

One consequence of Japan's victory may be to open China to foreign trade and civilization. The prospect is hailed with delight by Europeans and Americans. China is a thousand—or two thousand years behind the times. Its people have long sustained life and found contentment in a diet of rice and water and the simple worship of their ancestors. Now they are to be civilized; that is, their wants are to be multiplied and they are to be made happy—as all civilized people are happy. Of the fraction of their life, the denominator is to be multiplied indefinitely, so that they must by constant struggling increase the numerator, or be extinguished.

The natural aptitude of the Chinese for civilization is shown by the ease with which they have surpassed their English instructors. They are already the masters of the opium traffic (and opium habit) in the world. Henry Norman, in his recent book on the "Politics and Peoples of the East," informs us that the Chinese already own the best real estate in Shanghai and are fast acquiring control of the exchanges. Li Hung Chang has been called the "Bismarck of the East." He is also the Cecil Rhodes, the "Nitrate King," the Jay Gould and the Baron Hirsch—all in one.

Japan has had a taste of civilization and likes it well. Her women have discarded the beautiful costume of their grandmothers and are now happy with corsets and nervous prostration. The young men going back after education in the colleges and universities of America and Europe have been able to teach their stay-at-home brethren vices and extravagancies of which these simple souls never dreamed. The soldier no longer wears leather armor nor comic opera arms; the navy is built on the latest models. When with these tokens of advanced living the Japanese drove the uncivilized hordes of China before them, civilization patted itself on the back. But after the massacre at Port Arthur civilization held its peace.

Now we are going to send the machinery of civilization into China and teach the Tartar hordes the use of our engines of peace and war. With their gifts of mimi cry they will not be long in learning, once the walls of conservatism are broken down. So many blades of grass will grow where one has grown, and the "Light of Asia" will glitter upon a million new bayonets, and all will be peace and plenty, as it is in civilized Europe, and there will be no more need of missionaries to China. It may even chance before the end of the twentieth century that we shall have Chinese missionaries landing on our shores (armed, of course) if only to teach us how well their fathers were taught when civilization landed on their shores.

#### SPRING COOKERY.

##### How to Make the Best of Early Vegetables.

All green vegetables must be washed thoroughly in cold water and then be dropped into water that is just beginning to boil, if we would secure the best results. If the water boils a long time before the vegetables are put in it loses all its gases, and the mineral ingredients are deposited on the bottom and sides of the kettle, so that the water is flat and tasteless, and the vegetables will not look green or have a fine flavor. A tablespoonful of salt should be added to the boiling water before the vegetables are put in. The time of boiling green vegetables depends very much upon the age and the length of time they have been gathered.

White potatoes, boiled.....30 minutes  
White potatoes, baked.....45 minutes  
Sweet potatoes, boiled.....45 minutes  
Sweet potatoes, baked.....60 minutes  
Green peas, boiled.....20 to 40 minutes  
Shelled beans, boiled.....60 minutes  
String beans, boiled.....1 to 2 hours  
Green corn, boiled.....25 to 60 minutes  
Asparagus, boiled.....15 to 30 minutes  
Spinach, boiled.....1 hour  
Tomatoes, fresh.....1 hour  
Tomatoes, canned.....1/2 hour  
Cabbage.....2 to 3 hours  
Dandelions.....2 to 3 hours  
Cauliflower.....1 to 2 hours  
Beet greens.....1 hour  
Onions.....1 to 2 hours  
Beets.....1 to 5 hours  
Yellow turnips.....1 1/2 to 2 hours  
Parsnips.....1 to 2 hours  
Carrots.....1 to 2 hours  
White turnips.....45 to 60 minutes.

##### Skin Grafting Extraordinary.

The case of Fred Griffith, the 12-year-old son of John Griffith, who was badly burned by firecrackers taking fire in his trousers pocket, is the subject of considerable interest at Montclair, N. J. The lower part of the boy's body and the left leg were frightfully burned. Under the most careful treatment the burns would not heal, and skin grafting was resorted to. The cuticle that has been placed on the boy has been taken from over 200 persons, principally men. Mr. Gibbon, a young man who has taken great interest in the case, has contributed 1,000 grafts. Up to the present time, 16,100 pieces of skin have been placed on the burned surface, and it is said by the doctors that it will take upward of 15,000 more. On Monday 500 pieces were taken from three persons and grafted. The grafts are hardly perceptible, each being about the size of a pin head.

Were we eloquent as angels, yet we should please some people more by listening than by talking.—Colton.

## HEALTH.

### Earache.

In its simplest form, earache is an inflammation of the external part of the ear. In other cases the internal ear is attacked, and the disease takes on a much more serious character.

