

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Personal and Literary.

Mr. Dudley Buck is writing the music to the libretto for a comic opera by Mr. W. A. Croffut.

The feature of the February number of Macmillan's Magazine is King Cetywayo's story of the Zulu nation and the Zulu war.

Mr. Bret Harte, it is reported, is about to resign his consulate and return to America. The German climate has not agreed with him, and he has been far from well.

John C. Robinson, known as the lightning proof-reader, of the New York Sun, who died the other day, used to read a proof-sheet aloud at the rate of 696 words a minute, or 41,760 words an hour.

Mrs. Oliphant, who has serials now running in both Fraser's and Macmillan's magazines, is probably the most prolific of living writers. Within the last three years she has published five or six works—several of them being three-volume novels—in addition to editing the "Foreign Classics for English Readers." She is now writing a novel with Scotch scenes and characters.

Mr. Wm. Black, the popular novelist, writes with great facility and rapidity, though he spends but little time in consecutive composition. He often writes in a day the result of the observations of a week passed in seeming idleness. He is said to have accomplished an enormous amount of journalistic work at the time he was writing his earlier novels.

Miss Mary Sprague, the author of the bright novel An Earnest Trifler, is an Ohio girl of twenty-two or twenty-three, whose experience in travel has scarcely extended further than from her home to Boston, where she was a guest at the Holmes breakfast. On her return she beamed for a few days on New York, and enjoyed greatly its private amusements, etc., etc.

She is rather slight in figure, has a pleasant face, is perfectly simple, graceful, bright, and witty, and does not in the least affect hose of azure tint.

Gilbert, the playwright, is as practical in the management of stage affairs, as he is fanciful in the construction of dramas. Drilling a Philadelphia company for the production of his "Pirates," he insists upon every actor doing the business of his part just as he is instructed, and demands as much attention to detail from a chorus singer as from a vocalist. He is lithe, restless, witty, persistent but polite. No drill master is more exacting. No French dancing-master more affable. And he gets all the work accomplished that he desires.

Business and Industry.

The peanut crop of Virginia, Tennessee and North Carolina is estimated at about 1,885,000 bushels—an increase of about 500,000 bushels over last year.

Ice-cutting on the Kennebec in Maine employs 25,000 laborers, who have just had their pay raised from \$1.25 to \$1.50 per day.

Palmetto paper manufacture is so successful in Florida that twenty mills are to be established in various parts of the State, where the material is plenty and transportation easy.

Manufacturing clothing in Chicago gives employment to 30,000 people, and the value of the goods made is \$15,000,000. This industry has doubled in four years.

The Swiss exports to the United States in 1879 show an increase of 15,000,000 francs on those of 1878, the chief items of increase being cotton goods, watches, and embroidery.

Leipzig, Germany, has put on the market colored inks, which may be used for writing labels on glass, iron, marble, mother of pearl, and metal. The writing is done with a goose-quill, and when dry, adheres so firmly that it can not be removed by any liquid. Four different colors are made, black, white, red, and blue.

A new industry has been started in Flushing L. I., that of constructing houses in sections which can readily be put together with movable pins. No plaster is used, and the buildings are neatly finished inside, the boards and beams being beaded and polished. The houses range in price from \$800 upward, and are chiefly shipped to the West Indies.

The oldest turpentine fields north of Newbern, N. C., are well nigh abandoned, the industry having been largely diverted to the more productive pine forests of South Georgia. But there are, according to the Raleigh Observer, immense tracts of virgin pine forests in the southern belt of North Carolina, capable of supplying Wilmington with naval stores for a century to come.

Herr Hambruch has patented in Germany a revolver lead pencil, containing three, four or more leads in a separate partitioned tube, placed eccentrically to the outer case, and capable of being turned round in different positions, so as to bring different leads successively opposite to the mouth of the pencil. A plate, with aperture, in the outer case allows passage of only one lead at a time.

In a work on the principles of light and color, the author, Dr. Babbitt, contends that if a yellow or amber colored bottle of water be exposed to the sunlight while the water within will become medicated so that it will act as a laxative and animating principle generally, while the water exposed in a blue bottle will act as a nerve, astringent, and narcotic. The experiment can easily be tried.

