YOUNG FOLKS.

The Early Owl.

An owl once lived in a hollow tree.
And he was as wise as wise could be.
The branch of learning he didn't know
Could scarce on the tree of knowledge grow.
He knew the tree from branch to root,
And an owl like that can afford to hoot.

And he hooted—until, alas! one day
He chanced to hear, in a casual way,
And insignificant little bird
Make use of a term he had never heard.
He was flying to bed in the dawning light
When he heard her singing with all her might.

"Hurra! hurray for the early worm!"
"Dear me!" said the owl, what a "singular term
I would look it up if it weren't so late;
I must rise at dusk to investigate.
Early to bed and early to rise,
Makes an owl healthy and stealthy and wise!"

So he slept like an honest owl all day,
And rose in the early twilight gray,
And went to work in the dusky light
To look for the early worm all night.

He searched the country for miles around,
But the early worm was not to be found.
So he went to bed in the morning light,
And looked for the "worm" again next night.
And again and again, and again and again,
He sought and he sought, but all in vain.
Till he must have looked for a year and a day
For the early worm, in the twilight gray.

At last in despair he gave up the search,
And was heard to remark, as he sat on his perch
By the side of his nest in the hollow tree,
"The thing is as plain as daylight to me—
Nothing can shake my conviction firm,
There's no such thing as the early worm."
[Oliver Hofford, in St. Nicholas.

The Smiling Muscles.

The story of Nanny Falconer's experiences, as told by Mrs. Clara Doty Bates in *Wide Awake*, is an instructive lesson not only to young people, but to many of the little girl's elders, who have fallen into her bad habit of frowning. Though she had the advantage of beginning early to train the right muscles, much can be done in later years, by continuous and conscientious effort, to remove those traces of worry and irritability which so disfigure the face. Here is the latter half of the story:—

Her mother took Nanny's hand and led her to the mirror.

"Look in there, my child. What do you see?"

"I see your lovely face," sobbed Nanny.

"First, dry your eyes. Now look at yourself. That is not an ugly face, even when it is wet with tears. Those lines are full of sweet temper. The laughing muscles are strong and flexible—you see they make dimples," as Nanny half smiled. "They like nothing but sunshine. The shadow of crossness is all bad habit. It is quite a new one, too, Nanny, not settled and hopeless. Here," pointing between the brows, "is the trouble. You use these muscles too much. You will soon have a mark there that will stay. I'm afraid."

"Yes, Don says it will surely freeze the first cold morning."

"Don't listen to the boys. Listen to me. We can make our faces, like our manners, largely what we like, as we can be rude and abrupt, or gentle and considerate, so we can be dark and forbidding in countenance, or open, fair and sweet. Keep the right face muscles in training, and the mood will be pretty certain to follow their action."

Nan laughed merrily. "What did I know about muscles, mamma? You are so scientific."

"What? why do not know you can learn. A docile spirit need never show a sour face."

"Dear me! I'm here. Often when Don and Dick call me cross, I don't feel so. I may be only thinking."

"Sit down. It has seemed to me that if you would fix it a little better purpose, you might avoid being found so much fault with as you call it."

"But, isn't thinking of one's self vanity?"

"No! if you find with the hope of making yourself more lovable to those about you. To study to be pleasing is not vanity."

"But when I haven't thought of feeling hateful, why do I look so?"

"Because you are not on your guard. I have myself often got an unconscious look at myself in the glass and have seen looks of worry when I wasn't ill. Ah, these muscles you know so little about, Nanny—they are very really tale-tellers."

"They are story-tellers, you mean. They tell what I mean so."

"They get into bad ways. And if you do not want them to make mistakes, you must educate them."

"But I might study physiology a whole year and yet look cross all the time."

"So you might if you didn't take the trouble to rule your face from within."

Nanny discerned her meaning.

"I should be like an idiot if I always laughed," she said.

"Don't be perverse, daughter. You know very well what I mean. Try this rule for a week, and see what the result will be. Whenever you feel irritable, even in a slight degree, go to the glass and straighten every frown line into repose. You need not laugh, nor smile, but relax the tension of the worry and see to it that there is not one visible trace of it left. By that time your fault will have vanished."

Nanny tried the rule, with varying success, but with general result of good. While she did it she never had reason to complain that people called her cross.

In later years Nanny Falconer had a famous face. "You never have any trouble," some one said to her, even when she was passing through bitter waters, "you always look glad."

An old negro describing her called her, "The lady with the glory to God face." And everywhere she went the sunshine of happy looks was shed broadcast about her.

She herself told me this story, of how she came to realize that a pleasant countenance is largely a matter of will, and that worried looks, and cross and sad looks, are things of habit which can be educated away.

He Dared to Tell the Truth.

A boy went to live with a man who was accounted a hard master. He never kept his boys. They ran away or gave notice they meant to quit; so he was half his time without help in search of a boy. The work was not very hard, opening and sweeping out the shop, chopping wood, going errands, and helping round. At last Sam Fisher went to live with him.