When an earache is long continued, or the inflammation is especially severe, no time should be lost in seeking the advice of some excellent physician or specialist. Scrofulous children are most liable to affections of the inner ear.

An earache may start from a variety of causes, like a collection of wax in the ear, or the introduction of some irritating substance. It sometimes arises from extension of inflammation in the throat, as in scarlet fever and measles. Difficult teething is said to be not infrequently a cause, especially when that process is unusually protracted. The most prolific cause, however, is undoubtedly cold.

Inflammation of the ear is usually accompanied by the symptom which gives the affection its name, but it is sometimes hard to distinguish the nature of the trouble in the case of young infants who are unable to do anything but cry and toss incessantly. A close examination of the ear, however, will usually reveal a slight redness, especially of the canal, and on pressure there will be found extreme sensitiveness.

The first point in the treatment of earache is to remove, if possible, the cause of the inflammation. Should there be a collection of wax in the ear, it should be softened by a drop or two of oil or by injections of warm water or milk, and then removed.

The inflammation may then be directly attacked by placing hot flannels, either wet or dry, over the orifice of the ear. If the pain is very severe, what is known as a laudanum fomentation may be applied. This is made by wringing a flannel out of boiling water and turning a little laudanum over the surface of the cloth, which is then placed over the ear and allowed to steam.

Injections of hot water may also be made directly into the ear, great care being taken not to force the liquid too abruptly.

If there is a discharge from the ear, a mild solution of carbolic acid or borax should be used every day until it ceases. The usual duration of a case of inflammation of the ear is from two to three weeks.

### The Art of Nursing.

A woman who is a trained nurse, occupying, after years of practice, a superior place in a London hospital, has been giving a course of lectures on her profession. Her first proposition at a recent talk was that there is no such thing as a born nurse; the habit of observation was a duty and the basis of nursing, which was an art only to be learned by practice.

Among some practical utterances of the speaker were: "A sunny sick room, one that was entered by the sun once in twenty-four hours, is desirable; patients placed on the south side in a hospital ward recover sooner, by from ten days to a fortnight, than those on the north side. Plenty of light is beneficial, except in cases of brain disease. The less furniture in the room the better, and to keep it clean a damp duster should be used instead of a dry one. The air must be kept as pure inside as outside, and there was little or no risk about having the window open, top and bottom, if the patient were well covered, head included, and a good fire kept burning. Night air is not injurious; it is purer in a city after 10 p. m. than at any other time. The bed should never be in a corner, but accessible from all points. In fever and surgical cases, a cradle had sometimes to be used to keep off the weight of the bedclothes; an improvised cradle could be made out of a bandbox; with the bottom knocked out. Bedmaking was the grammar and keystone of nursing; many regular nurses could not make a good bed. It was important to act with decision when the time came for any office, and not to worry the patient by hesitation or talking of what was to be done; to tread quietly, but firmly; not on tiptoe, and never to whisper to a third person. Every effort ought to be made to secure for the patient two hours' sleep before midnight. Amateur nurses often broke down through neglecting to take food when keeping watch through the night.

### Lumbago.

Lumbago shows imperfect digestion. It lays the foundation for rheumatism, unless it is of the purely nervous kind, in which case it shows defective nutrition which is probably the result of imperfect digestion. In either case regard should be had first for the condition of the digestive organs. An anti-rheumatic diet for a while, consisting exclusively of fresh lean meat, poultry, game, fish, eggs, milk, butter, entire wheat bread and nearly neutral fruits exclusively, is always indicated. The circulation also must be equalized by cold daily sponge bath in warm room if necessary; alternate hot and cold foot bath to warm the feet from two to seven times a week. First immerse them in hot water up to the calves until the skin looks red, then plunge them an instant into cold water; then return them about one-third or one-half as long at first to the hot; then one or two plunges into the cold, and dry. The bowels should always be kept soft with the hot colonic flush.

### A Minor Poet.

I believe I should enjoy my holidays much more if I went incognito. Friend—Travel under your nom de plume, old man!

Private oyster beds in the upper Virginia waters of the Chesapeake have been successfully protected against oyster thieves by a simple but ingenious device. The owner of the beds, sixteen acres in area, crossed them in two directions with five-eighth inch wire secured to posts at the points of intersection. Both wires and posts are invisible, even at low tide. The oyster pirate that attacks the bed is sure sooner or later to lose his dredge by having it entangled in the wire, and thefts are rare.