School and Church.

The Baptist theological seminaries in the United States have 450 young men studying for the ministry.

From April 1, 1879, to January 1, 1880, the receipts from donations and legacies of the American Baptist Missionary Union amounted to \$59,516.65.

The McKendree Methodist congregation at Nashville, Tenn., since the burning of their new church edifice has used the Jewish Temple, kindly offered by the Israelites of Nashville.

The teachers in the primary departments of the nine Leadville schools receive \$60 per month, and those in the intermediate departments get \$70. The schools are excellent in work and spirit.

It is stated that since 1870 Mississippi has spent upon Alcorn University and the two colored normal schools the sum of \$290,700. This is exclusive of the expenditures for the colored public schools.

A committee of Wisconsin teachers recommend that no State certificate be granted to any person except upon examination, and then not until after he has successfully taught for at least five years.

The Italian teachers propose to organize a mutual benefit association, as there is no preparation by the State or otherwise for the support of superannuated teachers, or those who have been broken down by earnest and faithful work in the school-room.

Superintendent Stone, of Springfield, has obtained good results from written tests demanded on the spur of the moment from public school pupils. It is an excellent way of judging of the penmanship and of the intellectual readiness and accuracy of the pupil.

The expense of the public schools of the city and county of New York last year was \$3,805,147; amount of school tax paid by the city in 1879, \$1,354,103; amount received from the State, \$591,689. The total number of children taught was 264,163, and the salaries of teachers amounted to \$2,664,686.

Foreign Notes.

Mr. Eugene Schuyler, the American Consul in Rome, is living in the Altamps Palace, where he is about to entertain M. and Mme. Waddington. It will be remembered that Mr. Schuyler married Mme. Waddington's sister.

The inspectors of factories in Prussia are working hard to put down infant labor. At Berlin thirty-three factories have ceased employing children, and in the others there are only nine under fourteen years of age. The same has been the case in nearly all the provinces, notably in the district of Frankfurt-on-Oder.

A railroad is to be constructed between Otaru and Sapporo, in Japan, under the supervision of Mr. Crawford, an American engineer. The Tokio Times says: "The enterprise will be an American one in every essential particular, and the opportunity will be afforded of comparing or contrasting the methods employed in the United States and those of English builders."

The Prince of Wales is retrenching his expenditure, which has been cut down one half in each of his residences. The time, however has come when the assistance of the Prince has become necessary, not in the serious administration of the Government, but in the entertainment of those who govern. The Queen has opposed this assumption for the last three years, but at length consents to deposit in his hands, if not the globe and sceptre, at all events the visiting list and Lord Chamberlain's book. The responsibility is not of mere evening receptions or garden parties, but involves the more serious business of banquets and royal feasts, and the Prince, who has been compelled to reduce his expenditures through heavy debts contracted in this very task, requires a supplement to his income. Although it is known that, in addition to her immense income she has laid aside £5,000,000, and could easily afford this, her faithful Commons are to be asked to vote for it.

Odds and Ends.

When a grocer retires from business, he weighs less than he did before.

The Oil City Derrick says that all the inventors in the world will never produce a machine to tell a woman's age.

An old bachelor wants to know if a scolding woman with her mouth shut can be arrested for carrying concealed weapons.

There isn't so much on a due bill as there is on a show bill, but a man will look at it longer and think about it oftener.—Huckeye.

This is a sad commentary on the boasted civilization and Christianity of our age," despondently murmured a tramp when he discovered that the ham he had stolen at twilight from the front of a grocer's was a wooden one.

Sanctum revelations by the Cincinnati Enquirer: When the long-haired lunny poet isn't present, when the wild-eyed office-seeker isn't there, their places then are filled by fiends less pleasant.

