

## FLOGGED INTO MONEY.

Recently came, all the way from San Francisco, news of the death of John Magee, one of the wealthiest residents of that city of millionaires.

In 1874 this same John Magee was British Consul agent at St. Jose, in Guatemala, and was flogged by order of the commandant, Colonel Gonzales. He was rescued by the arrival of a British man-of-war, and was offered by the Guatemala Government £60,000, being £1,000 for each lash received. He chose, however, to accept certain concessions instead, including the right to establish a bank and build wharves at San Jose; and thus laid the foundation of his enormous fortune.

To a somewhat similar occurrence, curiously enough, the O'Briens, another millionaire California family, trace the beginning of their prosperity. Patrick J. O'Brien, the founder of the family, was a missionary in at the time of the Taeping rebellion. He was arrested by order of Governor Yeh on a trumped up charge of corresponding with the rebels, and was severely beaten with bamboo rods besides being exposed in a cage to the jeers and insults of the populace. For all this he demanded compensation, and being backed by the American Government, he eventually got it, to the tune of 30,000 dollars.

Early in the present century a British man of war's man, named Robert Jeffery, was flogged by his commander, Captain W. Lake, for having tapped a barrel of beer when the ship was on short allowance. The punishment was illegal, Captain Lake having neglected to go through the formality of convening a court martial, and Jeffery threatened to report the matter to the Admiralty on his return to England; whereupon his inhuman commander set him ashore on the uninhabited island of Sombrero, in the West Indies and sealed away.

Jeffery was, however, rescued by an American trading vessel, after having undergone fearful privations, and eventually worked his passage to London. Here his case was taken up by Sir Francis Burdett, who secured for him £600 compensation from Captain Lake, who was, moreover, tried by court martial and dismissed the service. Jeffery, instead of squandering his money, purchased the goodwill of two shops in his native town of Exetermouth and died a rich man.

The case of William Henry Barber, a London solicitor who in 1884 was sentenced to a long term of transportation for an alleged forgery of which he was innocent, was an exceptionally hard one. In those days, discipline in our overseas penal settlement was enforced with ruthless severity, and poor Barber, shortly after his arrival was flogged for some trifling dereliction of his duty.

He never held up his head again; and although after 4 years of misery his innocence was made plain, it was but the wreck of an English gentleman that returned to his native land, to receive, with the congratulations of his friends, the sum of £5,000 which Parliament had voted him as a compensation for his unmerited sufferings.

Curiously enough, within a very few months of Mr. Barber's case being made public another innocent convict, an ex-shopkeeper named Danne, was discovered in the chain-gang at Norfolk Island. He received a "pardn," and was also presented with about £2,000, raised in the Australian colonies by public subscription. Unlike Barber, however, he did not choose to return to England, but settled in New South Wales as a sheep farmer. At his death, some twenty years ago, it was found that he had left the whole of his large fortune to charity.

There is no wealthier family in Russia than the Lapukins of Ustilich, mine-owners and bankers. These owe the foundation of their vast fortune to a hideous punishment inflicted upon their beautiful and accomplished ancestress, Madama Lapukin by the cruel and indolent Czarina Elizabeth.

The unhappy lady was publicly knouted, after which her tongue was torn out and she was banished to the Siberian mines for life. From her subterranean prison she was, however, rescued by Peter III who bestowed upon her personally a million of roubles, and upon her husband sundry enormously valuable estates and mining rights in the then little developed mountain region lying between Ustilich and Pass Nier.

Finally, mention ought to be made of Titus Oates, who received a pension of £300 as some sort of compensation for having undergone one of the severest castigations on record. He had been sentenced to be flogged from Aldgate to Newgate, and, after an interval of two

days, from Newgate to Tyburn. This terrible punishment was so rigorously carried out that, according to a temporary account, he might as well have been flayed alive.

### NINETEEN COCKTAILS FOR 47.

Mistake of the Hotel Clerk About a Woman Who Seemed to be Thirsty.

'The ways of woman,' repeated the hotel clerk; 'yes, you get a good insight into them in a hotel.' Then in a lower tone with a touch of reminiscence in it, he added: 'Do you know, they are much like the way of Providence, inscrutable and past finding out. And you are likely to jump the wrong way in judging a woman's motives. Now, I'll tell you a story to illustrate that.'