## MR. AND MRS. BOWSER.

The Bowsers had just finished dinner the other evening when an expressman drove up and unloaded and wheeled a big bicycle to the basement door. Mr. Bowser was called down to receive it, and when he returned to the sitting room Mrs. Bowser inquired:—

"Didn't the man make a mistake? There is nobody here to ride a bicycle."

"The man knew what he was about," replied Mr. Bowser with a bland smile as he looked out into the back yard.

"You—you don't mean—"

"Go on, Mrs. Bowser—go on."

"Have you bought a bicycle?"

"I have bought a bicycle. It is pronounced 'bike' for short."

"Are you going to ride it and make a show of yourself at your age?"

"I am going to ride a bike, Mrs. Bowser, age or no age. Something has got to be done for my dyspepsia, and the doctor also says that the only thing that will take the kinks out of my legs is to work the pedals. Exercise is what I want—exercise, exercise—A five mile spin before breakfast will make a new man of me in a month."

"And you—you have bought a bicycle!" gasped Mrs. Bowser as she held up her hands in astonishment.

"Call it bike, Mrs. Bowser. Yes, I have bought a bike, and what of it? What is there to be surprised about?"

"I thought you had bought every foolish thing ever made and offered for sale, but it seems I was mistaken. If there was ever a grown-up man that needed a guardian you are the one."

"Mrs. Bowser, are you talking to me?"

"Of course I am."

"Then you want to remember who I am. I not only run myself, but I run this house. If I want to buy even a balloon it's nobody's business but my own. I may be a lunatic or an idiot, but the general public hasn't found it out yet."

"Well, go ahead," she sighed, "but I know just how it will turn out."

"Yes, of course, it will turn out that I will gain about ten pounds in the next month and get some of my old enthusiasm back. I will now get into my old suit and have a little fun in the back yard. I expect it will take me a couple of weeks to learn to ride the thing, but I'm bound to get there."

"And of course you'll lay it all to me."

"Lay it all to you! Lay what to you? Mrs. Bowser, why can't you look at things in a sensible light? You talk as if I were a child. There will be nothing to lay to you or any one else. Instead of carping and fault finding you ought to be glad that I am doing all I can to preserve my health."

Mrs. Bowser had nothing more to say, and as she took a seat by a back window he ran upstairs to change his clothes. Ten minutes later he had his bike in the back yard. He at first looked pleased and happy, then he looked anxious; then he appeared doubtful.

"Expect to get a few tumbles at first, you know," he said as he looked up at Mrs. Bowser with a painful smile, "but I'll get there in time."

"Aren't you going to tie it up to the fence?" she asked.

"For why?"

"So you can get on to it. You'll either have to do that or have some one hold it. Shall I come down with the stepladder?"

"No, ma'am, you needn't come down with the stepladder. I'm just leading the thing around a few times to get my legs limbered up. When I want a stepladder I'll let you know. Here I go!"



THE BIKE ON TOP.

He went. He had noticed several different riders mount their bikes, and had figured on an easy thing he made a spring for the saddle, and there was wild exultation in his heart as he found himself safely seated. The wild exultation lasted about half a second, or until Mr. Bowser struck the earth with his head and his heels hit the fence and the bike piled on top of him.

"Are you hurt? Are you killed?" called out Mrs. Bowser from the window.

"Do you want to tell the whole town that I fell off a bike?" growled Mr. Bowser in reply as he slowly gathered his wits and his legs and his arms and got up and looked at her.

"But you might have broken your neck."

"Bosh! The wheel hit something in the grass. Everybody expects a tumble or two. A fall like that wouldn't hurt a baby. Haven't you got anything to do but sit there and watch me?"

"Is it any harm to watch you?"

He didn't say. He lifted the bike up, carefully examined it to see if it had hind feet to kick with and then conducted it twice around the yard to get up a feeling of mutual confidence. He would have cheerfully given Mrs. Bowser \$10 to retire from the window, but as he knew she wouldn't go he made up his mind not to be bluffed. He made ready for another try, and all of a sudden he landed in the saddle and began to paw around for the pedals. A smile of joy and pride started to flicker across his face, but before it had time to spread over two inches of surface

Mr. Bowser wobbled to the east and wobbled to the west and went over with a great crash. He realized that the American continent was in the throes of an earthquake, and he yelled "Fire!" and "Police!" before he struck the earth. Then he knew no more for three minutes. When he opened his eyes and sat up and gazed around him, Mrs. Bowser was standing beside him. She had unfastened his collar and untied his legs and sprinkled water on his face.

"This is all my doings, of course!" she said as he finally became aware of her presence. "This is my last straw! Your lawyer will see my lawyer in the morning and arrange about the divorce and alimony!"

