

## THE FIFE AND DRUM.

"This is life," cries the fife;  
"Come, oh, come," shouts the drum.  
As the steel that is bared flashes light;  
Heart and pulse quicker beat,  
As fast, down the street,  
Is heard the wild rhythm of volunteers' feet,  
Marching forward to fight!  
"Leave the wife!" screams the fife;  
"Leave the home," booms the drum,  
And the blood answers hot in the cry.  
What are children or wife  
To the glory of strife,  
To the call to the death or to glorious life?  
Let us live, ere we die!  
"Mid the strife is the fife;  
Drowned by gun is the drum,  
Bared steel is now dented and gory;  
Yet, strain as we may,  
There are some that must stay  
And forget, in the duty done bravely  
each day,  
Chance for honor and glory.

## AVENGED BY A SERPENT.

1.

When I got George's letter telling me that all was ready for our reception and we were to come at once I was delighted. Within a week we—mother and I—were on our way out, and in about three weeks' time found ourselves between the swampy shores of the Essequibo, nearing Georgetown, where on the quay the dear fellow was waiting to take us to the home he had made for us on his plantation.

George Haden and I had met a year before during his visit to the old country, and the big, quiet, sunburned man and I, who tell this story, had fallen in love with one another almost at first sight.

We were to have been married before he returned to Guiana, but he was recalled suddenly by the death of his only brother at Rio, and it was arranged that I should follow later with my mother.

You can—or, rather, you can't—imagine how delighted I was to see my sweetheart again. But I was startled and a good deal troubled by his appearance; he looked thin and worried. At first I put it down to his grief at Harry's death; but later after our quiet wedding, on the way to my future home I gathered by degrees there was more than that.

His brother Harry had married a Spaniard—a beautiful woman—who had died nearly eighteen years before, leaving him with one daughter, Teresa. It was chiefly on this girl's account that George had hurried back, and he had mentioned in writing to me that he had brought her up from Rio to stay with him in Guiana until other arrangements could be made. Since then I had heard little of her, and almost, indeed, in my own happiness and excitement, forgotten her very existence.

Now, my questions elicited from George that she was not a pleasant-tempered young woman, or easy to get on with, but my worst anticipation did not touch the reality.

We came up the river in a small steamer, which dropped us at my husband's very wharf, and we three walked up a slope through a wonderful tropical garden to where a long, white-washed, green shuttered house shone clean and bright in the evening sun.

On the veranda stood a tall figure in a pale yellow gown, her black hair crowned with crimson hibiscus. A splendidly handsome woman!

She looked at me in a half disdainful way.

"So you are my new aunt?" she said casually.

"And how do you do, Uncle George?" Her calm assumption of superiority was unbearable. George—big, steady, good-tempered man that he was—flushed with anger.

"Never mind, my dear. She knows no better; and it won't be for long."

But it was for longer than we reckoned. She was to have been sent to her godmother, who lived in Madrid. But the old lady was ill, and begged us to keep the girl a while longer.

It was trying to a degree, and each day got worse and worse. Teresa's temper was something unbearable, and her general lack of manners only equalled by her sweetness when there was anything to be gained by it. Still, for my husband's sake, I bore with her.

Toward the end of the cool weather, our old English overseer died, and as a stop-gap, George took on a young Spanish-American, Ramon Martinez.

Ramon was a smart looking fellow, but there was something in his black eyes which repelled me. I always felt a shrinking repulsion for the man, and George didn't care much for him. Still, it was necessary to have someone who understood the sugar, and men who knew anything were so scarce you couldn't pick and choose.

Teresa who loved the cheap gayeties of Rio, had been nearly bored to death all the winter. Ramon was a godsend to her, and the two used to chat in Spanish every evening over their coffee on the veranda.

Sometimes I blame myself for letting them be so much together, but, to tell the truth, the relief of getting rid of her even for an hour or two was very great. And how could I know what a scoundrel the man was, or what unspeakable wickedness those two were brewing together.

And now I must pass over the events of the next ten months and tell you what happened on that dreadful day which so nearly proved fatal to all my happiness.

Old Juan, a half-caste Indian employed on the place, came up that morning wanting to see my husband. They talked for a time, and then I saw George go out with a gun on his shoulder. He saw me at the window and

called out something, but I could not hear what he said.

He was a keen collector, and I supposed it was some rare bird or beast he was after.

