YOUNG FOLKS

The Doughnut Tree.

Oh! could I find the doughnut tree,
Whose fruit a sweet repast
Did oft in childhood's hungry hours
Assist to break a fast.

It grew upon the kitchen hearth,
With a seething pot,
And bore its fruit at sundry times,
All rich and piping hot.

Fantastic shapes its fruit took oft,
In twists, and queris, and toys,
And on special days it dropped
Fat, pudgy girls and boys.

With eager haste were quickly seized
Those doughnut boys and girls,
Who found at once a guillotine
Between two rows of pearls.

The fruit, well shaken from the tree,
Was stored within a jar,
But youthful appetites, quick and keen
Did scent it from afar.

And to that place what raids were made
Far into darkest night:
'Twas but a blissful dream—and then
The jar was empty quite.

Oh! could I find the doughnut tree,
And see it as of yore,
I'd seize upon its luscious fruit,
And be a child once more.

Cinderella's Slippers.

"Do you know", said Edna, looking up suddenly from the book she was reading, "I really don't see how she could do it".

Bert, from his geography lesson gave her an amazed stare. "Do what?" he asked, sharply.

"Wear them", answered Edna, vaguely. Then, catching the general expression of wonder, she explained hurriedly: "Oh! I forgot you didn't know what I was reading; it's Cinderella".

"Cinderella!" repeated her mother with a smile. "We are still in the dark. What is it she couldn't do?"

"Wear her slippers—glass slippers", said Edna, slowly. "She couldn't you know."

"Why not?" asked Dave, the youngest boy. "The book says so. Her feet were so small—I mean the slippers were so small that no feet but Cinderella's would fit them."

"I know that," said Edna laughing; "but I don't believe Cinderella or any one else could *dance* in glass slippers, because they would break all to pieces."

"But they were fairy slippers, and couldn't break," protested Dave.

"It's only a fairy story anyhow," put in Marion, "and everything is possible to fairies."

"I should not wonder," said Bert, with an air of superior wisdom (Bert was in the high school), "that they were malleable glass. We read of such material in ancient annals, and Cinderella's slippers may have been made of that."

Mr. Anniston had been listening to this discussion with interested attention, and now spoke for the first time: "Perhaps I can throw some light on this dark subject. Cinderella never did wear glass slippers."

"O papa!" cried Dave, "the book says so."

"I know it," admitted Mr. Anniston, "but that is a blunder of the translator. The delightful little story was originally French, and the French author says that Cinderella wore *pantoufles de vair*—that is, 'fur slippers,' which is quite natural."

"Then why did the English translator say glass?" questioned Bert.

"Because he was careless. The French word for glass is *verre*, and its substitution for *vair* gave Cinderella the slippers, which, however pretty, could not have been at all comfortable."

"Well, I declare!" cried Dave. And everybody else laughed.

The Happiest Little Boy.

"Guess who was the happiest child I saw to-day?" asked papa, taking his own two little boys on his knees.

"Oh, who, papa?"

"But you must guess."

"Well," said Jim, slowly, "I guess it was a very rich little boy, wif lots and lots of candy and cakes."

"No," said papa, "he wasn't rich, he had no candy or no cakes. What do you guess, Joe?"

"I guess he was a pretty big boy," said Joe, who was always wishing he wasn't such a little boy, "and I guess he was riding a big, high bicycle."

"No," said papa, "he wasn't big; and of course, he wasn't riding a bicycle. You have lost your guesses, so I'll have to tell you. There was a flock of sheep crossing the city to-day, and they must have come a long way, so dusty and tired and thirsty they were. The drover took them up, bleating and lolling out their tongues, to the great pump in Hamilton court, to water their; but one poor old ewe was too tired to get to the trough, and fell down in the hot, dusty stones.

"Then I saw my little man, ragged and dirty and tousled, springing out from the crowd of urchins who were watching the drove, fill his old, leaky, felt hat, which must have belonged to his grandfather, and carry it one, two, three, O, so many as six times, to the poor, suffering animal, until the creature was able to get up and go on with the rest."

"But the sheep say, 'Tank you,' papa?" asked Jim, gravely.

"I didn't hear it," answered papa. "But the little boy's face was shining like the sun, and I'm sure he knows what a blessed thing it is to help what needs helping."

THE FALL OF AN AEROLITE.

Superstitions Regarding Them in Times Past.

One of the largest aerolites ever known is said to have fallen into the Caspian Sea, at no great distance from the Peninsula of Apsheron a neck of land which runs into the Caspian and forms the eastern point of the Caucasian chain. It is a peculiar region, sulphur and other inflammable matter being mixed up with the soil. It is known as the place of the sacred flame, and it was from this region the fire worshippers of Asia drew their superstition.

One is tempted to say that the great aerolite in its descent revealed a natural preference. It sought a sympathetic region, if it did make a mistake in finding a watery bed. The stone is said to project about twelve feet above the surface of the sea, which at that place is of considerable depth. In falling, we are told, it made a tremendous noise and illuminated land and sea for miles around, throwing out vast clouds of steam when it reached the water. It is natural that scientists should take an interest in the phenomenon; and it is reasonable to conclude that at no distant day we shall have as the result of their examination full and satisfactory reports.