Oh, never can you find a vacant chair, when the scandalized maiden and her foes are not present to shoot you if they can. There are other men and women, then, to bother.—

An editor is not a happy man. "Woodworker," an Indian Chief, says he has never seen a gray-haired Indian in his life, and he has seen some over ninety years old. It is because an Indian has no trouble, no worry, or anything that way. His wife chops all the wood, builds the fires, goes to market at daylight, stoves tramps out of the front yard, and blacks his boots. And he is not tormented by tax collectors, gas bills, and lightning-rod peddlers. Let an Indian start a twenty-four-column daily paper in a six-column town to fill a long-felt want, and his hair would turn gray in one night.—Norristown Herald.

Our friend, Mr. F., has a youngster in his employ who is destined to be one of the bright and shining lights among the coming men, if his brilliant prospects do not end in smoke. The other day his employer detected the fumes of a fragrant Havana proceeding from the room where the boy was in the habit of eating his dinner. Upon investigating the matter he found our hero—if the subject warrants the appellation—seated upon a barrel, complacently smoking the remains of what was evidently a "twenty-five-center." "How's this?" says Mr. F., "aren't you rather extravagant in your tastes, young man?" "Oh no, sir," says young hopeful, not at all disconcerted, adding, in a confidential and impressive manner: "I tell you what it is, Mr. F., I've got the best butt route in Boston. It takes in the Parker House and the whole of Court Square."—Yacoub Strauss.

TWO SIDES TO A FROLIC.

A Story for the Young Folks.

Bert was on one side of the fence and the boys on the other. His hand was on the gate but he had not quite made up his mind to open it.

"Oh, come on," said Val Morton. "What is the use of moping in the house such a splendid night as this? Come on and have some fun."

"I ought to study my Latin," said Bert, reluctantly, as he remembered the long, dry lesson.

"Both the Latin; it's no use, any way. I'd like to see any body getting those irregular verbs out of me," said Will Moore.

Bert laughed a little at the idea of getting anything out of Will's brain, that never had much but mischief in it, and then he slowly opened the gate, drew a long breath and went out. It was a glorious night, with just enough frost in the air to make it cool and crisp, while the white moonlight almost revealed the colors of the maples that had been blowing all day in the hot sunshine.

"Where are you going?" asked Bert. "Oh, just around town," said Val carelessly, and at that moment they came opposite to Dr. Parker's gate, which stood a little way open. In an instant Val lifted it off the hinges and laid it in the gutter.

"Teach him to keep his gate shut," laughed Will, and Bert laughed, too, though he felt ashamed of himself, for every body liked Dr. Parker.

A few blocks further on were some wooden steps at the edge of the sidewalk. Will gave Val a nudge, and with one stout tug the steps were upset.

"That's too mean," said Bert. "Suppose some one should step off there?"

"Pooh!" said Val, "it is light as day, and nobody ever does go down there except old Bijah, when he is in a hurry for his prog. Serve him right if he pitched over."

Bert knew he was in bad company, but he was beginning to enjoy the excitement of the adventure, and when Will proposed that they should carry off the sign from a little shop, and fasten it to the horns of Mrs. McPherson's cow, he was ready to lend a hand himself. Old Whitey, who was peacefully chewing her cud, was easily coaxed into an alley with a handful of turnips pulled from her owner's garden; and before she realized that any mischief was intended, she found herself blundering about with a board fastened over her face. The sign read, "Dressmaking and Fine Sewing; all kinds of Hair Work. Ladies' Hair Dressed in the latest styles."

The boys laughed so much over this that they were in danger of being found out. But at last Bert said he must go home and that ended the frolic for the night.

In his own room he tried for a little while to fix his mind upon his lesson, but soon found himself laughing at the thought of the figure the cow would cut, and wondering where they would find her in the morning; so he tossed the book aside and went to bed. This was one side.

The other side began the next morning, when, with Bert's first waking thoughts, came a consciousness of the unprepared lesson, and a dismal foreboding of failure, that brought him to the breakfast-table in any thing but an amiable mood. His father was not there, and Aunt Margaret explained that he had been called away to see a patient.

"It's that smart little Johnny Collins; he's twisted his ankle dreadfully; worse to manage than a broken bone, your father says, and may lay him up half the winter."

"How did it happen?" asked Bert, absently.

"That's the worst of it," said Aunt Margaret; "some mischievous boys, that ought to be sent to the Reform School, upset the steps in front of the house."

