GLOBE SUPPLEMENT

ST. JOHN, N. B., AUGUST 15, 1896.

AN INTERESTING THEME.

[Ev'ry Month.]

Woman suffrage is a very old and, in reason, undisputed subject, but a good word on behalf of a great and sure-to-be-victorious cause is never out of place, so be it set down here that the activity of woman in every quarter is but a sign that she is coming out of her dark ages, and beginning to take to herself the half of life that belongs to her. Of course, it is said that so long as a woman looks to man as her sole support, and enters into matrimony convinced that her lot in life is to be devotion itself, in return for which she is to be supported, so long will she be the inferior in power and position, and that is true. So long as she is brought up rigidly and carefully preserved from all but theoretical knowledge of the world, so long will she give cause for the sentiment concerning widows and orphans, which is no other than the charitable regard of a superior for an inferior. So long as the German idea brings its standstill influence into the question, and women are advised to attend to "religion, children and kitchen," so long will the helplessness of women be one of the first arguments offered by men against her equal enfranchisement. Women are not helpless, but it will take a long time to convince some of them that they are not. The present sphere of the home is not exactly all that befits them, though it will take years of explanation before all of them appreciate the fact. They are not exactly dolls put on earth to be gloriously dressed and admired, but three-fourths of them would prefer that impression to hold good, and the average man has for centuries been growing in the belief that such is their highest and most befitting state. They are capable, when equally trained with their brothers, of doing any but manual labor, and neither man nor woman was ever intended to toil physically, and to delve and hew and draw, though they have not learned that fact, because they have not learned very much about the possibilities of machinery. Introduce the proper machinery, and men and women stand on equal ground.

There is no use talking about the superiority of women in some phases of necessity. Gray matter is gray matter, and it will work about as well through masculine as it will through feminine hands. Eyes are about the same in either sex; ears usually gauge accurately a moderate range of sound, and the other senses average up pretty fairly in the two sexes, though there are thousands who will not believe it. This general equality of the senses and the sentiment speaks fairly well for the possible progress of women in the fields that do not involve hard manual labor, and, as before stated, manual labor, has nothing to do with the case. As soon as the wits of man has been properly sharpened by proper effort, machinery will come and will do away with manual labor, when the sexes will be on a very fair basis. Such are the basic principles which underlie the question.

But there is no reason to suppose that the spheres of the two sexes are going to clash for long. There is, of course, some confusion at present, owing to the desire of women to take for themselves as many rights as possible, regardless of male opposition, and in this anxiety to gain her rights she will overshoot the mark, and take more than her rights, when, of course, the reaction will set in. Again, not having a full and clear comprehension of what her rights are in toto, she will be very apt to mistake a number of privileges as hers which do not rationally accrue to her, and these, after some discussion and bitter experience, she will at length be willing to relinquish. Just at present, she is reaching out and doing some very strange things, which time alone can justify or discredit. At present, there are so many to argue for or against her every move, that a fair judgment is almost impossible, excellent authorities being at war, so to speak.

From a liberal point of view, she has a right to turn her hand to almost anything which her strength and mental capacity will permit of, but it is to be believed that in time she will drift into those fields of effort and usefulness which best agree with the gentleness and charity of her nature. The control of schools is one such field, and the conducting of great charitable institutions is another. Vast asylums for the poor, the physically afflicted and the insane, it will generally be agreed should be placed in her care. Considering her motherly capacity, it will be naturally supposed that in time women will gravitate into such earthly labor as involves this motherly sentiment, and one such labor is that of purifying the politics of the land, under the laws of which her sons and daughters are to grow up, and which it is her duty to teach them to honor and obey. She will stand for goodness and purity in all things, and with her will stand the husband and father. On the subject of the good of the children, they will in their mutual intelligence be united, and from such unity must naturally result the purer and brighter home, the better school and college, the kinder and more charitable asylums, the better hospitals and public institutions generally. She will not be less motherly, nor less attentive to home and the little ones, not less interested in her husband's success, and back of it all will be her vast intelligence assisting to direct and control. Surely the old saw about two heads being better than one is a good and agreeable one, and the wonder of it is that it has never before been applied to the solution of the suffrage question.

WANTED TO GET HER BONES.

Startling Experience of a Young Woman in a New York Boarding House.

[From the New York Evening Sun.]

The first experiences of any young woman who takes the fatal plunge into New York life are always interesting—especially to herself. It is also new, strange and above all utterly unlike that of anyone else—this initiation that she must go through before becoming a full-fledged member of the metropolitan body. This, too, no matter how well she may have known the big city in tourist and social capacities. All that counts for nothing when she comes here on "her own hook," to study or practice art, music, scribbling, kindergartening or any of the many magnets that draw young womanhood New Yorkward. A girl came here last fall, however, whose experience was just a little more startling than that of most girls. It was worse for her because she was an unusually timid, inexperienced creature, who had looked forward to the "initiation" with more than the usual dread. Even her anticipations fell short of the reality, however.

The afternoon of her arrival she went straight to a big, bare, comfortless boarding-house, where she proceeded fairly to weep her eyes out from homesickness. Dinner time arrived, the girl went down stairs to a big basement dining room filled with strangers who never so much as greeted her. Directly opposite sat a gaunt, grim-faced woman who watched the girl's every mouthful as if she were taking an account of stock. This didn't add to the comfort of the situation. The girl, therefore, swallowed her dinner—as much as she could of it—in silence, her one object being to get out of the room as soon as possible. Before she could do this however, the gaunt, grim-faced woman leaned across the table and in loud, clear tones said to the girl: "May I have your bones?" The girl was thunderstruck. Visions of having made a mistake and got into a morgue or at least a dissecting room instead of a boarding-house flew into her head. She was on the point of bursting into tears when the gaunt woman's face suddenly changed and she said: "I beg your pardon. I see you don't understand me. I want your bones for my pet dog. Fido, you know," and she pointed to the pile of nicely cleaned chicken bones upon the girl's plate.

KILLED PARENTS AND BROTHER.

Terrible Crime of a Young Woman at Newville, O.

MANSFIELD, O., Aug. 13.

David Rose, a farmer, living near Newville, this county, died seven weeks ago, after a brief illness. Ten days later, his son, aged 30, also died, and soon afterward after recovering from an illness contemporaneous with that of her husband and son, Mrs. Rose died.

Poisoning was suspected, and the stomach of the elder Rose being analyzed, showed traces of arsenic.

The daughter Celia, aged 24 years, who prepared the meals for the family, and did not herself become sick, was suspected, and she was placed under surveillance. Finally, her confidence having been gained by a woman neighbor, she confessed that she had administered the poison in revenge.

She was in love with Guy Berry, son of a neighbor, but he did not reciprocate it. Complaint was made to her parents, who with her brother chided her.

Then she resolved to poison them. The young woman was arrested and brought to this place. She is possessed of average intelligence, but does not seem to realize the enormity of her crime.

DR. BARNARDO'S WORK.

[W. T. Stead, in August Review of Reviews.]