OBJECTS OF SUPERSTITION.

In times gone by these meteoric stones were regarded with superstitious reverence. At Emesa, in Syria, the sun was worshipped under the form of a black stone, said to have fallen from heaven. The holy stone—the Kaaba—at Mecca has a similar history. So has the great stone of the pyramid of Cholula, in Mexico. Latterly, however, science has stripped these objects of much of their mystery. It is now generally admitted that the stones are of planetary origin, not of lunar origin, as was at one time conjectured, and that their luminosity is the result of the friction occasioned by their rapid motion through the resisting atmosphere. It has been calculated that setting aside the resistance of air, an initial velocity of about 8,000 feet in a second, about five or six times that of a cannon ball, would bring the stones to the earth at a velocity of 25,000 feet a second; but Olbers, one of the greatest authorities on the general subject, holds that to account for the actual measured velocity of meteoric stones the original velocity of projection must be at least fourteen times greater than the above.

It is now a well-recognized fact that there are certain seasons in which these meteoric stones are more liable to make their appearance than in others. They are, in fact, periodic; and the favorite months are April July, August, November, and December.

November has the grandest record, and the most brilliant displays of which we have reliable accounts have been witnessed in November, 1799, 1833, and 1866—at intervals, it must be observed, of thirty-four years. According to prediction the next grand display will be in 1900. These statements and figures, it is well to bear in mind, apply rather to what we are in the habit of calling meteoric showers than to the single solid mass such as that which has found its resting place in the waters of the Caspian.

The stones, large and small, are for the most part of uniform composition, consisting principally of silica, magnesia, and iron, with small quantities of nickel, sulphur, and chromium. Among the large stones of which we have record, in addition to those already mentioned as presumably of the same origin, is the great stone which fell at Egospotamic, on the Hellespont, in 467 B.C., and which was still shown in the days of Pliny, toward the close of the first Christian century. It is described as being about the size of a wagon. A ponderous stone fell in Alsace, near the village of Ensisheim, in 1492, weighing 260 pounds. It is still to be seen in the village. A large mass of this kind is in the Imperial Museum at St. Petersburg, and the largest known aerolite hitherto is one which fell in Brazil. Its estimated weight is 14,000 pounds. If report speaks truth, the presumption now is that the Brazilian stone will have to take second place.

WOULD-BE BICYCLISTS.

Some Valuable Suggestions on Learning How to Ride.

He was an enthusiastic wheelman. He would get up at daybreak for a spin through the country and hurry home from business at night for a brief run on his safety. He found some sort of a contrivance which he clamped on the front part of his machine, and into it he strapped his chubby, two-year-old daughter. There she rode like a bird on a branch, springing up and down as they rolled along over the smooth roads.

The man next door looked with envy upon the wheelman. He thought his neighbor was having altogether too much fun.

"Look here," he said a few evenings ago as the man with the wheel lifted his little one down from her perch, "it seems to me I'd like to ride one of those blamed things. I'd get one if it didn't take so long to learn."

"But it doesn't take so long to learn."

"How long do you think it would take me?"

"Well, you look like a man with an ordinary amount of gray matter in the upper part of your head. I guess you could learn to ride in about an hour.

"An hour! Go on; you're joking. Why, it would take me a week."

"But you I can teach you to ride inside of an hour."

"Go you a box of cigars."

"Done. Of course you'll do your best and follow my instructions?"

"Sure. I'll order a wheel to-morrow and we'll tackle it early the following morning."

"I've got a 'cinch' on these cigars," said the man with the wheel after his neighbor had gone away. "I've taught fifty men to ride, and I never yet found one who, if he followed instructions, wasn't riding inside of an hour from the time we started. It's all in getting a few little points."

"Any patent on your scheme?" inquired the man to whom the man with the wheel addressed himself.

"Not any. Come along and see how it is done. Then you can tell others how to do it and when they find out how simple it is they'll get wheels and the army of cyclers will receive thousands of recruits."

On the appointed morning the invited guest was on hand bright and early. The man with the wheel, with dusty knickerbockers and wrinkled coat, had just returned from a three spin of ten miles. The man next door appeared in a spick and span uniform and a wheel that was a thing of beauty. They walked up to a nice piece of road.

"Now, this is the kind of a place you want," said "the professor," as he was dubbed by his companions, and he led the way to the cast drive, which sloped gently away to the south. "Any place where you get a gentle grade is all right. Now, first of all, take off your saddle and saddle post so they won't bother you.

"But where I sit if they're gone?"

"You're not going to sit for a few minutes. Just listen to what I tell you and try to remember it. Without going into the science of the thing it is enough to say that to maintain your equilibrium it is necessary to turn your steering wheel in the direction toward which you are falling. Don't forget that. Turn your wheel in the direction toward which you are falling. Don't turn it too much, a little will do a great deal, and just the moment that the tendency to fall has been checked, straighten the wheel.

