

MILLIONS OF IDLE MEN.

How Far We Are From Beating Our Spears Into Plowshares.

The latest official figures in regard to the numerical force of the principal European armies have been furnished during the recent discussion of the war budget at the session of the delegations of Austria-Hungary. From January 1, 1891, the Austrian army will have in excess over the present year 2,225 soldiers, 167 officers and 947 horses. The numerical strength of European armies have been shown during the discussion of the budget at Pesth to stand as follows:

Germany—Field army, 1,350,700 men; garrison army, 920,000 men, with 47,510 officers and 3,950 guns.

Austria-Hungary—Field army, 1,260,000 men; garrison army, 350,000 men, with 35,600 officers and 1,750 guns.

Russia—Field army, 1,240,500 men, with 36,000 officers and 2,730 guns; reserve army, 1,102,800 men, with 21,200 officers and 1,170 guns; frontier battalions, 41,480 men; Cossacks, 143,000 men, with 3,750 officers and 204 guns. The Government can also call the militia, to which belongs every man in the country under 45 years, and which would give more than 2,000,000 men.

Italy—Permanent army, 760,000 men, with 13,000 officers and 1,040 guns; mobile militia, 342,000 men; territorial militia, 1,100,000 men.

France—Active army on peace footing, 534,100 men, with 26,763 officers and 135,239 horses; territorial militia of first line, 426,000 men; territorial militia of second line, about 1,000,000 men.—*New York Tribune.*

A Reminiscence of Kabul—1842.

(From a deceased officer's journal.)

Nov. 1. How cool and refreshing is the evening breeze after the sickening heat and anxieties of the day. As I turn the leaves of this journal each evening, it often occurs to me that some one else may speak the epilogue. Well—*che vana, vana*, as friend Avitabile says. I suppose we could hardly be in worse plight, at least if the engineer-in-chief is to be believed. Sir William Macnaghten has again and again declined better positions, and for some inscrutable reason has refused the Commissariat a place within Cantonments. What criminal folly! and just to please a crafty native prince.

Nov. 3. In spite of our worse than bad position we all think that with prompt action we can be extricated. But with the usual tardiness and blindness which has cursed us throughout the campaign, opportunity is allowed to slip by, and we, if I mistake not, shall realize the old school proverb, *Horæ pereunt et impunitæ.*

Nov. 4. The furries are on our track to-day; about 15,000 Afghans and Afridis have occupied Fort Muhammad and cut off Warren with the Commissariat from the Cantonments; unless relief is sent at once Warren and the stores will be lost. 7 p. m.—Warren has gallantly fought his way in; all the stores are lost.

Nov. 5. M—led a storming party of his Jezailchis this morning against Fort Muhammad, took it, but was obliged to retire through the overpowering numbers of the enemy. In the storming of the Rickabashi Fort an incident has occurred which will show the Afghans the temper of a British soldier. The stormers of the 44th regiment missed the gate and therefore set to work to blow in a side wicket into which Col. Mackerell and a few men forced themselves. Suddenly a body of Afghan cavalry charged the remainder and a general *sauve qui peut* ensued; the few inside the fort were slaughtered, and Lieut. Bird and another officer retreated into a stable, the door of which they barricaded. There they stood at bay, probably for twenty minutes, keeping up a deadly fire, and when the fort was taken by the reinforcements the two were discovered grim and deadly in death having only five cartridges left, but surrounded by thirty-five dead Afridis.

Nov. 22. Little thought that I should pen another line. Constant fighting for the last 18 days; attacked Behmaru, but to no purpose except to employ the men.

