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Some Time.

Some time, tired heart of mine,
You shall have a long, long rest;
And the quiet evening sun,
Shining on the west,
Creeping in the casement wide,
Shall look on a quiet breast,
Though the birds shall ood and call
As the deeper shadows fall.
You may rest.
Some time, patient eyes of mine,
You may take a long, long sleep;
Though the early morning sun,
All along the wall shall creep,
Waxen eyelids will not lift
From the watching which they keep,
Though a sunbeam, overboard,
Seek to part your curtain's fold,
You may sleep.
Some time, striving hands of mine,
There will be a long, long peace;
Loosened from the tasks you hold
Into new and sweeter release,
Other hands must place you close
In a dumb arena for a race.
Even love's touch, soft and warm,
Dare not break such prayerful form
Of your peace.
Some time, restless feet of mine,
There will come a long, long day
When you need not cross the sill
From the finishing till the gray.
Other steps must bear you forth
To the place where clay is clay.
Though I led you out at light
They will bring you home when night
Ends our day.

PRUDENCE GRAY.

That's my name, for father said there wasn't a better barge on the river than the Prudence, and if I would call the same he was sure there would be a better girl.

Poor father! He was always very fond of me, and my earliest memories are of sitting on the tiller and having a ride, when he stood there of an evening steering the barge, with the great crimson red sail filled out by the wind, and the water foaming and bubbling by us as we ran on up the river toward the big city. I must have been close together in dock and against the wharves, emptying their loads or waiting for others before going away across the seas.

I used to think our barge, which was a very small hilly-boy, if you know what that is, was the best on the river. It was a little barge built with rounded ends and low bulwarks, meant for carrying loads up rivers, but built also to be able to go out to sea a little while, running along the coast—I used to think our barge, if I say a very, very large ship, till I grew old enough to see a real one, and I passed us going up or down the river, and then it used to seem to me that it would be wonderfully fine to go on board one of those great ships and go sailing away—far away—across the ocean, instead of just coasting along to some other place. I used to think that I used to go year after year, loaded deep down in the water with potatoes or hops, or even bricks.

I can't tell you how my child-life slipped away, living with mother and father on board that barge, in a little bit of a cabin, and how I grew to know that I was very happy, and that I never hardly went ashore, and when I did I was frightened and wanted to get back; and at last I seemed to have grown all at once into a great girl, and father and I were alone.

Yes, quite a long time had left us very suddenly, and we have been ashore at Sheerness, father and I, and came back from the funeral and were sitting on the cabin hatch, before I could believe it was anything but a terrible dream, and that I should not wake up to come ashore to my mother, as blithe and cheery as ever, ready to take the tiller or a pull at a rope, the same as I did when father wanted any help.

Father was a changed man after that, and as a couple of years slipped by the work on our barge felt more and more into his hands, and I used to look at myself as I saw how big and red and strong they had grown. For father grew quiet and dull day by day, and used to have a stone bottle filled with—ever he went ashore, and then sit with it in the cabin all alone till I called him to come ashore to my mother, and more.

Not that I wanted much help, for ours was only a small barge, and once started, with a fair wind, I could manage her well enough; while when we had to tack backwards and forwards across the river mouth, I could always take the tiller by the rope that hung on the belaying pin, and give it a hitch on this side or that side, till I had taken a pull at the sheet and brought the barge round on the other tack.

I must have passed half my life in those days leaning back against that tiller with its cord taut, and looking at a great sea, and the name of the old barge, Prudence, cut deep in the side. There I'd stand looking out ahead as we glided along over the smooth sea, passing a buoy here and a light there, giving other barges and smacks a wide berth, and listening to the strange scolding noise of it with the tiller wheel and hoveed and swept by me, so closely sometimes that I could almost have touched them with my hand.

Our barge was well known all about the mouth of the river and far up beyond the bridge; and somehow, I don't know how it was, but I had a great admiration for the old barge, and I didn't answer him.