"Now for your position. Stand astride the rear wheel grasping a handle in each hand. You will notice a little stop on the left side of the rear axle. Put the ball of your left foot on the step, give a slight push with your right foot, and stand right up on the step. Of course you keep hold of the handles and lean well forward. If you lose your balance completely you are only a few inches from the ground and can jump off without trouble.

"Now give us the time.

"Seven-ten."

"All right. Now make your start, don't be afraid, and don't forget about that front wheel turn it the way you are falling."

The student put his left foot upon the step as directed, grasped the handles, and essayed to push off. It was a dismal failure. He couldn't get the right foot off the ground. The machine flopped over sidewise to the left.

"Just incline the machine slightly to the right," said the professor, "so that when you throw your weight on the left side the center of gravity will be directly over the point where the lower part of the wheel touches the ground."

The student followed directions and this time got up on the step all right, but forgot about his steering wheel. He made no effort to turn it as the machine fell over to the right, and down it came with a crash. The rider made a wild leap and landed on his feet all right. He picked up his machine, headed it down hill, and tried again.

"Work that front wheel. Feel for the center point. You will find it and can tell when you are on the center. Work the handles from side to side. No matter if you do wobble around wildly. It's all right. You can't hurt yourself."

Half a dozen times or more the student, who was by this time perspiring violently, tried to make that start and get into a steadily position on the step. Finally he made it, and the machine rolled six feet before it toppled far enough to make him dismount.

Then it came easier by degrees. He rolled six feet, ten, a dozen, twenty, wobbling wildly, but sticking to the step and managing to keep going. Finally he rolled the full length of the hill without dismounting.

"Brave!" shouted the professor. "Now we are ready for the saddle."

He put it in place and set it as low as it would go. "Now," said he, "start just as you did before, and after you have begun to roll and feel moderately steady slide gently forward into the seat. Let your legs hang straight down. Pay no attention to the pedals. The lowering of the center of gravity will make a slight change in the manipulation of the handles, and that will be all you can attend to for a moment."

The student followed directions, but the first time did not get into the seat at all, the whole thing going over just as he was about to slide into the saddle.

"Don't be in a hurry," said the professor. "Take it easy; you have plenty of time."

Again he tried; this time with better luck. He went fifteen feet before losing control of his machine, and the next time he went further still. "You're all right," said the professor, approvingly, as the student rolled the machine uphill and mopped his brow. "You're a rider without any question. You have mastered it. Now, this time after you have got well started draw up your legs and drop your feet on the pedals as they come up. Don't try to work them, but just let your feet follow them around. Then if you feel steady begin pedaling easily and steadily, making the pressure on the pedal equal from the time it passes the perpendicular until it reaches the low point. Then let it carry your foot up until it reaches the top, and resume the pressure. Don't lift your feet from the pedals."

The student started out bravely, but the moment he raised his feet to feel for the pedals he forgot about his steering and made a wild plunge into the turf of the side of the road. Three more trials made a great improvement, and on the fourth attempt he rode a hundred yards. Then the professor raised the saddle until it was high enough to allow the rider to reach the pedal at the low point with ease, and started him out for the final whirl. He kept his balance beautifully, rode 200 yards, turned around, and came back wearing a smile of triumph.

"Time!" said the professor.

"Seven-fifty—forty minutes, professor."

"Well, I win those cigars."

"You do. I thought you'd lose."

"It is simple enough," observed the professor. "If one will try to ride on the step and can master the balancing there he can ride in the saddle. Let him try it, and see for himself."

And now the man with the wheel and the other man with the wheel ride together, forgetting business cares in the exhilaration of the exercise. They have already planned several tours together, and are talking seriously of a club, to be composed of neighbors who will be roped in sometime in the near future. Two of them are in it now, both being taught by the professor's pupil—one in thirty-five minutes and the other in forty-five.

"Were you at the seashore last summer, Polly?" "Only for a day." "Did you bathe?" "No; somebody else was using the ocean when we were there."—Harper's Bazar.

A DAY ON YUCATAN.

Dangerous Navigation as a Sport.—A Brig in the Hands of Escaped Prisoners.

The brig in which I shipped to make a voyage from Jamaica to Pernambuco and return, calling at Georgetown en route, was called The Little Queen. She was a trim, new craft, just out from England, and was commanded by one of the oldest mariners I ever saw in active service. His name was Rothsay, and he was hale and hearty at 72 years of age. It may be recorded as a curious thing that he was the only Englishman aboard of an English craft. Both mates, cook, and all foremast hands were Americans, and three of the men were Cape Codders. The explanation was that we had been wrecked in a sugar vessel in the Caribbean Sea and picked up and carried to Jamaica by a British steamship. There were nine of us all told as the brig left the island.