The day passed and the short, tropical twilight was closing over the forest when I saw George returning. He was followed by two natives, who slowly dragged some long, heavy object up the path to the house. This they pulled along tralling in the dust, round to the south end of the house, where George's so-called study, really a sort of a museum, opened by two French windows on the lawn.

II.

I was dressing for 8 o'clock dinner, so did not go out. Soon I heard George's long stride pass up stairs by my door to his dressing room, which lay beyond my room at the extreme north end of the house.

To make you understand what followed, I must partly explain how the house was built. It was from north to south, long and narrow with a veranda all the way round. A wide hall ran through from east to west, and a long narrow one from north to south. The dining room was the front room at the north end, under my room, George's study at the south, under the room Teresa occupied. There were two staircases, one at each end of the house. A couple of hundred yards away, higher up the slope at the back of the house, was the cottage where Martinez lived. He, Martinez, generally dined with us, and was to have done so this night.

Now, so far as I know, and judging from what we made out afterward from letters we discovered in the cottage and in Teresa's room, this is what brought about the tragedy which followed.

Ramon must long before this have made up his mind to marry Teresa. Her small fortune was an irresistible bait to the indolent Southerner. The only thing that troubled him was that she was not of age for another three years, and George was her guardian and sole trustee. He knew well enough what George would say or do if he once heard of his pretensions. With a man of Ramon's type—absolutely conscienceless—the next idea was simply to get George out of the way. One get rid of the Uncle, and what was to hinder his making off with Teresa and her money.

Undoubtedly he instilled these ideas into Teresa's mind, and she, her sultry temper already aflame at the hint of opposition, was soon ripe for any mischief. Whether this precious pair had already concocted any definite plan I don't know, but that they were only waiting a chance what follows proves.

On this particular evening Teresa had dressed earlier and gone down. A French window was open, and in the moonlight which had already succeeded the dusk she caught sight of something moving through it, undulating in rustling coils up from the grass beyond.

Terrified, she closed the door and stood an instant panting with fright. What was it?

Suddenly it flashed across her. She had just before seen from her window the men bringing in her uncle's spool, a great anaconda, or waterboa, the largest and most powerful constrictor in the world. This was its mate. Her chance had come. Always, before dinner, her uncle would go to his room to fetch the cigar he lit immediately dinner was over. He would go once more—for the last time.

How can I imagine her stealing quietly away from the back door with stealthy footsteps up the stairs to her room and sitting there watching the clock, counting every moment till the gong should summon her uncle to his fate behind that closed door.

Closer and closer crept the hands to 8 o'clock, and still she sat and watched. Suddenly, in the hall below, sounded footsteps across the polished boards. Unnaturally loud they seemed as they passed slowly down the passage beneath. There was the sound of a turning latch, an instant's pause, and then—one long, horrible sound, half shriek half yell which grew shriller, then muffled, and then abruptly ceased.

That shriek I heard with almost equal distinctness away at the other end of the house. To this day I can sometimes hear it, and it comes back to me in dreadful dreams.

I heard my husband rush from his room and his flying feet down the stair way. Other sounds I heard—cries of terror and alarm, hurrying footsteps and slamming of doors. Then I summoned strength to follow. As I ran through the hall two shots rang out in quick succession. A frightful pounding, like a dozen sledge-hammers going at once, ensued; and the next I heard a scream of maniacal laughter, and Teresa rushed by me and out into the night.

The next thing I remember is George's voice, in tones of strong command, "Keep back, Marian!" he called "It is no fit sight for you."

III.

I stood there in the middle of the passage, while around the open study door stood a little knot of native servants. Their faces were ashen with terror, and the white of their eyes goggled horribly. A thin smoke floated out of the room, and the keen smell of gunpowder filled the air. The throbbing beat had almost ceased and George passed into the room, while I staggered back, and sinking into a chair in the hall, fainted dead away.

I need hardly explain what had happened. The wretched Ramon had come in earlier than usual to dinner; had, contrary to his usual custom gone to the study, evidently to leave the pass-book for the day, and had walked straight into the trap set for another. Those horrible coils had crushed him to death long before even George could reach the spot; while the great snake,

in its terrible agonies, had rent the wretch's body in a shocking way, leaving it an unrecognizable mass.

That was what Teresa had seen. The shock no doubt had crazed her. When she ran out, she went straight to the river, at least we suppose so, for we never saw anything of her again. There are alligators in those waters.

