WAYS THAT ARE DARK.

The Terrible Traffic in Young Chinese Girls in Canada.

KIDNAPPED AND TORTURED.

Christian People in Victoria Rescue Them by Strategy.

A Winnipeg letter says: Rev. J. Starr, who has spent a year and a half in Victoria, B. C., is here attending the Methodist Missions' Board. In view of the prominent part that he has played in fighting the immoral traffic in girls the reverend gentleman was questioned about it. The women are captured in China and smuggled out to America, where they are sold to keepers of houses of prostitution. The ages of females stolen in this way ranged from 9 and 10 years to 20. The younger the female the more valuable is she deemed. Although most of them are kidnapped in China, some are heartlessly sold by their parents for the traffic. They are smuggled into the country under the guise of being wives to Chinamen. Once in the country they are practically slaves, being the property of the keepers, who paint them up and set them in the doorway of their dens, to solicit men as they pass.

BARBAROUSLY TORTURED.

If they do not comply they are terribly abused, sometimes being burned and bruised. One little girl, who had been rescued through his instrumentality, had one ear partially burned off, besides many burns and bruises about her body. When they enter the country a blackmail tax of $100 a head is extracted by a secret society known as "Highbinders." This is a society which is very powerful in China and every town where the traffic in girls is carried on. It is formed of Chinamen usually very wealthy. In consideration of the tax being paid the society gives the person buying the "slave" a guarantee that they will resist all efforts to rescue the person, and pay all legal expenses in connection therewith. So that in rescuing these poor unfortunates they had to fight this wealthy society, which had plenty of money and did not scruple to use it. At one time, Mr. Starr said, he had $11,500 worth of the "slaves" in his possession, so that it was not to be wondered at that his efforts to rescue would be resisted. He found it very difficult work, as the people of Victoria, and the police in particular, were very apathetic and seemed to take no interest in the matter. Fortunately there were two or three who gave noble assistance in the effort to stamp out the evil. A little home was established next to the parsonage where those who were rescued were taken and educated and taught the way of life. At first a few of them had to give the money to keep the institution going, but the Women's Missionary Society had taken it over and were now conducting it. Quite a number of poor unfortunates had been rescued; four had been sent back to China to their parents, and there were now six or seven in the home. The poor things were so abused and injured that they abhorred the business which their cruel keepers compelled them to follow. If one of the rescued did anything wrong in the home, all that was necessary to make them do right was to threaten to send them back to Chinatown. They would just as soon, said Mr. Starr,

BE SENT TO HELL.

as back to Chinatown. He told some interesting stories about the capture of these poor unfortunates. There were decent Chinamen who abhorred the traffic, and who assisted in stamping it out. It did not take long till the establishment of the home was known. Then some well-disposed Chinaman or woman would give information about a certain girl in a certain house who wanted to escape. A cab was procured, and a few of them would start for the place. The cab would be left a block away, then a Chinaman would go carelessly to the house where the girl was, ask to see her, and the moment he got his hands on her would rush out, when the others would join him, and a rush would be made for the cab. In a moment or two the whole neighborhood would be roused and a big chase made, but they usually managed to get off.

THE VICTORIA POLICE.

The chief of police was on one occasion applied to for assistance to rescue an unfortunate. He refused to send an officer along. One policeman, however, volunteered to go, and the rescuing party started. To their disgust, however, they found that intelligence of their intention had preceded them, and the girl they were after had been spirited away. Several hundred Chinese, most of them "Highbinders," were on hand to resist them if necessary. They did not carry any weapons, save a heavy cane. The Chinese were naturally cowards, and not likely to fight. The next morning a telegram was received from Nanaimo, stating that the girl they were after had been captured there and would be brought down. About 150 "Highbinders" were at the station to rescue her by force, but fortunately the provincial police had been telegraphed to, and were on hand to prevent a rescue. When the poor girl was finally got to the home, she was quite stupid from the effect of some hellish drug administered to her. She afterwards stated that she had

BEEN DRUGGED FOR DAYS.

