

THEY WILL ARBITRATE DIFFERENCES.

Canada and the United States Will Try to "Get Together" on Many Points.

Quebec.—It is in this city that on August 23d the first real evidence of the cordial relations existing between Great Britain and the United States will be given when the joint high commission will meet to arbitrate on important matters between the United States and Canada. Lord Henschel, the famous Englishman, will preside and the commissioners will in the main consider the following propositions:

First—The question in respect to the fur seals in Bering Sea and the waters of the North Pacific Ocean.

Second—Provisions in respect to the fisheries off the Atlantic and Pacific coasts and in the waters of their common frontier.

Third—Provisions for the delimitation and establishment of the Alaska-Canadian boundary by legal and scientific experts, if the commission shall so decide, or otherwise.

Fourth—Provisions for the transit of merchandise in transportation to or from either country across intermediate territory of the other, whether by land or water, including natural and artificial waterways and intermediate transit by sea.

Fifth—Provisions relating to the transit of merchandise from one country to be delivered at points in the other beyond the frontier.

Sixth—The question of the alien labor laws applicable to the subjects or citizens of the United States and Canada.

Seventh—Mining rates of the citizens or subjects of each country within the territory of the other.

Eighth—Such readjustments and concessions as may be deemed mutu-

ally advantageous of customs duties applicable in each country to the products of the soil or industry of the other, upon the basis of reciprocal equivalents.

Ninth—a revision of the agreements of 1817, respecting naval vessels on the lakes.

Tenth—Arrangements for the more complete definition and marking of the



SIR RICHARD CARTWRIGHT, CANADIAN COMMISSIONER.

"Maanin', sah. I hopes I sees yo' puty tolabile?" And a black woman calmly took the vacant place. He acknowledged the greeting courteously, and she smiled in cheerful friendliness.

"Yose fur de No'th, I reckon. Oh, I knowed dat! Yo' all's so! Jus' gwine ter Cuba? Lan', lan', how dem buttons does shine! I allus wanted one ob dem buttons. Dat I did. Ef yo' all ud gib me one I-I'd war hit foh a hatpin to 'membah yo' by."

Colonel Astor bowed with grave politeness, and the eyes of the negro country girl shone as he detached a button from his blouse and handed it to her.

"Tank yo' sah!" she said. "I'm monstrous glad foh ter git dis. I se gwine ter go now. I libes yere at dis city. But I se gwine ter pray foh yo'. I dunno yo' name. But de Lord, I 'spect, he's keeping track of yo'. I'll jes' say de sojer what gib me de brass button, an' he'll know. Good-bye! 'Membah, I se gwine ter pray!" She waved him a farewell, and he raised his hat in acknowledgment. Some of the officers smiled, but there was no smile on his face as he turned away.

HOW TEETH ARE TREATED

It is curious to what an extent the mutilation of teeth goes among savage nations, and even among certain civilized people, such as the Japanese. With them a girl is never married without first staining her teeth black with a repulsive kind of varnish, and the custom is especially adhered to among the richer classes.

On the west coast of Africa a large portion of the teeth are deliberately broken when children reach a certain age. Both in the new world and in the old the custom exists of extracting the two front teeth of domestic servants. In Peru the custom has existed from time immemorial, and used to be a sign of slavery in the days of the Incas. This is also the custom on the Kongo, and among the Hottentots. Teeth are stained in various colors among the Malays.

A bright red and a bright blue are not uncommon, and a bright green is produced with the aid of arsenic and lemon juice. Livingstone related that among the Kafirs a child with a prominent upper jaw was looked upon as a monster and immediately killed. On the Upper Nile the negroes have all their best teeth extracted in order to destroy their value in the slave market, and to make it not worth while for the slave traders to carry them off.

The deepest lake in the world is Lake Baikal, in Siberia. In some parts it is 5,261 feet deep; its length is 397 miles, with an area of 15,000 square miles. It is the largest lake in Asia, and the sixth largest in the world.

The Queen of Italy's extravagance in dress is the one grievance of her loyal subjects. Italian ladies have a reputation of spending more on their dress than any women in Europe, and their husbands and fathers attribute this state of things to Queen Margaret's example.

frontier line by land and water where the same is now insufficiently defined or marked as to be liable to dispute.