Bert was wide enough awake now, and staring at Aunt Margaret with frightened eyes as she went on.

"Bijah went off on one of his drinking sprees, and his wife was so anxious for fear he'd lain down somewhere on the track that she sent Johnny out to look him up. He ran out of the gate, boy fashion, and made a rush for the steps, never noticing that they were gone till he pitched down the bank with his foot twisted under him. He must have fainted and lain there some time before he managed to crawl back, and they didn't send for your father till morning. It does seem too hard for that poor woman. Johnny was their only dependence, and such a nice boy."

Poor Bert was fairly sick with horror at the unlooked-for result of the mischief, for though he had made a feeble protest, he had really sanctioned it by his presence, and he knew that his father would say he was as much responsible as any one. His father! must he know it? Could he ever hold up his head again if such a disgrace came upon him?

"I'll never tell him," thought Bert; "it would do the least good now, and it would nearly kill him. I've done with those boys, though, and with such frolics as they are up to."

But it chanced that Bert was not to have his own way about this matter. That evening when he came home smarting under the mortification of failure in his lessons, and a sense of remorse and shame at his own folly, his father called him into his study. Really the first time in his life Bert really dreaded an interview with his father, and when he saw upon a chair the hair-dresser's sign which he had helped to fasten upon Mrs. McPherson's cow, he was ready to sink with shame. His father talked to him quietly, telling him that for some time the neighborhood had been annoyed by the mischievous and malicious tricks of a set of boys, until some of the residents had determined that they would discover them and make a public example of them.

"If it could have been done sooner it would have saved a great deal of suffering to an innocent boy, but perhaps some serious warning was needed for those who do not hesitate to sacrifice their best friends to what they call fun. This morning Dr. Parker called me into his garden and, after showing me the mischief done to his choice vines and

plants by some creature that had trampled over them, he told me that he found Mrs. McPherson's cow in the grounds with that sign tied to her horns. The gate had been taken from the hinges, and the animal had apparently been driven about to do as much damage as possible. It seemed almost incredible that any one would have the boldness to avow such a piece of villainy."

Bert sat with his eyes fixed upon the sign, unable to move or speak, but at that instant he saw, written in pencil at the top of the board: "Compliments of Bert Andrews."

"How mean!" he exclaimed, angrily: "That is some of Will Moore's work."

"My boy," exclaimed his father, looking as if an immense burden had been lifted from him. "I shall be the happiest man in town to know that you had no hand in this rascally business." Then Bert's heart fell again. He thought he had only shared in the fun, but he suddenly realized that his companions had so contrived that he should also bear the odium and the blame for the unlooked-for results.

After all, it was a relief to both father and son when the whole story was told. Bert was relieved at having made a full confession and feeling himself restored to his father's confidence, while his father was glad of the assurance that his boy had not been guilty of malicious mischief.

"Nothing more fortunate could have happened to you than this very first adventure should bring you into trouble, for remember, my boy, that the acts themselves would have been just as disgraceful if things had not resulted as they did. The law does not trouble itself about intentions, but holds us responsible for the mischief which results, or which might be expected to result, from our acts."

"Father," said Bert, presently. "I hate to have the boys think I told of them."

"They seem to have had no scruples about telling of you," said his father. "I shall certainly go to their fathers and do what I can to save them from certain ruin. As for you, Bert, I advise you to go and have a talk with Dr. Parker."

Bert never reported his conversation with the good old minister, but they shook hands very cordially as they parted, and the Doctor was often heard to speak of Bert as a "fine manly fellow."

Bert likes fun as well as ever, but he has a habit of looking very cautiously at a frolic, to be sure there are not two sides to it, before he ventures in—an excellent habit, in church—and Home.

A Bachelor's League.