Georgetown as you will see by the map, is on the north coast of Brazil, in the State or province of Guiana. A strip of territory, 800 miles long by 500 broad is divided up among the British, Dutch, and French, and the two latter have established penal colonies there. We reached Georgetown in due time, and discharged a part of our cargo, and just as we were ready to sail we were notified that ten convicts from the French penal settlement of Cayenne had got away to sea in the yawl of a French merchantman. Little attention was paid to this notice, as such escapes were by no means rare, and when we went down the coast

THE INCIDENT

passed out of our minds. One day at noon, when we were to the south of Cayenne and about forty miles off the coast, a man aloft discovered a ship's boat about two miles away and heading down across our course. As she was standing in from seaward our first impression was that she carried a shipwrecked crew. I had just come on watch when the boat was reported. As soon as I levelled the glass at her I detected the clothing of French convicts and counted an even ten men. The craft was under sail, but the breeze was light and the sea smooth. She was on our port quarter, and if we held on she would intercept us.

As soon as the Captain was notified of the discovery he ordered the brig kept off four or five points, and then called the crew aft and notified them that if the convicts got aboard they would not hesitate at murder. Half a dozen muskets would have given us a powerful advantage, but there was not even a single-barrelled pistol in the brig. If it came to a fight we could only arm ourselves with capstan bars and belaying pins. We had hopes, however, of getting off without coming to close quarters. While the wind was light, we had all sail on the brig, and there was no question that we could outsail the yawl. As soon as we shifted our helm the yawl raised a

SIGNAL OF DISTRESS

and the convicts shouted in chorus. We paid no attention, of course, and she swung into our wake about a quarter of a mile astern. They must have realized that we had established their identity, for a half dozen of them sprang up and shook their fists at us and roared like wild beasts. I got a plain view of the visages of three or four of the lot under the glass, and more villainous countenances I never saw. We were rapidly leaving them behind and congratulating ourselves on the fact, when the breeze began to puff and dip, and in the course of a quarter of an hour it fell flat. When this occurred we heard a faint cheer from the convicts, and they shortly doused their sail and pulled over their oars.

"It seems that we have got to fight for it after all," observed the Captain after a look through the glass. "Mr. Lenox, you will arm the crew and hold them up to their work. The boat can only board us at the bows. See that the cook has a supply of hot water ready. Give everyman to understand that he must fight for his life."

A quarter of an hour later the yawl lay off our port quarter within speaking distance. Every man of the ten looked the villain. Only desperate men could have attacked and overpowered the guard and escaped as they did. There was neither a young nor an old face among them, but all were middle-aged men. Some were in full suits of uniform, while others had thrown away their jackets. Their leader was a short, stout man, so dark complexioned that he seemed to be a Spaniard, and as the boat drew near he stood up in the stern sheets, and called out:

"Hello, Captain! Why you run away from shipwrecked sailormen? Guess ship go down off here (to the east) yesterday afternoon."

"I know you?" shouted Capt. Rothsay in reply. "You are escaped convicts from Cayenne. If you attempt to board us you will find us well prepared!"

"They could not know how well or how poorly armed we were, and we were nine to their ten.

"Yes, Captain, you speak truly," said the leader after a brief consultation with his men. "We are convicts from Cayenne, but we are innocent men. We do not wish to be rid you. We have neither food nor drink, and we ask you in the name of humanity to supply us."

The Captain consulted with me in regard to it. They must come alongside in order to receive supplies, and when they had once hooked on who could say what they might attempt? Besides, we had little or nothing to spare. They had been afloat five or six days, and none of their faces exhibited evidence of suffering.

"I have nothing to spare, and I warn you to keep off!" shouted the Captain in answer to the request.

We had seen no arms among them, and had supposed them to be without weapons of any sort. To our great surprise five muskets, taken from the guard when they escaped, were suddenly lifted into view, while four oars dropped into the water, and the yawl made for our bows. There was a fierce yell from every convict, and those with muskets opened fire. Capt. Rothsay was killed, and the second mate wounded even before they had hooked on.

WE SCALDED THEM

with boiling water, and fought them with whatever we could lay hold of, but within five minutes the brig was captured. We had a foremast hand killed in the fight on deck, and none of us escaped injury. As an offset, we killed two of the convicts while they were trying to board. They had laryonets to their muskets, and it was either surrender or be killed. It is but justice to the fellows to say that they were not particularly bloodthirsty, and that as soon as they were in possession of the brig their attitude became almost friendly. As chief officer I was asked about our cargo and destination, and on the other hand the leader informed me that they were sorry to interrupt our voyage, but intended to use the brig to make good their escape.

The first thing was to get rid of the dead bodies. They allowed us to sew them in canvas before they went overboard, and then our wounded man was made comfortable. I fully expected that the lot of us would be turned adrift in their boat, but they had other plans. There was not a sailor among them, and they were compelled to keep us to navigate the brig. After the burial the leader said to us:

"We mean you no harm. We are desperate men, and mean to make our escape. After we have been landed in some safe place you may sail away with your brig. If you try to deceive us we will show you no mercy.

