Flitting of the Barber.

BY CHARLES HENSLEY.

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"Yas'm, das what I wants ter do, I wants ter stick my knife down the th'oat er dat vilyun, er dat scound'el—

"'My, sez Mandy.

"Yas'm,twell hit go ri' down th'ough de middle er his black heart. Das what I wants ter do. En when I git hit dar, I des wants ter tu'n dat knife roun' en roun', twell I cut dat black heart er his'n inter chitterlins.

"'My,' sez Mandy, 'you suttinly is savage.'

"'Dar,' sez I, 'dar, you done said hit. When you sez savage you des spells my name. I des so savage dat I eat dat vilyun's heart en drink his blood en des not bat my eyes.

"'What make you so savage agin dat barber,' sez Mandy, 'what he bin doin' ter you?'

"What he bin doin' ter me? He bin doin' des a plenty. Ain't he been trapesin' roun' wid de 'oman dat es good es belong ter me; dat bin promisin' dese days en days fer ter ma'y me? En now he got ter shove his ugly se'f 'twix' me en her, en try en keep cump'ny wid her?

"'En what de name er dat lady dat you speakin' er?' sez Mandy.

"Hit des a fool 'oman er de name er Mandy,en kase she des a fool 'oman, en ain't got so ve'y good senses, dey ain't nuthin' dat I kin do ter her, 'cep' en savin' des ter drap her, en dat I reckon I got ter do; fer by dese ways er gwine on she show dat she little better'n a hussy. But fer dat barber, I des suttinly takes hit outer him. I des bruck his back en knock de ugly head clean offer him, das all.

"'En dat lady you speakin' about?' sez Mandy, "I des kin tell you dis; she got senses enuf ter do a heap er tinkin' befo' she ever ma'y wid a triflin' vilyun like you is; wid yo' big mouf en yo' big tales, en yo' knives, en yo' weepuns, en yo' hussies—hussy yo'se'f, suh.'

"Das all ri', das all ri'. Yo' des do wid yo'se'f what you tink de bes' ter do, en ef you like ter keep somebody else cump'ny better'n my cump'ny, you des keep hit. Hit don't matter ter me ef de yeth des gyape open en swaller you up. But aller dat ain't gwine save dat barber. Dey ain't no use er yo' cryin' en whimperin' roun' me; dat barber des got ter die.

"'I ain't wo'yin' about dat barber,' sez Mandy. 'I ain't sceart a bit fer him. Dat barber des twicet de man dat you is. Ef I do enny cryin' hit be fer you, you misubble scound'el. Dat barber des ca'y pocketsful er knives en razors roun' wid him aller de time. You go foolin' roun' wid dat barber en he cuts de lights er life outer you. Ef you tackle wid dat barber you better git you a dray pin fer ter hit him wid, fer ef he gits clost ter you, you des es good es dead en gone en mos' forgot.'

"What Mandy sez about dat barber diden suit me so ve'y better. I know myse'f f'om what I yere f'om dis one en f'om dat one, dat he a bad man, des a teh'ble man; a fightin' man f'om yere come yonder. He des boas'es dat enduin' er his time he kill mo'n ten men; en wid one er 'em dat he cuts out a piece er his heart en toas'es hit over de fire en eats hit wid pepper on hit; en wid anudder dat he plarnt vines on topper his grave en eats de berries offer dem vine, des ter strenken his heart. I des sholy got ter watch my cornders wid a man like dat. I tink en I tink. Fus' I tink er one way en den I tink er anudder. One time hit look like a good way des ter stan' behinder a cornder twell he come by en den ter swat him wid a dray pin or a crow bar. Das all ri', ef I don' miss my lick; but sposen dat I does miss my lick, dar I is wid my lick done gone en he on topper me wid his razor. En den agin I tink dat he got ter cross de bayou on one er dem bridge, en I might des sot up dar on one er de beams twell he come under en fall onter his head ri' hard. But sposen dat he jump f'om under, dar I is on de groun', all shuck up wid de fall en widout de chanst ter lif' my han'. Dat tinkin' mos' kep me awake in de night.