It is idle to attempt to describe all that Dr. Barnardo has done and is attempting to do. He is a centre of spiritual, social, intellectual activity, perpetually in motion. He began by caring only for the saving of the city arab; he now finds the whole social problem on his hands. He is facing the whole vast complicated congeries of difficulties which baffle churches and governments and facing them also with marvellous success. Round his Homes have grown up a veritable church militant, the most amazing octopus of our time. Nothing that is human is alien to Dr. Barnardo. He imports cargoes of timber from the foreste of Norway and plants out human seedlings in the prairies of Manitoba. He is surgeon, editor, preacher, teacher, jack-of-all trades and a past master in all. One day he brings 3,700 of his children from all his Homes to the heart of the West End. It is a small army—a larger army than that with which Britain has won many of her most brilliant victories. Under his able direction they concentrate at the Albert Hall to meet the Prince and Princess of Wales, bringing with them a vast paraphernalia illustrative of all their enterprises, their works and their sports. With a skill the late Sir Augustus Harris could not have excelled, he puts this gigantic troupe through a programme lasting nearly four hours, a programme that goes without a hitch, that keeps everyone from Prince to pressman enthralled in unflagging interest, and that fascinates and delights everyone with one of the prettiest spectacles ever seen in London. And the troupe, what is it? One and all they are children, some mere babies, but all, whether old or young, perishing fragments of shipwrecked humanity, snatched one by one from the maelstrom of our cities. But for him these little ones would have been in the workhouse, in prison, in the grave, or, worse still, in the kennel and in the slum preparing, before they were well in their teens, to perpetuate their kind. And then, after having given the world this gigantic object lesson in organized philanthropy, the company disperses. The mammoth troupe of 3,700 silently and swiftly retrace their steps. As was the concentration so is the distribution. In twelve hours all is over, the Homes are again full of teeming life, and not a child has been lost or has even missed its way. Those who have attempted to convey a party of a score boys and girls from the circumference to the centre of London in mid-season alone can appreciate what was involved in the march of the 3,700 to and from Albert Hall.

CLAUDE DUVAL.

[From the Gentleman's Magazine.]

This gallant robber of men's purses and ladies' hearts was of French extraction. He was born at Domfront, in Normandy, where his father was a miller. In his youth he was for some time page to the Duke of Richmond and then turned a highwayman, a calling which he found remarkably profitable. On one occasion he met the Master of the Buckhounds to Charles II., one Squire Roper, as he was pursuing a solitary hunt in Windsor Forest. But the hunter became the hunted; the sport was changed; Claude Duval quietly demanded the Master's purse, pocketed fifty guineas, and left him bound hand and foot to bewail his fate until he was released by the foresters. The life of this notorious criminal furnishes us with an example of the peculiar fascination which the "sport" afforded to its votaries. Duval became so rich with his ill gotten gains that he was enabled to retire from the profession and return to France. But a quiet life, free from the excitement of his old career, did not agree with his adventurous spirit. He returned again to England and resumed his avocations. At length he was captured at the "Hole in the Wall," in Chandos street. While in prison awaiting his doom many ladies of position visited him and endeavored to obtain his release; but justice was inexorable and he was hanged at Tyburn, in January, 1670. His epitaph in St. Paul's church, Covent Garden, speaks of him as "Old Tyburn's glory, England's illustrious thief," and tells us:

"Here lies Duval—Reader, if male thou art,
Look to thy purse; if female to thy heart,
Much havoc has he made of both."

Just beyond the borders of our county, about a mile from the village of Bagshot, stands a solitary, picturesque, reed thatched farm house, once the residence of Claude Duval. The late G. M. Hughes, the historian of Windsor Forest, describes in his work the interior of this haunt, and tells of the old fireside and chimney, in which a hiding place was so contrived that its only access was through a trap door in the back, which, when closed was concealed by the smoke. Here Duval often lay concealed when the soldiers searched his dwelling.

SELECTING A VOCATION.

Dr. Parkhurst's Wise Counsel to Young Men in Choosing a Career.

"The young man who says, 'I have given my heart to the Lord, and, therefore, I am going to study for the ministry,' misses the entire point," says Dr. Parkhurst in an article on "Selecting a Career," in August *Ladies' Home Journal*. "There is no 'therefore' about it. This is a pettifogging way of meeting a great situation. I quote from a letter that I received recently from a young lawyer in Ohio: 'In my daily life among the criminal courts I have seen many a sad scene, and at last it has come to that point that I am almost decided to cast aside my bright future in law and enter the service of the Lord.' I answered him that he was writing nonsense. What he meant by 'the service of the Lord' was the Christian ministry, and that is no more a service of the Lord than any other reputable calling. It is not what a man does that makes his service Christian; it is putting his career under contribution to the public weal, instead of mortgaging it to his own preferment, that makes his service Christian. There is a great lot of small thinking about these matters and well-meaning imbecility that works damagingly all around. My correspondent furthermore wrote that he had 'learned to distrust the law.' All the more reason, then, why he should stay in the law. We cannot improve a thing by standing off and 'distrusting' it, but by jumping in and converting it. If all the consecration is put into the ministry and all the brains into the other professions neither the pulpit nor the world will profit. The sum and substance of all of which is that when a young man has come out on to the distinct Christian ground of putting himself under contribution to the public weal, the selection of a career, best suited to himself and to the needs of humanity, is simply a matter of studying adaptations, and deciding by what art, trade, business or profession he can subserve that weal the best."

ENGLISH TABLE CUSTOMS.

Breakfast a Word Unknown 500 Years Ago.

The old English, says the London *Times*, had three meals a day, of which the chief meal was taken when the work of the day was finished. The first meal was at 9, dinner was about 3 and supper was before bedtime. The Normans dined at the old English breakfast time or a little later and supped at 7 p. m. In Tudor times the higher classes dined at 11 and supped at 5, but the merchants seldom took their meals before 12 and 6 o'clock.

The chief meals, dinner and supper, were taken in the hall, both by the old English and the Normans, for the parlor did not come into use until the reign of Elizabeth. Breakfast did not become a regular meal until quite lately, and Dr. Murray, in the Oxford Dictionary, gave 1463 as the date of the earliest quotation in which the word occurred. The meal did not become recognized until late in the seventeenth century, for Pepys habitually took his draught of half a pint of Rhenish wine or a dram of strong waters in place of a morning meal. Dinner was always the great meal of the day, and from the accession of Henry IV. to the death of Queen Elizabeth the dinners were as sumptuous and extravagant as any of those now served.

Carving was then a fine art. Each guest brought his own knife and spoon, for the small fork was not introduced into England until Thomas Coryate, of Odcombe, published his "Crudities" in 1611. Pepys took his spoon and fork with him to the Lord Mayor's feast in 1663. The absence of forks led to much stress being laid upon the act of washing the hands, both before and after meals, and to the rule that the left hand alone should be dipped into the common dish, the right being occupied with the knife.

The perfect dinner at the best time of English cookery consisted of three courses, each complete in itself, and terminated by a subtlety of device, the whole being rounded off with ypocras, after which the guest retired into another room where pastry, sweet meats and fruit were served with the choicer wines. The English were essentially meat eaters, and it was not until the time of the Commonwealth that pudding attained its extraordinary popularity; indeed, the first mention of pudding in the menus of the "Buckfeast" at Bartholomew's Hospital did not occur until 1710, and in 1712 is an item of 5 shillings for ice.

HOW WHALES EAT AND SLEEP.

[From the Spectator.]

The food of whales has long been known to consist of minute sea crustacea. Mr. Gray was familiar not only with the whale's food, but observed its manner of feeding, and the way in which it took its nap "after meals." "No doubt," he wrote, "whales are very particular in the quality of their food, for they are never to be found feeding where the water is dirty, but almost invariably in clean, clear, dark-blue or light olive green water. The usual way in which a whale feeds is to choose a spot where the food is plentiful, and swim backward and forward for 200 or 300 yards, with the nose just under water. They invariably swim from one side of the boat back again to where they started from, with their mouths open. They then close their jaws and swallow the food caught.

"They will go on in this way feeding for an hour or more; after that they will disappear under the nearest ice, and sleep there until they come out for exercise or for another meal. Unlike other warm blooded animals they do not require to breathe through their nostrils while asleep and they do not so. Whales can sleep as well under water as they do upon the surface, as I have often seen them disappear under solid ice and remain there for many hours at a time. Sometimes they fall asleep with their heads down and only their tails standing out of the water."