## THE RAINY SEASON IN CUBA.

Said to be the Most Charming of the Year—Epidemics Due to Negligence.

Mr. William T. Hornaday, chief naturalist of the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, has spent nearly ten years in East India, Borneo, and Sumatra jungles collecting rare animals, birds, insects, and serpents for the Smithsonian. He is the only white man who ever lived among the head hunters of Borneo.

"All this talk of the danger in Cuba of the rainy season, yellow fever, etc., is greatly exaggerated," Mr. Hornaday said recently. "Because the Spanish army has lost heavily, many uninformed persons fear that the country would be as fatal to newly arrived Americans as it was to green Spaniards. The Spanish troops I saw were wretchedly fed and clothed, and absolutely no heed is taken to enforce the most obvious sanitary regulations. Then the food, clothing, medicines, everything the men should have to live upon, is furnished by contractors, who stand in with the officers and simply starve the poor soldiers into disease and death. The Spanish women have a saying, 'When our sons go to Cuba or the Philippines they never return.' Many a Spanish mother, whose son is coming near the time when he must do service in the army is praying that Cuba and Porto Rico may be lost to Spain before her son goes away.

"After five years of living in the most malarial jungles on earth, in the midst of miasmatic swamps, drinking swamp water, and often having to eat unaccustomed and badly cooked food, I never had but one touch of jungle fever, and that only laid me up six or seven days. I owe my excellent health to two or three precautions. I never slept on the bare ground nor in the rain, and always under shelter. I always wore light flannels next to the skin, and never slept in damp clothes. Whatever else I might have to do with, besides that I had on, were always at hand. Take from six to five grains of quinine every morning in a cup of hot coffee if you have it; if not, then in hot water. Have your shoes fit you, even if you must buy them yourself, though the United States is furnishing its troops with an excellent marching shoe. With these precautions and a dose of some light laxative twice a week, there need be no more fear of fever in Cuba than there is in Missouri."

Mr. Morrillas, a Cuban born, and for some years an assistant surgeon in the United States navy, now in the Marine Hospital service in the tropics, said: "The rainy season, as it is called out of Cuba, is to Cubans the most charming season of the year. It begins generally about the middle of May and lasts to the middle of September. It usually rains in the afternoon, and sometimes the fall is very heavy and accompanied by such thunder and lightning as one never knows outside the tropics. It generally stops at sunset, which is simply unappealingly grand in its cloud effects. I rarely ever have known it to rain at night. It is this so-called rainy season that gives life and vigor to the growing vegetation and makes our sugar and tobacco crops what they are. By eating well-cooked food and eschewing over-indulgence in the fruits of the country, usually so tempting to strangers, always sleeping under some sort of shelter and not on the bare ground, the green Yankee from New Hampshire hills may laugh at the bog of the 'rainy season' and the yellow fever. It is well for the unaccustomed man the first three months of his stay to take from three to six grains of quinine every morning and a mild purgative, say twice a week. You may be as wet as possible if you are on the move, but when you stop change your wet clothes for dry ones, socks and all. You will never have this fever if you follow these easily remembered rules."

## Sunstroke from a Germ.

The symptoms of "sunstroke" are known to occur without any necessary connection with the rays of the sun or high temperatures, but a somewhat novel view of the cause of the malarial fever has been taken by Dr. Sambon, an Italian physician, who believes the cause to be a specified germ. According to Dr. Sambon, "The specific organism of malarial fever is a thermophilic germ which is called by certain people to exist between Sirtius, the dog star, and sunstroke" "is probably spread in the superficial layers of the soil like other pathogenic microorganisms, and may be conveyed to man by dust blown by the wind or thrown up under the tread of a marching column. It is then inhaled into the lungs or injected into the alimentary canal, where it produces the virulent toxin which probably, as in cholera, becomes absorbed and set up these symptoms of the disease.

## Great Britain's Five Flags.

In all Great Britain has five flags—the royal standard, the union jack, the merchant flag, the naval ensign and the blue ensign, the flag of the naval reserve. The union jack is hoisted by colonial governors and each colony shows a different badge. It takes long practice and constant study to identify every British flag that one would see in a voyage around the world.—Chicago Tribune.

## THE CITY OF MANILA.

### A DESCRIPTION OF THE CAPITAL OF THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

It Was Founded by Legaspi in 1571—Nearly Destroyed by an Earthquake Once—The British in 1762 Captured and Occupied It For Fifteen Months.