Nov. 25. On 23rd, Shelton's brigade again attacked Behmaru, as our supplies are drawn thence. For some inexplicable reason, instead of assaulting immediately he formed his brigade in squares exposed on the brow of a small hill to a galling fire for seven hours. No wonder the men lost heart. About noon the fire became so hot that Col. Oliver ordered a charge, but not a man would follow him. Shelton tried in vain to induce them to fix bayonets. In the middle of it Afghan cavalry charged the square and the latter broke. The field artillerymen died at their guns like heroes. Shelton rallied his men with difficulty, but wouldn't retire, whereupon it is said Oliver shrugged his shoulders, saying, "There'll be a general run to Cantonments immediately and as I'm too fat to run, I had better get shot at once." He exposed himself and was hit almost immediately, and mortally. The square then broke again, and had it not been for gallant Colin Troop dashing to Cantonments for a body of infantry and a mountain train, a general massacre would have ensued. Even plucky old Elphinstone, sick as he is, went out to endeavor to rally the men. Some one or other is constantly performing a feat of individual heroism. On 23rd a sergeant named Mulhall, of the Bengal Horse Artillery, with six gunners and his gun was cut off from the retreating brigade. Seeing their plight they limbered up in a trice and dashed down hill at a gallop, cutting their way by sheer impetus and audacity through a crowd of at least 2,000 Afghans. Four of them were desperately wounded and are dying; the gun is safe.

Nov. 27. Postinger and Haughton have just come in from Charekar in sad plight, for eight days they defended the fort, but at last the Mahomedan sepoy mutinied and attacked Haughton while Postinger was asleep. Haughton's wounds are terrible—right hand cut off, shoulder and left arm gashed, and all the muscles on left side of neck severed so that his head hangs forward on his right breast. The sepoy then deserted in a body. At night Postinger mounted and placed Haughton on a horse with two faithful servants, one on each side to hold him up and a cushion under his chin to support the head and in this plight they had come 40 miles as the crow flies. A gallant bugle-major, who was too badly wounded to travel, said he would crawl to the bastions and sound the morning bugle to deceive the enemy

around, in which he must have succeeded. Dec. 10. Matters seem to be drawing to a climax. Akbar Khan has been in constant communication with Sir William Macnaghten, and has proposed a conference. It is rumored that Akbar is having difficulty with the different Sardars and wishes to conciliate Sir William. One never knows how much to believe when an Afghan speaks.

Dec. 10. All is arranged: Akbar and Sir William are to meet outside the city. Akbar offers to allow the British to remain eight months longer to save their honor (forsooth), and the "Feringhis" to subdue the other tribes and then to evacuate the country of their own accord. For this precious piece of treachery he wants 40 lakhs of rupees down and 4 lakhs annually during life. It sickens one to deal with such *omalle*. Sir William has actually consented and has signed a paper to that effect. I don't feel assured as to the results of all this.

(Written 14 months after, on being released from captivity.)

About noon on 27th December, Sir William, Captains Trevor, Lawrence and I set forth on that fatal expedition. We had arranged that two regiments should be kept under arms with two field guns. It is curious that as the envoy approached the great gate he remarked that death seemed preferable to the anxious life he had hitherto lived. I do not think, however, that he had any suspicion of Akbar's treachery. At the gate Sir William remembered that he had promised a charger to the wily Sirdar and sent me back for it, and on rejoining them I found that the field escort had halted, and the envoy, with Trevor and Lawrence, had advanced towards the fort of Muhammad, the scene of so much desperate fighting. At this time we were about a quarter of a mile from the bastions. Here were some hillocks, and on these carpets were spread, the snow being light, and Akbar, who had arrived with a considerable retinue, sat down to converse with poor Macnaghten. I felt a queer kind of presentiment and it was with great reluctance I dismounted and sat down to talk with an old acquaintance of mine, an officer of the Kabul native police. Just then I heard Akbar ask Sir William if he were ready to carry out his agreement of the night preceding. Sir William replied, "Why not?" Some commonplaces followed and Akbar commenced to handle a pair of pistols given him by the Envoy. Meanwhile Lawrence had pointed out that contrary to arrangement we were gradually being surrounded by armed men and the Sirdars affected to drive them off, but Akbar shouted in Pashtu, "No matter; they know all." On turning round to speak to my Kabul acquaintance I heard Akbar yell, "Bigir—Bigir" (seize, seize), and wheeling rapidly beheld him grasp poor Macnaghten by the left arm, discharge rapidly both pistols into his body and dragging him down the hillock by the aid of another Sirdar sabre him with a tulwar. Trevor was cut down instantly. Lawrence was dragged roughly past me and had it not been for my native friend I had not been able to write these words. All was over in an instant.