I was further informed that I must act as Captain and navigate the brig, and I was allowed to choose a mate from among my men. After that a council was held among the eight as to what place should be steered for. I brought them the charts from the cabin, and after a long debate it was decided to run for the Amazon River. The brig had only a week's supply of water and provisions for so many men, or they would perhaps have decided on the American coast. At 4 o'clock, just as they had reached a decision, the wind breezed up, the yawl was taken aboard and I set the course for the big river, about 500 miles away.

From the very first I had hoped that we might retake the brig but the convicts would only trust us so far. The watches were so divided by order of Moran that our men were divided, and two of the convicts were kept under arms to act as sentries. Moran and the second mate had quarters aft with me, while all others berthed forward. All of us were

UNDER CONSTANT SURVEILLANCE,

though decently treated, and no two of us were ever left alone together. If I had planned to run the brig into the port of Parnahyba, down the coast, or headed up for Cayenne, they would have been too sharp for me. While none of them could take the wheel, they kept constant watch on the compass. They knew the course was south by west, and if the brig broke off a point they were quick to detect it.

The winds were light and variable, and it was the sixth day after our capture before we drew in with the coast. Moran's orders were to avoid Para by entering the north mouth, and when we were fairly in the river he told me their plans. I was to take them in the brig up as far as the mouth of the Xingu River, and they would then pull up the stream in the yawl and make for the diamond district. We were not above thirty miles into the river when we were obliged to come to anchor for the want of a breeze. I knew nothing whatever of the navigation of the stream, and had no chart of it, but Moran insisted that we should not take a pilot. About the time we anchored, the demeanor of the convicts seemed to change for the worse. They were very lordly in giving orders, and swaggered around in a fashion entirely new to them. It appeared also as if three or four of them were anxious to pick a quarrel with our men. That evening the second mate found opportunity to say to me:

"Depend upon it, Mr. Lenox, they never meant to stand to the bargain. I shouldn't be surprised if they were planning to cut our throats and scuttle the brig."

I strangely suspected them of some evil intention, but nothing came of it that night. Next morning we had wind and tide in our favour, and at noon when we anchored again, we had made twenty-five miles. Another twenty-five would take us to the Xingu. Right away after dinner the yawl was lowered, and Moran began to outfit her. His manner to me was very brusque and quarrelsome, and I avoided him as much as possible. Whatever they thought could be made useful was placed in the boat, and they were rummaging about the whole afternoon. At about six o'clock Moran ordered all the old crew of the brig into the cabin. Every man of us at once realized that

THE CLIMAX WAS AT HAND,

and, acting in concert, we made a sudden and furious attack. We got possession of two of the muskets and were making a good fight of it, though bound to be beaten in the end, when a Brazilian gunboat which was on her way up the river sheered alongside of us and had grappled on before some of us saw her. Her presence put an end to the fight, of course. We had two men wounded, while we had killed one convict and wounded a second.

Our captors were neatly trapped, but they no sooner realized it than they claimed to be the real crew of the vessel, and denounced us as convicts. They were so earnest and emphatic in their declarations that the commander of the gunboat was almost convinced. I destroyed their case, however, when I asked them for the Captain's name, our port of hail, the names of the different ropes and sails &c. They were ironed and taken aboard the gunboat to be convoyed to Cayenne, while the brig was towed down to Para to be put through the legal forms necessary in such cases. The last time I saw Moran he said to me:

"Do you think we would have been such fools as to let you sail away with the brig? I meant to lock all of you in the cabin, and then cut away her masts and scuttle her."

VEGETARIANISM.

No Reason Why Man Should Absolutely Forsake the Fleshpots.

We are continually being told, says the London Telegraph, that in the first ages of the world mankind lived wholly on the vegetable productions of the earth, and that even at this day millions of human beings in Asia and Africa subsist in a similar manner. Then we have that eminent authority, Sir John Sinclair, who noted that the Tartars, who live principally on animal food, possess a degree of ferocity of mind and fierceness of character which form the leading features of all carnivorous animals. Furthermore, we are reminded that the celebrated surgeon, Mr. Abernethy, maintained that many persons acquire prominent noses, others blotches on the face, and others inflammation of the eyes—all arising from irritation of the stomach, caused by eating animal substances. It is true that the great doctor, who was himself of a convivial temperament, when he was asked why he practised what he preached, replied by reminding the inquirer of the old story of the parson and the sign post—both pointed the right way, but neither followed its course. The Vegetarian Society, who met in council at Salford, by Manchester, in August, 1889, were just as emphatic, and in many respects just as unreasonable, as the Vegetarian Federal Union, who banqueted and orated recently; but at the same time, it is obvious to those who have attentively studied and diligently tested the principal components of the food of man, in different countries and under varying conditions of civilization, that there are many admirable features in the vegetarian cruise, and that the kitchen question should be, to a reasonable extent, encouraged and patronized, were it only for the reason that the English people do not eat half enough green meat, and that when they have any vegetables on their tables those esculents are, in nine cases out of ten, absolutely cooked. With a little taste, a little appreciation, and a modicum of common sense, a cook, who need not be by any means a vegetarian, might send up a dinner of 5 or 6 courses, containing no fresh meat whatever, but providing such animal products as butter, milk, cheese and eggs, of nature thoroughly to satisfy an exigent committee of epicures who, on most days of the week, were meat eaters. Who can say anything adverse to green pea soup with rice, in which the peas are stewed with sliced onions, carrots, turnips and a bield of celery, strained through a sieve, flavored with mushroom catsup, rendered smooth with butter, mingled with rice boiled very tender; thickened with the yolks of eggs, and with milk or cream; boiled up again, and served up hot with sippets? White purees of turnip, Jerusalem artichokes, arrowroot, barley, sago, semolino, potatoes and parsnips could be made as tasty as soups of spinach, peas and young cabbage, while brown pottages, full of wholesome and flavor, can be prepared from onions, carrots, tomatoes, hop-tops and such herbs as beet, sorrel leek and purslain. It must not be thought that either the Salford vegetarians of 1829 or the Vegetarian Federal Unionists of 1892 have any claim to the invention of purely vegetarian soups, or, indeed, of any of the more conspicuous items in the modern vegetarian bill of fare. Recipes for most of these dainties were printed in a folio entitled "The Diet of the Diseased," the work of a worthy physician who flourished early in the reign of Charles I., but who, while he scrupulously admonished his disciples to abstain from the fleshpots, whether they were Egyptian or English, did not hesitate to enjoin the generous exhibition, as beverages, of old ale, Canary wine and cordials.