Many highly respectable men in London about thirty years ago, as the French files tell us, had become thoroughly impressed with the idea that something ought to be done to relieve themselves from certain social duties which had been gradually growing more and more onerous. After some canvassing among the interested persons it was finally decided to form a League of Bachelors, and as the members of that league were endeavoring to escape from responsibilities which are notoriously shirked by the young men of to-day, we shall perhaps interest our feminine readers by transcribing a few of the rules which were laid down for a London society almost a generation ago, and which are likely to be revived before long on this side of the water:

1. Every bachelor joining the League is to cancel all previous engagements.

2. Every bachelor having subscribed for five years to the League, and who, by misfortune, shall have incurred a matrimonial engagement, shall be defended against any action for breach of promise, and thus saved from the shame and misery of going through the Court of Chancery, which is too frequently another name for the Insolvent Court.

3. Connected with the League's intention to establish a Bachelor's Insurance Office, to insure single men against marriage and flirtation, on the same principles as are usually applied to death and fire. Any member having visited willfully a house with more than two marriageable daughters, will, in the event of the calamity of marriage befalling him, be recorded in the same light as *felo de se*, and his policy will be voided on account of the very bad policy that will have guided him. Any bachelor falling into matrimony—by his own hand, as in the case of a written promise to wed, will be deprived of all the benefits of his insurance, and every applicant proposing to be insured must answer the following questions, among others that will be proposed to him: What is your age next birthday? At what age had your father the misfortune to marry your mother? Have you been afflicted with the German or other mania? Are you subjected to sentimental fits? Have you been addicted to the writing of sonnets? Or have you ever suffered from the cacochestic or borbendi in any shape, or at any time whatever? In any way, or at any time in your life been a victim to the flute, or any other deadly-lyric instrument? Have any of your near relations fallen in love at any time, and if so, have they recovered, or have their cases ended fatally?

If these questions are all answered in a satisfactory manner, any member of the Bachelor's League may insure any amount under \$5,000 to be paid within three months of the melancholy termination of his single career, on proof of wedlock having actually overtaken him. The insurance against flirtation or fire can be effected where the applicant is more than ordinarily inflammable, and watering-places in the season, balls and picnic parties must be considered as doubly or trebly hazardous, and charged accordingly.—Boston Times.

THERE was more business done in the commercial and financial circles of this country during November, 1879, than during any month before in the history of this country. The bank transactions of several cities for the month foot up the enormous aggregate of \$4,300,255,523.

CHEAP COOKIES.—One cupful of sugar, one cupful of lard, salt cream, one teaspoonful of saleratus, salt and flavor; mix very soft and bake in a quick oven.

THE UNHAPPY CZAR.

A Pen-and-Ink Sketch of Alexander of Russia.

(From the London Truth.)

The feeling which comes uppermost in the mind of any one who sees the Czar for the first time is one of sincere pity. He is a large, ox-eyed man, evidently of good intentions, but with a look of sadness and perplexity in him. His voice is harsh as the grinding of a coffee-mill out of order, for an affection of the throat, under which he has long suffered, renders speech painful to him. He would have made a very amiable private gentleman, and could have got far more ease and amusement out of life if he had handed all the boisterous government over to his brother Constantine, who has a taste for that sort of nonsense. He himself could hardly have wanted to reign. He is subject to melancholy periods of hypochondriasis, during which existence seems but a dreary blank to him. He is haunted by fears of sudden death and by the dread of assassination. At these times he moans about on apparently solitary walks with a large dog, but there is always a policeman handy to keep the sacrilegious from approaching him. When well he devotes much of his time to tailoring, changing his costume with much stolid perseverance, and he likes to be attended by a hump-backed privy councillor, who acts as foil to his fine figure and sets it off, for he is a well-built man, tall and straight, though rather too German in the rigidity of certain of his curves.

When his Majesty is in the humor he plays a good deal at cards with his own chums, and it is rather a good thing for these gentlemen, for whenever any one of them is in want of Czar when he loses to him the sum of which he stands in need, as a delicate way of giving it, and this method of bestowing substantial favor is perfectly understood among them.

The Czar is a good shot, and has done some grand things on bears. He sometimes wears a pelisse which once covered a fine bear he brought low with his own hands, and it has been so exquisitely dressed that it is valued at about £2,000, which is even more than is ever paid either for the sable or the black fox. He can ride, too, though not in the English fashion, and he would be puzzled by a sharp burst across the country. Lately his physicians have recommended him to walk.