"In de mo'nin' I got up en still I diden know what de bes' fer me ter do. At de las' I tuck a nickel outer my pocket en th'ow hit up in de ar, ter see which way I got ter go dat day. Well, suh, ef dat nickel diden pint ri' straight ter de shop er dat barber. I pick hit up en th'ow hit again en hit come de ve'y same way. Den I see, come good luck, come bad luck, I des got ter go ter dat barber shop. En

"My," sez Mandy, "you suttinly is savage."

widout taken enny mo' time ter tink I des goes. When I come ter de shop I des walks in en hangs up my coat en my hat, des like hit belong ter me, en den I sits down in de barber cheer en I sez: 'Barber,' sez I, 'gi' me a shave.' En de barber, he des lafs, en when he done wuck up de lather en spread hit over my face, he sez ter me, 'My,' sez he, 'I bin tinkin f'om what I yeres dat I boun' ter use my razor on you fer sumpin else beside ter scrape yo' chin. Not,' sez he, 'dat I got nuthin agin you, kase I ain't, but fer aller dat fire en fury dat I yeres about you, hit look like I bleedzed ter do hit des ter take keer er my own hide.' 'Barber,' sez I, 'people yeres a heap er ting dat dey ain't no call fer 'em ter yere, en a heap er ting dat neber wuz spoke.'

"'I got nuthin' agin you,' sez de barber, 'to be sho', ef I wanted dat 'oman ri' bad, dat Mandy, I des would have her ef I had ter skin you fus' to git her. But I don' wan' her, I des don'. I got mo' wives ri' now den I got enny use fer. I got two er 'em in dis yere town, en dey fixin' ter gi' me trubble dis ve'y minute, kase dey done foun' out dat I got mo'n one. I don' wan' no mo' er de 'omans ri' now. But I is got dis much agin you,' sez he, 'dat you bin talkin' mighty big, en bin tellin yo' tales er what you gwine do wid me.'

"'Barber,' sez I, 'don' you let dat razor slip; fer f'om what you tell me you is got all de trubble you needs ri' now.' Fer atter he tell me dat he got mo' wives on his hands den he got enny use fer, I wuz feelin' all ri', en I wuzen sceared er him no mo'.'

"'Das so,' sez he, 'das so, ef I had de time en wuzen a'ready in trubble, dey ain't nuthin I like better,' sez he, 'den des ter take you in han's en cook yo' goose. But at de time presen',' sez he, 'dey is two lady a'ready quarlin' over me, en my time is all tuck up. All I got ter do,' sez he, 'is ter pull my foot

"Barber," sez I, "when do you leave?"

outer dis yere town, en I got ter do dat quick.'

"'Barber,' sez I, 'whar you gwine f'om yere?'

"'I is gwine a long way,' sez he, 'I is gwine up North.'

"'Barber,' sez I, 'when you gwine?'

"'I wuz studyin',' sez he, 'ter start termorrer evenin'.'

"'Barber,' sez I, 'you start dis evenin'. I gi' you fi' dollah,' sez I, 'fi' good dollah ef you do.'

"'All ri',' sez he, 'I do hit; I go dis ve'y evenin'.

"'But how does I know, sez I, ef I pays you my good money, dat you keep yo' wo'd en go?'

"'You kin come down ter de railroad,' sez he, 'en put dat fi' dollah inter part er my ticket, en den, ef you likes, you kin see me off on de train.'

"En so dat evenin' atter de ticket wuz bought I see him onter de cyars, en des es de cyars wuz pullin' out he holler outer de winder, 'you gi' my love ter de lady.' En I sez twix' my teef, 'You misubble scound'el, I des suttinly will.'

"Dat same evenin' I knock at Mandy's do', I got free, fo' piece er dis yere pink stickin' plarster stickin' ter my chin en acrosst my cheek.

"'My,' sez Mandy when she open de do' ter let me in, what you bin doin' wid yo' face; who bin meddlin' wid you?'