It was with great difficulty that her life was saved, as the drug had taken a deep effect upon her system. So effective had been the campaign against the immoral traffic that for the past six months Mr. Starr did not think there had been a single prostitute landed. A Mr. Gardner, of the Customs department, who was an excellent man in every sense of the word, had been so vigilant and earnest in watching the ships that no subjects had escaped his notice. Thus to this gentleman alone much was due for the excellent results so far attained. So earnest was he for the salvation of the souls of the poor Chinese that he had resolved to go to China as a missionary, and he would shortly leave for that purpose. He had been born and educated in China and spoke the language fluently.

SOME GOOD CHINESE.

Mr. Starr said he would not like it to be understood that there were no good Chinese in Victoria. Although the scum of Chinese society usually find their way to this continent, still there were many Chinamen in Victoria whose word is as good as their bond to almost any amount of money at the custom house and banks. There are many decent men who have large establishments and who do a large business. The great objection on the coast to the Chinamen is that they never become citizens to the country. Even their bones must be sent back to China for burial. As laborers he had to bear testimony to their faithfulness and reliability. If they promised to do a certain job it would be done; if they were engaged to be on hand at a certain hour they would be there. They were sober, industrious and faithful, and if they were driven out of Victoria he really could not see what the town would do. They were the hewers of wood and drawers of water. They were the cooks, the domestics and the scavengers of the place.

A FOOLHARDY VOYAGE ENDED.

Further Particulars of Captain Andrews Venture in His Little Dory.

Captain William A. Andrews and his little vessel, the Dark Secret, arrived in New York harbor Wednesday forenoon. The Dark secret is in comparatively good condition, although its bottom has not seen water for many a day. Captain Andrews, it will be remembered, is one of those foolhardy mariners whose sole ambition seems to be to cross the Atlantic in as frail a craft as can be turned out by a boat builder. After much preparation and considerable advertising, he sailed from Point of Pines, near Boston, Monday, June 18th, 1888, for Europe, in the Dark Secret, as he christened his little boat. It is only 14 feet 9 inches long. He went alone, and did not have on board even a stray cat or a yellow dog for companionship. His larder was well stocked with jerked beef, salt pork, canned goods and hard tack. He also carries as much fresh water as his limited space would allow. Since his departure he has been hailed by several passing vessels, to whom he reported he was all right and sangunine of completing his voyage. Of late nothing has been heard of him, and by many it was though the foolhardy mariner had found a watery grave. Such would in all probability had been his fate had it not been for Capt. Bjonedss, of the Norwegian bark Nor. On Aug. 19th Capt Bjonedss of the Nor sighted something to windward during the forenoon, which, through his glass he supposed to be a portion of a shipwreck. On getting closer to, it was discovered that the object was the frail craft above mentioned. Captain Andrews had been sixty days on the water in it without tasting a warm meal, and was so weak and emaciated that he had to be assisted on board the Nor. Capt. Andrews and his brother crossed the Atlantic in a little vessel called the Nautilus, in 1878. The voyage occupied forty-five days. The Captain says he will again make the effort to cross the ocean in the Dark Secret, and will start next spring.

Yellow Fever Experience.

"How is the fever usually treated?" It isn't usually treated in any particular way. Every time that it breaks out the doctors have to experiment, under guidance of former experiences, of course, till they find out what treatment is best; for what answers well in one outbreak frequently won't answer at all well in another. Sometimes, as in Savannah the last time the fever was there, dry quinine on the tongue seems to answer best. Sometimes other means are more effective. The champagne treatment is perhaps more generally effective than any other, but there is rarely enough of that costly medicine at command to supply the need in an epidemic. The late Dr. Gabriel Disosway Ayres, of Brooklyn, once told me that, on one occasion, he was in a British West India town when the fever was present there. He was travelling with a friend and the two remained a week on the island. One evening they dined with a physician there and next morning learned that he had died during the night with the fever. "I thought it time for men who had no business there to get away," said Dr. Ayres, "and we took ship the next day for Havana. In the night my friend was seized with the fever, and I treated him with champagne without saying anything about it to alarm the passengers. When he was out of danger I told the captain, who at once and very impressively said: "If you let anybody in Havana know that you poured champagne in a man with yellow fever they'll hang you.'" The doctor inferred that the champagne treatment, though a favorite one with British physicians, was at that time unknown among the Spanish. Curiously enough, I believe any other form of alcoholic stimulation in yellow fever kills with something of the precision of a Remington rifle, and, of course, men who are hard drinkers are doomed if they once get yellow fever. For that matter such men are doomed if they get any virulent disease, and upon affection I may say they are doomed anyhow.—*New York Com. Adv.*

Sire of the Sutherland Sisters.

