

China's Forbidden City.

The Secluded Residence of the Emperor at Peking—Art Shown in the Building.

The parade of the allied forces through the Forbidden City of the Chinese on Aug. 28 was an historical event. It is not likely that any person now living will see such a procession again. The northern city, or Manchu part of Peking, consist of three enclosures, one within the other, and each surrounded by its own wall. The innermost, or Forbidden City, contains the residences of the Chinese Emperor and the great National Library of China, together with a number of Government offices.

The Chinese Emperor is called by his people the solitary man, because he is the only man who dwells within the walls of this sacred city. Princes and high officials may come and go, but the Emperor alone remains. The only other persons allowed within the city are the Empresses, the members of the Imperial harem and the eunuchs, 3,000 of whom are retained as the servants of the royal household. This inner city is called by the Chinese the Kin-Cheng. It is about two miles in circumference and surrounded by a wall almost as massive as those around the outside Tartar city itself. This wall rises abruptly from a moat which surrounds the entire city and has a height of nearly fifty feet. It is faced with red glazed brick and a top of the wall is covered with royal yellow porcelain tiles, which from a distance glisten brilliantly in the sunshine.

The city is entered through gates on each of the four sides over bridges which cross the surrounding moat. Before each gate is an open area for the gathering of troops and the forming of state processions. Around each of these areas are buildings and barracks for the accommodation of the guards who defend the approach to China's Dragon Throne. Watch towers at each corner of the wall and over each of the gateways furnish points of view from which any suspicious movements outside may be detected. The interior of the Forbidden City is made up of a succession of courtyards and apartments which in their massiveness and ornate and profuse decoration far exceed anything to be found elsewhere in China.

According to the Chinese themselves it is the city of gold and silver. To their Oriental vision the pavements of marble within lead from gilded palaces to gilded palaces where gold and silver pillars uphold gold and silver roofs, and the fortunate inhabitants pluck flowers growing in gold or silver vases, or play with gold and silver fishes swimming in crystal globes. Viewed from the great square or open place before the Da-Tsing-Mun or Great Pure Gate, which is the outer barrier and extreme southern entrance to the Imperial palaces, the Forbidden City stretches away to the north with a succession of tall palace buildings with pagoda roofs supported by immense pillars, heavily lacquered with red and covered with colored porcelain tiles, yellow, green and deep red. The variegated colors of these roofs glistening through the beautiful trees which abound in the royal city make up a scene of beauty, while far in the distance just back of the northern gate of the city rises the beautiful artificial mound covered with shrines and pavilions and known as the Mei Shan or Coal Hill. The Great Pure Gate is a low, ugly building with three doors built of heavy oak timbers and covered with sheets of iron. It impresses one as a shabby-looking affair for the outer entrance to such a renowned inclosure as the famous Nai Kung or city of the royal palaces. Its appearance, however, is accounted for by the Chinese principle that interior magnificence should not be visible or suggested in external surroundings.

Passing through the gate another large area stretches out before a second gate which begins to give some hint of the magnificence to be expected within. A wide stone causeway extends north through this courtyard up to the gate which is called by the Chinese the Tien-An Mun or the gate of Heavenly Rest. This is the so-called great Pink Gate, so named because its pillars and wood work are heavily enamelled with a red lacquer which has become faded and now presents a pink appearance. The three arches through the gate are faced with white marble over which are twined splendidly carved dragons. On the comb of the roof and running down on the projecting eaves of the pagoda-like structure over the gate are grotesque porcelain ornaments, the heads of phoenixes and griffins.

Within this gate is still another courtyard on the north side of which stands the

Wu mun or Meridian Gate. This is the southern entrance of the Forbidden city itself and the second gate from the emperor's palace. On the eastern side of the gate stands a large sun dial of antique design and magnificent workmanship, cast in bronze in the time of the Mongol dynasty which reigned in the thirteenth century. On the western side of the gate stands a lunar dial of like workmanship and design. The tower over the gate holds a large gong which was originally intended to be used like the drums which now stand before the magistrates' yamens throughout the empire. It is said that it was so used during the time of the Ming dynasty, petitioners who had failed to obtain justice through the ordinary channels being permitted to call the attention of the emperor to their grievances by the striking on the gong, but the death penalty was inflicted on any whose appeal was found to be ill founded or frivolous. The gong is now used only as a signal of the emperor's passing through the gate, either when entering or leaving the city. The courtyard before this gate is the place of audience for victorious generals, who, returning from successful campaigns, come here to lay before their monarch the loot and prisoners which they have taken. It is also the place for the distribution of decorations and presents to foreign ministers and native officials.