LI HUNG CHANG.

THE CHINESE STATESMAN'S VISIT TO FRANCE.

Summer Tribulations in Paris—Colonial and Political Affairs.

[Correspondence of the GLOBE.]

PARIS, July 25.

Li Hung Chang is not only curious but a curiosity. He has rapidly disproved the impression Parisians formed of him in advance—to be an imbecile and a *ruse*. That he be the latter is possible; that he is not the former is certain. Whatever part of the city he visits he is followed by an attentive, a puzzled crowd, not of gamins or roughs, but of very respectable citizens, who take a pleasure in studying, not in gaping at, that first-class specimen of an ante-diluvian race—see Ussher chronology—and of modernized Confucianism and Tartar diplomacy. It is the ambassador's travelling chair that first attracts; then its occupant. As Li's physique is imposing he has been dubbed by the celestial Bismarck, and this Plutarch comparison is sufficient to "catch on" with the French. His build is imposing, suggesting almost Herculean lines. His head, recalling sculptured box wood, does not present his features from being judged, even when he puts on his blue glasses; his cheek bones are large and very prominent and these impart great hollowness to his jaws. His drooping mustache falls heavily over rather mocking lips; the imperial descending from the chin upon his blue robe. He has a powerful looking neck; and even behind his glasses it is easy to perceive a pair of penetrating and inquisitive eyes. The entire man is the impersonation of resolution and strength.

To these traits must be added that of

PERFECT IMPASSIBLENESS.

Not a particle of emotion, yet he observes and notes everything with the mind's eye. His questions are brief and to the point and pumps the person to whom they are addressed dry. To a lady Li simply inclines his head and all gallantry is over. It would be curious to know what the *grand chinois* commits to his diary, he who comes to officially examine the outer barbarians and their institutions behind a pair of goggles. None of the French "soul doctors" have attempted to deal with this patient from the Far East. The cornopeau is the only musical instrument that has influence on his ears He cares nothing about theatres or operas; only takes a slender interest in a ballet, but evidently can make a distinction between the graceful, aerial movements of Miles Maurel and Subra, and those of the hip oscillations of an Almees and the viper wriggles of a Java *danseuse*. Li's skull cap and its crystal button, like the lion in diamonds of the late Shah's astrakan, were noted and the dressing of his hair, his pig tail—*queue de cochon*—ladies pronounced to be in the matter of plaiting a piece of art. No Paris coiffeur could execute the work; no boarding school miss on distribution of prizes day could display a pig tail equal to the output of Li's capillary artist. It is not so very long since the French gave up wearing pig tails: under Louis XV. No man could be regarded as dressed unless he wore a bag wig, and the importance of the latter lay in the tail, as the Marquis de Carabas illustrates The French dredged their pig tails with rice flour; the Chinese prefer to convert the flour into porridge.

Li Hung Chang when he visits an establishment, etc.,

RECORDS HIS IMPRESSION

in the visitors' book, he opens by, not an "Allah be praised!" as do Moslems, but the year and month of his sovereign's reign, and Li concludes by certifying the visit was made in the 74th year of his own age. If tourists, ladies especially, were doomed to adopt this Chinese fashion life would be rendered insupportable. His Excellency certified the Eiffel Tower was the grandest wonder to be found in the five parts of the world. How tastes differ: Parisians rank it on a par with the wall of China and would wish it was thereon to-morrow. Some papers, the world contains so many sceptics, plainly assert that Li is simply blarneying and laughing at the Westerns. However, beyond securing the consent of the Powers to augment the taxes on their import Li has stated he has no other mission save to exchange *kotons* and join in the chop sticks tatoo. He will sample their arsenals, dockyards and leading industries. In time orders may follow. By the time China will be modernized, the maps of Europe and of the Far East may be changed. It takes a good deal of time to run 300 millions of people through a mill and turn them out new.

THE GREAT HEAT

paralyses exertion; some people are even so afflicted with temperature laziness as to be incapable of packing up for a mountain or a sea side home. Only cyclists of both sexes and to this may be added, of all ages, are proof against the torrid weather. Perhaps it is the beginning of the end, as the world is under notice to quit by spontaneous combustion the planetary system. It may catch fire, as M. Lockyer estimates 400 millions of meteors, weighing a total of 1,000 tons, falls upon the earth's surface daily. Talk about the inflammable material in the Balkan peninsula after that. Other vital curiosity that produces long drawn faces among hygienists: Paris never was known to smell so tremendously offensive as at present; to suffer from unwatered streets and short supplies of drinking water; the Seine with all its sins stands by the citizens; it recalls the exclamation of the Old Tory in Eldon days: 'Thank God we have a House of Lords!' The Municipal Council keeps a microbe man, whose official residence is on the top of the tower of St. Jacques; twice a day that official descends from his Olympus; proceeds to the mouths of the sewers—one exists per ten yards of kennel—and by some snap shot arrangement bottles up cubic inches of air. Then he returns to his scientific garret—where he cooks beefsteaks and loin chops by collecting and focussing the sun's rays—takes a census of the microbes in a cubic inch of air, publishes the augmentation by thousands in the whole family of bacilli—Paris is a cosmopolitan city remember—for insertion in the evening papers, to aid the digestion of constant readers and original subscribers. The health of citizens is not affected by this increase in the hordes of pathogenes; doubtless it is animalcule gratitude for the hospitality of Parisians

All great men make a political

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT.

Louis XIV. appealed to his subjects to elect the Duc de Maine, one of his many illegitimate children, heir to the throne of France, instead of his legitimate great grandson, Louis XV. Napoleon left a will and the Duc d'Orleans, killed in 1842, bequeathed a political syllabus to his son, the late Comte de Paris. All the documents had the life of the rose, the space of the morning. It is now the turn of "Ranui Iaiarivony," the expropriated premier and ex-official husband of the Hovas queen, from Algeria to send his dying and prison wish to the Malagasys, those Peep o' Day Boys, the Fahavalos especially, to honor and love perfect love casts out fear—the French, who only annex them for their good, as other white men do other blacks. This posthumous recommendation will be printed and posted upon every boarding, and tree say, in Madagascar May it succeed—there is great power in the press—and save another expedition to conquer the land If Arabi Pacha could send an early proof of his will, for balmy breezes blow soft on Ceylon's isle—to the Egyptians it might help Sirdar Kitchener's work in the Soudan. Pity Cetewayo is dead; had the English managed to keep him alive under a glass case arrangement, instead of fitting him out in frock coat, tweed trousers, patent leather boots and topper hat, an epistle from him to the Matabele and Mashonas at a crisis like the present might have saved the existing trouble in the Rhodesia. The French are lucky in having Behanzin under their hand in case the Dahomeyans take to the marshes. They have also another monarch retired from business, Dinah-Salifou, that could send a *billet doux* to his once subjects in case they refuse French guidance and decline to accept that proof of western civilization—taxation.

In due time the Mahdists will be quiet and also the Matebele; only the dead do not return is the white man's maxim. Lobengula's code was modelled after Draco's, but one punishment for every offence—death. It is sad to learn of so many unfortunate blacks being killed in caverns—Adullam caves never were lucky. The Arabs knew that to their cost, when in Algeria, in 1845, Col Pelissier burned out 500 rebels that would not quit their hiding place and surrender.