Fletcher Sutherland, the aged father of the famous seven Sutherland sisters, died at his country home near Lockport, N. Y., on Thursday, of paralysis, aged 73 years. His daughters are known the world over as the seven long-haired sisters. He was a well-known figure wherever he went, always wearing a long seal-skin coat, even in summer. He was a prominent Methodist minister at one time, but left his calling as soon as his daughters took to the stage

How to Get Him to Church.

A New York politician is so fond of being "deadheaded" everywhere that when some of his friends were debating how to get him to attend church one of them said: "Charge an admission fee and he'll be after a pass before breakfast."—*Shoe and Leather Reporter.*

Why the Parson Beat a Retreat.

A pastor some time since sought financial help for an important charity. Among those whom he asked to give something was a lady who, unfortunately, bore a vinegary face. She declined to give money, but promised to "lend her countenance," to the cause. He retired in dismay.

A Reader of Character.

Mendicant—Please help poor blind man?

Kind Old Lady—Blind? Why, bless me, yes; there's a dime for you.

Mendicant—Thank ye, heartily, ma'am. I knowed the minnit I see ye comin' ye was a kind-hearted ole 'ooman.

AROUND AGAIN.

The Poetic Young Woman Revists the Practical but Sympathetic Editor.

"If you please, sir," said the young lady, timidly, as the exchange editor handed her a chair, "I have composed a few verses, or partially composed them, and I thought you might help me finish them and then print them. Ma says they are real nice as far as they go, and pa takes your paper regularly."

She was a handsome creature, with beautiful blue eyes, and a crowning glory as yellow as golden rods. There was an expectant look on her face, a hopefulness that appealed to the holiest emotions, and the exchange editor made up his mind not to crush that pure heart, if he never struck a lick.

"May I show you the poetry?" continued the ripe, red mouth. "You will see that I could not get the last line of the verses, and if you would please be so kind as to help me——"

Help her? Though he had never even read a line of poetry, the exchange editor felt the spirit of the divine art flood in his soul, as he yielded to the bewildering music. Help her! Well, he should smile.

"The first verse runs like this," she went on, taking courage from his eyes:

How softly sweet the autumn air,
The dying woodland fills,
And Nature turns from restless care—

"To anti-bilious pills!" added the exchange editor, with a jerk. "Just the thing. It rhymes and it's so. You take anybody, now. Half the people you meet are—"

"I suppose you know best," interrupted the young girl. "I hadn't thought of it in that way, but you have a better idea of such things. Now the second verse reads like this—

The dove-eyed kine upon the moor
Look tender, meek and sad,
While from the valley comes the roar—

"Of matchless liver pad!" roared the exchange editor. "There you get it. This finishes the second so as to match with the first. It combines the fashion with poetry, and carries the right idea home to the fireside. If I only had your ablity in starting a verse, with my genius in winding it up, I'd quit the shears and open in the poetry business to-morrow."

"Think so?" asked the fair young lady. "It don't strike me as keeping the theme."

"You don't want to. You want to break the theme here and there. The reader likes it better. Oh, yes; where you keep up the theme it gets monotonous."

"Perhaps that's so," rejoined the beauty, brightening up. "I didn't think of that. Now, I'll read the third verse:

How sadly droops the dying day
As night springs from the glen,
And moaning twilight seems to say—

"'The old man's drunk again', wouldn't do, would it?" asked the exchange editor. "Somebody else wrote that, and we might be accused of plagiarism. We must have this thing original. Suppose we say—now just suppose we say, 'Why did I spout my Ben?'"

"Is that new?" inquired the sweet, rosy lips. "At least I never heard it before. I don't know what it means."

"New! 'Deed it's new. Ben is the Presbyterian name for overcoat, spout means hock. 'Why did I spout my Ben?' means why did I shove my topper. That's just what twilight would think of first, you know. O! don't be afraid, that's just immense."