"Sam's a good boy," said his mother.

I should like to see a boy nowadays that had a spark of goodness in him," growled the new master.

It is always hard to begin with a man that has no confidence in you, because, do your best, you are likely to have little credit for it. However, Sam thought he would try. The wages were good and his mother wanted him to go. Sam had been there for three days before, in sawing a cross-grained stick of wood, he broke the saw. He was a little frightened. He knew he was careful, and he knew he was a pretty good sawyer, too, for a boy of his age; nevertheless, the saw broke in his hands.

"Mr. Jones will thrash you for it," said another boy who was in the woodhouse with him.

"Why, of course, I didn't mean it, and accidents will happen to the best of folks," said Sam, looking with a very sorrowful air on the broken saw.

"Mr. Jones never makes allowances," said the other boy. "I never saw anything like him. That fill might have stayed, only he jumped into a hen's nest and broke her eggs. He daren't tell of it; but Mr. Jones kept suspecting and suspecting, and laid everything out of the way to Bill, whether Bill was to blame or not, till Bill couldn't stand it, and would't."

"Did he tell Mr. Jones about the eggs?" asked Sam.

"No," said the boy, "he was afraid, Mr. Jones has got such a temper."

"I think he'd have better owned up at once," said Sam.

"I suspect you'll find it better to preach than to practice," said the boy. "I'd run away before I'd tell him." And he soon turned on his heel and left poor Sam alone with his broken saw.

The boy did not feel very comfortable or happy. He shut up the workhouse, walked out in the garden, and went to his little chamber under the eaves. He wished he could tell Mrs. Jones, but she wasn't sociable.

When Mr. Jones came into the house the boy heard him. He got up, crept downstairs, and met Mr. Jones in the kitchen.

"Sir," said Sam, "I broke your saw, and I thought I'd come and tell you before you saw it in the morning."

"What did you get up to tell me for?" asked Mr. Jones. "I should think morning would be time enough to tell of your carelessness."

"Because," said Sam, "I was afraid if I put it off I might be tempted to lie about it. I am sorry I broke it but I tried to be careful."

Mr. Jones looked at the boy from head to foot, then, stretching out his hand, he said heartily:

"Sam, give me your hand; shake hands. I'll trust you, Sam. That's right, that's right. Go to bed, boy. Never fear. I'm glad the saw broke; it shows the mettle's in you. Go to bed."

Mr. Jones was fairly won. Never were better friends after that than Sam and he. Sam thinks justice had not been done Mr. Jones. If the boys had treated him honestly and "above board," he would have been a good man to deal with. It was their conduct which soured and made him suspicious. I do not know how that is. I only know that Sam Fisher finds in Mr. Jones a kind master and a faithful friend.

CONQUERED WITHOUT A SHOT.

Sir William Macgregor Gains the Mastery Over Rebellious Natives.

One of the best men who ever headed a colonial enterprise is Sir William Macgregor, who was appointed first Administrator of British New Guinea four years ago. He is a man of great energy and enthusiasm, manages the natives with much tact, has an explorer's zest in the pursuit of geographical facts, and has done more than any other man to make the interior of southern New Guinea known to the world. Here is an incident that gives an insight into Sir William's way of dealing with savage tribes:

The people of the Sumai district had attacked their neighbors, the Demory tribe. A chief of the Demory tribe met the attacking party and told them that his people were friendly to "Government," meaning Sir William and his rule, and that Sumai had better not fight its neighbor because the Government would be sure to inflict punishment. Then the chief pointed to the shirt which he wore as being a Government shirt. The Sumai men replied that they did not care a fig for the Government or Government shirts, and one of them drew his bow and shot the unfortunate chief clean through the body, a feat which is often achieved by New Guinea bowmen.

Sir William decided that the Sumai warriors must receive a lesson in good manners. As soon as possible he landed a force in their district. He told the men they had attacked people who were orderly and well-behaved and that they must suffer for it. He advised them to get ready to fight. They replied that they did not wish to fight. Sir William made answer that a fight was necessary in order to ascertain who was to be master in future. They would not obey the Government and now the Government intended to find out whether it could make them obey.

"My guns are loaded and ready," said Sir William; "now you get all your weapons and we will have a fight and settle the question who is master."

Sir William had brought with him quite a number of men from neighboring tribes, to whom the Sumai people had boasted that if the whites came against them their heads should rot on poles in Sumai. The natives, however, had now lost their boastful vein. It was a great humiliation for them to beg for mercy in the presence of their neighbors, but they did beg most humbly. They said the Government should be master from that day and that they would always listen to its commands.

Sir William would not promise to pardon them. He told them, however, that he would not fight then, but he would return to them in three weeks to see if they had carried out the orders he was about to give them. He selected from them two men as chiefs and two men as policemen and told them they were to be his agents in seeing that the people kept at peace with their neighbors. The Sumai men had treated the teacher who had been sent among them with contempt and neglect. Sir William told them that the church and school house, which the teacher had tried to build must be completed by the time he returned. Then he went away, and three weeks later, upon his return, he found the church and school house completed, the teacher carrying on his work under very pleasant conditions, and the people living in amity with all their neighbors. "I do not believe," says Sir William Macgregor, "that this tribe will again modest any of their neighbors." They had been conquered and the white Governor had not shed a drop of blood.