Progress in Science.

In many out-of-the-way places it has been found necessary to manufacture nitroglycerine on the spot in order to avoid the very high rates charged by transportation companies. Such has been the advance in methods, of making this explosive that, with ordinary precaution, through washing, and careful watching of the various changes of color, it can be made without fear of serious accident.

Dr. Dareste has demonstrated that monsters and monstrosities during animal development are not the result of pathological changes in the embryo, as hitherto supposed, but modifications of the processes of organic evolution, such as bring about the differences between individuals and races in mankind.

Sir Benjamin Baker has recently shown that a crack or nick on the surface or edge of a bar of steel does not always indicate its inability to fail by the gradual spreading of the nick and a probable breaking under a very much smaller load than a sound bar.

An improved traction engine has lately appeared in Missouri. It is run with a relatively small amount of fuel, carries a heavy load, and is provided with means for changing its speed without altering the stroke of the engine.

Some prominent German engineers maintain that the application of test loads to bridges has never yet led to the detection of defects which could not have been found by calculation and inspection.

Bluedyte is the name given to the new material made of Trinidad asphalt and waste rubber. It resists the heat of high pressure steam and lasts well in the presence of oil and grease.

According to Dr. Hansen the red in flowers is a single pigment soluble in water and decolorized by alcohol, but capable of being restored by the addition of acids.

The new science of experimental psychology aims at measuring the mental capacities of men as the anthropometrist measures their physical capacities.

Cyrus Thomas claims to have discovered the key which will unlock the mystery of the Maya codices and, probably, of the Central American inscriptions.

Prof. Rogers says that every pound of coal contains a dynamic force equal to the amount of work a man will do in a day.

The New Minister—"I hope you pray every day to be better." The Belle—"Oh, dear me, no! I am so good now I'm a regular bore to my friends."

A GREAT RAILWAY.

Russian-Siberian Line Being Pushed with Vigor.

The statement that Russia had concluded to stop work upon her Trans-Siberian Railway, from Vladivostock to the Ural Mountains, has gained general credence throughout the western world, but such is not the case. Russia has no intentions whatever of calling a halt in the construction of this all-important railroad, and so long as she is unfettered by a war in Europe her surplus energy and talent and all the money she can divert into this use will be employed in carrying on the work already so extensively begun.

The knowledge that the Chinese Government has contracted for and commenced the construction of a counter line of railways running along the northern Chinese frontier, connecting the larger cities and important military strongholds, has tended to urge forward rather than retract from the anxiety shown by the Russian officials in hastening the completion of the Trans-Siberian line. The railway, when completed, will insure Russian supremacy in the far East. It will put Vladivostock, the naval station of the Czar's empire on the Pacific, within fourteen days of St. Petersburg and within ten days of Odessa and Sebastopol, and thus leave the Russian fleet, in case of war, to act offensively against the commerce and other interests of the enemy without fear as to the safety of Vladivostock. The troops from the Siberian interior posts can be hurried to any threatened point along the coast, and the railway will guarantee their arriving to garrison any port days in advance of the arrival of a hostile squadron.

Along the Chinese border the advantages of this strategic line of railway are very great. Running as it does close along the frontier, it affords a ready means of landing and massing any available number of Russian troops at any point from which it may be desired to make an invasion of the Chinese provinces or an attack upon any desired fortress.

CHINA SET TO WORK.

