

are through he throws it back into a separate pail of water and waits for another customer to take off the rest. One of the chief meats sold is pork, and you see hogs trotting about through the streets of Peking. They wallow in the puddles right under the shadow of the emperor's palaces, and they are the dirtiest hogs in the world. There are all sorts of game for sale in the markets, and you can get snipe and quail and squirrels of all kinds. The Chinese are the best raisers of poultry in the world. They have duck farms and goose farms, and they know all about artificial incubation. They sell great quantities of dried geese and dried ducks, and they carry bushel-baskets full of dried ducks about the city for sale. They sell all kinds of fruit and they are adepts in the raising of the choicest of vegetables. They bury their grape vines in the north in the winter, and you can buy your nuts by the bushel. As to cats, dogs and rats, I did not see any sold in Peking, and I don't believe that the better classes are accustomed to use them. I am told, however, that such cats as are sold in the south are raised and fattened especially for the market, and that their diet is usually rice. Dogs flesh is supposed, by the people, to give heroic properties to those who feed on it, and the same effect is produced by bears' meat and the ground-up bones of wild tigers. These things ought to bring a high price just now in Peking, for the people certainly have reason to increase their courage. Another queer article that you see in the Peking market is false hair. I passed several places where long-queued Chinamen stood beside a board upon which were hung long bunches of black Chinese locks. Each of these was a false pigtail, and it is said that one of the chief articles of export from Corea to China is human hair. The Chinese braid extra locks into their queues and they often patch out their queues with silk thread.

I might write a full letter about the queer things shown in the Chinese part of the city of Peking. I could tell you of a vast business done in gold and silver paper which the Chinese burn at the graves to furnish their dead with money to pay their passage to heaven. I could show you shops selling nothing but coffins, in which single articles of this kind cost as high as four thousand dollars, and where the dutiful son often buys his father a coffin and makes it a present to the old man years before his death. I could tell you of stores where thousands of dollars' worth of incense or joss sticks are sold every month, and I could take you into establishments which sell nothing but birds and gold fishes. There are big stores full of furniture and shops which make nothing but porcelain stoves. There are places where wood is sold in bundles by weight and establishments where coal dust is mixed up with mud and sold in lumps the size and shape of a base ball at so much apiece. There are great markets for the selling of chickens and flowers, and all sorts of toy stores, and stores for the selling of paper and cloth. There are lock peddlers by hundreds and hardware establishments, and if you are very hard up and in want of a meal I can show you a little hole round the corner where you can get camel's meat soup and mule roast at low prices. There are places for gambling and crime

museum shows. There are restaurants of every description and opium joints without number. There are, in fact, stores of every sort and description, and the best things in China come to Peking.

The most interesting part of Peking, however, is the big Tartar city. It is the capital of one-third of the population on the globe, and in it lives the son of heaven, the Emperor of China, to whom all his subjects must bend their knees. It contains the thousands of Manchu officials, the foreign legations, the government departments and all the paraphernalia of this queer Chinese court. It is the most interesting city on the face of the globe, and its sights really beggar description. From the walls the whole city looks like an immense orchard, with here and there one-story buildings shining out through the trees. In its center there is a walled off enclosure filled with massive buildings, roofed with yellow tiles. This is the imperial city, in the innermost parts of which is a brick pen inclosing several square miles, where the emperor lives, surrounded by eunuchs. He is perhaps the rarest bird in the whole Chinese aviary, and I will follow this with a special letter describing some of his antics. He is kept apart from Chinese and foreigners, and you might live in Peking fifty years and not see him. He really knows nothing about his people or his surroundings, and he is a sort of a puppet who stands still or dances when his highest officials or the old empress dowager pulls at the string.

No better idea of the condition of the government of China could be gotten than by a trip through this Tartar city. It is one of the oldest towns in the world. It was founded more than a thousand years before Christ, and it has been the capital of millions for ages. It ought to be the greatest city on the face of the globe, but there is no spot more filthy and slimy and foul. The city knows nothing of modern improvements. It is cut up into wide streets, but the roads have no sidewalks, and the rude Chinese carts sink up to their hubs as they move through the city. There are no water closets. The streets are the sewers, and the most degraded savage of our western plains has a greater regard for the exposure of his person than have these pig-tailed, silk-dressed, gaudy, fat Pekingese. The city has absolutely no sanitary improvements, and the street lamps are framework boxes backed with white paper, and they are seldom lighted except during full moon. It is absolutely unsafe to move about in the night-time without a lantern, if you wish to keep your feet clean, and you have to balance yourself in the day to keep out of the mud. All of the houses are of one story, and the government departments look more like broken-down barns than the offices of a great empire.

I went one morning to visit the state department, and as I looked at it I thought of our great building of the State, War and Navy, which cost, you know, more than ten million dollars, and which is the biggest granite building in the world. The street was a mud puddle, and I hugged low, shakily buildings till I finally came to a gate at which a dirty official was standing. He shook his head as I entered, but I pretended

not to see him, and pushed my way in. I entered a court, which looked for all the world like a barn yard surrounded by low wooden stables, with heavy tiled roofs. This court was filled with donkeys, horses and dogs, and half-naked children sprawled in front of the doors to these buildings, which were, in fact, the offices of the department. The buildings were filled with clerks, who wrote away at bare tables, the light coming in through latticework walls backed with white paper. They scowled at me as I looked, and one of them gave me to understand that I had better move on. I next visited the famous Hanlin College. It was worse than the state department, and everything about it was shabby and going to seed. I tried to get into the board of punishments, where the horrible cruelties which the Chinese government metes out to its rebels and criminals are passed upon, and where torture is common, but I was stopped at the door and was positively told that I could not go in. It was the same with all the government departments. They could not have been shabbier had they been knocked up out of odd pieces of old Noah's ark, and everything was filthy and the picture of ruin. The only really new things in the city seemed to be the clothes of the officials, and I laughed again and again as I saw these mandarins bow down in the mud and go through the forms of the Chinese court amid their filthy surroundings. They are among themselves, as far as words go, the most polite of all nations, and they look upon us as boors and barbarians. The most of the people believe that they will conquer the world, and I doubt whether a thousand out of the million and a half people in Peking know anything of the Japanese victories. The court officials distribute all sorts of lies, and they have probably told the people that they have whipped the Japanese on both land and on sea, and that the mikado will be brought to Peking. The majority of the citizens of the Chinese capital really believe that America is subject to China. They think that Col. Denby is sent to the capital to pay Uncle Sam's tribute to their emperor, and this, I am told, is their opinion as to every foreign legation. They have nicknamed the street upon which the foreign ministers live "the street of the subject nations," and they would consider it a disgrace to ask our minister to dinner, and I venture that Col. Denby has never been on intimate terms with a dozen high-class Chinese officials. This, I know, will seem strange to Americans, but it is actually the truth.

Peking is the most cosmopolitan city. We have in America only the Chinese of South China. These come from the hot countries at the southern part of the empire, and they are small and lean in comparison with the people of the north. They dress differently, and they have a different dialect and different habits and customs. Peking is frozen up for six months of the year, and you can have ice sledging on the Peiho at Christmas. I found the people of every Chinese state different, and the dialects are as various as the languages of Europe. Here in Peking you find representatives of every Chinese state, and there are celestials from all the big cities. Tibet, Mongolia, Manchuria and parts of Afghanistan are all tributary to China, and