Manila, the capital of the Island of Luzon and of all the Philippine Islands, is a city of about 100,000 population, not including the adjacent suburbs, which have a total population of about 60,000 additional. The name of the city is pronounced by the Spaniards as though it were spelled Mahnee-la, with the accent on the middle syllable. It is the see of the Roman Catholic archbishop and one of the great emporiums of the East. It is located on the bay of the same name at the mouth of the River Pasig.

The city proper forms the segment of a circle between the river and the sea, and its suburbs extend over numerous islets formed by the river and its branches. The Pasig is prolonged into the bay by two piers, terminating, the one in a small fort, the other in a light house. Vessels of some hundred tons may come up as far as the bridge. On the south side stands the city, having a dilapidated look, but strongly fortified. In the north is situated the Binondo suburb, more populous than the city itself. It is the residence of the foreign merchants and the great center of trade.

The aspect of the whole is at once Spanish and oriental. Long lines of heavily mounted batteries, somber churches, ungainly towers and massive houses of solid masonry mingle with airy cottages in groves of tropical trees, raised on posts to permit the free passage of the waters in the rainy season and so constructed as by their elasticity to stand the shocks of an earthquake. The streets are straight, but for the most part unpaved and during the rains almost impassable. In the city the houses are two stories high and each has its central court yard. Here resides the heads of the state, church and army, and all who would be thought to be of the aristocracy.

A bridge leads across the river into the Binondo suburbs, where a street, called the Escolta, runs to the right and the left, lined with innumerable shops and stalls and crowded with a strange and motley population of various races. Beyond the Escolta a swarm of Chinese, Indians and half castes appear as goldsmiths and jewelers, painters and enamellers, oil and soap merchants, confectioners and keepers of gambling houses and cook shops.

Other suburbs have each its special character. San Fernando is the seat of great cigar manufactories, and Santo Mesa of a cordage manufactory. At the Alcaiceria the Chinese sampans discharge their cargoes. Fishermen and weavers inhabit the division of Tondo and its gardens supply the markets with fruit and vegetables. Mañila is famous for its embroideries. Paco is inhabited by artisans and artists. Convalescents resort for health to Santa Anna and San Pedro Macati.

The principal public buildings are the cathedral, the palaces of the governor and the archbishop, a beautiful town house, ten churches belonging to different religious orders, several monasteries and convents, the arsenal, three colleges for young men and two for young women, the supreme court, prison, civil hospital, university, a marine and a commercial school, a large theater, the custom house and barracks. The city has several squares, in the largest of which, the Prado, there is a bronze statue of Charles IV.

The Royal and Pontifical University of St. Thomas is in the hands of the Dominicans, and has an attendance of about 500 students. The College of St. Joseph belongs to the Jesuits, that of St. Lutheraan gives plain education to Indians and half breeds. The Escuela Pia belongs to the city and is for Spanish children alone. A royal marine school was established in 1820 and a commercial school in St. Isabella are for girls, the latter for orphans. Manila is the seat of government and of the supreme courts. The municipality dates from 1571.

Manila, which formerly occupied a rank of comparative obscurity, is now regarded as commercially equal to Calcutta and Batavia. This change has been wrought by legislative and political changes during the nineteenth century. Being the chief port of the Philippines all their productions flow to and through it, and it is the resort of a great number of colonial vessels of all sizes. It exports sugar, tobacco, indigo, manilla, hemp and cordage, gold dust, birds' nests, coffee, sapan wood, mats, hats, hides, trepang, tortoise shell, cigars, cotton and rice. The manufactures of Manila consist chiefly of cigars and cheroots, a government monopoly which gives employment to several thousand men and women; cordage from the filament of the abaca and the beautiful fabrics called pinas, woven from the fibres of the pineapple leaf and afterward beautifully embroidered.

Manila was founded by Legaspi in 1571. In 1645 it was nearly destroyed by an earthquake. In 1762 it was taken by a British fleet and held for fifteen months.