"For the time may come, my lass, when you'll be all alone in the world; and when it does come, there's the cabin of the Betsy Ann, clean painted up, and waiting for you, just as her master's a-waiting too."

He went quietly over the side and cast off the rope, and was gone before I knew it; and I sat there in the calm afternoon and evening, sometimes crying, sometimes feeling hopeful, and with a sense of joy at my heart such as I never had felt before.

And so that evening deepened into night, with the barge a quarter of a mile astern of us, and no wind coming, only the tide to help us on our way.

It must have been about ten o'clock at night, when I was forward seeing to the

light hoisted up to keep anything from running into us, when I heard father come stumbling up from the cabin, and make as if to come forward to me.

"Prue," he cried, "Prue!"

"Yes, father, coming," I said; and then I uttered a wild shriek, and rushed towards where the boat hung astern by her painter, hauled her up and climbed in; for no sooner had I answered than I heard a cry and a heavy splash, and I knew father had gone overboard.

I was into the boat in a moment, and had the scull over the stern, paddling away in the direction that the cry had come from; but, though I fancied in those horrible minutes that I saw a hand stretched out of the water, asking as it were for help, I paddled and sculled about till I was far from our barge, and then sank down into a state of unconsciousness, and was, for a moment or two, as if I had been struck.

"That's that you, Prudence!" said a voice.

"Yes, John, yes," I cried, looking out through the darkness, out of which a boat seemed to steal till it was alongside when John stretched out his hand and took mine.

"Quick!" I gasped, "save him, John—father—gone overboard!"

"When you shrieked out, Prue?"

"Yes, yes," I wailed, "oh, save him! save him!"

"My poor lass," he said, "that's a good quarter of an hour ago, and the tide's running strong, I've been paddling about ever since, trying to find you, for I went up to the barge and you were gone."

"But father," I wailed, "father—save him!"

"My poor little lass," he said, tenderly, "I'd jump into the water now if you bid me; but what can I do, you know, Prudence, what can I do?"

I did not answer, for I did know that he must have been swept far away before that; and I was beginning to feel that I was alone—quite alone in the world.

It was quite six months after that dreadful night that one evening John came ashore from his barge to the cottage, where I was staying with his mother, and had been ever since he had brought me there, without seeing him to speak to, only to wave my hand and him as he sailed by. That evening he came and looked wistfully at me and said but little, and at last his time was up and he rose to go.

I walked down to his boat with him, and on the way he told me that he had got leave to go to the States, and that it was called the Prudence, too; and then, without a word about the past, he was saying good-by, when I put my hands in his and said quietly—

"John, dear, I haven't forgot my promise."

"And you are alone now, Prudence, my lass," he cried eagerly.

"No, John, no," I said softly, "I never shall be while you live."

"Never, my lass, never," he cried.

"And you'll be coming with me?"

"Yes, John, yes; I promised you."

"When I come back from this voyage?"

"Yes, John, when you will," I said, and with one long hand pressure we parted, and I went back to wait for another month, and then I was his happy little wife.

And there seemed no change, for I was once more on the river, out at sea, leaning upon the tiller and gazing straight before me, with the gulls waiting as they wheeled and dipped and skimmed over and about my head; while the soft wind gently stirred the print hood that was lightly tied over my young-wife hair. Only a bargeman's wife living on the tide, but very happy; for John often points to the great ships that pass us, with their capstans and their great masts, and as he does so he whispers—

"Not with the best among them, Prue, not with the best; I wouldn't even change places with a king."

And if he is as happy as I, dear John is right.—*Cassell's Magazine.*

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Farm Notes.

Do not plant trees deeper than is necessary to cover the roots well. Never place the roots in contact with manure.

Planting should be done just as the trees arrive from the nursery, unpack them, keeping a sharp eye to the labels, and "heel-in" at once.

Watering must be attended to, and when the soil gets packed and crusted between the rows, break it up, or mellow it with the hoe, or a pointed stick.

Grafting is best done just as the trees start. A tree that produces a poor fruit is easily converted into a profitable one. The operation is a simple one, and any intelligent boy can perform it.