'The other day a well-groomed woman drove up to the hotel in a hansom. She was becomingly dressed and looked city bred. She was particular to get a good suite of rooms and paid for them in advance. I saw to it that she was shown up to her apartment and gave no further thought to her. She was unaccompanied.'

Some time later my assistant remarked that the guest in 47 was doing a land-office business at the bar, but I paid no attention to his comment, because it is my policy to discourage any seeming familiarity between employees of the hotel and its guests. But I violated my own rule a few minutes later, when the very excellent and discreet mixer of drinks of the house, who has been in its employ for twenty years and has privileges that are denied ordinary barkeepers, came to the desk with an apologetic air in his face and asked for a word with me.

'What is it, Charles?' I said.

'Excuse me, sir,' he said, 'but I—well, I thought sir, as how I'd better call your attention to the guest of 47.'

'Forty-seven, Charles?' said I, and there, as I repeated the number I recalled dimly, the remark the assistant clerk had made about the guest in 47 doing business with the bar.

'Yes, sir, 47, sir, and I thought I'd tell you as how I'd sent up nineteen cocktails to her room within an hour, sir.'

Nineteen cocktails in an hour mind you. And I hold that's a whole lot too many in a respectable hotel. Yes, even though the woman's city bred. But I flatter myself that I concealed the astonishment that I felt, for I'm a firm believer in officer discipline. Accordingly, I thanked Charles for coming to me and told him that he might as well give the matter in my hands.

A moment later found me knocking on the door of 47, and without delay, such as might have been expected, the woman of the hansom appeared, and, in view of the determination I had reached, she was provokingly sober and self possessed. I had put all suavity aside, for I meant to deal with this case in a way to uphold the reputation of the hotel.

'I am sorry to say to you, madam,' I ejaculated in a freezing tone 'that these rooms are required and I shall have to ask you to give them up.'

'The very next minute I regretted that I had been quite so hasty, for in a gentle but dignified manner she asked me to enter the room that our conversation might not be made public. Still, I was in mood to have the wool pulled over my eyes by a woman, much less by a woman who had consumed nineteen cocktails within an hour.

'I believe I recognize you as one more clerk,' the little woman said; and again I wondered that she showed no signs of intoxication. 'Will you please inform me why you want the rooms when I have already paid for them?'

'I could have sworn that the woman was perfectly sober, but the thought of those nineteen cocktails was too overpowering and I blurted out:

'We don't care for women like you in this hotel. A woman that drinks nineteen cocktails in an hour can't stay here.'

'Well, she straightened up a little and the corners of her mouth were twitching with the suspicion of a smile as she pointed to the mantel over the fireplace.

'There,' she said, 'are the cocktails. Did you think that I drank them? I only ordered them for the cherries, of which I'm very fond.'

'Do? Well, what could I do but get down on my narrowbones? But what do you think of the ways of woman?'

'Binks' pretty typewriter is near sighted.'

'And so is Binks, isn't he?'

'Yes. And Mrs Binks came in suddenly the other day when they had their heads together studying the spelling of a word!'—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

'A New Haven school principal was mimicked by his pupils and one was expelled and three suspended.'

'It's funny that it is only the homely men who are so fussy.'

*Chairs Re-seated, Cane, Splint, Forfeited of Dues, 17 Waterloo.*

# Sunday Reading.

The Countess of Warwick and the Salvation Army.

The Countess of Warwick, a well-known leader of English society, is identified with many public movements. She is connected with a college for training daughters of professional men in horticulture, bee and poultry keeping, etc., besides having established a complete organization for the welfare of the poor, and the nursing of the sick. It will be interesting to know that she regards with great favor the work done by the Salvation Army in the uplifting of our castles, in the slums of great cities. At a public meeting in Leamington England, over which she presided, she said: 'It gives me great pleasure to accept the invitation to preside at this great meeting of the Salvation Army, because I have for many years followed with great interest the grand noble work it has accomplished. It was General Booth's scheme that first stimulated public philanthropy in dealing with a vast proportion of the population that no social, or religious agency had ever reached. One of its chief powers, to my mind, is that its officers are all poor; hardly less poor than the people whom they go amongst; unselfish, devoted, living as the disciples of Christ. These are not highly paid, salaried officials—these simple, earnest, hard-working Salvationist men and women. Long may this work prosper and find support from the good and true of all classes.'