"Well, I'll leave it to you," said the glorious girl, with a smile that pinned the exchange editor's heart to his spine. "This is the fourth verse:

The merry milkmaid's sombre song
Re-echoes from the rocks,
As silently she trips along—

"With holes in beth her socks, by Jove!" cried the delighted editor. "You see——"

"Oh! no, no!" remonstrated the blushing maiden, "not that!"

"Certainly," protested the exchange editor, warming up. "Nine to four she's got 'em; and you get fidelity to fact, with a wealth of poetical expression. The worst of poetry generally is, you can't state things as they are. It ain't like prose. But here we've busted all the established notion and put up an actual existence with a veil of genuine poetry over it. I think that's the best idea we have struck yet."

"I don't seem to look at it as you do; but, of course, you are the best judge. Pa thought I ought to say:

As silently she treads along
In autumn's mellow tracks.

"Wouldn't that do?"

"Do! Just look at it. Does tracks rhyme to rocks? Not in our paper it doesn't. Besides, when you say 'tracks' and 'rocks' you give the impression of some fellow scratching for safety. 'Socks,' on the other hands, rhymes with 'rocks,' and beautifies them, while it touches up the milkmaid, and by describing her condition shows her to be a child of the very picture you are showing up.

"I think you are right," said the sweet angel. "I'll tell pa where he is wrong. This is the way the fifth verse runs:

And close behind the farmer's boy
Trills forth his simple tunes,
And slips behind the maiden coy—

"And splits his pantaloons; done it myself; know just exactly how it is. Why, bless your heart, you—"

Snip, snip, snip. Paste, paste, paste. But it is with a saddened heart that he snips and pastes among his exchanges now. The beautiful vision that for a moment dawned upon him has left but the recollection in his heart of one sunbeam in his life, quenched by the shower of tears with which she denounced him as a "nasty brute," and went out from him forever.—*Somerville Journal.*

Children and Fools.

Mr. Nicefellow (playfully to adored one's little sister)—Won't you let me have a bite of that apple?

Child—No.

Adored one—You must not answer that way. It is not polite.

Child—But, sister, he got such an awful big mouth that there won't be any apple left.

An Unknown Species.

New Governess—"Now, my dear, in what zoological classification would you place man?"

Pretty Girl—"Man?"

"Yes; don't you know what a man is?"

"No, ma'am. I've been spending my winters in a convent ladies' boarding school and my summers at seaside resorts."

AN EXCITING SCENE.

Shut Up in an English Railroad Car with a Madman.

On my way from Wales to London I met with one of the most exciting scenes I ever witnessed. We were in a railway train going at a terrific velocity. There are two or three locomotives in England celebrated for speed. One they call the Flying Dutchman. Another they name the Yorkshire Dveil. We were flying behind one of these lacomotives sixty miles an hour. There were five of us—four gentlemen and a lady—in an English car, which a different thing, as most people know from the American car—the English car holding comfortably only about eight persons, four of them occupying one seat facing four on the other. We halted at the depot. A gentleman came to the door, and stood for a moment as if not knowing whether to come in or stay out. The conductor compelled him to decide immediately, he got in. He was finely gloved and every way well dressed. Seated, he took out his knife and began the attempt of splitting a sheet of paper edgewise, and at this sat intently engaged for perhaps an hour. The suspicion of all in the car was aroused in regard to him, when suddenly he arose and looked around at his fellow-passengers and the fact was revealed by his eye and manner that he was a maniac. The lady in the car (she was unaccompanied) became frenzied with fright and rushed to the door as if about to jump out. Planting my feet against the door I made that death-leap impossible. A look of horror was on all the faces, and the question with each was, "What will the madman do next?" A madman unarmed is alarming, but a madman with an open knife is terrific. In the demoniac strength that comes to such an one he might make sad havoc in that flying railway train, or he might spring out of the door, as once or twice he attempted. It was a question between retaining the foaming fury in our company or letting him dash his life out on the rocks. Also it might be a question between his life and the life of one or more in the train. Our own safety said, "Let him go." Our humanity said, "Keep him back from instant death," and humanity triumphed. The bell-rope reaching to the locomotive in English railway trains is on the outside of the car, and near the roof and difficult to reach. I gave it two or three stout pulls, but there was no slackening of speed. Another passenger repeated the attempt without getting any recognition. We might as well have tried to stop a whirlwind by pulling a boy's kite-string. When an English engineer starts his train he stops for nothing short of a collision, and the bell-rope on the outside edges of the car is only to make passengers feel comfortable at the idea that they can stop the train if they want to, and as it is not once in a thousand times anyone is willing to risk his arm and reach out of the window long enough to work the rope the delusion is seldom broken. To rid ourselves of our dangerous associate seemed impossible. Then there came a struggle as to which would have supremcy of that car, right reason or dementia. The demoniac moved around the car as if it beonged to him and all the rest of us were intruders. Then he dropped in convulsions across the lap of one of the passengers. At this moment, when he thought the horror had climactertated, the tragedy was intensified. We plunged into the midnight darkness of one of those long tunnels for which English railway travel is celebrated. Minutes seemed hours. Can you imagine a worse position than to be fastened in a railway carriage, eight feet by six, in a tunnel of complete darkness, with a maniac? May this occurrence never be repeated! We knew not what moment he might dash upon us or what way. We waited for the light, and waited while the hair lifted upon the scalp and the blood ran cold. When, at last, the light looked in through the windows, we found the afflicted man lying helplessly across one of the passengers. When the train halted it did not take us long, after handing over the poor unfortunate for medical treatment, to disembark and move into another car.—*London Letter in the Pittsburg Dispatch.*

