

This was not reached until one of the excavations extended thirty feet below the surface, when at the foundation level of several houses were found many human skeletons, scattered about the floors as though they had fallen there by some sudden casualty. Some were lying down, and others were in the sitting posture, just as they were overtaken by the storm of mud and water which sealed their fate and consigned them to the tomb unattended by funeral service or ceremony. When these skeletons were removed from the debris, some of them broke and crumbled, but others remained firm. Several of them were over six feet in length, two or three nearly seven feet. Many were in a good state of preservation, some being very beautiful in form. One in particular attracted attention from its perfection and symmetry. As was the case with most of them, the forehead was broad and high, the cheek bones prominent, and the chin projecting. The finely molded hands and feet indicated refinement and cultivation. What was the occupation, the character of the one whose frame it had been in life, and who will claim it in the resurrection?

"Say, did these fingers delve the mine,
Or with its envied rubies shine?
To hew the rock or wear the gem
Can little now avail to them.
But if the page of truth they sought,
Or comfort to the mourner brought,
These hands a richer meed shall claim
Than all that wait on wealth or fame.

Avails it whether bare or shod
These feet the path of duty trod?
If from the bowers of ease they fled,
To seek affliction's humble shed;
If grandeur's guilty bribe they spurned,
And home to virtue's cot returned;
These feet with angel wings shall vie,
And tread the palace of the sky."

In several vases in the rooms excavated was noticeable a feature which might lead one to believe that this people had esteemed the head as the noble part of the body, and at death had it severed from the trunk and kept it as a sacred relic. In glazed clay vases, ornamented with crude figures in gaudy colors, were many human skulls. In some of the vases these heads were placed in an upright position, the chin on a level with the rim of the vase; in others they were face upward. In some, and it probably had been the case with all, precious stones were placed in the mouth, and what appeared to be nose jewels lay in the nasal cavity.

From what has been uncovered there is no doubt that the place was a thickly populated city, of whose record the natives have lost all knowledge. The relics have not been examined yet by archaeologists, who may be able to give some additional light on the manners and customs of the stranger dead. There is much more excavating to do, and probably further rich finds in store. The excellent state of preservation and the undoubted great antiquity of the relics, the ethnological suggestions of the carvings and sculpture, and the degree of culture indicated by the paintings, engravings, and other features, make the place especially attractive to investigators; and it is believed by those who have visited the place, some of them persons of education and experience, that this buried city is of far greater antiquity than anything of the kind heretofore unearthed in that part of the continent, which is recognized as

the earliest home of civilization in North America, at least in post-diluvian days.

The tragedy which placed the city in its present location, twelve to thirty feet or more below ground, may never be written more elaborately than it is given by the historian whose words are quoted at the opening of this article. The story is terrible as it is brief. Probably in the raging storm which disturbed earth when its Redeemer hung upon the cross, the cataclysm which enveloped them swept with it from the mountain above the vast quantities of mud and sand which transformed a city of life into a city of the dead. That is a fate the prophetic vision decreed for many cities in this land of promise; that is the record made for the same by the historian of ancient America; that is the evidence which the present appearance of the city on the slopes of Volcan de Agua offers to the observant eye and mind. It is the whole narrative of destruction yet given to the world.

"Such the brief page thy story fills—
Thou ancient city of the hills.
E'en while I gaze night's gloomy shade
Is gathering, as the moonbeams fade,
Around thy walls they faintly play—
They tremble—gleam—then flit away—
They fade—they vanish down the dell,
Lone city of the hills, farewell."

GRÆME.

COREA'S BIGGEST SQUEEZER.

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THE MAN who has had more to do with the oppression of the Korean people, and who was to a large extent the cause of the rebellion is going about Seoul today with hundreds of followers. He rides in a chair, seated on a leopard skin, and he has a house containing scores of rooms. He is said to be a millionaire. A few years ago he was worth practically nothing. He has made his immense fortune by squeezing the people, and by his relationship to the queen. His name is Min Yung Jun. He is now about forty years old, but he is one of the greatest political strikers of the world, and he is an adept in the selling of offices and in getting money out of the people. A part of his receipts have gone to the king, but a large amount has stuck to his own clothes. He first showed his efficiency in this line as governor of Ping Yang, a city of perhaps 150,000 inhabitants, which lies within a hundred miles of Seoul. Here he was nicknamed by the people as "Stove Min" because he burned up everything he touched, and he is now called Buddha Min, probably for his supreme cheek of ascribing everything about him to his own nirvana. I have secured a photograph of him, with a lot of his dancing girls behind him, and his son at his side. His feet rest upon a leopard skin, and he is by no means a bad-looking Korean. He has evidently great organizing powers, and he has

brought office brokerage down to a system.

A LAND OF SQUEEZERS.

Corea, like China, is a land of squeezers. Officials who are paid something like \$500 a year are expected to squeeze about \$5,000 annually from the people. There is no security of property in Corea, and hence no incentive for the people to accumulate. If a man lays up money and the magistrates find it out, they have one of their under strappers accuse him of some crime. False witnesses are plenty, and they can whip the man or torture him until he pays something to be let go. Sometimes poor men are arrested on such charges. When tortured they say they have nothing and can give nothing. The reply often is, "You have a rich uncle, or a rich cousin, and he must pay this amount for you." As to the officials, they must get their money out of the people, and if they pay high prices for their offices they have got to oppress their subjects. Until within the last year or so the magistrates were allowed to have terms of from two to three years. The prices of the offices were high. By judicially apportioning their oppressions over this time they could squeeze enough to make a profit and still let the people live. The wants of the court and of the officials, however, have increased within late years. The debt to China has eaten up a great part of the revenue, and Min Yung Jun has supplied the deficit by cutting down the terms for which the magistrates are appointed. At the same time he has not decreased the price of their offices, and they have had to squeeze all the money they could possibly get out of the people in order to come out even at the end of nine months instead of three years. The result is that in some parts of Corea starvation practically stares the people in the face, and this was the cause of the rebellion.

The rebellion was not against the king, but against his officials, and had the king not foolishly sent his troops against the rebels he might have escaped his present troubles and the war between China and Japan deferred.

HOW THEY SQUEEZED "CARP."

This squeezing, which exists among the magistrates, runs, in fact, through the whole Korean society. You remember the doggerel which runs something like this:

The biggest fleas have smaller fleas
Upon their backs to bite 'em,
And those small fleas have other fleas,
And so ad infinitum.

Well, the Korean official flea is of all sizes, from this great prime minister, Min Yung Jun, down to the kesos who trot along beside your chair when you go through the city of Seoul. I had four chair-bearers to carry me, and part of the time there was a soldier on each side of us. In addition, there was "Gen." Pak, and I doubt not that every one of them got his percentage out of everything I bought. I had to have the money paid over in my presence to be sure that it would be paid at all, and when Pak bought a cigar for me I venture he always received a cigarette as his commission on the purchase. The Chinaman who kept house for Mr. Power, the electrician to the king, with whom I stopped, got his percentage on the price of every mouthful of food we ate and of everything we bought. I could not hire