"'Dat some er yo' barber's doins,' sez I.

"'En what you done wid dat barber?' sez she.

"'I sez nuthin, but des looks at her ri' stiddy. 'What you done wid dat barber?' sez she again.

"'Oman,' sez I, 'dey ain't no barber no mo', an' wid dat she 'gun ter whimper an' ter cry.

"'Dey ain't no use er cryin' fer dat barber,' sez I, 'you seen de las' e dat barber on topper er dis yeth.'

"'I don' keer fer de barber,' sez she, 'en nebber did keer a bit fer him. I des wuz tinkin' er you; I don' wan' you ter have de blood er no man on yo' han's.' 'Dar, dat des hit, honey,' sez I, 'en dat des what save dat barber's life. De fus' time he git down on his knee en beg fer his life, I shuck my head. De second time he des beg an' he pray, but I shuck my head. But de las' time I sez ter him, 'Barber,' sez I, 'ef I don' po' out yo' blood dis time, hit des kase er a lady dat don' like dis yere killin' en spillins er blood. Take yo' misubble life,' sez I, 'en tank de lady fer hit.'

"'My,' sez Mandy, 'I diden tink you could a done de barber dat a way; you suttinly is a man.'

"'En now, 'oman,' sez I, mighty solemn, 'let dis be a warnin' ter you; you des take yo' cautions f'om dis, en ef enny er dese yere triflin' scound'els, ef dey wuz barbers or des what dey wuz, come foolin' roun' wid you, you des tu'n 'em loose en tell 'em ter go dey ways. Ef dey don', I des po' out dey blood all over de yeth. Fer f'om dis times on, f'om dis ve'y day, dey ain't no mo' pitty or mussy in dis bus'm.'"

Lighthouse and Fort.

One of the most interesting and curious lighthouses in the world has just been completed on the cape which forms the southern end of the island of Formosa. Standing in a region inhabited only by hostile savages, this structure is not only a lighthouse, but also a fort. The lantern is protected by revolving steel screens, and in the gallery around the top of the tower is mounted a machine gun. The tower is of steel, and around its base is built a wrought iron refuge, or fort, which communicates by bullet-proof covered passages with the keeper's house. The station is still further protected by a loopholed wall and a dry ditch, flanked by two towers in which are mounted 8-pound cannon. There is a large staff attached to the lighthouse and the station is well supplied with material for standing a siege. There are kept on hand constantly stores of food and ammunition and large water tanks in the basement of the tower always are kept full of drinking water.

RUSSIAN WONDERS.

MOSCOW'S KREMLIN A STOREHOUSE OF RICHES.

Forms an Epitome of Muscovite History in Gold, Silver and Precious Stones—Some of Its Wonders Described—The Great Bell of Moscow.

(Special Letter.)

Nowhere else in all the world is there a single inclosure that contains so much of interest as the Kremlin at Moscow. Within its walls, for a thousand years, writes William E. Curtis in the Chicago Record-Herald, has resided the head of the Russian government and the Russian church; from it has proceeded all civil, military and religious authority in the greatest despotism that ever existed, and in it have been hatched and carried out the bloodiest conspiracies that have ever defaced the history of civilized men. It saw the end of Napoleon's endeavors to make himself dictator of Europe. He came there filled with pride and glory and purpose; he left, a defeated and broken-hearted man. To me the most interesting historical object in all Europe is a simple shaft of granite which rises from the roadside near the town of Wilna on the western boundary of Russia. It bears two inscriptions in the Russian language. On that side of the shaft which faces the west are these words: "Napoleon Bonaparte passed this way in 1812 with 410,000 men." On the other side facing east is the inscription: "Napoleon Bonaparte passed this way in 1812 with 9,000 men." The history of the most disastrous military campaign ever undertaken is told in those two sentences.

The Kremlin of Moscow.