Norwegian Aspirations.

There is another "Home Rule" crisis in Europe beside the Irish; and that is in the "Land of the Midnight Sun." In other words Norway, which has been connected with Sweden by somewhat slender ties for seventy-eight years, desires to severe those ties and to become a completely independent nation.

For many years the situation in Sweden and Norway has attracted as little attention outside their own limits as that in any European nationality. By their geographical position they are, to a large degree, isolated from the jealousies and rivalries of the greater powers.

Russia has long since ceased to cast a covetous eye upon the long western coasts of Norway; and the Dominions of the poet King Oscar have not been threatened by any foreign aggression.

Norway was attached to Sweden not only by the decree of the great powers, but also, in 1814, by military force. The same king has since reigned over both countries; but otherwise each has had its separate government. Norway as well as Sweden has had and has, its own executive ministry, its own Parliament, its own civil service, its own fiscal system, and its own system of public defence.

The only ties which still remain between the two kingdoms are that the same king rules over both, and that the foreign relations and business of both are conducted by the Swedish foreign office.

Norway has by no means always enjoyed those realities of self-government which she has to-day. It is only after a series of obstinate struggles with the royal power, some of which have reached the verge of physical revolt, that she has been able to retain them.

For many years after her union with Sweden, Norway was treated rather as a province of that country than as a co-equal kingdom. The king, French by birth or descent, was Swedish at heart. He chose to dwell amid the gaieties of Stockholm, the Swedish capital, rather than within the dull simplicity of Christiania, the smaller capital of Norway.

From the first he wielded his power over Norway with a high hand. He used his veto without stint to prevent the measures which the Norwegians wished from becoming law. He made appointments without regard to the advice of ministers.

By the persistent efforts of courageous reformers, of whom the chief was Johan Sverdrup, many changes for the better were effected in Norway. Trial by jury was secured; the suffrage was extended; cabinet ministers were admitted to seats in the Parliament, and the royal veto was restricted. The reactionary ministry of Selmer was impeached nine years ago for restricting the popular demands, and was ejected from office, and the reformer, Sverdrup, became Prime Minister.

The most recent conflict between the Norwegians and their king has been over the question of separating the foreign relations of Norway from those of Sweden. Early in 1891 a Storthing (Parliament) was elected, favorable to this change. The Tory ministry of Stang, which had opposed it, was dismissed from office; and Steen, and the leader of the Liberal reformers, and a statesman long obnoxious to King Oscar, became Prime Minister.

This Parliament passed a measure transferring her foreign relations to Norway's sole control. This measure was vetoed by the king, and thereupon Steen and his colleagues resigned office. This of course, does not end the matter. By the present Norwegian law, the king's veto may be overcome by the votes of three successive Storthings; and this is the course which will now probably be pursued. Meanwhile, a formidable movement is on foot in Norway to set aside king and throne altogether, and to establish a Republic; and this may be the outcome of Norway's perplexities.

Music-Loving Spider.

Mr. W. J. D. Leavitt, writing of his experiences in playing the great organ formerly in Music Hall, Boston, tells a pretty story of his most regular listener—a spider which had taken up its abode in the organ case over the performer's head. It remained there for about a year, Mr. Leavitt says.

It was a musical little fellow, and when I began to play it would spin down almost to a level with my left shoulder and gently swing to and fro and listen. When I had finished a piece it would draw itself up to its nest and when I began another down it would come again and resume its position as an interested listener.

It had six legs. Two it put out in the air as a balance pole, two it handled the web with, and the third pair it used in pulling itself up hand over hand, as sailors climb a rope.

I came at last to watch for the fellow, and it was always faithful, so that I was sure of at least one attentive and appreciative hearer.

HEALTH.

The Hygienic Treatment of Piles.

An English physician gives some practical suggestions on the rational treatment of that very common disorder, hemorrhoids or piles, as follows:

Once it is established that a patient has piles very much may be done to give relief without operation in a considerable proportion of cases; in many, to effect a cure. Diet and exercise are of first importance. Stimulants should be avoided—the more completely the better—and fruit eaten freely. Brown or whole meal bread assists action of the bowels in some patients, while others are relieved by oatmeal porridge at breakfast with or without molasses. If the bowels continue obstinate, a dose of one of the natural aperient waters, or a teaspoonful of castor oil, or two teaspoonfuls of glycerine may be taken in the morning early; the same end may be gained by a wineglassful of a mixture containing from one to two drachms of sulphate of magnesia, two to three grains of quinine, a few drops of dilute sulphuric acid, and syrup to taste. Some persons are relieved by drinking a glassful of cold water, others some warm water or warm milk in early morning. Those failing, an enema of half a pint of cold or tepid water, with the addition of a little soap or glycerine, may fulfil the desired purpose, promoting easy action.