His personal appearance is excellent. He stands and marches well. He shows to advantage in uniform, though for several years he has willingly clothed himself in mutli. His manners are those of a gentleman, and there is something extremely sympathetic about him. He produces the impression that one would like to know him better, if only he were not an Emperor. It is this unfortunate circumstance which takes the amiability out of him, sets him upon his dignity, and gives a certain frown to his aspect, but he can't. There is a chubbiness and nervousness in his proceedings upon great occasions which reminds one more of a drum-major or flegman of landwehr than an autocrat.

Formerly the Emperor, as might be expected from one of his lethargic temperament, was averse to moving about; latterly he has been troubled by a perpetual restlessness. He lives very plainly and his table is sparsely served. A beefsteak for breakfast, a roast gelinotte and salad for his dinner form the staple of his fare. His appetite is not robust, and he sleeps badly.

There was a caricature published in St. Petersburg shortly after his accession which represented him as a droschky driver in the state that droschky drivers usually are after dinner. His hat was pulled over his eyes and his horses were galloping wildly on the road to "Reform." Behind him was the Grand Duke Constantine, saying, "Gently, brother, I am the fare." Still the Emperor laughed; he laughed, too, when a piece was played in the Court theater exposing the corruption of his officials, and a very fine piece it was. Then somebody shot at him and shattered his nerves forever. He fell into a sort of panic, trying hastily to undo all he had done. He had new gages put on writers; he ordered some awful cruelties in Poland. He tried to win back his nobles. It was all in vain, and now he is thoroughly flustered and frightened right out of his senses. His only chance of peace and happiness would be abdicating and a year's yachting without newspapers.

At present he is worried into a fever every morning by a summary of all the unpleasant things which have been printed about him for the last twenty-four hours throughout Europe. It is prepared by a special precis writer appointed for the purpose, and his Majesty takes care that it shall spare him no pang of this self-inflicted torture, for he will not trust a professional diplomatist to do it lest he should gloss over the truth and endeavor to make things pleasant for promotion's sake. A Baron Herder, a connection of Steiglitz, the banker, not long ago performed this delicate service, and perhaps does so still. The King of Yvetot was a happy monarch; the Emperor of Russia is not. Surely, times must be strangely altered.

A gentleman living in the northern part of the county has been so unfortunate as to have lost five excellent wives. He lately determined to erect a tombstone at the head of each, commemorating her virtues, and has only been deterred from so doing by the expense attending the carrying out of the design. Yesterday he came to the city, a happy thought having struck him, and arranged for the tombstone. The five wives were buried side by side in the same graveyard. This is the happy thought: The Christian name of each wife to be on a small stone—"Emma," "Jane," "Mary," "Margaret," "Elizabeth"—a large stone on each stone, pointing to a hand stone in the center of the lot, and under each hand, "For epitaph see large stone."—Indianapolis Journal.

As soon as ink is spilled, sprinkle on common fine salt until the spot is covered. Let it remain half an hour. Then brush the salt up with a clean brush and wash the spot with clear, warm water, two or three times.

FOWLS fed on buckwheat are of fine flavor.

BIG GUNS AFLOAT.

The Most Preposterous Folly of Modern Times.

(From the New York Sun.)

Since the great naval powers of the world went into the competition to see which should build the biggest, most powerful and most heavily plated ironclads, and arm them with the most tremendous guns, the cost of navies, always enormous, has rapidly increased. The limit of thickness of armor a vessel can carry, and of the size of the rifles which may be forged, not yet having been reached, the longer the contest lasts the greater will be the expense of each successive ironclad.

When England essayed to beat the world with the Inflexible—a name to strike terror—Italy accepted the challenge and laid down the Duilio and the Dandolo, which left her behind both as respects armor and armament. The Inflectible's two turrets have in each two eighty-one ton rifles. In those of the Italian vessels are rifles of 100 tons, throwing shots weighing a ton and a quarter. But even with these huge floating batteries, at which English journals look in alarm, the Italians are not satisfied. They have gone to work to build two others which will far outstrip them.

