

RECOMPENSE.

What is the price, the price of war,
That men give life's brave service for?
Fierce slaughter on the battle-field,
The dread Death Angel's sword revealed;
An army's rude and riotous haste,
The city and the farm laid waste;
Then, when the victor bids the battles cease,
Behold, the wide world's larger liberty and peace.

What are the hopes, the hopes of war,
That men despise their foemen for?
To make a master's proud demands;
To win fair cities and broad lands;
At least, for country's sake, to spend
One's life, and gain a glorious end.
But, best of all, when storms and battles cease,
To win the wide world's larger liberty and peace.

What is the end, the end of war,
That men have ever battled for?
Slaves, who were lords and kings of yore;
The exultation and delight
When nations crown their men of might.
But, at the last, when moil and battles cease,
Behold, the wide world's larger liberty and peace.

—New York Independent.

THE WOLF SLAYER.

By Mark Eastwood.

The prince threw the reins to his servant and sprang from the sledge. "Where is he?" he demanded he.

The muzhik in the doorway of the hut stood bowing to the ground. He did not presume to lift his eyes to the high noble, but they had flashed up like signal fires at the words; yet he affected not to understand.

"It is the old man, Ivan Ivanovitch, the high noble would honor with his commands?" he began. "His servant is full of regret."

"Bother Ivan Ivanovitch!" interrupted the prince impatiently. "What do I want with your father? It is Ivanka, your son, I come to see—the little one who slew the wolf. At least," he added quickly, with a shrug, "so they say, but I do not believe it. Why, it is impossible! A child—a mere puppy?"

The muzhik had thrown out his hands. He could contain himself no longer. "The high noble does not believe?" he cried wildly. Then he rushed into the house to return in a moment brandishing in one hand a knife and in the other holding aloft a shaggy hide.

"The noble prince does not believe?" he repeated, and his eyes seemed to emit sparks. "Let him behold the proofs, Ivanka, my little one, slew the wolf in very truth. Alone—alone he slew it."

As though a flash of electric fire had flown from the man's lips direct to the hearts of his bearers the faces of both flamed up. The man in the sledge lifted his cap and crossed himself with fervent mutterings. He passed the end of his coat across his wet, shining eyes.

The prince took the knife in his hand. Such a thing it was! You can buy the like for 29 kopecks (about 12 cents) at any Russian fair—one of the sort used by the Russian peasants to cut forage, having a crooked blade and horn handle. It was stained, both blade and hilt, with blood.

"I have sought another for use," observed the peasant. "It is wonderful!" murmured the prince as he turned the knife about in his hands.

At this juncture a pair of excited black eyes surmounted by a huge baranka peer round the corner of the hut and as quickly vanished.

Presently the prince looked up. "But the boy!" he cried. "Let us see this wonderful child and hear the story from his own lips."

The peasant looked sharply round. "He was here even when the high noble drew up. There are the hatchet and the wood he was chopping. Ivanka, Ivanka! He has hidden himself, the rascal."

The prince laughed.

"Ivanka! Ivanka!" almost shrieked the peasant. "I will teach you to run and hide when the high noble comes from far and near to see you. By all the saints, if you do not instantly come forth from your hiding hole and relate the whole occurrence to the noble prince, I will break every bone in your body."

Then it was that a coat of sheepskin that just cleared the ground emerged from behind the hut and moved slowly over the trodden snow to within a few paces of the prince. You could only tell by the shining eyes and the tip of a small red nose that peeped between the high stand-up collar that inside of it was a small boy.

Where he stood the blood sun bathed him in heroic glory. Yet in spite of all Ivanka, the wolf slayer, had the mien of a fruit-stealing culprit before the chinovnik. The prince regarded him with mock severity.

"What is this I hear of you, Ivanka?" he began. "Then say that you have slain a wolf!"

Ivanka would have hung his head but that his collar prevented it; so he dropped his eyes in guilty silence. The peasant, behind the prince's back, rubbed his hands and chuckled.

"Come here!" commanded the prince, his mustache lip twisting with a whimsical smile.

The coat moved to the prince's feet. Then the small boy inside it felt him-

self caught up in strong arms and borne into the hut.

Now, though it was a ruddy winter sunset outside, in the hut it was quite gloomy. The window was very small. A dull yellow glow, like a big bullseye, came from the open door of the stove and a glimmer like a glowworm from the tiny lamp that burned before the holy image. The dim outline of a woman and a child in her arms could be discerned by the stove. She came forward as the prince entered and, bending low, raised the hem of his fur mantle to her lips and silently returned to her seat.

The prince sat by the window, and Ivanka stood between his knees, where he had been placed. He trembled inside his sheepskin, yet it was a gentle hand that lifted the baranka from his curly head and raised his chin.

"How old are you, Ivanka?" inquired the prince.