The Virtues of Coffee.

It is asserted by men of high professional ability, says the *Epicure*, that when the system needs a stimulant nothing equals a cup of fresh coffee. Those who desire to rescue a drunkard from his cups will find no better substitute for spirits than strong, new-made coffee, without milk or sugar. Two ounces of coffee, or one-eighth of a pound, to one pint of boiling water makes a first-class beverage, but the water must be boiling, not merely hot. Bitterness comes from boiling too long. If the coffee required for breakfast be put in a granitized kettle over night and a pint of cold water poured over it, it can be heated to just the boiling point and then set back to prevent further ebullition, when it will be found that, while the strength is extracted, its delicate aroma is preserved. As our country consumes nearly ten pounds of coffee per capita, it is a pity not to have it made in the best manner. It is asserted by those who have tried it that malaria and epidemics are avoided by those who drink a cup of hot coffee before venturing into the morning air. Burned on hot coals it is a disinfectant for a sick room. By some of our best physicians it is considered a specific in typhoid fever.

Stop Their Salary.

Editor of Agricultural Paper—Look here; here's a man who asks the silliest questions!

Assistant—How about it?
"Why, he asks me the best way to cure hams, and doesn't state in his note what's the matter with them!"

No Settlement.

"If I have ever used any unkind words to you, Sarah," said Mr. Henpeck, calmly, "I will take them all back."
"Yes, indeed," she replied: "I suppose so you can use them all over again."

Two Queries.

First Boarder—Why do you always look the door of your room when you go out?
Second Boarder—How does it happen that you know it is always locked?—*Epoch.*

Nobody to Blame.

"Did the coroner render a verdict on the horse-thief they lynched?"
"Yes. He said the man died of heart failure, induced by a broken neck."

A Practical Girl.

Elder Sister—Why don't you improve your mind, Belle, instead of continually dawdling about the house?
Belle—What's the use? I'm engaged.

Many New York people who have a taste for ice cream are trying the fad of eating Boston brown bread with their cream.

—Prof. Putnam, in his report to the Peabody museum for the current year, says that man has existed for 10,000 years in this country. There are very few of our first families that can trace back much further than half that distance, however.

—In Kingston no boy under 18 years of age is allowed in the police court as a spectator.

The first elevated railway was projected in New York city in 1871 and completed in 1878.

HOW MILK IS MADE.

A Process Which is of Interest to Others Than the Farmer.

(From an address by Prof. Jas. W. Robertson at a convention of dairymen at Belleville, Ont.)

After the very amusing address to which you have just listened, filled with sparkling gems of literary value as well as scientific instruction, I find it rather hard to know what to say, because after having your palate tickled with sweet honey, I don't think you will relish a big draught of skim milk. The programme says the meeting is to be on milk and honey. After a little pleasantness regarding the queer ways of bees, the speaker said: I am delighted to have a joint meeting of the Beekeepers' Association and the Dairymen's Association, because we have much in common for the good of our country. When in London in 1886, on behalf of the Government, I found no department attract so much attention, provoke so general interest and advertise the country so well as the display of honey. At the same time I recognized that in our line our main natural advantages arose from the fertile soil and abundance of sunshine. These two facts give me hope that this Province and Dominion will be among the most thickly populated and influential of the strongest nations. Sunshine we can boast of most. We can beat England all hollow in that respect. We therefore can have better products. The plants that feed the dairy animals need the active work of the bees. They do some of the chores for dairymen. The more we help beekeepers to keep the bees the more milk we will get. If a man recognizes the holiness of labor for the good of the whole race, the more he enjoys his work. He becomes a better citizen. I am to look after the dairymen and talk on "How a cow makes milk." A young man at a meeting in Lucan was asked to read a paper—an address on "raising a calf and keeping a bee." He dilated so long on the first part of his subject that an old Scotchman rose up and said, "Gude Lord, mon, gie us some honey or sit doon." (Laughter.) All the milk of cows is made in a most mysterious way. The elaboration is effected in two glands called the udder. These two glands lie together lengthwise of the cow's body. You can take one gland from the other without rupturing the remaining one; there is no organic or distinct division between the two quarters of each gland. The milk in the gland is elaborated from the blood, a physiological process imperfectly understood. If that be so, and doubtless it is so, it becomes necessary for every dairymen to so treat, feed, water and shelter his cow that she will have wholesome, vigorous blood coursing in her veins. If the nervous system be deranged, then the milk pertains to a low quality. The blood from which the milk is formed enters the glands by two large arteries. Alongside the arteries runs a large vein and nervous cord.