Shakes, where trees are properly planted, are not needed, unless in extreme cases, and in such cases the orchard should be protected by a screen of some quick-growing trees that will serve as a wind-break.

Drains should be cleared of waste matter, such as leaves, and other trash that will impede the flow of water.

In digging open drains, the earth should be thrown out upon the side opposite to that from which the surface water comes.

It is now that we require rapid, vigorous growth to send up strong spurs from the filtering roots. Moderate dressing of the soil with fertilizer, rich in ammonia, and with a good supply of phosphoric acid for the needs of the grain, is precisely what is needed.

Laying out the ground may be done in squares, the trees in rows, and opposite each other, a common plan for small farms, but the best advantage, the quinquecun method is adopted, in which each tree stands at the corner of an equilateral triangle, and is equally distant from six others.

A Silesian farmer has adopted a method of improving to better an aroma as delicate as that secured from cows pastured in the most fragrant meadows. He encloses in the empty chum a calico bag filled with fragrant herbs, keeping the chum carefully closed. When churning, he substitutes four smaller bags, and after the churning is over he opens the chum. The result is thus secured in a perfectly legitimate and harmless manner.

A correspondent states that he kept a plum tree from curculios by sprinkling the ground under the tree with corn meal rapidly, and the chickens would scratch and search. The meal was strewn every morning from the time the trees blossomed until the fruit was large enough to be out of danger. The consequence was, that the curculios picked up the curculios with the meal, and the churning being saved from the presence of the insect, was wonderfully fruitful.

Breeding Stock on the Farm.

In view of the market for choice stock lately thrown open to our farmers by the exportation of cattle and meat to Europe, it behooves them to pay increased attention to the raising of superior stock. The American trade, as reported on the American trade, by Professor Sheldon, of the Cincinnati Agricultural College, England, after furnishing a mass of information on the subject, comes to the conclusion that, despite some fluctuations, the demand for superior stock is increasing, and that the application of successful management will be multiplied here and in Europe. The profits of the traffic will be in a great measure, proportionate to the excellence of the product, and the limit to the quantity shipped will be the storage capacity of the Atlantic, and the number of ships engaged in the transatlantic trade will be too small to afford room for a large export of meat together with other merchandise without advancing the freight to a figure that will prohibit further exportation.

The experience of many thriving farmers all over the country, proves that a better run of animals is obtained by breeding them on the farm than by purchasing them. More care is bestowed in selecting the likely offspring of tried and approved stock, and the fattening more rapidly and at less cost. The animals are picked up here and there, for they take some time before these get acquainted and become contented enough to lay on flesh kindly in their new home; and moreover, the tendency of prices for young stock is upwards, and the probability of a rise in the market is not to be feared. In any case, it is, as a rule, more profitable to breed the stock one handles than to purchase it.—*Massachusetts Ploughman.*

Vinegar Making.

The apples should be crushed and the juice expressed, and put into a tight barrel with the bung lashed out. Fermentation will follow quite rapidly, and continue for days or weeks, according to the weather. After the first fermentation ceases, draw off the cider carefully, in order not to disturb the sediment, and let it stand in the bottom. Rinse the barrel, put the cider back, and set in a warm place, adding a pint of liquid yeast, or a half pound of yeast cakes previously dissolved in two quarts of water. If the cider is rather weak, two quarts of molasses may be added to strengthen it; but usually, if the cider be strong enough to make excellent vinegar, and sometimes too strong; in the latter case dilute with rain water, two, three, or more gallons to the barrel; at the close of the second fermentation, the cider will generally have become excellent vinegar. The vinegar called "apple vinegar" can be obtained in small quantities by added with advantage.

A Vienna mechanic has succeeded in constructing an apparatus for working sewing machines. Electricity, steam, or water power are, as the score of cost, domestically inapplicable, so the inventor of the new machine was restricted to gravitation or elasticity, and he, preferring the latter force, has contrived to make springs strong enough to keep an ordinary sized machine in motion, it is said for hours. A system of cog-wheels is arranged underneath the surface of the table upon which the machine is fixed, and by a handle at the side the spring is wound up with facility. The velocity at which the machine works is entirely at the option of the person using it, and can be easily regulated.