Morning ablutions, cold or tepid, according to activity of reaction, are very useful in bracing the system, and exciting peristaltic action by reflex stimulation. This effect is enchanced by rubbing or brushing the loins and abdomen with rough towels or flesh brushes. The exercise, bearable from these measures, is of great use in overcoming intestinal torpor. Each case must be managed according to the constitution and circumstances of the particular patient. As a rule, relief is proportionate to the strict observance of hygienic directions and to the small amount of medicine taken—that little should be mild, never drastic.

The time for promoting action of the bowels is important; when practicable, before the morning bath and the attendant toilet is a good time. But not many persons are ready for action so early. When the piles are rather large, and have a considerable tendency to protrude, the patient is comforted by resting in the horizontal position after stool. Sometimes it is well to cultivate the habit of relieving the bowels just before retiring to bed at night. Cold sponging the fundament, immediately after defecation, is a very useful practice—the part being afterward thoroughly dried, by mopping not rubbing, with a piece of absorbent tissue, or soft turkish towelling, or old linen—not paper. The imperfect removal of impurities, in the usual method of cleansing conduces to irritation, turgescence, and spasm, which in its turn becomes a provocation to further nervous and vascular excitation. To restore the local circulation within physiological limits, and secure nerve rest, should be the surgeon's aim, as the surest means of arresting local pathological changes, and restoring healthy tone. In the event of protrusion, light continuous pressure with the cold sponge assists reduction; or hazeline may be applied to the mucous membrane if it be very irritable or bleed readily.

A very useful practice, on completion of the local toilet, is to place a piece of dry absorbent gauze and cotton between the buttocks, the natural contraction of which is quite equal to keeping the small pad in its place; the elastic pressure is soothing, and conducive to shrinkage, and the parts are comfortable in proportion as they are kept dry.

Very remarkable what formidable looking piles may be benefited—nay, cured—by these simple measures, long persevered in. But when the piles are of old standing, and bleed, or protrude much, when external piles form a solid ring in which the protruding inner ones are apt to become strangulated, an operation is the readiest and most lasting method of relief.

Neuralgia.

Of the many complaints which affect the nervous system there is one which is particularly unpleasant, inasmuch that it is extremely painful. This is neuralgia, a disease, or better an affliction, to which women are especially liable. The cheeks of a woman are ordinarily covered during inclement weather by a veil, and she is so regardful of her complexion that she carries an umbrella, or something of that sort, to protect herself from external influences which might aggravate the causes of ills. However, her skin is, as a rule, thinner than that of a man, even though she may show more plumpness of face and throat, says the New York World.

While neuralgia may affect a nerve in any part of the body, for the term merely means a painful nerve, it seems to have a species of friendship for the nerves which take their course through the face proper, that is beneath the skin below the cheeks and over the cheeks to the eye, which it does not confer on any other set of nerves.

The peculiar and distressing symptoms which accompany neuralgia are simply those of pain—pain of the most acute character, and both shooting and incessant. It is both localized and general, but affects in particular the face, and carries with it an exhausting and depressing headache. It affects the eyes, the ears and the teeth, and in general makes life miserable.

Neuralgia comes from exposure to cold, from a hereditary predisposition to nervous disorders which find fuel in their surroundings and from carelessness in the way of keeping the body at a proper and even temperature. Wet and windy weather favors it; while sunlight and dryness are its most potent enemies. A little precaution will prevent it most effectually, and by a little precaution, are meant hats, shoes, underwear and outer clothing absolutely suited to the day and not to the season.

Neuralgics will find it to their advantage closely to observe the published weather indication and to wear their clothing in weight, in consonance with the predictions of the weather prophet. The face should never be exposed to severe draghts of wind or to any influence which might tend toward discomfort. Besides this, the teeth should be kept in perfect order, as the facial pain most infrequently comes from decaying teeth.

Prevention of Diphtheria.

At a recent discussion at the New York Academy of Medicine upon the value of preventive measures and disinfection, with special reference to diphtheria, many valuable, practical suggestions were offered.

A great part of the measures recommended for purposes of disinfection, after the occurrence of a case of the disease in a household, would apply equally well to other diseases of an infectious character, or to those definitely known to be bacterial in their origin. Such measures cannot be too familiar to heads of households.

The value placed upon the isolation of children attacked by diphtheria is shown by the fact that it was recommended that the municipal authorities should establish stations, or buildings, for the reception of the *well* children of families affected with this disease.

Some measures of value in infectious diseases generally were recommended. On going out of a sick-room, attendants should change their outer clothing. All inexpensive materials coming in contact with the body of the sick person should be burned.

Pillows, comforters and like articles used in the sick-room should be thoroughly beaten on the roof, and exposed for many consecutive hours to the sunlight and fresh air before further use. The floors and ceilings of the occupied room should be washed with a watery solution of corrosive sublimate—one part of sublimate to a thousand parts of water. Papered walls should be wiped down with bread-crusts, which thoroughly remove dust and germs without scattering them or injuring the paper.