"Woman!" began Mr. Bowser as he got up like a cow with two broken legs; but Mrs. Bowser had disappeared into the basement and there was nobody to talk to.

"FOR SALE—Gentleman having no further use for bicycle of standard make and all the latest improvements will sell the same for one-third of first cost. Warranted as good as the day it came from the shop. Will cure dyspepsia, prevent consumption and make a new man of you in four weeks. Only those who mean business need call. Home after 5 o'clock P. M. Ring basement bell of 72 Blank Street and ask for BOWSER."

### KICKED THE COFFIN ABOUT.

#### A Drunken Father's Brutal Conduct at His Daughter's Death.

Robert King is a strapping big longshoreman of New York city. King is a good husband and father when he is sober, but when tipsy he is ugly. His nineteen-year-old daughter Mamie became ill of pneumonia about two weeks ago and on Friday she died. Two days before her death her father disappeared and no trace of him could be found. His son James and James' mother superintended all the preparations for the funeral.

It was decided that the body should be kept three days. Friends of the dead girl brought flowers for her coffin, and they sat up beside it on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday nights. Mrs. King sat at the head of the coffin. Her eyes were red and swollen from crying. This was on Sunday night. About 10 o'clock a heavy and unsteady footfall was heard on the stairs.

No one paid any attention to it at first, as it was supposed to be merely a belated tenant of the house returning to his rooms. The unsteady step became louder until it reached the floor on which the Kings live. Finally it stopped in front of the parlor door. The door was a little ajar, and without knocking the newcomer burst into the room. It was the dead girl's father, and he was in a drunken frenzy. He staggered into the centre of the room and looked around with a leer at the solemn faces about him. Then he saw his wife.

"Wife," he shouted, "what's the party for? Say, what's the party for?"

"Oh, Robert, Robert, his wife cried, "what have you been doing?"

"Say, what's the party for?"

The drunken man began to stagger around in a circle and laugh in an idiotic fashion at the people in the room. Several women got up and went out, but the majority sat still. Mrs. King walked to her husband's side and placed her hand on his shoulder. She meant to lead him to where he could see the face of the dead girl. The moment she came within reach he grabbed her roughly with both his muscular hands.

"Say, what's the racket for?" he insisted. "The woman could not answer him, as she had dropped her head on his shoulder to smother her sobs. King getting no reply pushed his wife roughly away, and as he did so he struck her with his clenched fist. He hit her on the mouth and knocked her across the coffin. The foot of the coffin fell to the floor, leaving the head still on its stand. The people in the room, most of them women, jumped up when they saw King strike his wife. He grabbed a chair, and striking right and left with it soon cleared the room. Even his wife fled.

When King saw that he had the place to himself he started in to smash everything. He kicked the coffin and it tumbled to the floor, the body falling partly out. He kicked the side of the coffin several times, partly smashing it, and he was about to pull the body out when Policeman Haggerty arrived. Haggerty had been called by a son of the drunken man. He arrested King, who went peacefully along to the station house, where he was locked up.

As soon as King was safely lodged in the station house Mrs. King went back to her room, and with the assistance of the neighbors placed the coffin back on its stand. The flowers were picked up from the floor and re-arranged. An undertaker repaired the coffin. King was arraigned in the Police Court. He had nothing to say and no one appeared against him. When Justice Simms heard the circumstances of the case he discharged King to give him a chance to go to his daughter's funeral.

### Has a Peculiar Appetite.

Among the remarkable birds of New Zealand, says the Revue Francaise, is the greenish-gray nocturnal parrot of the genus Strigops, which lives in burrows and resembles an owl, and a still more singular parrot, the Nestor notabilis, which the English have come to regard as a dangerous nuisance. The English, as is well known, introduced sheep farming into New Zealand, as well as into Australia. Now these parrots have acquired the habit of perching upon the backs of the sheep and excavating holes therein with their formidable bills in order to extract the kidneys. The fact is so much the more curious in that it cannot be attributed to an innate instinct, since, previous to the arrival of the English, these birds had never seen a sheep, nor even any animal of analogous conformation, the fauna of New Zealand including scarcely a single mammal. We know, moreover, that in entire Oceania there are no other mammals except marsupials. There is here, then, on the part of these birds, an act of intelligence and even of calculation, so much the more curious in that it is certainly complicated with a phenomenon of language or analogous communication. It is true that the birds are parrots, but the fact is none the less worthy of remark.

## THE FIELD OF COMMERCE.

### Some Items of Interest to the Business Man.

In London, the price of Hudson's Bay shares is lower at £14.

The world's visible supply of wheat decreased 2,388,000 last week.