Numerous ducts rise from the milk cisterns at the top of the teats; they spread through the whole structure of the udder. A small portion of the blood exudes or percolates through the membrane that lines these ducts and becomes milk. Beginning from the bottom of the teat, there is an opening which stays closed without any effort on the part of the animal, therefore the milk does not leak. If this muscle relaxes the milk will drop out. At the top of the teat there is another valve over which the cow exercises some control. She can close it and hold the milk above that valve; then a man may tug all he likes and get nothing while the cow holds up her milk. When the cow has this valve closed it is mainly owing to undue excitement. When the cow is much excited the lack of nervous equilibrium will make her close this valve and shut off the milk flow. Sometimes if the cows and the dog try races for home, when the cow is beaten by the dog she becomes excited and holds up her milk.

There are a great many tiny cells on the inside of the ultimate follicles of the milk ducts. They are so small that if you measure a row of them not one inch in length you will find 3,000 or 5,000 of them. They each grow a bud; that bud grows larger and larger until it becomes a globule, and these globules constitute the fat of the milk. These tiny globules drop and trickle down inside these milk tubes and come down with the rest of the milk. The last milk is richer than the first. Some men consider it to be an honest transaction to give the factorymen the first fruits of the cow and to keep the last quart for the coffee. The law of last session is, a person found guilty of any of these tricks, adding water, removing cream, holding back strippings, sending in impure milk, shall be liable to a severe penalty. I would like to see that law made imperative for the punishment of a few great sinners that the rest might be kept righteous. It is within the province of the Dominion Dairymen's Association, of which a convention is to be held, to look after these sinners for the good of the land. I think I'll say something on that point; I shall help to make that law go right down on the deeds of the few for the good of the rest who make honest milk. These fat globules are represented here on this chart. There are ordinarily about 1,000,000,000 of these globules in a cubic inch of milk. I drop the remark that there is nothing made in vain in this world. There is no man made in vain in this world; every man has his little or big job to do in life. The man who had the job of counting these globules, without serious thought, would count them one by one. If he spent his lifetime at that, he would require over fifty years' constant application and then not get a very accurate account. If a man would first apply himself with his head, and discover the best way to do his work, he could do it in a scientific way, for 1,000,000,000 could be counted safely by a few hours' effort. Otherwise he might spend fifty years doing what he might do in a few hours. The possible saving of time in this job by thoughtfulness might be forty-nine odd years; we are always going hand first, back first, instead of head first. Think how to do things, and then do them in the best way—head first.

One of the prettiest dress patterns for all round wear is a black Indian silk flowered with pink and green posies.

FAMOUS BATHERS.

Some Feats of Swimmers Which Are Timely Reading.

Few young people require urging to go into the water at this season, but many of them need to be reminded that they can bathe too often, swim too far and stay in the water too long. Some of them returned from the seashore last summer half sick, and were not in their usual health until after Christmas. Too much bathing in cold water was, in many instances, the cause, says the *Fourth's Companion*.