As slow as the Chinese Government has been to take note of the inroads made by foreign countries against the peace and welfare of their ancient empire, it has realized the importance of this move of Russia and does not propose to be caught napping. To this end foreign engineers have been employed and railways planned and routes surveyed along almost the whole of the northern provinces of the empire. In addition telegraph lines to all the principal cities and fortresses are being pushed forward as rapidly as the materials can be obtained from the foreign firms contracting for their delivery in China. The material is supplied wholly by English and other European firms and is brought to China by sea. The vessels unload their cargoes at Hankow and from there it is carried overland to the points at which the construction has been begun.

The money necessary for building these lines has been appropriated, or at least such a sum is made payable annually as will cover the expenses incurred in the construction up to date of payment. The work is largely done by soldiers and convicts, and by this means the heavy cost of the undertaking is greatly reduced. No time has been fixed for the completion of these railways, but judging by the eagerness with which work is being pushed forward it is safe to predict that they will surely be in operation before the Trans-Siberian line is completed.

It is most remarkable that, coincident with the terrible famine in European Russia, the Ussuri Valley, through which the Trans-Siberian Railway runs, has produced this year a prodigious crop, so enormous that the authorities have been compelled to come to the agriculturists' relief by purchasing at one time a year's supply of rye for the entire Russian army. The Ussuri Valley is one of the most prolific valleys in the world, but at present only a small part of it has been brought under cultivation. Yet this small section has produced during the past year such an enormous crop that were there a means of transporting it to European Russia it would go far toward checking the horrors of the present famine. What an incentive for expediting the work of the railway!

LENGTH AND COST.

Strategic considerations have been heretofore mainly urged for the speedy completion of this railway, but now a new inducement has arisen—that of striving to avert the recurrence of abnormal abundance in one part of the empire and a wasting famine in another. It is a problem which urgently calls for a prompt solution of how the work can be most readily prosecuted.

The railway as now surveyed and being built will present no serious engineering difficulties, and it is of supreme importance to the entire world in its commercial and political aspects. It will comprise a total length of 4,785 miles, and will cost roughly $200,000,000. The construction of the line is divided into six divisions, and these divisions are subdivided into sections of 100, 200, or 300 miles, according to the nature of the country. The contract for the building of the line is let by the section, thus enabling many contractors to compete for small portions, and consequently greatly expediting the completion of the whole.

In addition to the large number of famine sufferers employed in the construction of this work and of others previously engaged in it, it is now suggested to use Chinese and Japanese laborers. Convict labor, upon which much reliance was at first placed, has been found to be very dilatory and expensive, and free labor is not sufficiently available in Siberia to meet the demand. For reasons which at first seemed cogent and satisfactory it was decreed that only the Russian proletariat should be employed on the construction of the railway, but now it is quite evident that without the aid of an army of Chinese coolies the consummation of the undertaking must be delayed to a period that must be detrimental to the interests of Russia.

In view of this fact negotiations have been opened with a Vancouver syndicate for transport from Canton of several thousand laborers, who had been previously engaged upon the Canadian Pacific Railroad, to Siberia for work upon the Russian line. The agents of this syndicate have made an examination of the route of the railway and are now engaged in making estimates of the contract for finishing it.

They Know as Much as Men.

A recent lecturer on ants and their ways described those of South America, who build immense structures and provide space for the storage of grain. Wood ants, inhabiting hardwood-trees, divide their house into forty compartments. Noticing the mining ants, the lecturer said much might be learned from their cleanly habits and their wonderful, sanitary arrangements. Some kinds of ants do not keep cows but live entirely on grain. Mr. Plunket gave some facts about their interesting harvesting operations—stating that they planted and cultivated a kind of grass called ant rice and were so advanced in civilization that malting was understood by them. Then there are mushroom growing ants who cultivate fungus, and others again who use umbrellas. Several species make raids on the black ants, rob them of their larvæ and compel the poor black ants to be their slaves. In the burying of their dead ants show wonderful intelligence, having cemeteries and even bury their slaves in a different place from their masters, and are quite up in funeral pageantry. In conclusion the lecturer said that much could be learned from ant life, in their wonderful government, common brotherhood, nursing and care of the young, temperance and love of fresh air.

W. F. Liesching, writing in the new number of the *Selborne Society's Magazine* on ants in Ceylon, says he saw one day a string of ants streaming forth, evidently in search of "pastures new." He flicked away the leader and waited to see the result. An immediate halt was made by the foremost ants and a scene of the utmost confusion ensued. The ants from behind kept arriving at the scene of the catastrophe, and there was soon a black crowd of ants huddling and jostling one another. Some detached themselves from the main group and took a turn round, trying to find traces of their leader. At last the tail end of the line arrived, and after brief consultation they all started off again, and a line soon began to unravel itself from the tangled mass, moving back to the hole from which the whole company had so lately started on "pleasure bound or labor all intent."

Emile Olivier, the Minister of Napoleon III, has so long disappeared from public life that in many quarters he was assumed to be dead. He is the year to award the prize of virtue which is annually bestowed by the French Academy.

She—"Women cannot be satirical, any more than they can be humorous." He—"If that's so, how is it that when a man proposes, after courting a girl for seven years, she says: 'Oh, George, this is so sudden?'"

