

not more than four feet square and was just large enough to contain the rope-maker, who twisted at the coil which lay in rings within the poles on the ground beneath. Here and all along the banks of the river there were hundreds of bamboo huts, many of them no bigger than the top of a canvas-covered wagon and of exactly the same shape. These were the homes of some of the poorest of the million of Hankow and of many beggars. I stopped and photographed some of these as we went by, much to the consternation of their owners, who ran from the camera and called me a foreign devil at the top of their voices.

One attempted to grab my camera, but I gave him a shove backward and jumped into the boat. Similar cries greeted us as we landed at the wharf, where a score of Chinese coolies were unloading the great ingots of steel, which have been brought here from Europe, to make the first rails and to use until the Chinese shall be able to turn out their own steel from their own iron. Other coolies were unloading thousands of bushels of coke, also from Europe, and tois carrying of steel ingots coke and machinery has been going on for months. One of the ships on which I sailed on my way up the river had about 100 tons of these ingots, and its hold was packed with big boxes of heavy machinery. It carried 2,000 bushels of coke, and the captain told me he seldom made a trip without a lot of material for the Hankow rolling mills. Money, in fact, has been flowing out here almost as fast as the current of the Yangtse river, and the viceroy has spent somewhere between five and ten million dollars already. The evidences are apparent that he will have to spend a number of millions more before he gets through, and at the present rate of extravagant mistakes he is likely to bankrupt himself and his state government before he builds his road. In the first place it costs him a fortune to make the foundations of his work. He has, I judge, seventy-five acres, the greater part of which is covered with buildings. There was a hill close by, where he might have located the establishment. He chose, however, the low bed of the river, which is overflowed every spring, and went to work to make it safe from the waters. Laying out his foundations he filled in this vast area to a height of fourteen feet, the dirt being carried by coolies at 10 cents a day in little, shovel-like baskets hung to the two ends of a pole, which they rested over their shoulders. It must have taken an army to do it, but it is done, and there is now a railroad running upon it a distance of perhaps a quarter of a mile from the rolling mills to the water. Upon this there were about 100 steel cars and a steam engine or two of European make at the time I entered the yard. The cars were loaded with machinery, and were being hauled to the rolling mills in the rear.

I followed one of the trains. We first came to eight large boilers, near which were what looked like vast hay stacks, but which were sheds of mats, in which the coke was stored. Beyond these there were two massive furnaces for the smelting of the ore. Each was a hundred feet high, and I climbed to the top of one of them by the spiral steps on the outside. Below me I could see the

root of the vast machine shops which are now being filled with expensive works. These shops cover at least twenty-five acres, and there are here that many acres under one iron roof. A railroad runs by their side, and a smoke stack 150 feet high rises in the air behind them. Beyond them in the distance you see the buildings of the viceroy's arsenal, where he is making modern rifles and other guns, and near this is a brick works, where bricks are being made with the latest of improved European machinery. I entered the machine shops. The din of an immense boiler factory greeted my ears, and I found myself in the midst of hundreds of Chinese machinists, who were working in putting up all sorts of rolling mills and machinery. A large part of the works is already up, but it takes time to build a shop of this magnitude anywhere, and in China things go very slowly. The viceroy has been spending so much that he has reached the end of his pile, and he is now waiting to get an advance from Peking. The government, however, is getting ready for the celebration of the sixtieth anniversary of the birthday of the empress dowager, and upon this will be spent enough to build a road from Peking to Canton, and the people will be taxed in consequence. It is not so easy, however, to overtax the Chinamen, as it is in other so-called savage countries, and the government is trying to economize in every way. There is a railroad being built in the northern part of the empire, and the regular appropriation set aside for this has been \$2,000,000 a year. I see by today's translation of the Peking Gazette that it has been decided by the board of revenue of the emperor to omit the appropriation this year in order to use the money to whoop it up for the old dowager. It will put the road back ten months, but this makes no difference to the Chinese.

This northern railway is the only working road in China. I expect to go to Tientsin and travel over it. I understand that it has been pushed rapidly within the past year or so toward the Manchurian frontier, and that it was of service to the government in the recent rebellion there. It is for the purposes of defense that the Chinese will build railroads. The best thing that could happen to the country would be a first-class war with the foreign powers. This would lead to the pushing out of, enterprise in every direction. Roads would be built, and their bottom-hole eyelids would be stretched far enough apart for them to see that China is by no means the center of the earth, at the supposition. This northern road was first built to take coal from the mines to the Taku forts and the naval ships. When I was in China, five years ago, it was only about eighty miles long. It has, I am told, now about reached the great wall, and will soon penetrate Mongolia. There are now two factions here in favor of railways. One wants them as a means of defense, and the other wants them for commercial purposes. Neither, however, would advise the bringing of foreign capital to build them; and their motto is "China for the Chinese."

We went back to the city after visiting the arsenal, which was much the same as the one I saw at Kiagnan, though not so large, by the river Han; and as we did so I got a picture of one

of the railroad cars of the China of the past. It was a buffalo cart, with wheels as large as the front wheels of a farm wagon, made of a single block of wood and fastened to the axle with a wooden pin. The shafts were tied to the axle, and there was not enough iron about the whole to have made a hair pin.

The chief freight car here is a wheelbarrow made entirely different from those I have seen in other parts of the empire. It is longer and it has handles at the front as well as in the rear. Two men usually work it when the loads are heavy, and I have seen a ton carried on one of these barrows. They are made with a screechin bamboo attachment, and there is no iron about them except the tires. The pieces are pinned together with wood and tied with rawhide strings. Each barrow costs about \$5 and it will last, it is said, for a lifetime. In some parts of China there are wheelbarrows which have sails fastened above them in order that the wind may help the men who push them along the road. These wheelbarrows, the Chinese cart and the boat form now the passenger cars of these millions of people. Hundreds of thousands of tons of goods are carried over the country on the shoulders and backs of men every day and the traffic of the far north is largely freighted by little, fuzzy donkeys and big, wooly camels.

Frank G. Carpenter

NORTHERN STATES MISSION.

COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA,

May 21, 1894.

Having filled the time allotted to my labors here, and before leaving for another portion of the Lord's vineyard, I thought it might be acceptable to your valuable journal to receive a few items regarding the work in the old Winter Quarters of the Latter-day Israel exodus. The Iowa conference was organized May 8th 1887, by Wm. M. Palmer, president of the Northern States mission. It then comprised only the states of Iowa and Nebraska, with a membership of 51. In July of the same year Kansas was added, and in the summer of 1889 the states of Wisconsin, Minnesota and North and South Dakota were included within its geographical limits.

During the seven years of its existence the number of the Elders laboring in the Iowa conference has varied from eight to fifteen. Sixty-one members have emigrated to Zion. At the close of last year there were 117 members and 151 souls, counting children blessed. Elder Wm. J. Butterworth is now president of the conference and twelve other Elders labor under his direction.

The branch at Council Bluffs, comprising 14 members, is presided over by Elder Robert Huntington, son of the late lamented Elder Robert Huntington, whose many acts of kindness and unbounded generosity are held in grateful remembrance by hundreds of Latter-day Saints. The honored widow of this worthy man still furnishes the branch here with the same comfortable hall at 104 Broadway, third floor, well furnished with chairs, chandeliers and well filled lamps. Two deacons, Robert Halladay and Brother Jones, keep the house in neat, orderly