The practice, common in Europe, of holding a glass plate between the physician and his patient while examining the throat was recommended. By this means the lodgment of particles of the secretion coughed from the throat upon the face, beard or person of the physician, which might be a source of danger to the latter, or be conveyed to other patients, is avoided.

Sick children are sometimes over-fed and over-stimulated. Milk, beef juice, mutton broth, wine whey, oatmeal and barley gruels usually furnish a sufficiently varied menu, and are more likely to agree with the stomach than ice cream or wine jellies. A soft rubber tube passed through the nose into the œsophagus, or gullet, and attached to a funnel, forms a good method of forced feeding when that becomes necessary.

Emphasis was laid upon the necessity of watching closely for the first fluttering of the pulse in diphtheria. Such a fluttering predicts dangerous heart-failure.

Cholera.

The world was never so small as it is today. Means of rapid transit are bringing all quarters of the globe closer and closer together. This result has its dangers as well as its advantages. The recent outbreak of cholera in European Russia, of whose daily advance we are made aware by cable, warns us that we have dangers to fear from a too close international relationship.

The grave responsibility of keeping from our land the dreaded scourge of cholera rests upon the sanitary inspectors of our port cities, for it is only through a few great gates of commerce that we have reason to fear its introduction.

Recent experiences with typhus fever in the port of New York have shown that there are weak points in our quarantine defences which should be remedied. When once these bulwarks are passed, the labor of disinfection is increased a thousand-fold.

It should be the duty of the authorities to prepare beforehand for thorough inspection of all arriving vessels and for complete disinfection of all suspected freight and passengers.

The usually easy-going American should not allow his good nature to modify the stringency of his maritime sanitary regulations. European officials are to be commended for their increasing vigilance in this respect, for it is by their efforts that the disease may be kept from shipping ports; whence it might be distributed by commerce.

The disease called cholerine, which has lately been prevalent in and about Paris, has been watched with anxiety by the authorities, but there is every reason to believe that it is in no way connected with the genuine cholera.

Probably cholera will never again ravage Europe as it has done in past. Recent scientific investigations, which have given us a closer knowledge of its nature and of the conditions favorable and unfavorable to its development, have contributed powerfully to render efficacious the efforts made to prevent its spread.

Universal cleanliness, with good water and good drainage, would probably banish cholera from the earth; but under existing circumstances, when it has once started on its travels it requires the most stringent regulations to check its progress.

While European ports are free from this disease, the United States can hardly be said to be menaced on her Atlantic coast. Nevertheless, prudence bids us make preparations to guard both our Pacific and Atlantic ports against such an insidious disease before the danger from it becomes imminent.

The Uses of Honey.

A writer in the *Horticultural Times* expresses surprise that honey is so seldom seen on the tables of the people of this country. Honey is at once a valuable medicine and food. Foul air, improper ventilation, sudden changes of weather, the exposure of lungs and throats to a damp atmosphere, are the source of no end of throat bronchial troubles. A free, regular and constant use of honey is probably the best medicine for throat troubles there is. It is a most wholesome and economical substitute for butter being, as a rule, half the price of that article. Honey is of more service in our cooking than most people imagine. Those who indulge in a glass of grog and hot water on cold winter nights, should try the effects of a spoonful of honey instead of sugar. The change will surprise them. Honey may, indeed replace sugar as an ingredient in the cooking of almost any article of food. In rice puddings the writer invariably uses honey instead of sugar; the flavor is much more delicious. For preserving most kinds of fruits, honey is far preferable to sugar, as it has the quality of preserving for a long time in a fresh state anything that may be laid in it or mixed with it, and preventing its corruption in a far superior manner to sugar. For many medical purposes honey is invaluable. To town residents who may be jaded and look forworn after the excitement of late hours, when the skin becomes dry, red, and harsh-looking, try the effects of rubbing gently a thin coating of honey on the face before going to bed. It is one of the finest cosmetics in the world.

Infectiousness of Tuberculosis.

According to the latest advices from Germany, where Doctor Koch's investigations in regard to tuberculosis have given a special impetus to the study of the disease, the danger arising from direct contact with consumptive patients has been somewhat overestimated, notwithstanding the infectious nature of the malady.

Thus we have recently been told that kissing might result in the transmission of germs from one person to another. Again, it has been proposed in some quarters that persons suffering from tuberculosis should be socially ostracized, as is usual in the case of some other contagious diseases.

More recent investigation, however, has shown that the bacilli which are coughed up in the sputa of consumptives, and which are hence present in greater or less numbers in the mucus of the mouth and nose, are for the most part lifeless and inactive.

This demonstration, while it will bring comfort to many people thus afflicted, will probably tend to emphasize the fact of a family predisposition to the disease; and this in turn will doubtless lead to a fuller study of the peculiar physical and anatomical characteristics of special families and individuals, who are at present vaguely termed by the profession "subjects with a predisposition to tuberculosis."