The French are anxious to see the

ANGLO-VENEZUELAN QUESTION

settled, as they anticipate the United States will trot out the Monroe doctrine battering ram, to the claims of French Guiana to a slice of contested Brazilian territories. Now that Lord Salisbury has adduced documents that Spain never possessed the territory owned by the Dutch and taken by the British from the latter to make their Guiana colony, the dispute ought to be closed. Nothing is to be gained by keeping sores running. The latter, in the case of legs of thirty years standing, have to yield to Holloway's ointment; discount the cure. It is time to permanently pacify Crete; opinion sees no difficulty in deciding that it be handed over to Greece to "protect." To remove it from under Turkish misrule is the first step to be taken and to guarantee that the island shall pay a tribute to the Porte The latter complains after emancipating the kinglets of the Balkans, who promised in exchange to help Turkey to pay off her national debt, they shut their eyes to sending money orders to Constantinople. But the Sultan owes pecuniary and political debts that are as little honored as those of his gratitude. In Europe opinion seems to have no confidence in anything and is becoming accustomed, as eels are to be skinned, to the terrible predictions of a general war.

The death of Senator Spuller is not a loss to the Republic; his life work was done with the disappearance of the Gambettists. He was a singularly honest politician—every nation has at least ten of such and so is saved from destruction He was the son of a very humble peasant farmer, and by privation and toil managed to educate himself to study for the bar and to live by scrap articles for the small journals. He became *fidus Achates* of Gambetta At the latter's funeral he was the only man I noticed who cried and he sobbed like a child. He rose to be several times minister, and in all difficulties was ready to undertake all forlorn hope work for the sake of the constitution for France. He was the kindest of public men, obliging and true as steel, and all that without surrendering one iota of his political credo. Where do good public men go?

THE MOST MARVELLOUS HUMAN ACHIEVEMENT.

[John Fiske in the July Atlantic.]

Now, what does all this drift of scientific opinion during more than two centuries mean? It can, of course, have but one meaning. It means that the world is in a process of development, and that gradually, as advancing knowledge has enabled us to take a sufficiently wide view of the world, we have come to see that it is so. The old statical conception of a world created all at once in its present shape was the result of very narrow experience: it was entertained when we knew only an extremely small segment of the world. Now that our experience has widened it is outgrown and set aside forever; it is replaced by the dynamical conception of a world in a perpetual process of evolution from one state into another state. This dynamical conception has come to stay with us. Our theories as to what the process of evolution is may be more or less wrong and are confessedly tentative, as scientific theories should be. But the dynamical conception, which is not the work of any one man, be he Darwin or Spencer or anyone else, but the result of the cumulative experience of the last two centuries, this is a permanent acquisition. We can no more revert to the statical conception than we can turn back the sun in his course. Whatever else the philosophy of future generations may be, it must be some kind of a philosophy of evolution.

Such is the scientific conquest achieved by the nineteenth century, a marvellous story without any parallel in the history of human achievement.

The lessons that might be derived from our story are many. But one that we may especially emphasize is the dignity of Man, whose persistent seeking for truth is rewarded by such fruits. We may be sure that the creature whose intelligence measures the pulsations of the molecules and unravels the secret of the whirling nebula is no creature of a day, but the child of the universe, the heir of all the ages, in whose making and perfecting is to be found the consummation of God's creative work.

JIVAROS OF BRAZIL.

INTERESTING SAVAGES OF THE RIVER AMAZON.

Through Wildest Regions—Investivation by a Scientist of the Smithsonian Institute—Shooting Poisoned Arrows—They Kill Hundreds of Monkeys to Get the Teeth for Necklaces—No Religion, but Plenty of Liquor

POMONA, Cal., July 30.

John L. Benson, a well-known scientist connected with the Smithsonian Institute, is at home in Pomona Valley, after several years in Ecuador. He has been there in the interest of the Stanford University and has brought home a wonderful collection of animal skins, birds, reptiles and queer trophies of the natives of Ecuador. As soon as he has his collection arranged they will be transferred to his patron, the university. He tells many interesting stories of his life among the Jivaros, who, he says, are the most interesting savage tribe living on the upper Amazon.

"White men never venture into the wilderness," said he, "except to collect rare orchids or butterflies or birds. There is nothing else there worth carrying away and the climate is exceedingly hot. As for the people themselves—well, even the Indians of the west and upper Andes shudder at the name of a Jivaro.

"My travels among these savages was as far from the Pacific coast as Ohio or Pittsburg is from the Atlantic coast. There is where the Amazon has its source among the Cordilleras. I found hundreds of Jivaros there who had never seen more than half a dozen white men. You will generally find the Jivaros along the rivers. There are no roads or trails. Nature is so vigorous and luxuriant in that hot and moist region that trails would be covered with vegetation in a few months.

"So the natives do the next best thing to following paths—they take to the rivers. With all their savagery it is astonishing how splendidly they make canoes with an old axe carried over the Andes from some distant trading post. They don't understand metals, but with the coca bean, as an article of merchandise they go hundreds of miles and return with metal spear heads, hatchets and knives.

"They cultivate the plantain, banana and mango root, and with the game which they get they live well. Their staple in game is a species of wild hog that lives in the darkest and thickest places of the forest.

"Hunting the hog is sport for the Jivaros. Men, women and children take part in the hunt. When a hog is sighted they give chase, and nothing retards the hunters' progress. They crowd through jungles, squirm through brushwood, all the time keeping pace with their dogs and going as fast as a white man could go in the open. On all other occasions the women remain at work in the houses and plantations."

Mr. Benson has a full dress of a Jivaro warrior, given to him by a young doctor doomed to death by his people for allowing three patients to die.

The Jivaros run extensively to earrings in their costumes. The earrings are suspended from a bit of cane passed through the ear. They consist of four long pendants of beetles' wings of glistening green, gold and purple, strung so as to form a pretty tassel. The brilliant scarlet and orange feathers of the resplendent toucan are used for fringe. The arrangement of color shows remarkably good taste.

"The women are not so elaborately provided with earrings," says Mr. Benson. "Their sole ornament is a stick passed through the lower lip.

SHOOTING THE POISONED ARROW.

"One of the most interesting things I saw them at was killing monkeys. You see it takes 6,000 monkey teeth to make a necklace. The savages move along noiselessly, like snakes in the grass, and at sight of a monkey through the foliage they blow a tiny poisoned arrow through a pipe at him. Poor monkey is struck every time. He is dead in three minutes. If the air be calm it is dangerous to be within 100 yards of a Jivaro armed with these miniature weapons, for he can blow a poisoned arrow and kill at that distance.

"Poison is used also in catching fish. The Jivaro is not bound by game laws or fish commissioners, so he takes large quantities of poison from the varvasco plant and throws it into the river. Then for fully twenty miles down the stream fish are gathered in canoes from the surface of the water. They are only stupefied by the narcotic. The Jivaro cares nothing for sport so long as he can get the food. Yet you never meet him without his lance poised and ready for its mark. He carries it above his shoulder, swaying back and forth with every step he takes. Even when standing he keeps his right arm moving, always ready to strike. The Jivaro warrior is like a sentinel in war time. He is taught when a child that he must ever be on the alert to defend himself, and so you see him prodding his lance at your face without any reason. I was going to shoot on my first experience of this kind, but my guides explained and smiled at my inexperience. I laughed, but I laughed alone; in all my experience with the savages I don't remember having heard one of them laugh.

"They have no religion. They worship nothing, though they believe in dreams. When well supplied with chicha, an intoxicating liquor, they dream of killing their enemies. Their doctors are the actors, medicine men and fakirs of the savages along the upper Amazon. Their existence is like the butterfly, pleasant and sunny at first. Free chicha and conquests in love affairs are among their perquisites. When anybody is sick the family gets a great quantity of chicha and calls in the doctor. He at once proceeds to decrease the supply of liquor. When almost drunk he sings, dances and goes through a hideous gamut of incantations. Then he looks at his patient and sucks the affected place industriously, spitting out a spider.

"'How do you feel?' he asked,

"'No better.'