Hunting a Coyote.

The Virginia City (Nev.) Chronicle says: Yesterday afternoon a party of Virginians engaged in a coyote hunt, which was perhaps one of the most remarkable sporting events ever witnessed in the country. The meet took place at noon, on the alkali flat, about eighteen miles east of this city. The place selected for the liberation of the coyote was a sort of alkali flat about six or seven miles wide. The coyote, caged in a close box, had been brought to the place in a wagon, and was liberated about half-past twelve in the center of the flat. It was agreed to allow him to drink once in twenty-four hours. The lions which follow the plague of the land.

When water becomes scarce in these thirsty plains, the whole of the wild animals that inhabit them congregate round any pool that may be left, for with very few exceptions all have to drink once in twenty-four hours. The lions which follow the plague of the land.

To watch one of these pools at night, as I did in the northern Montana country, is a grand sight, and one that is forgotten. The naturalist and the sportsman can here see sights that will astonish them, and cause them to wonder at the wonderful instincts possessed by the animal kingdom.

At such watering-places the small antelope, prairie dog, and the zebra and buffalo. After these come the giraffes, closely followed by the rhinoceros, and next the elephant, who never attempts to hide his approach—conscious of his strength—but trumpets forth a warning to all who may concern that he is about to satisfy his thirst. The only animal that does not give place to the elephant is the rhinoceros; obstinate, headstrong and piglike, he may not court danger, but assuredly he does not avoid it. The elephant may drink by his horn, but makes no attempt to do so, and I am assured that when one of these battles takes place the rhinoceros is invariably the victor. The elephant is large, of gigantic power, but the other is far more active, while the former is a weapon when used with the force that he has the power to apply to it. I have been told on trustworthy authority that a rhinoceros in one of those blind fits of fury to which they are so subject, attacked a large wagon, inserted his horn between the axle and the wheel and instantly overturned it, scattering the contents far and wide, and afterwards injuring the vehicle to such an extent as to render it useless.

The lion is not tied to time in drinking. After it feeds it comes to water, but it never would drink unless accompanied with the rhinoceros or the elephant. Where the buffalo exists in numbers it is the principal prey of the lion; in other localities antelope and chiefly the zebra are its food.

What an Egg is.

To the reflective mind the egg constitutes one of the greatest marvels of nature. At first view it would seem that it is an especial characteristic of birds; but when we observe that fishes, so different from birds in their organization and their mode of life, have also eggs, we see that it must be the same in one sense with all kinds of animals. A pullet's egg is a very small germ, possessing at first only the most essential organs of the animal to which it belongs. All its other parts included in a box, with its provisions for the time it must actually remain in seclusion. The animal is the little whitish circle remarked in the membrane which envelops the mass of the yolk. The same destined to protect the young animal until it has acquired all of its own organs, and all the necessary strength, and yet allow the air and heat to penetrate, is the shell. Hence the size of the eggs of animals is, not necessarily proportioned to the size of the animals to which they belong. All animals, whatever they may be from the elephant to the humming-bird—are at the moment when they begin to feel the principle of life nearly of the same size. That which varies is the provision of nourishment they require. The crocodile, destined to attain colossal dimensions, and to make himself very well in the river where he was born when he has attained the size of a lizard; so nature places in the box where he is confined food sufficient to enable him to reach that size. The same with fishes; there are some enormous ones which have only a few eggs, because they ever diminutive they are on leaving their envelope, they can already obtain their own living in the bosom of the river or ocean.

Alexander Hamilton Stephens.