The Duilio and the Dandolo are each 339 feet long and sixty-four feet broad. They draw twenty-five tons, have a displacement of 10,650 tons, and are driven by engines of 7,500 indicated horsepower at a speed of fourteen knots. But the Italia, now building at Castellamara, and the Lepanto at Leghorn, are 400 feet long, seventy-four broad, and of a draft of thirty feet, while their displacement is 15,480 tons, and their engines of 18,000 horse-power are to drive them at a speed of sixteen knots! If they take as many years to complete as the Duilio took, somewhere about 1890 we shall read of their trial trips, and be told that guns of 200 tons or thereabouts, which may be ready by that time, are mounted in their turrets and ready to throw tons of iron far beyond the nine miles which are the range of the present 100-ton guns.

We see, therefore, that the English Inflectible, which is just completing, is only a puny thing in comparison with the ships Italy now has and is constructing, and that if England wishes to keep up in the ironclad race it must not only beat the Inflectible as she beats the Warrior, but also outstrip the Italia and Lepanto in armor, armament, engine power and speed. Even the Duilio has cost \$4,000,000, and every time one of her guns is fired \$200 worth of powder and iron is shot away. Her coal-bunkers carry 1,280 tons of coal, and to keep her at sea a Prince's revenue would be required. When it comes to the new Italian ships we must greatly swell these enormous figures.

An idea what it costs to build and maintain in repair a modern navy which tries at all to keep up with the times, is furnished in the report of the Accountant General of the British Navy for 1878. In 1873 comparatively good sense reigned in the British admiralty and only \$4,000,000 was spent in the construction of ironclads and unarmored vessels. But such an outcry was raised over the decline of the navy that in 1874 this expenditure was increased by 80 per cent., and in 1878 it had risen to over \$14,500,000. On ironclads alone over \$9,500,000 was spent in 1878. And yet to-day there is not in the British navy an armored ship which the new Italian constructions do not put in an inferior place; and if the Italia and Lepanto are to be accepted as the latest necessities and the highest types of ironclad, the English navy is even now more or less antiquated.

What it has cost to build the huge ironclads, which are still scarcely available for use, and which would hesitate about keeping very near the Duilio in a naval contest, is shown by a few figures. The Dreadnaught and the Inflectible, which at the close of 1878 were completing for sea, had already cost, respectively \$2,875,000 and \$2,825,000, and the Temeraire, still incomplete, had eaten up about \$2,500,000. In 1878, also, the item of repairs alone of ships armored and unarmored amounted to over \$5,250,000. Secor Robeson getting away with all that money on the pretense of tinkering up his rattlers, but it is a startling sum to spend in a single year for repairs of ships.

The figures show us how enormously costly a modern navy is even when it is honestly managed, as it is in England. And the expense, as we have shown, is steadily increasing, as the preposterous contest between guns and armor, and armor and armor, goes on. Not only is the cost of the materials used in ship-building much larger than it was formerly, but all the requirements of modern naval warfare are of the most expensive character. A whole fleet might once have been put to sea for what is now cost to build and equip a single Italia or a Lepanto. And yet what have the nations which are pouring out all this money to show for it in the way of actual results accomplished in war, and when and where in the gigantic wars of the last fifteen years have great ironclads contributed in any important degree to the issue of the contest?

BAKED CABBAGE BALLS.—Take a large, firm cabbage, boil whole in salt and water till tender enough to eat, but not to fall to pieces; then lay in cold water till ready for use, or until perfectly cold. Take the leaves from the stalk without breaking them, lay three or four together open on the table until you have a dozen piles. Fry an onion and chop fine with remainder of the cabbage leaves, season lightly with salt and pepper, and mix in a pound of highly seasoned sausage meat, make into balls and lay them on your cabbage leaves, roll the cabbage leaves around them, and tie firmly with a soft string; lay them in a baking-pan with half a pint of stock or gravy, and bake for 20 minutes in a moderately hot oven.

Queen Victoria is the owner of a silver-gilt casket in which are locked containing locks of hair of thirteen officers who fell at Isandula. Each lock is engraved with the officer's name, and the name of the officer, together with the date of his death. The sovereign was ordered by the Queen.