"He sucks again and spits out gravel or a thorn. The same question is repeated, and each time the doctor brings forth a scorpion or lizard or monkey's tooth until the patient imagines there is some improvement and says so.

"If the patient dies the doctor is suspected of being a witch; the second time he is declared one, and the third time his own life is in danger, so much so that his own brother will assist in killing him. This very thing came under my own observation, and it was from one of these unfortunates that I got this dress and these ornaments. The condemned man gave them to me shortly before he was killed.

"Nearly every museum has one of the Jivaro preserved heads They are great curiosities. The warriors decapitate their victims in warfare and keep the heads as ornaments at their girdles. How these heads are preserved is a mystery. The skull is removed and the skin and flesh treated with extracts from plants which contract and tan them. Then the hollow head is filled with hot pebbles and dried. The pebbles are removed and a strange object the size of a man's hand remains. But the dead face is horribly real.

COURT COSTUME OF A QUEEN.

"Further back among the mountains and at the very headwaters of the river Amazon we found another and smaller tribe of Jivaros. They are exceedingly friendly and in some respects the best natured lot of savages I ever saw in South America There must have been about 1,200 of them. They have short, dumpy figures, and fully one-half of them were going around under the fierce tropical heat just as Adam and Eve did before the fall. So far as we could see neither sex felt the slightest shame Most of the men have but one wife, though the chiefs sometimes have more. The women are chaste. One day the queen and a dozen of her women swam out to us. The queen differed from the others, only that she wore about her waist a girdle with a small apron woven of the same sort of fiber. I offered her a pound of tobacco for it, and without the slightest hesitation she took it off and gave it to me

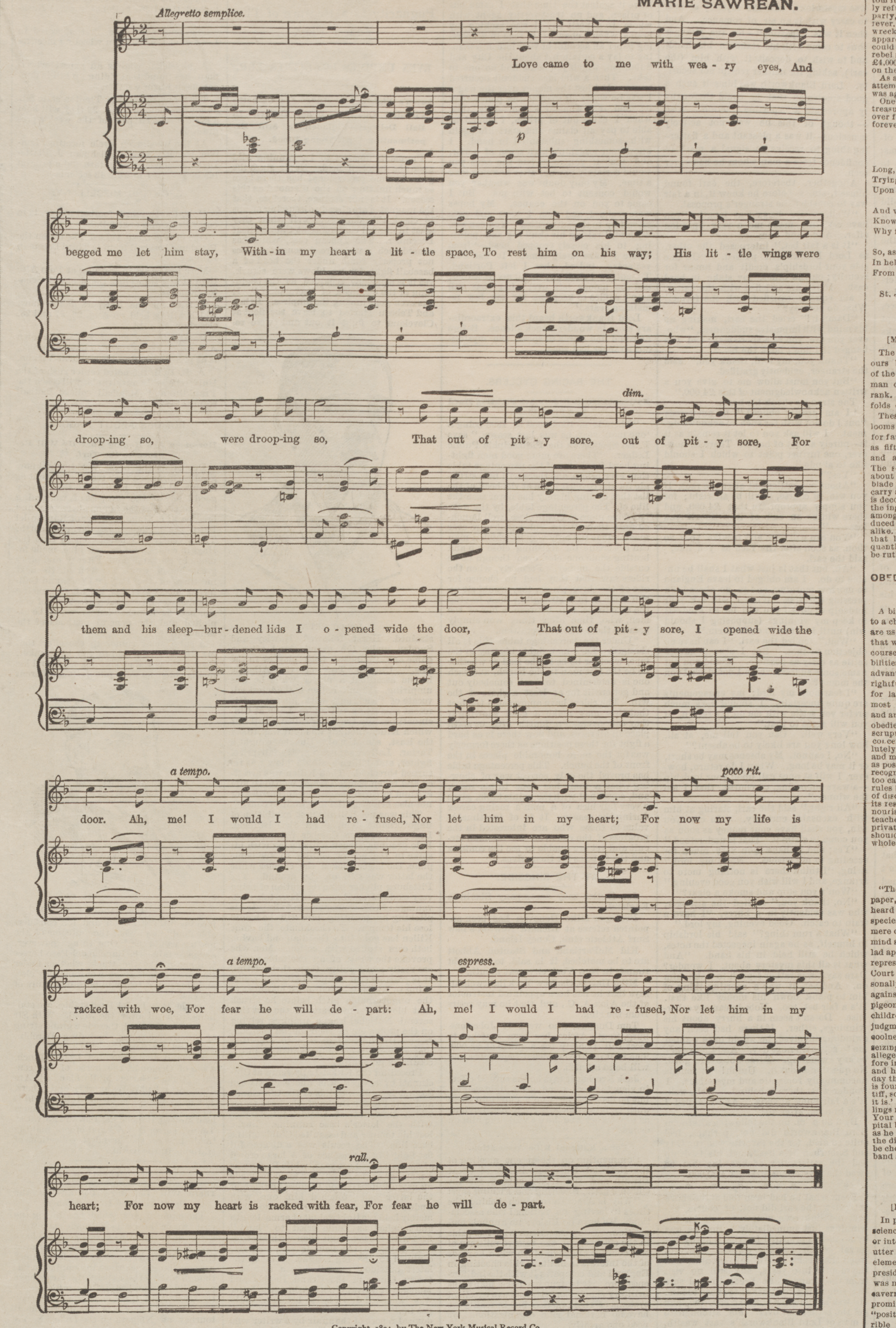
"The natives are very fond of tobacco and pay in that form is about the only thing that will induce them to work There is no need of clothing, and if they open their mouths food will fall into them. At first I was very conscientious about giving full pounds of tobacco, but when my supply ran short I began giving two plugs for a pound. I was surprised that no objection was made to the short weight until I found that some missionaries who were in that region two years ago had given only one plug for a pound."

LOCAL OPTION IN AUSTRALIA.

In connection with the New South Wales system of local self government, practical effect has been given, but not very successfully, to the principle of local option. For many years there was a strong agitation in favor of local option, or the right of the inhabitants of any district to control the liquor traffic in that district, and on several occasions unsuccessful attempts were made to legislate upon the subject. In the year 1882, however, an instalment of the principle was included in the Licensing Act then passed, which, with an amendment made in the following year, is still in force. These measures provide that in every municipality, or ward of a municipality, a local option vote shall be taken every three years, at the election for aldermen, in which the ratepayers are permitted to vote either "Yes" or "No" on two questions: (1 Whether any new publicans' licenses shall be granted during the coming three years in the municipality or ward in question; and (2) whether any removals of publicans' licenses shall be allowed within the same period. A majority of over eleven twentieths of the votes polled is required to make the vote operative in the negative. The advocates of local option are not content with this partial adoption of the principle; they urge its extension to every electorate in the colony, all persons on the electoral roll to have the right to vote. They further propose to place it in the power of a majority of the electors to say whether licensed public houses should be suffered to exist at all. The extreme advocates of local option even contend that women should have the right to vote upon this question as well as men and that public houses should be abolished without compensation to the occupants or owners. Although the local option vote is taken once in three years in every municipality, or a ward of a municipality, the year when it is taken is not the same in all. In the 20 municipalities and 25 wards where the vote was taken during 1895, only 4,469 electors took the trouble to vote upon the first question and 4,395 on the second. The number of electors on the roll in the municipalities and wards in question was not less than 32,7?0 It would therefore appear that very little interest in the matter is taken except by the extreme advocates of temperance on the one hand, and those interested in the drink traffic on the other, while the general public is apathetic on the subject.

LOVE'S COMING.

MARIE SAWREAN.