Kremlin is the Russian term for citadel. There is a kremlin in nearly every Russian city. The Kremlin of Moscow occupies the summit of a hill rising from the center of the town and is surrounded by an ancient and picturesque wall, which was built many centuries ago. Within the inclosure are the palace of the czar, the headquarters of the government, the residences of the ministers, the headquarters of the army, with the garrison of the city, four or five churches, the ecclesiastical department of the Russian government and a number of museums, picture galleries, armories and various other buildings.

Lying on either side of the roadway are 875 cannon of various sizes, all of which were captured from Napoleon's army in 1812, or were abandoned by him in his flight. He did not capture a

GREAT BELL OF MOSCOW.

single gun. In the palaces, museums, armories and churches are thousands of French flags taken at the same time.

One of the most interesting objects to strangers is the great bell which was cast in 1553. The clapper was moved by 24 men. On the 19th of June, 1706, the tower in which it was suspended caught fire and it fell to the ground. It was so heated by the flames that, when water was poured upon it, a large chunk dropped out, and it has never been repaired. Its present weight is 444,000 pounds, its height 26 feet 4 inches, its circumference 67 feet 11 inches, its maximum thickness 2 feet, its diameter at top 8 feet 9 inches on the outside and 6 feet 5 inches on the inside. The weight of the broken piece is 11 tons.

The Alexander Monument.

Within the walls of the Kremlin has recently been erected a massive monument to the memory of Alexander II., the czar who was assassinated, and members of his old bodyguard, now gray and wrinkled veterans on the pension roll, act as sentinels, watching at the beautiful structure from sunrise to sunset. This adds a pathetic interest to the place.

What is known as the treasury contains probably a larger value of personal adornment and princely baubles than has ever been assembled elsewhere. For 500 years it has been the custom for almost every successive czar of Russia to have a new throne, a new crown and a new scepter, and a regalia of one of the orders to which he belongs. These are used only at the coronation, which always takes place in the Kremlin. At the close of the ceremony they are placed in the treasury, with the valuable gifts received by each particular czar at the time of his coronation and during his reign from his fellow sovereigns or other persons. Thus in the treasury you have an epitome of the history of the Russian empire written in gold, silver and precious stones.

A Treasury of Precious Stones.

It would require a volume to enumerate the wonderful and beautiful collection. There is a succession of crowns upon pedestals standing before the empty thrones of those who wore them; also the crowns and thrones of Poland, Siberia, Georgia, Astrakan, Kazan, the Crimea and other nations which were formerly independent, but have by force of arms been added to the Russian empire. All are covered with jewels, some of them among the largest and the most precious in the world—"crowns upon crowns, thrones upon thrones, scepters upon scepters, rivers of rubies, cascades of diamonds, oceans of pearls," someone has said. The present czar decided sensibly not to have a new throne, but from the large assortment of those belonging to his predecessors selected one made of ivory filagree work and exquisite carving which was brought from India in 1473, and the Czarina selected a gorgeous throne of ebony heavily incrusted with jewels which was captured in Persia in 1606. It bears 876 diamonds and 1,223 rubies, besides many other stones of lesser value.

Coronation Robes.

In another room are the coronation robes that have been worn by the several czars, of materials that are almost priceless. A large hall is filled with the carriages in which they have ridden from one part of the Kremlin to another on their coronation days, all covered with gilt and exquisite carving. The panels of some are painted with appropriate pictures by famous artists of their times. Others have the Russian coat of arms or the monogram of the sovereign for whom they were made, set with diamonds, rubies, sapphires, pearls, turquoise and other precious stones. One which belonged to Catherine the Great has the hubs of the wheels covered entirely with Persian turquoise. Millions of dollars are thus lying idle in the jewels upon the carriages and ornaments. A saddle presented by the Sultan of Turkey to Catherine the Great is said to carry $600,000 worth of precious stones.

Several large rooms are filled with cases containing gold and silver plate presented to the several sovereigns of Russia during the last five or six centuries. They represent the highest art and skill of the gold and silver smith of all nations, and their intrinsic value, were they melted down, would be enormous. Here also are suits of armor worn by Russian sovereigns in ancient days, many of them being heavily mounted with gold, silver and precious stones.