Eleventh—Provisions for the conveyance for trial or punishment of persons in the lawful custody of the officers of one country through the territory of the other.

Twelfth—Reciprocity in wrecking and salvage rights.

WILL PRAY FOR HIM.

The train was crowded and the usual signs which decorate southern railway carriages and separate the black passengers from the white had been discarded.

Col. John Jacob Astor and another officer had beguiled the time pleasantly enough, but as they neared Chattanooga the multi-millionaire soldier was left alone. The day was warm, and he nodded a little, but he straightened quickly at a feminine voice saying quite close to his ear:

THE PEACE CONGRESS.

Mystic, Conn. to be the Scene of the National Gathering.

New York.—The International Peace Congress which opens in Mystic, Conn., August 24, will as usual be under the auspices of the Universal Peace Union and will be presided over by the official who was recently turned out of Independence Hall, Philadelphia. He is Alfred H. Love, president of the Union, and his utterances as well as those of other members of the association will be awaited with keen interest in view of the crisis the country has just passed through. Another incident of importance will be the address delivered by Baroness von Suttner, who is the champion of peace in German-speaking countries. She is an Austrian noblewoman, a writer of rare ability and the founder of the Austrian Peace League, as well as the editor of its organ, "Die Waffen Nieder" (Down With Thine Arms). Under the same title, she published, some two years ago, a romance of the Franco-German war, which probably did more to instill a horror of warfare in the Fatherland than any other appeal or number of appeals. The German Government tried to suppress the book on the plea that it tended to debase the military classes in public opinion, but the Supreme Court of the Empire overruled this objection, holding that persons aggrieved by Madame von Suttner's statements were at liberty to sue her for libel.

In one chapter of her book the Baroness pictured the fate of a French priest, strung up by order of a Bavarian general, who accused him of being a spy. This general happened to be still alive, and, though admitting the execution, demanded that the Baroness be punished for making known "military secrets."

Frau von Suttner was fined, and she cheerfully paid, saying she could not wish for a better advertisement of her holy course.

At the same time Baroness von Suttner wrote to the Kaiser and tried to interest him in the peace leagues, but William replied disdainfully and the official press made fun of the peace propaganda, though it did not withhold its admiration from Baroness von Suttner.

The Austrian and German peace leagues regard the establishment of amicable relations between Germans and Frenchmen as the chief guarantee of the peace of Europe. Frederic Passy works for the same end in

HERE AND THERE.

"I have read a good many stories," said the city man, "about the honest newsboy who chases a man three blocks to return the five dollar gold piece given in mistake for a nickel; the sympathetic bootblack who protects the widow's son, or the heroic street gambo who gets run over by a dray while rescuing another boy, and murmurs, 'Is Jimmy all right?' and then dies. I have come to the conclusion that these stories are written by girls fresh from school, or refined old maids who live in a village, and they are read by men who thoughtfully stick the tongue into the cheek while reading. Yet there are men who read and believe."

"I saw one of this class the other day who went to the rescue of a bootblack who was trying to fix his broken box."

"My lad," said the good man—they always call them lads in these stories—"you are in trouble; let me assist you."

"Then he knelt down on the sidewalk in his good clothes, used a half brick for a hammer, raked up some twine from his pocket, and after fifteen minutes' hard work, made a creditable job. Meanwhile about thirty street boys gathered around. One slipped a piece of old iron into his pocket, the grateful bootblack with a bit of chalk decorated his back with a hideous caricature, his hat was knocked into the gutter as he arose, and one of the boys accused him of stealing a 'dabber.'"

"The man flushed with natural indignation, and immediately there arose a whoop of derision, and as he strode away he was gazed by the whole crowd for two blocks. While in this frame of mind it would have done him good to have interviewed some of the ladies who write the picturesque tales about the imaginary street boys."—Chicago Times Herald.

The enlistment of a Chinaman in the volunteer army in California, recalls the fact that there was but one Celestial in the War of the Rebellion. His Chinese name is unknown, but the name under which he enlisted was Thomas Sylvanus. He was born in Baltimore about eighteen years before the outbreak of the war. When only a child he was taken to Pittsburg, where he acted as a servant for a wealthy family in that city. When the war broke out Thomas ran away and enlisted in the army. He served Uncle Sam until the close of the war, shortly after which he turned up in Indiana, Pa., where he resided until his death, which occurred a few years ago.