ANOTHER HAMILTON MIRACLE.

The Terrible Sufferings Of Isaac W. Church From Paralysis

Crushed by a Fall of Forty Feet—He Spends Months in a Hospital and is Discharged Only to Suffer Great Agony—Months Without Sleep and a Victim of Nervous Prostration—An Account of his Miraculous Cure as Investigated by a "Times Reporter.

Hamilton Times, June 20th, 1892.

"In the spring of 1887, while working on a building in Liverpool," said Mr. Church, "a scaffold on which I was standing collapsed and I fell to the pavement a distance of forty feet. Bruised and bleeding I was picked up and conveyed to the Northern Hospital, and not one of the doctors who attended me held out any hope for my ultimate recovery. The base of my spine seemed to be smashed into a pulp, and the efforts of the medical men were directed altogether towards relieving the terrible agony I suffered rather than towards curing my injuries. I had the constitution of an ox, though," and the speaker threw out his chest and squared a number of shoulders that would have done credit to a prince among athletes, "and as I seemed to have a tremendous grip on life the doctors took heart and after remaining in that hospital forty weeks I was discharged as being as far recovered as I would ever be. For twenty-six weeks I had to lie in one position, and any attempt to place me on my back made me scream with pain. Through eighteen months after my discharge I was unable to do a stroke of work, and could with difficulty make my way about the house, and then only with the aid of crutches. Twice during that time I underwent operations at the hands of eminent surgeons, who were amazed at the fact of my being alive at all when they had been informed of the extent of my injuries. On the last occasion my back was cut open and it was discovered that the bones which had been shattered by my fall had, by process of time, completely overlapped each other, forming a knuckle that you see here," and Mr. Church showed the reporter a curious lump near the base of his spine. Vain efforts to straighten those bones continued unavailing, and finally the doctors told me that in the course of a few months paralysis would set in and my troubles would be increased tenfold. Their predictions proved only too true and before long I was in almost as bad a condition as ever. No tongue can tell the pain I suffered at the disease progressed, and eventually I decided to come to America. So in 1890 I closed up my affairs in England and on arriving in Halifax, so done up was I with the journey across the ocean, that I had to take to my bed and was kept a close prisoner for several weeks. Having a brother living at Moorfield, near Guelph, I with difficulty accomplished the journey there and tried to do some work. My utmost exertions could accomplish but little, however, and as the result of my trouble, nervous prostration, in its worst form assailed me. I remember once being overtaken by a thunderstorm while about a mile away from the house, and while I was making my way there I fell no less than eight times, completely prostrated by particularly vivid flashes of lightning or heavy jars of thunder. About a year and a half ago I came to this city and secured work at the Hamilton Forge Works, but before long had to quit, because I could not attend to my duties. I used to think that if I could only get a little sleep once in a while, I would feel better, but even that boon was denied me. Night after night I tossed from side to side, and every time my back pressed the bed the pain that shot through every limb was almost unbearable. The doctors prescribed chloral and bromide of potash, and for weeks I never thought of going to bed at night without having first taken powerful doses of either of these drugs. Towards the last these doses failed to have the desired effect and I increased the size of them until I was finally taking thirty grains of potash and ten grains of chloral every night, enough to kill a horse. I became so weak that I could hardly get around, and my lower limbs shook like those of a palsied old man. When everything seemingly had failed me and I was about to give up what seemed a vain battle for life and health my wife brought me an account in one of the newspapers of John Marshall's wonderful cure by means of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and although I had lost all faith in any medicine I resolved to try once more and, accordingly procured a box of those little Pink Pills from Mr. Harrison, the druggist, and commenced to use them according to the directions. This was in October of last year. I had not taken them a week till I began to feel an improvement in my general health. In a month I slept every night like a baby. The pains left my back entirely, and by the beginning of the new year I could lie on my back for hours at a time without feeling any pain therefrom. Prior to taking the pills I suffered terribly, with fits, many of them severe that three or four men were required to hold me. The pills knocked those all out, though, and all the time I used them I did not have even the suspicion of a fit, and as for my weight, well, you will hardly believe it, but honestly, I, in that time I gained forty pounds. Well, to make a long story short, I went to work again a few months ago, this time in the Hamilton Nail Works, where I went as shipper, and I have worked there ever since the first day I went in. Last fall I was too weak to walk a mile, now I work from 7 a. m. to 6 p. m., and my work is no child's play either, I can assure you. I feel, also, about 500 kegs of nails every day and each keg contains one hundred pounds and has to be lifted a distance of five or six feet. All my remarkable strength I ascribe to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills which I consider have worked wonders in my own case. For anyone troubled with nervousness, sleeplessness, or loss of strength in any way, in my opinion there is nothing in existence like those pills for restoring people who are thus afflicted. Yielding to the advice of friends, who claimed that my renewed health was not due to the Pink Pills, I quit using them for about a month, but the recurrence of those terrible fits warned me of my folly and I commenced using the pills again,