A Washington correspondent thus describes Congressman Stephens, of Georgia: A white secretary, a colored servant, and a pair of crutches form Mr. Stephens' entire family. He was never married, and I believe has few or no relatives now living in the dining-room. He takes his meals in his room. He eats very sparingly, and is an epicure in his tastes. He hates the sight of pork, and he was once known to fire the plate at the waiter's head who had brought him sausage-cake for breakfast. But his wrath wither in a minute, for he soon laughed at the folly of his own action, and handed the astonished waiter a gift. Yet it is somewhat strange that, notwithstanding Mr. Stephens' natural aversion to pork in any shape—for it is said that he can hardly look at a hog in the street without having a touch of convulsions—nevertheless, in the dining-room, he is occasionally fond of omelet, and employs two men constantly on the Virginia side of the Potomac capturing young raccoons for him. It tests Mr. Stephens' full strength to stand alone on his crutches. He appears to be all dead but the eyes, which are large and radiant with wonderful depth and severity. One leg is shorter than the other, and it is raised by a high heel on his shoe. Always dwarfish in size, there is now nothing left of him but the bones—the mere skeleton. He wears an old beaver hat, and clothes that are not exactly shabby. One shrinks from his face at first sight as from a dead person. But the quiver is but momentary. The eyes speak, and you feel that a man of intellect is somewhere near.

The Great Thirst Land.

We take the following from a recently published work descriptive of Southern Africa, entitled "The Great Thirst Land." The sufferings endured on account of the drought were at times almost terrific. The throats of the oxen were so parched that they could not low. The dogs suffered even more than the cattle. Now are the wild animals exempt from the plague of the land.

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Items of Interest.

Back-wheat is more eaten here than in any other land.

The Chinese for "adieu" is very appropriate—"chin-chin."

Everyone is in one thing at least original—in his manner of sneezing.

There are nineteen thousand female Patrons of Husbandry in Texas.

One good turn deserves another, but a shirt collar is only capable of two.

A picture frame just completed by a New Jerseyman, contains 1,682 kinds of wood.

London is going to build a new bridge over the river Thames, and to pay \$10,000,000 for it.

A five-year-old girl was actually whipped to death in Marshalltown, Iowa, by her drunken mother.

Gortchakoff is in his eighty-second year—beating Lord Palmerston, who died in harness at eighty.

The present rulers of the laws of etiquette have decided that it is only good style to bow after the lady has bowed.

In Pennsylvania seventy-one per cent. of the farms are cultivated by their owners, twenty per cent. are worked on shares, and nine per cent. are rented.

An organ of the tobacco trade asserts that if the tobacco consumed annually, about 4,000,000,000 pounds, could be made into a roll two inches in diameter, it would encircle the world sixty times.

"June! June! June!"

The brown bee is the clover; "Sweet! sweet! sweet!"

The robin, nested over.

—*Avila Grey in Scribner.*

Mr. F. D. Millet, an American, was the only correspondent who went through the Balkans with Gen. Gourko. The czar presented him with the decoration of St. Ann, which is the highest decoration given to any correspondent. Because you flourish in worldly affairs, Don't be haughty and put on airs. Don't be proud and think your nose is above the crowd. At proper people in plainer clothes; but learn, for the sake of your mind's repose, That wealth is a bubble that comes and goes; And that all proud flesh, wherever it grows, Is subject to irritation.

Henry Goodrich is a music teacher. He has traveled from place to place until he has taught music in every State in the Union. It is said that he has married seven of his pupils and most of the States are yet to be heard from. In Clarksburg, Va., he outdid his former matrimonial exploits by marrying two girls in the same village. He is now in jail.

The Great Eastern.

The Leviathan of ships, the Great Eastern, is one of the wonders of our progressive age, and a mighty proof of the energy, perseverance and skill of man. No other ship is worthy to be mentioned with her. She stands alone, a proud monument to her designers and builders.

She was built at London about twenty years ago, and cost a fabulous sum of money. She is nearly 700 feet long, 83 feet wide, and can carry 20,000 tons of freight. The next largest vessel's capacity is not over 6,000 tons.