Allegretto semplice.
Love came to me with wea-ry eyes, And
p
begged me let him stay, With-in my heart a lit-tle space, To rest him on his way; His lit-tle wings were
droop-ing so, were droop-ing so, That out of pit-y sore, out of pit-y sore, For
dim.
them and his sleep—bur-dened lids I o-pened wide the door, That out of pit-y sore, I opened wide the
a tempo.
poco rit.
door. Ah, me! I would I had re-fused, Nor let him in my heart; For now my life is
a tempo.
espress.
racked with woe, For fear he will de-part: Ah, me! I would I had re-fused, Nor let him in my
rall.
heart; For now my heart is racked with fear, For fear he will de-part.

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FREAKS OF THE MIND.

FANCIES OF THOSE AFFLICTED WITH NERVOUS TROUBLES.

A Despondent Comedian—A French Doctor's Cure for Nervous Women—Adventure in a Madhouse.

[Boston Herald.]

Odd and curious people are frequently met with. They are usually an affliction to their intimates because of their continual complaints of not feeling well or not being "just right," etc. Some inconsiderate people may blame them, but the fact is they are more objects of pity than of censure. They are known to the medical fraternity as hypochondriacs, and their disease—for disease it is—is one that is characterized by extreme sensibility of the nervous system, leading the patient to believe himself to be suffering from some terrible imaginary disease, or to be much worse than he really is. The ideas of such a person often partake of the most extravagant character. He may fancy that he is immensely tall or inordinately small; that he is as heavy as lead or as light as a feather; that he is composed of glass or is a lump of butter. Such people are extremely timid, and their fears are exercised upon trifles or are altogether groundless. They dwell constantly upon their own sufferings, and are usually morose, peevish, suspicious and misanthropic, and frequently suspect their dearest friends of designs upon their life.

A story is told of a French physician in the last century who, having being consulted by a person subject to the most gloomy fits of melancholy, advised his patient to mix in scenes of gaiety and dissipation, and particularly to frequent the Italian theatre, adding:—"If Carlini (a famous comedian in his day) does not dispel your gloomy complaint, your case must be desperate, indeed." "Alas, sir," said the patient, "I myself am Carlini, and, while I divert all Paris with mirth, and make them almost die with laughter, I myself am dying with melancholy and chagrin." There are some instances of men carrying the imaginative faculty to a great height. Tulpius mentions a painter who verily believed that all the bones of his body were so soft and flexible that they might be crushed together or folded one within another, like pieces of pliable wax. A story is told of the man who was persuaded that his nose was grown to that prodigious length and greatness that it was a great hindrance. The physician cured him by holding concealed a long stuffed thing like a sausage to his nose, and taking hold of the hypochondriac's nose, scratched that with an instrument, dexterously pretending that he had whipped off the excrescence.

Three different authors tell of a person so extremely nervous that he imagined his lower extremities to be made of glass. He did not dare to sit down lest a simple or compound fracture might ensue. A Portuguese physician had a patient who insisted that he was perpetually frozen, and would sit before a great fire even in dog days. The doctor procured him a dress of rough sheepskins, saturated with alcohol, and, laying him down, set him on fire. The patient then declared he was quite warm, rather too much so, and was cured.

There is an account of a servant, at Gremona, Italy, who verily persuaded himself that he was the Pope and had formed a consistory of Cardinals, Archbishops and Bishops in his chamber. At a certain hour in the day he would sit himself in a chair, like a newly created Pope, extending his feet to be kissed, entertaining ambassadors, making Cardinals, despatching bulls and ordinary officers for the see apostolical. This fit, when it was upon him, gave him, it seems, a marvellous pleasure In ancient Greece there was a man who kept a number of cats, with which he took great pleasure, persuading himself and telling others that they were lions. Galen makes mention of people who fancied themselves earthen pots, and who carefully avoided being touched, for fear they should be broken. Menedonus, a cynic philosopher of Rome, became a hypochondriac and went around in the dress of a fury, saying he was sent as a messenger from hell to bring the devil an account of the sins of all mortals. Another Roman fancied that he was dead. When his friends urged him to eat he refused, saying: "It is in vain with the dead." Fearing that this obstinacy would prove his death—it being on the seventh day on which he persisted in his fast—his friends had brought into his room, which was purposely made dark, some fellows wrapped in their shrouds. Meat and drink were brought in, of which the supposed corpses began to eat and drink. The sick man, seeing this, asked them who they were and what they were doing. They told him that they were dead persons. "How is this? Do the dead eat?" he queried. "Yes, to be sure they do; and if you will sit down with us you shall find it so." The invalid sprang out of bed and joined the dead men in their feast. Supper ended, the wine which had been furnished completed the cure.

There is the case of an insane French watchmaker who insisted that he had been guillotined, and that another head had afterward, by mistake, been put on his shoulders instead of his own "Look at these teeth," he would say. "Mine were extremely handsome. These are rotten and decayed. My mouth was sound and healthy; this is foul. How different is this hair from that of my own head?" Benvenuto Cellini, the celebrated Florentine artist, in his memoirs, relates that the governor of the castle in which he was at one time confined, had a periodical disorder, but every year he had a different whim. One time he imagined that he was metamorphosed into a pitcher of oil; at another time he imagined himself a frog and began to leap as such; again he imagined he was dead, and it was found necessary to humor his conceit by making a show of burying him. At length he thought himself a bat, and when he went to take a walk he sometimes made just such noise as bats do. He likewise made gestures with his arms and body, as if flying.

A celebrated physician of France, on a journey, was obliged to stop at Bordeaux. His presence in the city being known the handsomest women flocked around him, complaining of weak nerves. He made no reply, nor did he prescribe any remedies. Pressed for a time to explain the reason of his silence, he said, in a very oracular tone and manner: "These are not nervous complaints—they proceed from the falling sickness." The next day there was not a woman in Bordeaux who complained of her nerves. The fear of being suspected of having a grave malady cured them in an instant. The conduct of this physician showed that he was a man of acuteness and penetration.

The following most extraordinary event happened in Lincolnshire, England, in the autumn of 1804. The violence of a fall from a horse deprived Sir Henry F. of his faculties, and he lay in a comatose condition for several hours. At length his recollection returned and he faintly asked: "Where am I?" and looking up found himself in the arms of a venerable old man. "Fear not," said the latter, "yonder house is mine. I will support you to it—there you shall be comforted." The stricken man expressed his gratitude and they walked slowly to the house. The friendly assistance of the old gentleman and his servants soon restored the victim of the accident to his reason Dinner being announced the good old man entreated the gentleman to join the party; he accepted the invitation and was shown into a large hall, where he found sixteen covers, the party consisting of as many persons—no ladies being present. The old man took the head of the table; an excellent dinner was served, and rational conversation gave a zest to the repast. The gentleman on the left of Sir H. asked him to drink a glass of wine, when the old man, in a dignified and authoritative tone, at the same time extending his hand, said "No!" Sir H. was astonished at the singularity of the check, yet, unwilling to offend, remained silent. The instant the dinner was over the old man left the room, when one of the company addressed the newcomer in the following words: "By what misfortune have you been unhappily brought here by that unfeeling man who has just quitted the room? O, sir, you will have ample cause to curse the hour that put you in his power, for you have no prospect in this world but misery and oppression, perpetually subject to the capricious humor of that old man. You will remain in this mansion for the remainder of your days. Your life, as mine is, will become burdensome, and, driven to despair, your life will glide on with regret and melancholy reflection, in one cold and miserable sameness. This, alas," said the speaker, "has been my lot for fifteen years; and not mine only, but the lot of everyone you see here since their arrival in this cursed abode!" The pathetic manner that accompanied this cheerless declaration, and the singular behavior of the old man at dinner, aroused in Sir H.'s breast a sentiment of horror, and he was lost in thought for some minutes. Then he said: "By what authority can any man detain me against my will? I will not submit I will oppose him—force to force—if necessary!" "Ah, sir," exclaimed another of the guests, "your argument is just, but your threats are vain. The old man, sir, is a magician; we know it by fatal experience. Your attempt would prove futile and your punishment would be dreadful." "I will endeavor to escape," said Sir Henry. "Your hopes are groundless," rejoined a third gentleman, "for it was but three months ago that, in an attempt to escape, I broke my leg" Another said he had broken his arm, and that many had been killed by falls in their endeavor to escape. Others had suddenly disappeared and had never been heard of.