While in the service of the United States, Sylvanus contracted a disease of the eyes from which he went almost blind. In 1880 he applied for and was granted a pension of \$12 per month. He also secured several hundred dollars back pension. An examination of the records discloses the fact that Sylvanus was the only Chinaman in the late war, and consequently the only one of his race who drew a pension. At last accounts his widow and children were still living in Indiana, Pa.—Washington Post.

At Camp Thomas, Chickamauga, soon after Col. Andy Burt was promoted to the Colonelcy of the Twenty-fifth Colored Regiment, he undertook to exercise his troops in more ways than one. He informed them that they would have to play ball an hour each day in order to get accustomed to the southern sun.

"Now," said the Colonel, "you boys come out and we will take a turn at ball playing. I'm going to play with you. I'm not Colonel Burt while playing, but simply Andy Burt. Now, play ball."

It soon came the Colonel's time at the bat, and with a vicious swipe he drove the ball hard past second for three bags. A large, greasy, black soldier was doing the coaching act, and yelled, as the Colonel made a dive for first, "Run, Andy; run, you tallow-faced, knock-kneed, dabergasted—get your three bags."

The Colonel stopped at first, turning on his heel, returned to the home plate, donning his straps, remarked: "I'm Col. Burt from this time on until further orders."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

R. Ganthony, in Random Recollections, relates this experience of an actress in Africa:

One of the young ladies of the company—who, by the way, never seem to understand that black people are men—thought it great fun to go to a Kaffir's kraal, peep in, and kiss her hand to the chief inside. He immediately came out to buy her, and was very much in earnest about it.

"No, thank you, I am not up for auction to-day."

"Three oxen."

"Really very good of you, but—"

"Four oxen."

"No thanks, I am not for sale."

"Five oxen."

"No, let me go."

He let her go with a Zulu oath, and her friends, who had missed her, congratulated her on her safe return—which they had reason to do.

A gentleman was one day having a walk down a lane with a gun in his hand to see what he could shoot. While he was going down he met a little schoolboy, and said to him:

"Is there anything to shoot down here, my little boy?"

"Yes," said the boy, "there's the schoolmaster coming over the hill."

Teacher: "What do we learn from the story of Samson?"

Tommy (with unpleasant results still manifest): "That it doesn't pay ter have women-folks cut a feller's hair."



ALFRED H. LOVE.

France. In both countries the peace societies address themselves to the youth as well as to the grown-up people. Their propagandas are heartily indorsed by the Swiss peace league under the presidency of Louis Ruchonnet, ex-president of the Federal Council. Giuseppe Garibaldi is now president of the United Italian Peace Societies, seventy in number.

The Land of Horses.

The land of the kangaroo and the wombat, where the mammal was nothing unless marsupial, till the European arrived on the scene, may now be called the land of horses. In New South Wales the sight of a beggar on horseback excites no surprise. The poorest settler has a nag or two of his own, and his children may be seen riding to school like little lords. A one-horse township would be inconceivable in a country where each village, almost, has its race meeting. With a population scarcely over 1,250,000, the colony owns more than 500,000 horses. And she now exports horses on a rapidly increasing scale. In 1895 the colony exported 1,063 horses, of the estimated value of \$12,745; in 1896 the number was 8,138, value \$123,500, and last year there was a further increase, India being the leading customer, Australian horses being found admirably adapted for military purposes in that part of the British empire. Horses are exported also from New South Wales to Victoria, New Zealand, Western Australia, Fiji, the Straits Settlements, Java and the Philippine Islands.—Household Words.

"Well, Uncle Rasburry, how did you like the sermon?"

"It war a powful sermon, Marse John."

"What was it about?"

"It war 'bout the miracle ob seven thousand loaves and five thousand fishes bein' fed to de twelve 'postles."

"Seven thousand loaves and five thousand fishes being fed to the twelve apostles? But where does the miracle come in?"

Uncle Rasburry scratched his head a few moments meditatively. Then he replied:

"Well, Marse John, de miracle, 'cordin' to my perception of de circumstances, is dat dey all didn't bust."



THE ROOM IN WHICH THE COMMISSION WILL MEET.

A MAIL CARRIER ON THE ROAD FROM PONCE TO SAN JUAN