A Gigantic Emerald.

The largest emerald ever known is in the crown of Kazan, surrounded by 190 other precious stones of great value.

The largest ruby ever found is in the crown of the Empress Anne, which was originally made for Catherine I., the peasant wife of Peter the Great, but for some reason was not used at her coronation. This ruby was purchased at Pekin in 1676 by the Russian ambassador. It originally came from Burmah and is priceless. It stands upon the crest of a golden mitre embossed with 2,536 diamonds.

Each of the several ancient churches in the Kremlin at Moscow has its own history, associations and uses. St. Basil's was erected by Ivan the Terrible because of remorse for the killing of his own son while in a passion. Ivan was so proud of its barbaric beauty—the church has fittingly been described as a colored nightmare—that he put out the eyes of the architect for fear some other sovereign would be jealous and might attempt to duplicate it or surpass it.

In the Church of the Annunciation the czars are married; in the Church of the Assumption they are crowned and before that ceremony they attend Mass and are anointed in the Church of Michael the Archangel. All these churches are within the Kremlin and are within a few hundred yards of one another.

RAYS IN DERMATOLOGY.

Treatment of Skin Diseases by Use of these Rays.

Dr. William Allen Pusey, in an address delivered before the American Dermatological Association, recently published in the journal of the American Medical Association, discusses the use of Roentgen rays in the treatment of skin diseases. After enumerating a number of diseases of this character where he thinks these rays might be used beneficially, he refers more specifically to the removal of the superfluous hairs from the face, regarding which he says: "The effect of the rays upon the epithelial structures of the skin is to increase the vitality of the least differentiated skin elements—while the differentiated elements, hair, nails and glands—undergo retrogressive changes and atrophy." In nine cases that he had treated two were compelled to give up before results could be obtained, but in the other seven the cure was entirely satisfactory. He thinks that as sebaceous and sweat glands are similarly though in a less degree than the hair follicles affected by X-rays that it will be possible to use them effectually in the treatment of disorders of these glands. Regarding the factors in the rays that produce these effects he is of the opinion that they appertain to the rays themselves and not to an incident of their production like ozone, or induced electrical currents in the tissues, or particles of platinum carried off from the anticathodes. He bases this conclusion upon the fact that the lesser degree of X-ray burns resemble those of sunburn more closely than any other patho'ogical process, and as this is due to the actinic rays of sunlight thinks there is no valid reason for not believing that the effects of the X-rays on the tissues are due to the actinic rays of X-rays. This is further substantiated by the known fact that X-rays are strikingly similar in their actinic properties to the rays of light at the violet end of the spectrum upon a photographic plate. He concludes by saying: "If this is true, the method of treatment is identical in principal with that of Finsen."

A Remarkable Gun.

One of the most interesting objects in Boston, Mass., is a Brown segmental wire-tube gun (cannon) on exhibition. The 600-pound steel wiretube cylinder is attracting increasing attention as a mechanical marvel which has actually been fired to 70,000 pounds pressure to the square inch while plugged at both ends.

A Risk of the Trade.

Grocer—I tell you there is more in this business than you imagine. There's the sugars, for instance. Customer—I've often thought of that. How is it that you never make a mistake and get the marble dust into the brown sugar and the house sand into the white?

A Milwaukee man has given his fiancee an engagement dog, instead of the more conventional ring, and the bride-to-be is pleased at the innovation, which was made at her suggestion. The solitaire is set in the pug's collar.

INDIANS AS POLITICIANS.

Electioneering Among the Tribes on Rather Unique Plan.