Samuel Chisholm.

'The Christian World,' of London, makes the following remarks about the present Lord Provost of Glasgow. It says: 'Glasgow is especially favored in having, at this particular time, as its civic head, a man of such high character and oratorical abilities as Lord Provost Samuel Chisholm. He is a Presbyterian to the core, and although true to the Erskines in the United Presbyterian Church, he entered into the union with the Free Church as he would enter into a larger hope, with the same fundamental beliefs. There is not a man in Glasgow held in more high and universal esteem. His strong temperance principles were against his election to the office of Lord Provost, but he has dignified it without sacrifice of his principles. His ear is open to all appeals. He will preach for the Congregationalists, as he did last Sunday, or for the Wesleyans, or take the chair at a Salvation Army gathering; but if he has any predilections they are for the Total Abstinence and Presbyterian organizations. Lord Provost Chisholm is a man to be relied upon to keep his engagements, and they are legion. His speeches are always worth listening to, and no one man has done so much philanthropic work in seventy odd years on platform and in pulpit, in licensing court and civic chamber, in chapel, church, school and hall.'

The Gordon College at Khartoum.

The work of civilizing the Sudan continues steadily, since the natives, freed from the necessity for self defence, are beginning to engage in the nobler arts of peace. The Sirdar, in view of the better sanitary conditions obtainable at Khartoum is encouraging its trade rather than that of Omdurman, and it is probable that Khartoum will gradually become the more important city of the two. Men undertake the actual manufacture, but women, as is usual in the East, perform the humbler duty, carrying the bricks when made to the bricklayers. It will be remembered that when Lord Kitchener overcame the dervishes a solemn memorial services was held in the city where Gordon fell, and it was then resolved that Khartoum should have a permanent memento of the man who gave his life in its service. At Lord Kitchener's suggestion, it was agreed that a college for the education of the people to whom Gordon devoted himself would be the most appropriate monument; the building is approaching completion, and should soon be the means of accomplishing much beneficent work.—*Christian Herald.*

Religious News.

The Rev. F. B. Meyer has accepted an invitation from the conference of Syrian Christians to spend ten days in the Lebanon. It is expected there will be a large throng of Christian workers to meet him from all parts of Syria and Palestine. Mrs. Meyer will accompany him.

It is wonderful to hear of the Convention of Chinese endeavors held at Yu-yiao. Twenty one societies were represented by nearly two hundred delegates. In spite of chronic poverty and the widespread distress caused by recent disturbances and famine, 427 Endeavorers contributed over twenty two pounds.

The candidates recently ordained by the Bishop of London to deacon's orders includes Mr. Warwick Pearce, a son of the Rev. Mark Guy Pearce, the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes's colleague in the West London Mission. Mr. Guy Pearce is reported, will terminate his connection with the West London Mission at the end of next month.

The question of starting 'central mission halls' amid populations where an ordinary congregation can no longer hold its own is likely to occupy a good deal of the attention of the English Presbyterian Church in the near future. The case of London is, of course, the most clamant; but the Presbytery of Durham is first in the field, and has been seriously discussing the spiritual needs of central Sunderland.

Two Roman Catholic schoolmasters in Bavarian state schools contracted marriages with protestant ladies and bound themselves to bring up the children as protestants. The Roman Catholic archbishops and bishops petitioned the Prince Regent to prevent in future the appointment of such teachers to Catholic public schools, and to nullify as far as possible such appointments already made. In a reply of the cabinet, signed by the Minister of Ecclesiastical Affairs, the request of the hierarchy is bluntly refused.

The old Catholic church at La Pointe, Madeline Island, Wis., was destroyed by fire last week, says the Michigan Advocate. The church was an ancient landmark and has been visited by hundreds of tourists annually. It contained an ancient painting, 'The Descent from the Cross,' which Indian tradition says was a gift to the La Pointe mission in 1669 by Father Marquette. It is the opinion of some that the picture was stolen and the church set on fire to cover up the loss.