The celebrated swimming feats of which we read were mostly performed in southern water. Last summer the Queen of Spain walked down to the beach of the Bay of St. Sebastian, accompanied by one of her ladies and four stout bathing men, and swam out to a man-of-war lying at anchor half a mile away.

The lady who accompanied her soon gave up and was taken on board one of the small boats that went with the party. The Queen, however, being one of the best female swimmers in Europe, accomplished the feat with considerable ease in three-quarters of an hour. But the water was of semi-tropical warmth. Off Mount Desert, on the coast of Maine, she might have failed.

Probably, as she is a woman of sense and knowledge, she would not have attempted a swim of forty-five minutes in the cold water of Bar Harbor.

Byron swam the Hellespont in an hour and ten minutes after having once tried and failed. The distance, as he told his mother, was not more than a mile in a straight line, but to accomplish that mile in such a time he had to swim two or three miles.

Compared with the performance of some of our swimmers of to-day it was not extraordinary, and it was done in rather warm water, in the month of May, which is one of the hot months in that part of the world.

Dr. Franklin, who was, perhaps, the best American swimmer of his time, lived so near the warm and tranquil Delaware at Philadelphia that his garden extended quite down to the shore. We must bear this in mind when we read of his remaining in the water "two hours" and "an hour or two," and when he recommends "much swimming" as an excellent and almost sure remedy for the most common of summer maladies.

He evidently had the river Delaware in his mind when he spoke of "rivers that have been thoroughly warmed by the sun." In July, as Philadelphia boys know, the Delaware along its banks is very warm.

Dr. Franklin would doubtless have greatly modified his remarks upon bathing if he had been in the habit of going into the cold water that washes all parts of the New England coast north of Cape Cod.

He does, indeed, caution one of his correspondents to avoid plunging into cold spring water, and mentions an instance of four young men who did so when they were heated by harvesting. Two died upon the spot, another the next morning and the fourth recovered with great difficulty.

Many observant parents who live or spend their summers on the Northern coast have come to the conclusion that it is better for most young people to bathe not oftener than every other day and no longer at a time than twenty minutes.

A Highland Proclamation.

I found in my wanderings, this which may interest some, a copy of a proclamation made at the Market Cross of Inverary, last century:

Ta hoy! Te tister shoy! Ta hoy
Three time!!! an' Ta hoy—Whist!!!

By command of His Majesty King George, An' Her Grace, Te Duke o' Argyll:

If any lady is found fishing above te loch, or below te loch, afore te loch, or aint te loch, in te loch, or on te loch, aron te loch, or aboot te loch, She's to be persecutit, wi' three persecutions:

First, she's to be burnt, syne she's to be drowned, an' then she's to be hangt, an' if ever she come back, she's to be persecutit wi' a far war death.

God save the King an' Her Grace Te Duke o' Argyll!

A Contented Man.

"It's pretty hard work earning an honest living," said the tramp to the farmer's wife.

"You don't mean to say that you work?"

"Oh, no! My remark is simply the result of my observations along the highways and byways. When I see how hard some people work and how little they get for it, I am encouraged to follow my simple vocation without a murmur."

Wants One More Summer.

"Oh, papa, please don't go to the mountains this year."

"Why, my dear, I thought you liked them?"

"So I did, but Tom's going there, and as I'm engaged to him it won't be so much fun. Let's go to Europe."

One of the deepest coal mines in the world is at St. Andre du Poirier, France, which yearly produces 300,000 tons. The mine is worked with two shafts, one 2,952 feet deep and the other 3,088. The latter shaft is being deepened, and will soon reach the 4,000 feet level. The remarkable feature in this deep mine is the comparatively low temperature experienced, which seldom rises above 75 fahrenheit.

DIPLOMATS DISAGREE.

Foreigners at the Court of St. James Crave Each Other's Blood.