## Curious Philippine Industry.

The Philippine Islanders pursue an interesting and curious industry. They take the great marine shells known as sea conchs, which are plentiful in the China sea, boil them so as to kill the mollusk which lives inside, remove the meat, and then saw and carve the shell into all sorts of useful shapes. The shell is a very handsome white, with a light pearly lustre on the outside and an iridescent gold within. According to the size of the shell and the way

it is cut they turn out bowls, plates, spoons, saucers, vases, large and small cups, ladies' button boxes, card cases and receivers, pinholders, matchboxes and other household objects. Labor is very cheap, thanks to Spanish rule, the natives getting from five to ten cents a day. As a result these shell goods are very cheap likewise. A handsome tablespoon can be bought for one cent and a dozen for a dime. The wife of a former resident at Manila has a collection of over a thousand pieces, which she says did not cost over thirty dollars. The shells are very durable and much stronger than china or porcelain.

## AN IRISHMAN IN SPAIN.

### The Very Strange Story of an O'Donnell Among the Dons.

In the early part of the century three brothers named O'Donnell left their native country—Ireland, of course—and went to live in Spain, where they all had extraordinary careers; one died in 1867 after he had become the Duke of Tetuan, though he was better known as General O'Donnell; he was one of the most brilliant military men of his time. The youngest brother was cut off in his youth, but nothing in the lives of the others is so strange and touching as the story of his death.

In 1832 there was war in Spain regarding the secession of the throne, and young O'Donnell declared himself for Isabella, who was indeed soon proclaimed queen, but before that time O'Donnell fell a prisoner to General Zumalacarreay, a leader of the Carlist forces. The young Irishman looked upon this as almost a piece of good luck, for the Carlist leader was an old schoolmate of his. The two friends celebrated this meeting after a separation of years as a festive occasion; and as they ate supper together and drank toasts to old times, Zumalacarreay said:

"Your captivity will be brief, my friend. I am just about to send a flag of truce to your general to negotiate an exchange of prisoners, so that you may expect to be free tomorrow."

The flag of truce was indeed sent, but the general was terribly unexpected. The general of the Christians (that was the name given to Isabella's party) answered the Carlist envoy by saying: "I will show you how I treat rebels," and forthwith he had all his Carlist prisoners brought out and shot down before the eyes of the Christians, and the officer had no better news than the story of their death to take back to his chief.

The next morning Zumalacarreay came into his tent where his prisoner was breakfasting, wearing a very unhappy expression; he sat down in silence.

"What is the matter?" asked O'Donnell. "Have you slept badly, or was your chocolate burnt?"

"I am immensely disturbed," was the answer, and he told how the Carlist prisoners had been shot, and added: "I must make reprisals. My friend—in one hour's time you must be shot, no matter how I feel about it."

O'Donnell set down his cup, after finishing his chocolate, and said: "Yes, that is a matter of course; you must not distress yourself about it; I would act in the same way myself. Now give me a couple of cigarettes and writing material, for I must write a letter, which I will trouble you to take care of after my execution."

As he was finishing the letter the guard came to take out the prisoner. O'Donnell got up at once, shook hands with the man who was both his friend and his enemy, lit another cigarette and walked out to be shot.

## Damage to Sheep.

If sheep killed by dogs are to be paid for by taxation, then those who own dogs should pay the bill, writes R. H. Hartwell, of New Jersey. I agree with G. F. Barmore, that it is unjust to pay such bills by a general tax on property, as there is no justice in the townships insuring the owners of sheep against the loss of their flock, and not insuring other property in the same manner.

In New Jersey the law allows the townships at their town meetings to decide in what manner the damage done to sheep and other domestic animals should be paid, whether by a tax of 50 cents or \$1 per head on each dog, or whether a sufficient tax shall be laid on the dogs of the township to pay such damage. It the first manner is decided on, then a per capita tax is laid and collected and if such sum is not sufficient to pay the sheep tags, then each one gets his percentage and there the matter ends for that year. If the second plan is adopted, then all sheep bills are presented at the August meeting of the township committee, and the assessor is ordered to place a sufficient tax on the dogs to pay the bills in full, together with the cost of collecting. This law works well in New Jersey, and if the people of New York would bring sufficient force to bear on their Legislature they doubtless could have a law of this kind passed. The members of the Legislature of New Jersey who voted to assess all property to protect the owners of a particular kind of property would dig his political grave. The owners of dogs will see to it that no unjust valuation is placed on the sheep destroyed.—American Agriculturist.

A tunnel under the straits of Gibraltar is proposed by Mr. Berlier, who lately drove the tunnel under the Seine for the sewage disposal of Paris.