The campaigns of the Indians are a story of sharp moves and deep laid plans, and, as among themselves they cannot all be bosses, the game of politics often becomes swift and exceedingly dangerous. Electioneering is carried on in a rather unique manner. They give big picnics in the back woods. Here the candidates meet and debate on certain subjects. If their temper gets the better of them, and it generally does, they fight it out. At a picnic given by the Cherokees some five years ago three men were killed because of the accusation by one that the other two were guilty of stealing horses. Big feasts are held at these gatherings, the expenses being borne by the candidate who is elected. The bills are never paid until after election; then the winner takes them all into his office and gives vouchers on the government. So it is generally understood that the expenses of the campaign are borne out of the public funds. There is no such thing as taxation among the Indians, all of their money coming from invested funds in the treasury at Washington. It is the aim of the whole Indian populace not to keep this money there, but to get hold of as much of it as possible. With that aim in view they are apt to elect men who lay stress on their ability as diplomats at Washington. An attorney in Tahlequah won a $100,000 fee for securing a big sum of money as an appropriation to the Indians.—Detroit Free Press.

A GIANT FUCHSIA

Magnificent Specimen of This Plant in Portland, Oregon.

The largest and most magnificent fuchsia plant in this city, and probably in the state, is to be seen in the garden of Robert Foulkes, says the Portland Oregonian. It springs from a single stem some three inches in diameter, but divides into three at the surface of the ground. The top is seven feet in height and is twenty-six feet in circumference, and is loaded with hundreds of beautiful flowers in every stage of development, while the ground beneath is carpeted with fallen blossoms. The plant would have been much higher and broader but for the fact that it has to be put in the cellar every winter and the limbs have to be trimmed off. The height has to be reduced so that it can stand under the floor above. A rather remarkable thing is that when the plant is dug up at the beginning of winter, it is in full foliage and still loaded with blossoms. Uprooting almost any plant in this condition would prove fatal, but the fuchsia takes it all as a matter of course, and soon after it is houses the leaves and flowers fade and drop off and the plant goes to sleep. As soon as it feels the breath of spring it begins to put forth tender shoots in profusion, as a hint that it wants to get out of doors. When it is planted out, it starts in growing and "blowing" as if to make up for lost time. Mr. Foulkes has several other varieties of fuchsia in his garden, one of which produces beautiful blossoms eight inches in length from the end of the stem to the end of the petals.

Royal Family Secrets.

A few months ago the Empress Frederick caused her journals and her correspondence to be destroyed, including an immense collection of letters written by Queen Victoria, most of which were, of course, of a strictly confidential nature. The late Empress was no doubt anxious to prevent any possibility of a repetition of the vexatious tracasseries which arose about the papers of Emperor Frederick and caused so much trouble during the summer of 1888, until they were safely deposited among the Hohenzollern family archives at Berlin. It is believed that the famous diary, about which there were such floods of gossip, was burnt shortly after this removal. It is well known that Queen Victoria had a great deal of trouble and anxiety about the Prince Consort's confidential correspondence with his brother, the late Duke Ernest of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. Prince Albert wrote most openly to his brother and his weekly letters were full of private family affairs and of social and political secret history. Ultimately Duke Ernest handed over the Prince's letters to the Queen, who also recovered her husband's correspondence with his cousin, the late king of Portugal.—London Truth.

Not Groaning—Singing.

The following story was related the other day in the Liverpool (England) Post. Seated in a third class carriage of a south bound express were eight people. Seven of the number were quietly reading, when suddenly the eight broke into deep and blood-curdling groans. Horror-stricken the rest gazed at him for a moment, and then one of them, with great presence of mind, produced a brandy flask, and, pouring out a copious draught, forced it on the sufferer. It was quickly disposed of. "How do you feel now," inquired one of the company. "Prime!" was the reply. "What was the matter with you?" was the next query. "Matter with me? Nothing!" was the indignant retort. "What in the name of thunder did you groan like that for, then?" cried the owner of the brandy. "Groan, sir—groan!' said the astonished man. "Why, I was singing."

Gold in Kansas Shale.

Professor Ernst Fahrig, chief of laboratories of the Philadelphia Commercial Museum, gives the result of a test made by him of the shale found in Ellis and Trego counties of Kansas, which is believed to contain gold in paying quantities. The test comprises three mill runs, in which gold was secured to the amount of $2.35, $2.56 and $3.07, respectively, by the electrolytic process. Prof. Fahrig visited the shale fields and gathered the sample lots which were used in the above tests. He makes an official certificate of the above tests, and states that he has no doubt of the existence of gold in the great body of these shale lands, and the ore can be profitably worked upon a yield of $2 per ton.