A Chance to Make Money.

There has not, in many years, been a better opening for a giant than now, so the showmen say. Any man who measures seven feet and a half can almost fix his own price. That stature has never been exceeded so far as modern authentic history tells, except by Chang, the Chinaman, whom Barnum exhibited for several years. He lacked only three inches of being eight feet. Chang was an educated Mandarin of refined tastes, and after accumulating $50,000, enough to make him a Vanderbilt in China, he returned to his native land. No offers have since tempted him to become an exhibit again, and he used to declare that only a desire to journey in all civilized lands induced him to make his tour, which lasted six years. Peter Fekoti, the Hungarian giant, whose death was reported here last week, was to come to America next winter. He was seven feet four and very heavy. The American giants of recent times, Captain Bates, Captain Goshen and Anna Swan, were all less than that in stature, and they are all dead of consumption, the common destroyer of such overgrown persons. There is not at present in the show business in this country, according to the manager of the largest museum in New York, a giant exceeding seven feet counting out his hair and bootheels.—*New York cor.*

Misunderstood.

Minister (who has just driven his horse to a wedding in the country)—Can I hitch out here?

Prospective Bridegroom—Wall, no. Guess Sal and the folks'd rather have the hitchin' done in the house.

An impertinent New York reporter, while interviewing Mrs. Langtry about her intended trip to California, recently, asked: "Is there any truth in the report that you may return to us entitled to bear another name?" Mrs. Langtry, who is the personification of patience and amiability, did not order the presumptuous interviewer out of the house. She blushed, raised her fan and replied: "I have not obtained any divorce. While I remain the wife of Mr. Langtry it would be scarcely delicate, to say the least, to discuss the probability of my marrying another man."

—Potatoes are selling at 25c. a bushel in Battleford, N.W.T.

A Confession.

Do you remember, little wife,
How years ago we two together
Saw naught but love illuming life
In sunny days or winter weather?

Do you recall in younger years
To part a day was bitter pain?
Love's light was hid in clouds of tears
Till meeting cleared the sky again.

Do you remember how we two
Would stare into each other's eyes
Till all the earth grew heavenly blue,
That speech was lost in happy sighs?

Do you another thing recall,
That used to happen often then:
How, simply passing in the hall,
We'd stop to smile and kiss again?

Do you remember how I sat
And, reading, held your hand in mine,
Caressing it with gentle pat—
One pat for every blessed line?

Do you recall how at the play
Through hours of agony we tarried?
The lovers' griefs brought us dismay;
Oh, we rejoiced when they were married.

And then walked homeward arm in arm,
Beneath the crescent moonlet new,
That smiled on us with silent charm;
So glad that we were married too.

Ah me, 't was years and years ago
When all this happened that I sing,
And many a time the winter snow
Has slipped from olive slopes of spring.