A special industrial association has been formed at Copenhagen with a view to promoting trade interests between Scandinavia and Russia.

## A DIPLOMATIC BOUNCER.

### Unique Position Held by Eddie Savoy in the State Department at Washington.

"One of the most interesting characters in the Government service," said an official of the State Department, at Washington, "is Eddie Savoy, the colored messenger of the assistant secretary of state. He has been employed in that department for the past 27 years and is thoroughly imbued with all its customs and traditions. A perfect diplomat in his way, he never sees anything he should not see nor knows anything it is not intended he should know. At least that is how he impresses the people who do business with him—his superiors as well as those desiring to communicate with them. His position is a strictly confidential one, and frequently puts him in possession of highly important state secrets, the premature disclosure of which, in several recent instances would have seriously embarrassed the Government. But never since he first entered the foreign office, back in the administration of Secretary Fish, when the State Department was located in the building at the corner of 14th and S streets, now used by the orphan asylum, has he been known to betray a trust or to tell anything whatever about the affairs of the State Department that he was not personally authorized to tell. I am reminded of this by the important part he played in the events attending the recall of Sackville West, the British minister, during Cleveland's first administration, as well as those in the more recent case of Senator Polo, the Spanish minister. He acted as the trusted messenger between the Secretary of State and the foreign minister in both cases. Secretary Bayard selected him to personally hand Mr. Sackville West his passports and Secretary Day confided to him the important duty of handing to Senator Polo, first, President McKinley's ultimatum to the Spanish Government for the evacuation of Cuba, and next the official papers insuring him safe conduct out of the territory of the United States. 'Eddie,' as he is familiarly called, was fully impressed with the importance of these missions and adopted a simple but shrewd method to satisfy the head of the department of their successful execution. When he handed Minister West the package containing his passports, he asked him as a favor to show that they had been properly delivered that he write his autograph on the official envelope and give it to him. Mr. West did as requested, and Eddie took the envelope with its autographic indorsement and broken seal back to the department and showed it to Mr. Bayard. He followed exactly the same course with equal success in delivering the ultimatum to Minister Polo. The two envelopes are now 'Eddie's' private property, having been presented to him by Secretaries Bayard and Day, and are treasured by him as relics of important events in the diplomatic history of the United States."

## Epicurean Jack Tars.

While the volunteer Jack tars are in the city to take the monitors off their defensive posts at Portland, Boston and New York, some curious social conditions have been observed. Many of these naval reserve men are of high social standing and wealth, but are serving as seamen and wearing the uniform of their grade. While willing to perform the lowly tasks of ship duty—holystoning the decks, scrubbing paint, cleaning boats, scraping oars and scouring bright work—they are by no means ready to accept the dietary of their mess, and, whenever they get leave, hurry off to the swell restaurants to order the good things they have been used to from childhood up, which good things often include the big cold bottle and the little hot bird.

Now, this desire on the part of these gentlemen seamen has caused the haughty waiters at such places as the Bellevue and the Continental Hotel many moments filled with great astonishment, for to hear from the lips of men in seamen's garb words indicative of deep knowledge of things gustatorial, in the opinion of the waiters, almost passes understanding. And yet these waiters have been told time and time again by the men in seamen's garb that the bird was overdone. Cause for astonishment, indeed, but the waiters are gradually getting on and acting accordingly.—Philadelphia Times.

## A Strangely Lost Race.

The great mystery about Indo-China, and one which must ever be insoluble, is the story of the lost race and the country. The mighty walls of Angkor-Wat, rising in the midst of sparsely vanished civilization of that strange populated jungles, remain as the memorial of a great empire which has utterly disappeared and is altogether lost to history. No one will ever know who planned this gigantic temple, or what tyrant banded on his myriads of people to build up these immense blocks of stone and cover them with the most elaborate of sculptures. Angkor-Wat is one of the most astonishing monuments in the world and this forgotten temple was built so as to endure as long as the earth itself, were it not for the irresistibly destructive effect of plant life on the strongest walls that man can raise. Only a highly civilized and wealthy people could have erected Angkor-Wat—a very different race to the Annamites of modern days. The whole nation has disappeared as utterly as the busy myriads who once populated the wastes and solitudes of Memphis.—Singapore Free Press.

Medical science has made little progress in Turkey. Missionaries have frequently found people, ill from smallpox, neglected, in order that the divine will should have its own way.