There is great stir in social and diplomatic circles in consequence of a violent dispute between Count Deym, Austrian ambassador to the court of St. James, and his honorary secretary, another count of noble Austrian family. No names have yet been published, but it is known throughout society that there is a lady in the case and that she is of the highest social standing. Count Deym was so provoked with his secretary last week he omitted his name from the list of invitations to the official reception. The result was a scandalous quarrel at the embassy, in which insulting remarks were passed, and which would have culminated in blows but for the interference of others. The secretary has resigned in order to be able to challenge Count Deym to a duel to be fought in Austria. He sent the challenge on Monday and has given Count Deym a fortnight in which to consider the matter. The ambassador has declined to accept the challenge, giving extreme ill health as a reason and accompanying his refusal with a doctor's certificate. The ambassador is sure to be condemned for his action in Austria, as according to the code of honor in that country he should have fought. The affair is the talk of the clubs, and the most strenuous efforts are being made to keep the name of the lady from publicity.

Don't Sign.

Don't sign any paper for anyone except those with whom you are acquainted and know to be honest. A new swindle is being carried on in Connecticut by means of a double fountain pen, one end of which is filled with good substantial ink, the other with ink that fades away in a day or two. The sharper writes his agreement, contract or whatever particular lay he may have chosen, with the ink that fades, and his victim signs with the other end of the pen in the ink that lasts. In a few days he has a slip of paper with nothing on it but a good signature, over which he writes any sort of a note that he can most easily turn into cash.—*Boston Herald.*

Who Wouldn't?

Clergyman—How is Brown coming on since he failed in business? Rather downhearted, I suppose.

Smith—No, I think not. The last time I saw him he was looking up and trying to be hopeful.

"Ah, I'm glad to hear that!"
"He was trying to drink from a jug."

MISS JENNIE TEEPLE, a graduate of Alma Ladies' College, St. Thomas, Ontario whose paintings were so universally admired a few years since at the Fine Arts Exhibition of the Educational Department, has been appointed Art Director in Lansdowne College, Man. Scores of Alma's graduates are now engaged in teaching private classes or in Schools and Colleges and are thus proclaiming the practical character of Alma's instruction. For 60 pp. Calendar address PRINCIPAL, ALMA, B.D.

How Insects Feed.

The butterfly pumps nectar into itself through a tube, and bees and flies suck up their food with their long tongues or proboscis. The spider's mouth is quite a complicated affair. It has fangs for holding its prey, masticatory organs for bruising solid food, and a sucking apparatus for taking up the fluids. Quite as complicated is the mouth of the mosquito, which consists of the lances, the saws and the pumping tubes.

There is a new and ingenious device for keeping oysters good in the shell for several weeks after they have been taken from the water. The edges of the shells are dipped into plaster of Paris mixed with certain chemicals that make it harden quickly. In a few minutes the oyster is hermetically sealed.

Holyrod Palace shows need of repair in many places, and anyone who has recently been there will admit some of the ancient guides have seen their best days.

D. C. N. L. 34, 90.

Bermuda Bottled.
"You must go to Bermuda. If you do not I will not be responsible for the consequences." "But, doctor, I can afford neither the time nor the money." "Well, if that is impossible, try

SCOTT'S EMULSION
OF PURE NORWEGIAN COD LIVER OIL.
I sometimes call it Bermuda Bottled, and many cases of CONSUMPTION, Bronchitis, Cough or Severe Cold I have CURED with it; and the advantage is that the most sensitive stomach can take it. Another thing which commends it is the stimulating properties of the Hypophosphites which it contains. You will find it for sale at your Druggist's, in Salmon wrapper. Be sure you get the genuine."
SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.

IT CURE FITS! THOUSANDS OF BOTTLES GIVEN AWAY YEARLY.
When I say Cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time, and then have them return again. I MEAN A RADICAL CURE. I have made the disease of FITS, Epilepsy or Falling Sickness a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to Cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my Infallible Remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and it will cure you. Address—M. G. SCOTT, M.C., Branch Office, 186 WEST ADELAIDE STREET, TORONTO.

CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED
TO THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and Post Office Address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M.C., 186 West Adelaide St., TORONTO, ONTARIO.