Sir Henry was about to reply when a servant entered the room and said his master wished to see him. "Do not go," said one. "Take my advice," said another, "and for God's sake do not go" The servant told Sir Henry he had nothing to fear, and begged he would follow him to his master. This he did, and found the old man seated at a table covered with a dessert and wine. He arose when Sir Henry entered the room and asked pardon for the apparent rudeness he was under necessity of committing at dinner "For," said he, "I am Dr. Willis You must have heard of me. I confine my practice to cases of insanity; and, as I board and lodge insane patients, mine is vulgarly called a mad house The persons you dined with were lunatics. I was unwilling to tell you this before dinner, fearing it would make you uneasy; for, although I know them to be perfectly harmless, you very naturally might have apprehensions." The surprise of Sir Henry on hearing this was great, and his fears being thus allayed he spent a pleasant evening with the doctor.

ILL-FATED MILLIONS.

VAST TREASURES DEFY THE SEARCH OF MAN.

Various Expeditions in Search of Them—Hidden Store of Gold and Precious Stones in India that Has Eluded Capture for Forty Years—Expeditions End in Death.

[From the London Mail.]

Every now and then we hear of expeditions starting in search of treasures lost or hidden in various parts of the world, India being the most favored, if somewhat vague, destination of such parties. Most people will remember an endeavor being made not long ago, under the direction of the British government, to wrest from the waters of the Ganges a vast treasure that has been missing since the time of the Indian mutiny. For this search there was more justification than many we hear of, but after four months of ceaseless exertions it had to be given up in despair. That the treasure is hidden somewhere in India is undoubted; portions of it has been traced at one time or another, but there is still enough left to make its finder—should it ever be found—a millionaire many times over.

Six or seven years previous to the outbreak of the Indian mutiny the rajah of the province of Gwalior was dethroned for treason to the English. He had been a ruler over one of the largest provinces of India, and was known to be one of the wealthiest in the empire. He had an army of 2,000 men, a herd of 200 elephants, and lived in a style no European monarch could approach. While professing to be friendly he was continually plotting against British rule, and when this was discovered steps were taken to curtail his powers. His army was reduced to a bodyguard of 100 men; his right to issue edicts and make local laws was abrogated; English civil officers were stationed here and there to collect the taxes, until at length the rajah held only his empty title. He bowed to the terms imposed, but became one of the bitterest foes the government had to deal with, and was first and foremost in bringing about the mutiny. The date of the outbreak was known by the deposed rajah weeks in advance; it was even said that he fixed the date himself. At any rate he was so well prepared that his troops were almost the first in the field. Although his army had been disbanded for three or four years, he had secretly purchased and stored away large quantities of equipment, and for two months previous to the outbreak, it was afterward learned, he was secretly enlisting and arming his subjects.

FIFTEEN MILLION DOLLARS IN VALUE.

Two weeks before the uprising the rajah made preparations to secure the safety of his vast treasure. In his palace, thirty miles from Gwalior, he had a secret chamber, in which the wealth of his family had been stored for three generations. No European had ever set foot in the palace, but it was currently reported that the value of the gems and jewels, many of which had been handed down from his great-grandfather aggregated $15,000,000. One day the rajah left his palace with an escort of ten of his oldest and most trusted soldiers, and each soldier had charge of a pack horse, carrying a share of the treasure. His band travelled to the northwest for two days, and then halted amid the ruins of an ancient city between the town of Jeypore and the river Ganges. This, of course, was learned years after. At the end of five days the rajah returned to his palace, accompanied only by a servant who had acted as cook. But almost immediately this servant was locked in a dungeon on some pretext and was never seen again. No one dared to ask what had become of him or the soldiers, and those who suspected wisely kept their thoughts to themselves, well knowing what would follow a word of gossip.

Two months after the rajah had taken the field against the English at the head of a thousand men he was killed in battle. A month later his palace was captured. When the treasure room was entered a great find was expected, but it was empty. From some of the servants it was learned how and when the wealth had been removed, but the government was too busy quelling the mutiny to search for it just then.

When peace came a party in charge of an official was started out to search for the rajah's treasure. By this time not a soldier or servant who knew anything of the matter could be found. All that could be discovered was that the party had gone toward the northwest. After several days' search the treasure hunters came upon the ruins, and the spot commending itself as a likely hiding place they began work. Their operations had to be spread over fully a square half mile of standing and fallen walls, with trees and bushes and vines growing in the greatest profusion, containing quite a thousand safe spots in which to hide treasure. The party, which numbered four Englishmen and sixty natives, went to work, however, and it was five months before they gave up the hunt, and the leaders reported to the government that it would take a thousand men fully two years to clear away the debris.

HOW THE TREASURE WAS HIDDEN.

Not long after a native was arrested at Delhi, charged with the murder of two European women at the outbreak of the mutiny. When he was placed on trial an English ensign came forward to testify on his behalf, proving that it was a case of mistaken identity. As soon as the native was released from custody he went to his preserver and declared that he was one of the rajah's soldiers who removed the treasure. It was buried in the ruins, he said, and when the work had been finished the rajah had given the party several bottles of wine to drink to his health. This wine was poisoned. Every man who partook of it, except this one, died within two hours. He had partaken sparingly of it, but was made very ill, and had simulated death to escape the rajah's dagger. When the cold-blooded ruler departed, leaving the dead to be devoured by beasts of prey, the sole survivor crawled away, and after a time recovered and made good his escape He fought against the English to the last, but was ready to divide the hidden treasure with the man who had saved his life. At that time the government offered 25 per cent. to finders of the treasure, and the officer and native proceeded to Jeypore and made up a party. In due time they reached the ruins, but only to find the treasure was gone. The native pointed out the spot where it had been concealed, and there was no doubt of his veracity, but someone had removed the wealth. As it had been taken away during the war it was most useless to hope for a clue, although the native declared he would devote the remainder of his days of following the matter up.

It was three years before anything further was learned of the rajah's treasures. Then a native who was confined in prison at Lucknow for theft told a story which subsequently reached the ears of the government officials. During the last six months of the mutiny the regiment to which he belonged was encamped for some days near the old ruins. By that time most of the natives began to realize that ultimately English rule must be restored, and this man and five others decided to desert their colors and make their way to the east. Believing they would be pursued if they started off across the country, they secreted themselves among the ruins until their comrades marched away. In removing some of the debris for their own concealment they came across the treasure, which was in teakwood and iron boxes. Here was a ransom of a king in the world to be divided among six natives, not one of whom had ever been possessed of £5 at once in his life, but yet avarice at once entered into the hearts of them all. In making a division of the spoils they quarrelled, and within five minutes of the first hot words three of them lay dead. The three survivors were content that their shares were doubled, but they could do little with their booty. They could only carry away a few handfuls of it on their persons, even if they could find purchasers in those turbulent times. When the neighborhood was cleared of troops the treasure was carried, on post horses stolen for the purpose, a distance of nine miles toward the Ganges and reburied in a thicket. The three men then started for Delhi, each having a few of the gems with him, but within a week they were captured by mutineers and shot down. The third managed to escape. When the mutiny was a thing of the past he was at Lucknow, enlisting a party to go after the treasure, when he committed a robbery and was sentenced to gaol for a year.