This study ought to lead by a natural process to the correction of such anatomical characteristics, or "build of frame," by means of special methods of chest or general exercises, by the correction of habitual errors of breathing, and by other corrective and cautionary measures.

But if the dangerous character of consumptive expectorations has perhaps been overestimated, the danger is none the less real, and the precautions which patients and nurses have been urged to exercise for the public safety should still be continued. Sputa should be burned; spittoons in the streets should be avoided, and great care should be taken to prevent collections of dust in any form in the rooms occupied by consumptives. This last precaution is of importance for the patient as well as for his family.

ENORMOUS LOSSES IN WAR.

Millions of Men Killed and Billions of Dollars Spent in Thirty Years.

It appears, according to the estimates of French and German statisticians, that there have perished in the wars of the last thirty years 2,550,000 men, while there has been expended to carry them on no less than the inconceivable sum of $12,000,000,000. Of this amount France has paid nearly $3,500,000,000 as the cost of the war with Prussia, while her loss in men is placed at 155,000. Of these 80,000 were killed on the field of battle, 36,000 died of sickness, accident, or suicide, and 20,000 in German prisons, while there died from other causes enough to bring the number up to the given aggregate. The sick and wounded amounted to 477,421, the lives of many thousands of whom were doubtless shortened by their illness or injuries. According to Dr. Roth, a German authority, the Germans lost during the war 60,000 men killed or rendered invalid, and $600,000,000 in money, this being the excess of expenditure or of material losses over the $1,250,000,000 paid by France by way of indemnity.

Dr. Engel, another German statistician, gives the following as the approximate cost of the principal wars of the last thirty years: Crimean war, $2,000,000,000; Italian war of 1859, $300,000,000; Prusso-Danish war of 1864, $35,000,000; war of the rebellion—north, $5,100,000,000; south, $2,300,000,000; Prusso-Austrian war of 1866, $330,000,000; Russo-Turkish war, $125,000,000; South African wars, $8,770,000; African war, $12,250,000; Servo-Bulgarian, $176,000,000. All these wars were murderous in the extreme. The Crimean war in which few battles were fought, cost 750,000 lives—only 50,000 less than were killed or died of their wounds, north and south, during the war of the rebellion. The figures, it must be remembered, are German and might not agree precisely with the American estimates. The Mexican and Chinese expeditions cost $200,000,000 and 65,000 lives. There were 250,000 killed and mortally wounded during the Russia-Turkey war and 45,000 each in the Italian war of 1859 and the war between Prussia and Austria. In the other wars the loss of life was relatively less, which did not make either the men or the money easier to part with in the more limited areas where they occurred. And this is but a part in the accounting since it does not include the millions expended during the last thirty years in maintaining the vast armaments of the European powers, the losses caused by stoppage of commerce and manufactures, and the continual derangement of industries by the abstraction from useful employment of so many millions of persons held for a period of military service extending from three to five years.

Water is so scarce in Balakany, the centre of the Russian petroleum industry, that in established where steam-engines are used it costs more than the fuel.

EXPERIENCES IN RUSSIA.

A Traveller Gives His Impression of Men and Things in the Czar's Domains.

The Rev. Dr. Dowling, an American travelling in Russia, in a letter to a New York paper says:—

When I first entered St. Petersburg I was scared. I was in the land of the knout, and the Czar and Siberian exile. Mr. Bigelow, a contributor to Harper's Magazine, had been given twenty-four hours to get out of the country, because he had chanced to remark of a certain Russian official that "he was an old wooden head. Mr. Pennell, representing the Illustrated London News, having been discovered taking pictures on the frontier, had been given no time at all, but summarily ejected. Who could tell what awful things might happen before I should again see home? True, I was under the protection of the American flag. But Russian time dates exactly twelve days behind that of the rest of Europe. When it is the 1st of August here, it is the 13th across the border. So at any moment, by sending me out of the country they had it in their power to knock me into the middle of next week. And as yet I was hardly prepared to go.

It is not much of an exaggeration to say that when I first walked the streets of that great city of stucco and plaster, the capital of all the Russias, Peter the Great's "window by which he might see into Europe," it was with head erect, eyes front, the middle finger of each hand against the seam in the trouser's leg, and my whole countenance swathed in a meek and smiling expression of amiable imbecility (amiability natural, imbecility assumed). Like Laurence Sterne's donkey, I seemed to say: "Don't kick me; but if you will, you may. It's perfectly safe."

The first stage, however, has passed away, and I have reached the second, in which I seem to correspond with the majority of Russian faces about me. I am ugly. If Johnston "liked a good hater," I am sure he would fraternize with me at the present moment.

The general type of countenance among the common people here is by no means one of blank stupidity, but a stupidity suspicious and vicious, a kind of cross between Tillie Slowboy and Bill Sykes.