CHANGES IN CHINA.

THE LAND OF THE DRAGON MAKING PROGRESS.

Returned Missionary Tells of the Influence of Three Wars—Says Armed Invasions Have Caused Many Reforms in the Empire.

The Rev. E. E. Aiken, a missionary who lost his wife in China, is now in this country with his two children. While engaged in his work in China, invariably wore the native costume, as it gave him greater opportunity of access to the people he sought to serve. He has appeared before American audiences in the same costume. Mr. Aiken says the Chinese now regard the boxer movement as having utterly collapsed. They now entertain a kindlier feeling toward Christians than they have done at any previous time. The passing of the storm of war and massacre is to be followed by a brighter day than has yet dawned upon "the land of Sinim." Speaking of the Chinese people, he says:

"It could hardly be expected that a great, ancient and conservative race should change their religious beliefs and customs, and adopt Christianity without a struggle. In the recent uprising in north China, we see history repeating itself; yet the power of Christianity in the world is now so great that it does not seem possible for religious persecution to go to the lengths which it reached in many former instances. Witness the way in which persecution has already been stopped and the wrongs of many native Christians righted through the interference of Western nations.

"Moreover, the experience of the past in China has been that the war with Great Britain in 1842, the war with Britain and France in 1860, and the war with Japan in 1894, each successively resulted in opening the empire far more than before to commerce and modern civilization, as well as to missions. The uprising of 1900, it is true, differed from all that had gone before in that it represented a tremendous popular movement in reaction against everything foreign, Christianity included. The fact that, as such, it has totally failed, must be as apparent to the Chinese themselves as it is to all the world; and, notwithstanding the anarchy which still prevails in some districts, there are already signs of beneficent results."

REV. E. E. AIKEN.

Better Than Striking.

Italian laborers as a rule dislike to strike, and if they can adjust a difference with an employer in any other way, prefer to do so. A company of Italian navvies were engaged as helpers in the construction of a railway in Germany. One day it was announced that the wages of the workmen would be reduced. The German laborers consulted among themselves and then went out on a strike. But the Italians made no remonstrance. During the night, however, each Italian cut an inch off his shovel. The next morning they all went to work as usual. After awhile the engineer discovered what had been done, and calling up the ringleader of the Italians asked him the meaning of it. The man looked at him for a moment, and then his teeth showed in a gleaming smile. "Not so much pay, not lift so much dirt," he said gently, with the air of one who explains a simple matter to inferior intelligence. "So much longer last work. Italian no lika German. Italian no strika."

An Arithmetic Lesson.

A lesson in arithmetic is no joke—painful reality, rather—yet a Boston school boy is alleged to have been inspired to humor by the very worst of the problems in long division. After he had failed on the sums the teacher had set, he asked permission to give one of his own. The privilege was granted. "My aunt has eight children," he said, "and she doesn't like to favor one above the other. She was at the market the other day and she bought eight apples for them, one apiece; but when she got home she found she'd lost one apple. All the same she divided the apples so as to give each child the same number. How did she do it? The class hadn't got along to fractions, and the boy insisted that his aunt knew nothing about algebra. So the puzzled teacher finally asked: "Well, how did she divide the seven apples so as to give each of the eight children an equal number?" "She made apple sauce."—Youth's Companion.

Chicago's Merchant Prince.

Marshall Field, the Chicago merchant, was born in 1835 on a Massachusetts farm, and began business life in a Pittsfield dry goods store when 17, removing four years later to Chicago. He has given extensively to colleges and founded the Field Columbian Museum, in Chicago, with a gift of $1,000,000.

Major McBride of the Transvaal Irish brigade, in his speech at Paris on the occasion of the presentation to him of a sword, remarked that the time was ripe for Ireland to strike for freedom from British rule.

HEALTH AND BEAUTY.