The government lost no time in investigating this story. The prisoner retold it to the officials, and was promised a pardon and ten per cent. of the value of any treasure found for acting as guide and he led a party straight to the spot. The hole where the treasure had been buried was speedily found, but of the gems and jewels not one remained. The despoilers had in turn been despoiled. It was a year before another clue was found and then it came through a woman. She was the wife of a ryot farmer, and from a hiding place in the thicket had seen the three soldiers bury the boxes and caskets. Assisted by her husband she dug up the treasure and reburied it in one of the cultivated fields. Her husband was killed in battle and at the close of the war, when bands of natives were riding about and plundering right and left, her hut was one day visited by a band of six scoundrels who demanded money. In order to save her life she told them of the treasure and they were speedily in possession of it. They decided to convey it down the Ganges by boat. It was taken to the river on horses by night, but instead of purchasing a craft they seized one by force and murdered the crew of three men. This craft, with the six robbers on board, was seen by various people during the following days, and though every effort was made to discover what had become of the men and their plunder, it was a month before the government obtained any reliable information concerning it.

Then it was learned that the boat had reached Allahabad, where two men had gone ashore to purchase supplies, and she was again seen thirty miles below the city Then all traces of her were lost. Every sea port was watched and every dealer in gems notified, but it was months before any new developments took place. Then a villainous-looking native offered some diamonds and rubies for sale in Bombay and was arrested He had on his person about £2,000 worth of unset gems. For several weeks he refused any explanation, but at length confessed that he was the leader of the gang who obtained the treasure from the woman. After passing Allahabad they started to divide the treasure. As all were grasping and avaricious a quarrel arose, and in the height of this the boat ran upon a snag and received such damages that she soon filled and went down. Five of the men and all the treasure except that found on this man went to the bottom in forty feet of water. The fellow stubbornly refused to name the locality or to go with a party, and after a few weeks died in prison of fever. A dozen different parties searched for the wreck at much trouble and expense, but it had apparently been covered by mud or sand and could not be found. Of the vast treasures of the rebel rajah, computed on good authority at from £4,000,000 to £5,000,000, the trifling amount found on the robber was alone recovered.

As already stated the government made a new attempt to discover the wreck not long ago, but was again unsuccessful.

One gives a sigh when one thinks that such vast treasure has so successfully made a picture for over forty years; and is not likely to remain lost forever.

"AS CLEAR AS MUD."

Long, long have sages great been on the scent
Trying to trace why mortals have been sent
Upon this wabbling sphere without a cent,
And quite of raiment bare;
And while the sages may a thing or two
Know of themselves, and of their neighbors, too,
Why folk come here, or where they're going to
Scant knowledge savants bear;
So, as their science counts almost as naught,
In helping to untie Life's tangled knot,
From stating things about which they wot not
They surely should forbear.

St. John, August, 1896.

JAPANESE SWORDS.

[Mary Stuart McKinley in St. Nicholas.]

The Japanese, whose civilization was old before ours began, have produced beautiful examples of the sword-maker's art. The Japanese nobleman carried his swords as the insignia of his rank. He wore one on each side, thrust into the folds of his sash.

These swords have been handed down as heirlooms from father to son; and it was not unusual for families of ancient lineage to have as many as fifteen hundred of them—marvels of costly and artistic workmanship—in their possession. The scabbards are richly lacquered, and bound about with a silken cord in a curious pattern. The blade is curved, and the round guard is pierced to carry a small dagger. This guard, called a *tsuba*, is decorated with curious designs; and so great is the ingenuity of the Japanese metal workers that among the thousands of swords they have produced it is impossible to find two guards exactly alike. They are prized so highly by collectors that large sums of money have been paid frequently for an antique sword, only that it might be ruthlessly torn apart to secure the guard.

OBEDIENCE TO RIGHTFUL AUTHORITY

[Ladies' Home Journal.]

A bit of candy or a cake, surreptitiously given to a child from whom these unnecessary articles are usually kept, not only disturbs the stomach—that would be the least part of it—but suggests a course of conduct which is unlimited in its possibilities of evil, for a luxury, harmless and even advantageous in itself, given in disregard of rightful authority, becomes an evil. Reverence for law, obedience to rightful authority, are most necessary in these days of independence, and anything which disturbs such reverence and obedience, however harmless in itself, should be scrupulously avoided. So far as an outsider is concerned parental rules for the child are absolutely inflexible, and obedience to his father's and mother's directions should be made as easy as possible to him. A similar principle should be recognized in regard to teachers. Parents are too careless in speaking disrespectfully of school rules before their children. A mistake in method of discipline is not likely to be so mischievous in its results as a spirit of rebellion against authority nourished in the child's heart. Discussion of teachers and their measures should be held in private; if they are thoroughly wrong the child should be removed from the school; if on the whole good, the errors should be excused.

NO SMALL BOYS.

"There are no more small boys," says a London paper, echoing thereby a truthful plaint that is heard in this country. "The variety of our species that once bore the name now consists of mere old men of stunted growth. The modern mind seems to come to full age at about seven. A lad appeared in a judge's court the other day to represent a firm of solicitors. At Bow County Court one of these old men in short jackets personally conducted his own case for compensation against a neighbor whose cat had killed his pigeons. The defendant, a mother of seven children, was no match for him and he obtained judgment with costs. Nothing could exceed his coolness, his self-possession and his skill in seizing points. The defendant urged that the alleged offender was only a kitten and was therefore incapable of the deed. It was a foundling and had sought an asylum at her house on the day the youngest child was born. 'And your boy is four years old,' promptly returned the plaintiff, so 'Your Honor can see what kind of a kitten it is.' The defendant was ordered to pay two shillings monthly until the claim was settled. 'Will Your Lordship please put the money in the hospital box as it comes in,' said the plaintiff loftily as he left the court. 'See his impudence,' said the discomfited defendant. 'That's only said to be cheeky to the court. He once called my husband an undigested liar.'"

PASSING OF THE A. P. A.

[Editor's Review, Donahoe's Magazine.]

In proof of the fact that proscription for conscience sake can never enter deeply into the mind or intent of the American people we have the utter ignoring of the self-advertised "patriotic" elements by all political parties in the present presidential campaign. A few months ago there was much bluster on the part of the country's cavern-jawed hypocrites; much questioning of prominent presidential candidates, as to their "position" on the religious issue, and many terrible threats on the part of the proscription leaders against anyone brave enough to flout their impudent assumptions. To-day, in presence of a real topic to engage the intelligent thought and judgment of the people, the flimsy pretexts of the labelled "patriots" are relegated with their concoctors to where Senator Hoar consigned them a year ago, and in all the land there is no political party nor any section of the country so poor or wanting in influence to do them reverence. The money question that has arisen before the country in such swift growing proportions is of so tremendous an importance to the future welfare of the nation, both as to its individual citizens, and its future commercial standing among the countries of the world, that it would naturally overshadow every matter of minor import in the public mind; but considering the preparations that have been making for several years past by the self-styled defenders of the republic, and their avowed purpose to show themselves dominant in the coming election, their failure to be even considered a factor in current affairs is so ridiculously complete that it ought to end their ignoble existence forever.

It is a waste of thunder for any of the political parties to elevate the religious questions raised by passing bigotry to the dignity of a plank in their national platform, even for the purpose of casting merited reprobation upon those who raise the nationality or religion cry. It will be found, in national contests at least, that the American people fully understand what to do with such men and such issues, and do not need to be informed that proscription for conscience sake is a principle essentially hostile to all classes in the country, and therefore a common enemy to be crushed by true Americanism, irrespective of race, creed, party or locality.

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