It is true the better class of Russians I have not seen, for in summer they invariably speed them out of town. But told that they are exceptionally intelligent and socially charming, especially the Czar.

No nation can be judged, however, by the condition of its aristocracy, but by that of its *bourgeoisie* and its poor. As Becky Sharp says: "Anybody can be honest on ten thousand a year." The chief difference between the aristocracy of one country and another is simply in the way they put on their clothes. With the common people, however, it is different.

Mr. Stead is doubtless right in saying that the worst thing which could happen to Russia would be that it should become a republic. You might as well put a three-year-old baby astride Bucephalus and tell him to ride. Two hundred years is not long enough to bring a ration out of barbarism into a capability of self-government; and it is less than that since Peter the Great "knouted Russia into civilization." We cannot expect Russia to do in two centuries what the rest of us have been doing in ten. Out of sixty millions of its inhabitants, forty-eight millions can neither read nor write. Think of it! Eighty per cent. dwelling in absolute darkness. In America, notwithstanding all our imported illiteracy, the ignorant classes represent only fifteen per cent. of the population, and in Germany, which I believe to be moving rapidly toward a republic, only five per cent. Everywhere in these Russian cities the signs are painted with pictures—the baker is kneading bread, the butcher killing beef—because these are the only symbols which the great mass can understand.

With this dense ignorance, therefore, I do not believe that any cataclysm in our day will deliver Russia. It will require centuries, and will come, not by revolution, but by evolution. At least, if it shall seem to come by the former, it will not be a revolution, but simply a revelation of secret processes previously unrecognized. What, over may be the remedy, however, the fact remains that the people here are in an awful condition, and terribly oppressed. Last night twenty-five men dropped dead in the streets of this city of Moscow, twenty-one of them from drunkenness. This vice is all-prevailing, and seems to be their only refuge. The opportunity for tyranny is boundless, because, while in all other nominally civilized countries, whatever is not prohibited is permitted, here, whatever is not permitted is prohibited. The most intelligent lawyer cannot carry all the legal enactments in his head. What possible hope can there be, then, for these ignorant serfs?

Soon after my arrival I picked up, in the reading room of my hotel, a copy of the London *Times*, and eagerly turned to the report of the condition of cholera in Russia. The very lives of those who were with me, whom I loved, might depend upon that report, by its leading me, to go on or to retreat. What was my chagrin to discover that by the Government Censors that very column had been blotted out! I went into an English bookstore and found a volume with four leaves in the middle torn away, and another transformed into one great black dash of printer's ink.

"Who does this?" I asked.

"The Censors do it."

"Do you get any remuneration?"

"Not a penny. We always have to stand the loss."

Of course I bought the book on the spot. It will be an interesting souvenir for me to show to my American audiences, for the benefit of such of my fellow citizens as, yearning for "paternalism" in government, are "looking backward." Robbed of its fiction, this kind of thing is what that leads to.

But while an American is startled at such a "paternal" supervision of what he shall read, this form of tyranny affects, of course, but a limited class. There are others which are more far-reaching. Last week, at Nijni-Novgorod, two men were overheard criticising the sanitary measures of the Government in its attempts to suppress the cholera. They were at once fastened to a post, and each of them received one hundred lashes on his bare back. Surely it is no wonder that the people are cowed, suspicious, ugly and stupid.

This latter characteristic is something marvelous. If you show a dreamy drover the name of your hotel, of course he cannot read it. That is never expected. But when you even show him the picture, which a wise traveller here always carries with him, he is frequently too stupid to understand. I told "Boots" one night to waken me at eight the next morning. He obeyed promptly at the appointed hour. I answered; but as the night had been wakeful, I concluded to sleep. Fifteen minutes later, just as I had fallen into a doze, I was awakened again by some one pounding at my door. "Boots" had spied my gaiters outside of my room, and thereby discovered that I had not arisen when he had first called me. I had told him that I wanted to rise at eight, and, concluding that I was a man of my word, he determined not to leave his duty undone.

Four times that fellow came to my room and pounded at my door. Four times I said "Yes! Yes!" with increasing emphasis, and turned over and went to sleep. The fifth time I could stand it no longer. Flying to the door, I flung it open and glared at him. There he was, bowing like Jack-in-a-box, with his graceless arms hanging down like a couple of shoestrings. For the first and only time I wanted to speak Russian; I yearned to tell him in a language which he could understand, that he was a blooming idiot. This piece of information, however, with my limited linguistic resources, it was impossible to convey. So I bawled at him with all my might: "Get out o' that! Stop hammering every fifteen minutes at my door!" He smiled and thought I was calling him pet names. It occurred to me that some American colloquialisms might sound Russian, so I shouted: "Mosey! Scoot! Get out!" and emphatically closed the door.

At last, when I was dressed and on my way down to breakfast, I met him in the hallway. There he stood, still bowing, evidently filled with a sense of satisfaction at having done his duty, and looking forward with happy anticipation to the date of my departure, when I should enable him to "put in his thumb, and pull out a plum, and say 'What a good boy am I!'"