Passing through this gate one is at last within the mysterious city itself. Across the courtyard within the gate runs a small canal over which lead five marble bridges with magnificently carved balustrades and impressive stone lions guarding their entrances. From each of these bridges runs a magnificent avenue paved with fine marble, leading up to an immense building called the Tai-Ho-Tien. This impressive building stands on a marble basement about twenty feet in height and rises to a total height of more than one hundred and ten feet. The ascent to the building is made by five flights of steps with carved marble balustrades leading from each of the five avenues which run across the courtyard. The central avenue is very broad and is reserved for the use of the Emperor alone. The two avenues on either side of this are for visiting Princes of the blood and officers of the highest rank, while those on the extreme right and left are for the use of all others. Back of the Tai-Ho-Tien is the gate leading to the palace proper.

The palace buildings consist of four large structures and two smaller ones arranged around the courtyard within the gate. The central building is called the Cheng-Kung or the palace. Those which flank it on either side are called the Tung-Kung and Si-Kung or the eastern and western palaces, while the fourth one which faces the palace proper is called the Hall of the Golden Dragon. The smaller buildings are those reserved for the Empress Dowager and her suite. The palace building, like the great audience hall in the court in front of it, is long and wide, reaching almost across the court in which it stands, and is built of red bricks which according to Chinese law, are reserved for use in the Imperial buildings. It has marble facings ornately carved and a double roof, the second covering a gallery supported by pillars, the roof being covered with yellow porcelain tiles and all the woodwork covered with a heavy red enamel.

According to the native descriptions, the interior of the palace is painted with the famous Imperial vermillion. The floors are covered with yellow silk velvet carpets of native make, and the furniture which follows the designs and shape common in China, is constructed of heavy red iron wood and highly polished. In the Emperor's own rooms the frames of all the furniture are of solid gold. The Chin-Luan-Tien, or official reception room, is carpeted with an immense rug of rough velvet worked in with yellow dragons. It contains no seats or other conveniences except the throne itself, for among the Chinese no one, however high his rank, is permitted to assume any other than a prostrate position while in the presence of his Emperor. The throne itself is placed on an elevated dais. It is ascended from behind by a splendidly carved staircase and supported by a large copper dragon heavily gilded. Around the hall is the gallery for the use of the orchestra which plays while official receptions are going on.

This palace is considered by the Chinese as the most important of all the Imperial

buildings. It was the scene of the famous reception given by the Emperor Kang Hi A. D. 1722, when on the sixtieth anniversary of his reign he invited to the palace as his guests all the men of the empire who were over sixty years of age. This tribute to old age was repeated by the Emperor Kien Lung in A. D. 1785, on the fiftieth anniversary of his reign.

No living white has ever before seen the palaces within this city. The only foreigners who are known to have been in them were the Jesuit priests who obtained favor in the Manchu court in the latter part of the seventeenth and early part of the eighteenth centuries, and several of whom have left very interesting descriptions of the life of those within. Within the present century the late Dr. S. Wells Williams was probably the only foreigner who has ever seen enough of them to give any comprehensive account.

North beyond this throne building stands the Palace of Earth's Repose. Here Heaven's Consort, as the Empress is called rules over the harem of her Imperial master. Between the palace and the northern wall of the Forbidden City are the royal flower gardens or pleasure grounds of the palaces. The gardens are adorned with dainty pavilions while marble bridges cross the canals and reach out to artificial islands which, dotted with temples and covered with groves, stand about in miniature lakes. Fountains and artificial mountains complete one of the most beautiful bits of landscape work in the world.

The Forbidden City is divided into three parts by two walls running entirely through it from north to south and the portion of the city which has just been described is in the central section between the two partition walls. The eastern division of the city is given over to the officers of the Chinese Boards of Governments. It also holds the Imperial Treasury. In the northern part of this section stands the Hall of Intense Thought, a temple dedicated to Confucius and the other sages of China. A short distance north of this stands the Imperial Library, called by the Chinese the Hall of Literary Abyss. Near these two stands the Fung Sien Tien or Imperial chapel, the temple set apart for the Emperor's private devotions to which he goes to worship his ancestors. The western division contains a great variety of buildings, memorial halls dedicated to famous Emperors and distinguished statesmen, the Government Printing Office, the Board of Imperial Auditors or Comptrollers who regulate the assessment and collection of taxes throughout the empire and the Ching-Hwang-Miao or Guardian Temple of Peking.

Back of the Palace of Earth's Repose is another gate, separated by a courtyard from the Shen-Wu Mun, which is the north or rear gate of the Forbidden city. Without this gate another bridge crosses the moat and enters the inclosure which surrounds the famous Coal Hill. This artificial mountain, which is also called by the Chinese the King Shan or Capital Hill, stands just north of the Forbidden city, within the area of the Huang-Cheng or Imperial city and is really a part of the Imperial pleasure grounds. It is built of coal brought down on camels' backs from the mines in the northern part of the province. This remarkable mount is more than 150 feet high, covered with earth and planted with trees and flowering shrubs. Pavilions and shrines dot its side and crown its summit. From its top a beautiful view is obtained over the whole city. It has been the scene of many a dramatic tragedy. From that point the last emperor of the Ming dynasty watched the sack of his capital by the Manchu hordes, who founded the present dynasty then, refusing to seek safety in flight, he hanged himself with his yellow girdle from a tree on the summit, saying: 'Better die since the Empire is lost.'