There is a Christian Endeavor society of over one hundred in the New Hebrides, composed of men who were until recently naked cannibals with no written language. Their chief, who ruled four thousand men, was converted and went with the Rev. F. Patton, son of Dr. J. G. Patton to establish a mission in a neighboring village. He was met with loaded rifles and shot while protecting Mr. Patton, but his beautiful Christian death, in which he urged that no revenge be attempted, opened the way and now this Endeavor band of his loving followers goes two days of each week to preach Christ in the villages.

Considerable interest has been evinced, says the New York 'Scottish American Journal,' in the forthcoming translation of the New Testament in Broad Scotch, by the Rev. William Wye Smith, whose name has frequently been in these columns, and who first registered his claim as an authority on 'Scotch' is the Scottish expert on the Standard Dictionary. There seems to have been great delays in the getting out of the book; but Mr. Smith now writes us that a letter from the publisher, Mr. Alexander Gardiner, Paisley, dated about May 20, the work is promised in two months. It is announced in Gardiner's last list as in press.' Mr. Smith's address is St. Catherine's, Ont.—*Dominion Presbyterian.*

King Khama the Christian chieftain, is still holding his own in his tribe of Bamangwato, but he has been strongly beset by many of the chieftains near him because of his resolute hostility to the drink traffic. His enemies have affirmed that he was 'destroying his town for the sake of forbidding the drink.' Khama has challenged his enemies to prove this, affirming that his government is wise and prosperous and that those who have tolerated the drinking customs have lost their independence and their towns are demoralized. He writes to them: 'Have you any towns, or have you any people, or have you any countries? Answer me. I am happily a government man and I have seen nothing to hinder me in my own country. Can you show me a great town of drunkenness which is either rich or righteous?'

The late Sir Walter Besant, in an article written some years ago on 'Books that have influenced me,' claimed that the book which has influenced the minds of English-

men more than any other outside the covers of the Bible is the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' and that while it survives two or three great truths will remain deeply burned into the English mind. 'The first is the personal responsibility of each man, the next is that they do not want, and cannot have, a priest.' He goes on to say: 'I confess that the discovery, by later reading, that the so called christian priest is a personage borrowed from surrounding superstition, and that the great ecclesiastical structure is entirely built by human hands, filled me with only a deeper gratitude to John Bunyan.'

The organ of the London Missionary Society says that the months of March and April of this year will long be remembered in the society's annals as a time of tribulation and sore loss. Within the four weeks from March 23 to April 20 no fewer than five of our missionaries were suddenly called to lay down their work on earth, together with the young wife of our Rarotongan missionary, Mr. Percy Hall. In North China, in Cape Colony, in Central Africa, and in New Guinea there are today vacant places which, but a few short weeks ago, were filled by strong and able men, of great promise and of great fulfillment. Truly, God moves in a mysterious way. We could hardly have named five men whom at the present time we seem so ill able to spare as Chalmers, Stonehouse, Tomkins, Howison and Mackendrick. Some of them seemed indispensable to the successful carrying on of the work. But God who is rich in mercy toward his sinful world, will raise up others to take the places of the fallen. The blood of the martyrs is a challenge to the church. There can be no turning back from fields that have been thus consecrated.

The new missionary steamboat 'Livingstone,' which Messrs. Thorneycroft have built for the R-gions Beyond Missionary Union, has lately been on view at Waterloo pier, London. She is meant for missionary work on the Congo and its tributaries, and for conveying missionaries from Stanley Pool to the upper river stations. Captain, engineers and crew will all be missionaries. She is 111 feet long and 19 feet 3 inches broad, with twenty tons of cargo. Her hull is of steel, zinc-covered below the water line to prevent corrosion. Her contract price was £5,680, and it will cost £3,500 to transport in pieces to Stanley Pool and reconstruct her. The Congo railway are charging 5s. a pound carriage, which is a reduction on taking a quantity. On her upper deck is a miniature hospital, with one bed and a bath, which will save many a sick worker's life on the sickly Congo. All the windows are fitted with mosquito curtains. Above the upper deck is a wooden awning. The missionary steamer looks quaint lying in the docks. She will look quaint still puffing up and down the African rivers, with her little company of English men and women on board, carrying the bible among savages.—*Christian Herald.*

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