to a thickness of perhaps three-eighths of an inch at the end. They have small handles, and they are made of a white, hard wood, which is very flexible and elastic. These paddling kesos have a regular guild of their own, and the business often descends from father to son. They are wonderfully expert in the use of the paddle, and the officers carry from two to a hundred of them with them, according to their rank. I had one or two with me during a large part of my tours, but I, of course, did not use them. I can't describe the horrors of this paddling. Many foreigners have witnessed it, but few have been able to get a photograph of it. I have taken two; one was of one of the chair bearers, whom I had my keso tie to the rack to show me just how the paddling was done. He was, of course, not struck, but he was very angry at being placed in what he called a compromising position, and we had quite a row about the matter after we returned home.

HOW THE PADDLING IS DONE.

The other picture represents the paddling actually going on. The man is tied to a board, which lies on the ground on two small blocks of wood. His body is bared from the waist to his ankles, and he lies upon his belly on the plank. There is a rope around his waist which is fastened through a hole in the board, and there are also ropes about his feet, which bind him so tightly that he cannot move. The keso stands behind him with his paddle, and the officers look on to see that he is properly whipped. Often half a dozen men are paddled at the same time in this way. If there are no planks handy, they are laid flat on the ground on their faces, and their feet are sometimes fastened in this position in wooden stocks, so that they cannot move. They are laid out in rows, and each man has his paddler besides him. Each paddler's arms are bare to the shoulder, and they work in unison. They have their paddles raised back over their heads as far as their arms can reach, when they are ready for action, and they bring them down at the cry of the under officials, who, with swords at their sides, stand at the head of the line of half-naked men and yell out a sort of a chant, which sounds something like this: La-hoo-aa hoo-oo. The paddles are raised at the first la, and as the final oo-oo is uttered they are brought down with a crack like a pistol on the bare skin of the men, and the executioners grunt with the exertion. They have a way of pressing the paddle down on the quivering flesh, and of pulling it off with a rub before they raise it.

SANDPAPER THE SKIN FROM THE FLESH. The first strike usually makes a blister, and at the close of the second

the paddle is wet with water or blood. As these executioners drag it off, they rub it into the sand, pressing it there until the kesos again cry La-hoo-aa-hoo-oo. Then the paddles are raised again, and, as they are brought down this time, they are covered with sand. They pound the particles into the flesh, and as the men drag them off they take away the skin as though it were sandpapered. I can give you no conception of the punishment, and when you remember that any official has the right to paddle any man below him, and almost any one of prominence can paddle those of lower rank, you can get some idea of the condition of affairs in this country. I believe the people must be naturally kind, or life here would be a hell to the masses. As it is, some times men are killed by paddling. Fifty blows would surely do it, and the ordinary dose is about twelve strokes. Much paddling will reduce the flesh to a jelly, and even after slight punishment men have to be lifted up and carried away. They cannot rise of themselves. This paddling goes on in the army, and a general or a colonel can paddle a private, and the privates paddle the citizens, and so it goes. There is such a thing as bribing the paddlers, so that they pretend to kill the man, but moderate the stroke as it comes down and only punish him slightly. In fact, bribery is possible from the top to the bottom of Korean official life, and there will have to be an entire reorganization of the whole system of government here before the people can have prosperity or peace. The king, it must be remembered, knows but little of the horrors that go on under his government. He has been doing the best he could for his people, and the rebellion has been against the officials and not against him.

Frank G. Carpenter

THE FIRE FIEND.

ST. PAUL, Minn., Sept. 3.—Later details simply confirm the reports received yesterday as to the magnitude of the Hinckley disaster. The most conservative estimate of deaths in the six towns of Pine county are 362, and from that figures go up to 1,000. Although the exact number of dead will never be known, enough is known to make this one of the most appalling disasters in American history. As to the property loss, all thoughts have been of death and few could be made to talk about their business losses. It is probable that the loss at and around Hinckley will exceed \$2,000,000, although no careful estimates have yet been made, nor can they be made where all papers and records have gone up in the same flames that so quickly devoured all the houses, the vegetation and almost the land in a large section of pine country.

Yardmaster Dave Williams of Duluth has proved himself a hero. He is the man who grasped the situation, acted on his knowledge, and promptly relieved the people of Sandstone. He received a message from Miller last night which said: "There are 150 people at Sandstone without food or shelter. For God's sake get them out of there."

Within an incredibly short time an engine in charge of Yardmaster Wil-

liams was on the way to Sandstone. The entire road, after the burned district was reached, was patrolled, and the engine kept up a continual whistling so that any person who might be near the track would come at once to the track. When the train arrived at Sandstone junction, or Miller, as it is generally called, it was met by nearly the entire population of Sandstone and Miller. The depot platform at Miller had been burned and there was not a house left standing anywhere in view. About 170 persons were taken on board and a messenger was sent to Sandstone which informed the people of the arrival of the relief. Very few remained and they were those with loved ones lying dead. No one was burned seriously who was not fatally injured. There was no attempt to care for the dead who were scattered through the streets of the town. Everything inflammable at Sandstone was destroyed and today's investigation brought the number of the dead at that place up to sixty-one with twenty-one people missing. Mr. Webster, the father of Mayor Lee Webster, of this town, was among the dead and this afternoon Mr. Webster went to Sandstone to bury his father and mother. The scene at Sandstone as described by Mr. Webster was heart-rending.

At Hinckley the visible situation had materially improved over night. Thirty or forty caskets and boxes, with their gruesome contents, still lay along the track where they were placed last night. No attempt has been made to dress or embalm the bodies, and they were already growing very offensive. Fortunately the day was cool and cloudy, and grateful showers fell at intervals during the forenoon.

Out in the little cemetery, a mile east of town, was a scene which words are absolutely powerless to describe. At best the little spot would be dreary, as could be well imagined. There were only a few little sandy, unsodden mounds before. Now, blackened with fire, scarred stumps and fallen trunks of trees all about, it presented an appearance of desolation hard to describe.

In the center, in an indiscriminate heap, lay more than ninety corpses—men, women and little children, some burned to a crisp, others only browned by heat, and none with a fragment of clothing larger than a man's hand to conceal their awful nakedness. Some were mere trunks, the extremities having been burned off.

From cracked abdomens intestines were protruding. Skulls were burned and brains escaping, and all the corpses were twisted and cramped. A force of men were quickly at work digging a shallow trench. The sandy soil was as hard as flint. It had been baked to a crust by weeks of drought and almost solidified by the fire, and work progressed slowly. Off in a corner of the clearing smaller graves were being dug for Mrs. Wm. Grisinger and her two baby girls, Caroline, aged 6, and Mabel, aged 3. The husband and father had recognized them in a ghastly heap. Another grave was for the Best family, whose numbers make their destruction notable even at this time of death.

The fire first struck Hinckley on the east side of the Duluth track, and the