The western part of the inclosure about the hill is occupied by the Si Yuen or Western Park, which is one of the most beautiful spots in the Chinese capital. An artificial lake, more than a mile long, occupies the centre. It is supplied with water from the famous Black Dragon Springs, which lie ten miles north of Peking and from which a magnificent aqueduct, called the Tung-Hwui-Ho, conducts the water to the imperial palaces. The lake is full of the most beautiful and fragrant varieties of the Chinese lotus. It is crossed by a marble bridge of nine arches, which is architecturally unsurpassed. At the end of the bridge stands a large tea-house, while gardens, walks and rockeries line the banks of the lake.

Cumulative Economy.

An old book-keeper declares that it is surprising to see how many valuable things a man can buy if he simply economizes in little things.

"I once made up my mind I would become the possessor of a good gold watch I saved up the money for it in this way:

When I felt like eating a fifty-cent luncheon, as I often did, I ate a twenty-five-cent one instead, and put the other quarter aside for my watch fund. You will hardly believe it, but in less than six months I had saved money enough to purchase the watch."

"But you don't seem to have bought it," said his friend, observing that there were no outward signs of such a purchase.

"Well, no. When I found how easily I could get along without fifty-cent lunches, I concluded I could get along just as easily without the gold watch, and the watch fund is growing into a house and lot fund now."

Pronounced Incurable.

THE STORY OF MRS. AGNES FORAN OF HALIFAX.

Following Inflammation of the Lungs a Severe Cough Set in and her Doctor said Her Case was Hopeless—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Have Restored Her Health.

From the Recorder, Halifax, N. S.

Mrs. Agnes Foran, who resides at 21 Agricola's street, Halifax, N. S., tells a wonderful story of her complete restoration to health, after a protracted and distressing period of extreme illness, and she attributes her present happy condition, under Providence, to the marvellous qualities of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. When Mrs. Foran was called upon by a representative of the Acadian Recorder, who stated his mission, she cordially welcomed him to her pleasant home, where in the presence of her mother and sister, she freely told the story of her sickness and recovery. She said: "A few years ago I suffered a severe attack of inflammation of the lungs and was attended by one of the best physicians in the city. I pulled through but was left a complete wreck, so that I could not do any work, suffering all the time from palpitation of the heart, nervous prostration and a ringing sound in my head. I also had a distressing cough and for months I never knew what it was to have a good night's rest. For two years my life was a perfect misery to me and under the doctor's orders I took emulsion till I was nauseated with the sight of it, but all to no purpose. My life was despaired of by all my friends who were assured by the doctor that my case was beyond the reach of human skill. I was visited by the clergy of my church and Sisters of Charity, who were very kind and sympathetic and looked upon me as one whose earthly race was about run. I experimented with all sorts of remedies for my cough, but without avail. My druggist at last advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Being fairly discouraged nevertheless I was persuaded to make the trial, when to the surprise and joy of myself, family and friends, I began to get better, and by the time I had taken seven or eight boxes I was as well as you see me now," and she laughingly added, "I think you will admit that I don't look much like a sick woman." Her mother, who had been listening to the tale of her daughter's long illness, added: "It just seems like a dream to us all that we once despaired of her life, when we now see her the pink of health."

Mrs. Foran said that when on a visit to England about a year ago she contracted a heavy cold and was threatened with a return of her cough, but she at once got some of the pills and by the time she had reached New York she was as well as ever again. She related a number of instances in which she had advised persons suffering from chronic complaints to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and always with the best results. She mentioned particularly a niece of hers living in Boston who was run down and in a wretched condition of health, but was now a healthy young woman who owed the fact to the use of the pills. When the reporter was taking his leave Mrs. Foran said: "I am very glad to have the opportunity to testify what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for me and you can say that I shall never cease to sound their praises, and I bless the good Lord that they were placed in my way at a time when I had not the hope that I could live."

Beset by Dogs.

While in pursuit of antelope in the Caucasus, Mr. Clive Phillips-Wolley met with an unexpected and unpleasant adventure. He had observed an immense flock of sheep browsing some distance away, and of the sound of his rifle a dozen huge gray sheep dogs came racing toward him, with every sign of high displeasure.

"They were all round me in a minute, making a deafening noise and resolutely baffling all my attempts to break through their ranks. Picking up stones, I threw them at my tormentors and hit one on the leg. He began howling lustily.