No; the Russians will not be ready for a republic for five hundred years.

Not What Was Meant.

An old man, while going home from church one cold, frosty morning, stepped on some ice, slipped, and fell.

The minister, who happened to be passing at the time, hurried to assist him to rise, and, seeing he was not hurt, remarked:

"My friend, sinners stand in slippery places."

"Yes," said the old man, looking up at the parson, "I see they do, but I can't."

POETRY.

Crossing the Bar.

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea,
But such a tide as ocean seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.
Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark.
For though from out our bourne of time and place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.
—TENNYSON.

An Autumn Landscape.

No wind there is that either pipes or moans;
The fields are cold and still; the sky
Is covered with a blue-gray sheet
Of motionless cloud; and at my feet
The river, curling softly by,
Whispers and dimples round its quiet gray stones.

Along the chill green slope that dips and heaves
The road runs rough and silent, lined
With plum-trees, misty and blue-gray,
And pulpit-like, with stone, the way
In massive spectral, undefined
Pale greenish stems half hid in dry gray leaves.

And on beside the river's sober edge
A long fresh field lies dark. Beyond
Low thickets gray and reddish stand,
Stroked white with birch; and near at hand,
Over a little steel-smooth pond,
Hang multitudes of thin and withering sedge.

Across a waste and solitary rise
A ploughman urges his dull team,
A solitary figure with bowed brow
That plunges heaving to the plough
With strong uneven steps. The stream
Rings and re-echoes with his furious cries.

Sometimes the lowing of a cow, long-drawn,
Comes from far off; and crows in strings
Pass on the upper silences.
A flock of small gray goldfinches,
Flying and with sweet twitterings,
Rustle among the birch cones and are gone.

This day the season seems like one that heeds
With fixed ear and lifted hand
All music that yet are known on earth,
All motions that have faintest birth,
If haply she may understand
The utmost inward sense of all her deeds.
—ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN, in Harper's Magazine for October.

Its Equal Cannot be Found.

We challenge all competitors to name any other remedy that is achieving such extraordinary results in the restoration and exaltation of health, or to produce the whole sixteen ounces of the vital elements of the body known to science in one pure amalgam, as in St. Leon; or to point out any other preparation simple and nourishing as milk for babes, and powerful beyond all art prescriptions to purify blood and flesh, to build up the faintest flickering sparks of life to highest strength and to the brightest flow of spirits, health and pleasure in life that this world can bring.

For all such St. Leon has won undying fame. Humanity has no kinder friend than St. Leon. Language fails and only faintly portrays the happy results that follow when St. Leon is unstintingly used. To supply the incessant waste of the Human Machine and preserve the highest order and strength to all the organs. "The Blood, the Life of the Flesh," requires sixteen elements; in the food we eat some twelve only are found. ST. LEON CONTAINS ALL, tones up the whole sixteen stringe; builds up; sickness and indisposition are banished and a more exalted enjoyment to life is reached and preserved to old age.

Yes, St. Leon is one of the grandest life-giving mysteries ever discovered, and all who use it not only imbibe that which supports and builds up the body, but also that supplies the electrical current motor of life.

This rare carburetted Hydrogen gas searches the minutest blood channels and instantly destroys all disease germs, microbes etc., it is brought in contact with. No better proof can be given of the presence of this priceless fluid than to say it will burn with a bright bronze flame when opened in the barrel or at the spring's mouth. Physicians pronounce it "inimitable by art," and the great tidal wave in praise of St. Leon sweeps over the land with ever increasing force. "St. Leon is just what my system required, the joy of my life."

Some Remarkable Feats.

A traveler who made a tour of the Orient and who, by the way, is something of a magician himself, tells the wonderful story of his experience with some of the wizards of the Far East:

"One of these was begun by the largest man in the group, who threw a great coil of ribbons far toward the sky. As it uncoiled in mid air, a small hawk seemed to be liberated from it. He circled around a few times, seized the ends of the ribbons in his beak, and then made off toward a small, white cloud which apparently formed before our eyes.

"From this cloud there now slid to the ground a snake, a frog and a smiling native baby, which one of the wizard's wives caught in her arms and held out for the wondering crowd to inspect. Next, all of the magicians save life larger, (a perfect giant in stature), now left the place. The giant then sat down upon the ground. He then spread a large colored umbrella in such a manner as to wholly conceal himself from our party. Calling me to his side he exacted a promise from me to remove the umbrella after the expiration of exactly five minutes by the watch. I did as he had directed and was unspeakably surprised to find that the giant had disappeared, though the earth where he had been sitting was perfectly solid.

"Returning to the hotel we found our miracle-working giant sitting serenely on the porch. When I handed him his umbrella he opened it with a quick jerk, disclosing my watch and chain hanging in a slip-noose from one of the ribs."

Suicide at the Side of a Princess.

The *Fremdenblatt* of Vienna learns from Nice of the following tragic incident:—Prince Alfred and his wife returned on board the yacht Alice from a voy