FOLLOW THE LEAD OF PROPER RECREATION.

Ethel Drew Barrymore, the Noted Actress, Writes an Article That Will Interest Women—Driving, She Says, Is the Favorite Tonic.

I believe in enjoying yourself anywhere and everywhere. Happiness is a fine art and so is its sister pleasure, recreation, writes Ethel Drew Barrymore, the well-known American actress.

I get great enjoyment out of the simplest pastimes. You see that I am at the moment stepping into a hansom cab at the door of the theater.

I love to ride in hansom cabs and get as much amusement out of hansom cabs as others get out of elaborate and expensive joys.

Yes, my favorite amusement, I think, is riding in hansom cabs. Particularly in London do I love to ascend the mountainous and dangerous hansom. There is an additional pleasure in hansom cab riding in London which we do not have in New York. In London you always imagine you are about to be thrown out of the towering vehicle, but you never are; in New York the hansom's squat prototype seems to insure safety, but it is really the most dangerous.

Once a section of a hansom in which my brother and I were riding along Thirty-fourth street was knocked off and a little later I was almost projected ten feet, fortunately on my own two, by an idly disposed beast of a horse who chose Forty-second street to lie down in.

Hansom driving is almost as much fun as playing the piano. I love to play the piano. And I love to hear it played. I do not even object to the mechanical devices that play pianos if you look at them or turn a wheel or do something else absurd. I think it is delightful to see mechanism performing the duties of genius. The possibilities of the scheme's elaboration are boundless, but any individual mention of them would, of course, be invidious.

Still, just for example, don't you think it would be charming to have a machine of ivory, gold and brass into which a white canvas could be placed and a magnificent oil painting produced?

Sculpture already has a method of easy mechanical production. Heroic figures, Venuses, admirals and come-

ETHEL DREW BARRYMORE.

(Well-known Actress Writes of the Art of Recreation.)

diennes once perpetuated in marble can be recreated in perennial bronzes. Why not acting? Every time an actor studies a part why cannot his labor be affixed to a cylinder so that no one will ever have to study it again?

No, I do not think the dramatic art has ever been fairly treated in this regard. Another reason I love to play the piano is that one can always, without attracting attention, play a little louder when a stupid person enters the room and utilize the pianissimo when there is an opportunity to hear something really valuable.

But in spite of dangers scantily escaped I maintain that driving in hansom cabs is my favorite amusement. When I can neither drive nor play the piano I can amuse myself in other ways. Yes, recreation is a fine art.

Ben Butler's Way.

"No lawyer of the last century took such liberties with the court as Gen. Butler," said a Bostonian. "He ran riot over judges and juries, and in his later years was even petted and humored by opposing counsel. I happened to be in court on an occasion when he was defending a client charged with a most serious offense against the community. The case attracted great attention. On the third day the defendant did not appear and the judge asked Butler to be good enough to produce him. 'It is impossible, your honor,' said the general. 'But the business of the court must proceed. The learned counsel will produce the defendant,' said the judge severely. Butler repeated: 'Your honor, it is impossible. The defendant is not in my keeping. After a consultation with him last night I came to the conclusion that he was guilty and felt it was my duty, as his legal adviser, to warn him to leave the state immediately. He departed, your honor, without informing me of his destination.' The jury laughed outright, and the solemn judge had to retire to his room to conceal his risibles."

Tabooes Handshaking.

Mrs. Roosevelt occasionally demonstrates that "when a woman won't she won't, and there's and end on't." The mistress of the white house has decided ideas as to what she should and should not do and generally has her own way without giving offense to anyone. For instance, the American habit of indiscriminate handshaking is one which she does not indorse. In fact, it is very distasteful to her, and when she went to Albany as wife of the governor of New York state she made up her mind to avoid handshaking at official receptions. At the first of these gatherings she charmed all callers by the sweetness of her smile and the cordiality of her manner, but both her hands were kept steadily clasping a huge bouquet. It is understood she will adopt the same or a similar way of avoiding the handshaking ordeal should it show signs of development in Washington.