Silver bullion continues firm, with sales in London at 80 3/4, and in New York at 67c per ounce.

Stocks in Toronto are quiet and firm. Commerce is the most active bank security, with sales at 137 1/2.

During the years from 1882 to 1884, the fishermen of Lunenburg county, N.S., were paid fishing bounties to the extent of \$235,000. The increase in that period was almost doubled, being \$18,274 in 1882, and \$35,318 in 1884.

There has been an active speculation of late in railroad stocks and the general tone is very strong. Nearly all classes of securities sold recently at the highest prices in this bulge to date. The advance within six weeks is 5 to 10 per cent.

The Trade and Navigation returns for the past five years have been issued. The following are the comparative figures for the last five years:

	Total Exports.	Total Imports.	Duty.
1890.....	\$ 98,749,149	\$121,838,241	\$24,014,968
1891.....	98,417,226	118,967,633	23,481,669
1892.....	118,968,375	127,408,088	20,550,881
1893.....	118,561,352	129,074,598	21,161,710
1894.....	117,524,919	123,474,940	19,379,822

After an unsteady market in wheat, in which the large exports from Russia and Argentina, with reports of small decrease in the world's visible supply and generally favorable weather, prevented the quotation from moving upward, there was a sharp advance on rumors of heavy export purchases and a good milling demand. Deliveries of winter wheat thus far are very light and cause difficulty at Northwestern mills. Speculators were driven to cover contracts when the prices started upwards, and a small boom soon appeared. Cash wheat is now scarce, and the price runs along about on a par with the May option. Sales of flour at Minneapolis are increasing, and a gain in price is noticed.

The meat situation is still perplexing in the United States. Prices of beef and sheep have reacted slightly from the top, but are still very high. The demand continues good, and if the Western speculators prevent liquidation in May options, it may be possible to sustain the high position. Live hogs have shaded a fraction from the top, but are still at a good figure. Lard is off a few points, but mess pork holds firmly to \$13.50 per barrel. Statements of exports for the year thus far show a large increase over last year for lard and out meats, but pork and beef have decreased somewhat, and the loss in butter amounts to over two thirds. Butter, cheese and eggs remain at about former prices, but milk on platforms has at last taken a turn upward, the latest quotation being \$1.22 per can of forty quarts.

The trade situation at Toronto still continues to show signs of improvement. The better feeling heretofore noted has acted as a sort of stimulus, and fewer complaints are heard. Dealers generally are encouraged by the stronger tone of the markets, and the outlook is more cheering. The earnings of the railways show improvement, and those of the Grand Trunk since the beginning of the month are ahead of the corresponding period of last year. There is increased activity in dry goods, with orders coming in freely, but they are not for large amounts. The business in hardware and groceries is fair, and payments are a little more satisfactory. . . . A further advance in wheat has taken place, with sales of white at 73c to 74c Ontario points. The deliveries are very small, giving the impression that supplies are limited, but at this season farmers are very busy seeding, which partly accounts for light receipts. Flour is firmer, but prices are relatively lower than those of wheat. The foreign demand for wheat has increased, and Chicago prices have been advanced three or four cents during the week. Some large shorts have been forced to cover, and the feeling with regard to this market is exceedingly bullish. . . . The hide market is active and higher, with sales of cured at 7c, and of green at 6c. Leather is firmer in tone in consequence. . . . The money market is firm, but no changes are reported in rates. There is a better demand for Commercial paper. The firmer rates for call loans has checked speculation to some extent on the local stock exchange, but nevertheless the different securities are remarkably firm.

### Lost a Prize, But Won a Fortune.

Much amusement was created a few days ago at Nogen-sur-Marne, near Paris, by a race in which all the competitors were people with wooden legs. Some eccentric person in the neighborhood had offered substantial cash prizes to the winners. Among the competitors was a woman, one Mile. Collet. She did not win a prize, but her boldness in challenging her male competitors has not gone unrewarded. It happened that a lawyer in the south of France read an account of the affair in a newspaper, and it also happened that he had long been searching for a Mile. Collet, with a wooden leg, who had a legacy left her by a relative at Toulon. Several times he had advertised that if she would communicate with him she would "hear of something to her advantage," but there had been no response. As it seemed unlikely that there could be two Mile. Collets, each with a wooden leg, he concluded she must be the missing heiress. Accordingly, he wrote to Nogen, and it turned out that it was he suspected. The legacy will be paid as soon as the necessary formalities are complete.

### What He Admired.

What did father say when you asked him for my hand? Asked the young woman.

Oh, replied Augustus, he did his best to be pleasant. He said there was something about me that he really admired.

Did he say what?

Yes. My impudence.