And now—oh, nonsense! let us tell;
A fig for laugh of maids or men!
You'll hide your blushes? I'll not. Well—
We're ten times worse than we were then.

W. J. HENDERSON, *in the September Century.*

GIRLS WILL CHEW GUM.

Chewing Gum Injures Their Eyesight—Over-indulgence Almost as Hurtful as Too Much Strong Drink—An Awful Warning.

"If the girls only knew that their eyes are being ruined by chewing gum they would shrink from it as they would from a viper," said a Chestnut street optician yesterday. "We all know to what an extent this chewing gum is carried on, and what a nasty habit it is. I would advise the girls to stop it at once. If they have a big wad in their mouths while reading this interview let them throw it out and 'swear off,' as the drinkers say, for in one respect these dainty girls are like drunkards. If they are chronic gum-chewers they are heir to all the infirmities that afflict the chronic whiskey drinkers. I have three girls who were addicted to the habit, but I broke them from it after a great deal of persuasion and some trifling punishment. The oldest girl has evidences of the habit, though, and will carry them to her grave."

"How are the eyes affected?"

"Well, the muscles of the jaw connect with the spine, and from the spine there are little fibrous tissues running in all directions. A number of these extend to the eyes and are called optic nerves. Now, if you will watch a person eating you will notice a palpitation of the temples when the lower jaw moves up and down in the process of mastication. This is caused by the working of the optic nerves, which keep the inner part of the eyes in motion and exercise the nerves as much as is needed to keep them in a healthy condition. These nerves are more tender and sensitive to a degree than one would imagine. When they are overworked they become shrunken and enfeebled, and then the process of deterioration in the eyesight begins. Of course the shrinking of the nerve draws the eye back into the socket, and as it is connected by slender threads of tissues to the pupil of the eye this also becomes affected. The consequence is that the eye becomes weak and loses its color, it becomes an unnatural-looking gray, and the vision is so much impaired by it that eye-glasses must be resorted to.

"One of my girls wears glasses just because she chewed so much gum. Her eyesight is practically ruined, and she has crows'-feet wrinkles about the outer corners that were caused by the flesh of the cheek being forced upward by the action of the jaw. She is also troubled with indigestion from the same cause. These are all symptoms exhibited by a person who drinks whiskey plentifully, and hence the comparison. Parents ought to take this matter in hand and see if they cannot rid their girls of the habit. It is a filthy one outside of the terrible effect it has upon the human system. If the parents will keep from their girls some of their little perquisites until they stop chewing gum they would soon give up the habit."—*Philadelphia Record.*

A Storm of Cabs.

Policeman (to citizen clinging to lamp-post)—Shall I hail a cab, friend?

Citizen—G-grashus no (hic), offshur; don' (hic) hail any more cabs; they're hailin' all 'roun' now.

Consolation.

Edwin—Dearest, your cruel father kicked me down the steps last night.

Angelina—Do not complain, darling; submit to fate. Just think how lucky you are. Supposing I lived on the third floor.

From the Sublime to the Ridiculous.

The ocean is immeasurably grand to look at in its majestic moods, but the sublimity ceases the minute you attempt to swallow it by the mouthful.—*Martha Vineyard Herald.*

Where Ignorance is not Bliss.

Emily—"Oh, Arthur, how cruel! See that poor worm wriggle!"

Arthur—"That's all right. I cut him in two first, so he's perfectly dead, only he hasn't discovered it."

Aged violins of celebrated makes become quite valuable. A Stradivarius violin of 1716, made for the Marchese Pamparati, has passed from the hands of an Italian player, Bertuzzi, into the possession of a London gentleman, the price being $4,000

Business man—Has your husband much trade in the west? Shoe manufacturer's wife—He seldom refers to business matters in any way, but I judge that he has businessconnections in Chicago. He remarked last night that he had just received a large shoe contract.—*Philadelphia Record.*

Lord and Lady Lansdowne have arrived at Bowood for a stay of several weeks, after which they are going to pay some visits in Scotland, and they will be invited to visit Balmoral before they leave for India. They will start from London for Bombay on October 11th or 18th.

There is a time when the laziest man can hurry. It is when the train stops 10 minutes for refreshments.