Then the shepherds, who had been watching the proceedings, set up a shout of encouragement to the dogs. Instantly the brutes closed on me, one flying straight at my throat, and meeting my rifle barrel full in his teeth. Another willer cur took me in the rear, and made his teeth meet in one of the tendons under my knee.

This was too much, and I pulled my revolver and fired at two of the dogs, laying one out. The pack scattered, and I made my way off as quickly as possible.

"I can't help admiring the ingenuity of the landlady at our boarding house."

"In what way?"

"At breakfast time she burns a grain or two of coffee on the kitchen stove, so as to fill the dining room with the odor, and then gives us chickory to drink."

FLASHES OF FUN.

"Please, ma'am, my mamma returns your garden hose an' wants to know if you will let her take your oil stove?"

McSwatters—Is he independently rich? McSwitters—Well, he doesn't give a darn for his poor relatives, if that's what you mean.

Hix—Do you consider it wrong to cheat a lawyer?

Dix—Well, it may be wrong, but it's impossible.

"When my grandfather was a youth," said the Hashed Philosopher, "he never got trusted."

"Couldn't or wouldn't."

Maude—Ferdinand has all the qualities that go to make a good husband but one. Ella—What is that?

Maude—He won't propose.

She—I wonder why it is that so many old maids have fat bank accounts?

He—Probably, for lack of anything else, they husband their resources.

Tailor—I wish you would let me take your measure for a suit of clothes.

Young Man—I have no objections but that's all you will ever get for them.

Edna—When I marry it will be a brave hero who fears nothing.

May—Yes, dear; I am sure you will never wed any other kind of a man.

Henpeck—Sir, I hear that you were to elope with my wife?

Culprit—I—er—I thought better of it. Henpeck—You are no friend of mine, henceforth.

"Say mamma," said 4 year old Tommy, "let's play I'm an awful looking tramp. I'll come around to the back door and ask for a piece of pie and you get scared and give it to me."

"I know the first thing my wife would say if she were to be made Queen of England."

"What?"

"Is my crown on straight?"

"Pa, Georgie Gibbs had more fun out in th' country 'an we did."

"Oh, I guess not, Jimmy."

"Yes, he did, pa; he seen a cow git drown'd an' a load o' hay burn up."

"Dabney Diggs can't make any headway with his courting."

"Why not?"

"His rival is a railroad man who is always giving his girl a pass to go somewhere."

"Had your vacation yet, Grimbsy?"

"Nop. Going in November."

"But November is usually one of the unpleasant months."

"Yes, and my wife's mother always visits her in November."

Mrs. Cheap—Yes, we are so glad to get home again. These summer outings are really a bore.

Little Vera Cheap—Yes, indeed. It is tiresome to live in the back part of the house all summer.

"Yes," concluded the returned tourist. "I had a pretty tough time of it. I tell you there's nothing like travelling to take the conceit out of a man."

"That might be true," replied the man who had been bored to death, "if he never got back to tell about it."

Reporter—I hear there has been an accident to Mr. Younghub.

Physician—Yes. He swallowed one of his wife's doughnuts.

Reporter—Where is he?

Physician—In the operating room. They are probing for the doughnut.

Wagg—That's Bixby we just passed; he writes for magazines.

Miss Tookin—You don't tell me? I can't remember having seen anything signed by him.

Wagg—Oh, he hasn't had anything published; he just writes for 'em.

The rooster looked at the hen with his head very much to one side.

"And you say," he said, "that you have already raised four large families this season? Really I can't account for it."

"It is easily accounted for," replied the hen, haughtily; "I belong to the smart set!"

"I dunno," said Farmer Cornstossel, "but what I'd kind of enjoy running a rice farm over in China."

"Why, you'd be a Chinaman!"

"Yes. But it would be somethin' of a comfort to live some place where your predictions that the country was goin' to pieces stood some show of comin' true."

He was a golf player, and after mastering the pronunciation of the name of the game he was just naturally confused. So it happened that he wrote the letter that she had difficulty in understanding.

"Of course, if you say so," he wrote, "it is all off between us, but do not scold at me if I occasionally dolt my cap to you."

"I see that a single rose has sold as high as \$150."

"Pooh! A single rose cost me a good deal more than that. A certain young woman gave me a rose and this encouraged me to offer her my hand. Later on she assumed charge of my bank account. I'll bet every smell in that rose cost me a cool hundred!"

What is Needed

By every man and woman if they desire to secure comfort in this world is a corn sheller. Putnam's Corn Extractor shells corns in two or three days and without discomfort or pain. A hundred imitations prove the merit of Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor, which is always sure, safe, and painless. See signature of Polson & Co. on each bottle. Sold by medicine dealers.