Although of such enormous size her lines are beautiful, and she sits upon the water as gracefully as a yacht. She has seven masts. Her engines, of the combined power of 10,000 horses, are a wonder to contemplate. Involuntarily the beholder exclaims, as he gazes upon the moving mass, "How could man ever fabricate them?"

Although built for a passenger and freight steamer, and intended for the Australian trade, she has been used almost altogether in laying submarine telegraphs, proving altogether too large for profitable use as a merchant steamer. In a moment she pushed the children out from the steed and struck a match and set fire to the dry hay. The effect was magical. In an instant the flames shot skyward, the waves ran off in a rage of disappointment, and soon after, as the little ones were warming the chilled blood in their little veins, their parents and friends came up to their rescue, attracted thither by the light from the burning haystack.

Words of Wisdom.

Self-denial is a grand virtue. Every high aim lifts you above yourself.

Selfishness has a variety of disguises, but under the velvet you can always find the claw.

If it be important to know whether a man will cheat you if he can, sound him as to his willingness to help you cheat somebody else.

With time and patience the mulberry leaf becomes satin. What difficulty is there at which a man should quit, when a worm can accomplish so much from a leaf.

A man who covers himself with costly apparel and neglects his mind, is like one who illuminates the outside of his house and sits within in the dark.

Ignorance and deceit are two of the worst qualities to combat. It is vastly easier to dispute with a statesman than a blockhead.

If we would have powerful minds, we must think; if we would have faithful hearts, we must love; if we would have strong muscles, we must labor. These include all that is valuable in life.

Grace Darling in Michigan.

Lake Michigan has its Grace Darling, and her father and brothers are as brave and heroic as she is herself. Sanford W. Morgan is keeper of the life saving station at Grand Point on Sable, Michigan, and after the close of the winter, he and his crew go away for the winter, but remains on the ground with his daughter and his sons. At daylight, during one of the most violent gales of the season, with the sea so boisterous that it was covered with foam, a fishing boat was discovered about three miles off shore, in distress, by Miss Edith. Quickly giving the alarm to her father and two brothers, she urged them to go, volunteering to take an oar herself to assist the crew. It seemed as though a boat could not possibly live in the mighty waves, but one was launched, and after a pull of two hours with seas breaking over the small boat and threatening its destruction and the loss of those on board, they succeeded in reaching the wreck, to find that one of the crew who had been clinging to the side of the vessel had become exhausted, and letting go his hold had been drowned. Another sailor, however, was rescued as he was about to give up, and was taken ashore. Nor was this the first time that the brave young girl had ventured out on an errand to save.

A Young Giant.

The "fat man" whom I mentioned in my last letter, writes a correspondent in England, is now exhibiting himself at the Egyptian Hall, in London, and making a good thing of it. Fancy, if you can, a young man only twenty-two years old, weighing 728 pounds, and measuring eight feet round the shoulders. He seems in perfect health and is very chatty, a peculiarity shared by his wife, who accompanies him and who seems proud of having the biggest husband of any woman in England, perhaps in the world.

The "agony columns" of the Turkish newspapers are filled with advertisements for lost relations, giving painful evidence of the dispersion of families of the Mussulman population which has taken place in the districts ravaged by war.

Peace

Country	Peace	War
China	2,140,000	45,000
Japan	31,440	65,000
Russia	220,000	1,000,000
India	190,000	500,000
Persia	60,000	120,000
Italy	280,000	820,000
Austria	200,000	1,040,000
Germany	421,000	1,340,000
France	480,000	730,000
England	158,624	541,624
Totals	2,981,064	9,225,990

Excluding from consideration the first four countries, we find that the peace-loving nations more or less interested in the Eastern question is an aggregate of 2,095,600 men, while the war footing is nearly 7,000,000men.

The Armies of the World.

Three years ago Major-General Emory Upton, with credentials from the United States Government, spent on a tour to examine and report upon the condition of the armies of Japan, China, Persia, Italy, Russia, Austria, Germany, France and England. He was gone nearly two years; and the work embodying the results of his observations has just been issued. The armies of the countries he visited are thus represented:

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