"Ten years, noble prince," faltered the boy; but, his eyes meeting those of the prince at that moment, he ceased to tremble, and the longer he looked the more comfortable he felt.

"And you have slain a wolf?" continued the prince.

"Yes, noble prince."

"And what had the wolf done to you, Ivanka, that you should have taken his life?"

"He had seized our little Minka and would have eaten her up." Ivanka drew a sharp breath.

"How terrible!" exclaimed the prince. "But you—midget! How did you dare to tackle such a foe? It is incredible! Come, tell me all about it. Begin at the beginning, Ivanka."

Ivanka gazed at the ground in silence. He twisted one leg around the other and cracked all his knuckles in succession, but the words would not come.

"Speak, Ivanka, do," came a woman's coaxing voice from the gloom. "Tell his high nobility how it happened."

Another pause, and at length, in a shy, hesitating voice, Ivanka began: "Mother had gone to the town in the sledge, and father lay asleep on the top of the stove. It was afternoon. I was minding Minka, and we played at having a shop with bits of pot from the mug Minka broke. Then I remembered it was time to cut the fodder and feed the beasts, which I can do as well as father now. So I took the fodder knife and stole out. I left the door open a bit, not enough to let the cold in on father, but enough to hear Minka if she cried. I had fed the cows in the byre and had got to the corner of the house coming back, when I heard Minka scream."

As Ivanka uttered the last word his breath came fast. He tossed back his locks with a sudden jerk of the head. Like a gladiator preparing for combat he threw out his chest, setting his teeth, while his small, muscular fingers contracted, doubling in like claws of a falcon. Forgotten was the princely presence with that piteous appeal smiting his ears.

"I sprang forward," he continued, "and saw Minka. She was on the ground just outside the door, and over her hung a monster grim and terrible. His wicked eyes gleamed red, and his cruel teeth were long and sharp. I saw them as he lifted his bristling lip to seize her in his jaws!"

A dry sob arose in Ivanka's throat and made him pause. He coughed it impatiently away.

"It seemed to me then—just for a moment of horror—as though my limbs were bound and I could not move, until the beast began to drag Minka away. At the sight strength came to me, and, with a yell, I threw myself upon him."

"You were not afraid?" put in the prince, who had never taken his eyes off the boy since he began to speak.

"I did not think of fear," replied Ivanka. "I thought of my poor little Minka, and, oh, how fiercely I hated that monster! Hate kills fear," he added reflectively.

"And then?" inquired the prince.

"Oh, then he dropped Minka, and over and over we rolled in the snow, he snarling and worrying my sheepskin. He would have made an end of me but for my sheepskin." And the boy patted his breast and looked himself over complacently.

"After that he shook me until my bones rattled in my skin. Then I was under him, and my mouth was full of his hair, and I was so spent that I would have let him finish me, but Minka cried, 'Ivanka, Ivanka!' and it seemed too hard to leave her. It was that moment I remembered that I still grasped the knife.

"How I struggled round between his mighty paws until my arm was free to plunge the weapon in his throat I know not, but I felt the blood gush out over my face. And then—and then Minka's voice went farther and farther away, and I seemed to be falling as a star falls through the air."

As Ivanka ceased speaking a half stifled sob was heard from the interior of the room. The prince had covered his eyes with his hand as though dazzled, yet the sun had gone down and the place was more gloomy than ever. The peasant stepped forward out of the shadows and stood before the prince in the dim light of the window. He took up the tale.

"It was the screams of the little one that awoke me, your high nobility, and I ran out. Ah, never shall I forget the sight that met my eyes! There lay my little son, dabbled in blood, and beside him the wolf on its back, kicking in death convulsions. When I picked up my Ivanka, I thought him dead, and my heart would have broken had he not at once opened his eyes.

"Minka," he whispered—is she hurt?"

"My darling, no," I answered. "She screams too lustily to be hurt."

"And the wolf? He raised his head from my shoulder and looked wildly around

"He is dead. You have slain him, my hero," I assured him.

"Then he shut his eyes with a great sigh.

"Let me sleep, father," he murmured. "I am so tired."

The peasant chuckled. "He was played out, my little wolf slayer. The noble prince should have seen how he lay like a sack and slept and slept."

Meanwhile Ivanka had grown shy again and gazed wistfully toward the door; but the prince still held him between his knees. Even when he rose to go the high noble detained the boy with a hand on his head.

"Give him to me," he said to the peasant. "Let me take him with me when I go to Petersburg. I will make a great man of him. He shall be a soldier and fight for the Czar."

There was dead silence. The peasant's face had gone crimson. His eyes flew to his son and held him in jealous regard.

"Will you go with me, Ivanka, you wolf slayer, to help keep the human wolves from invading the dominions of the Czar? You shall be taught with the sons of the highest in the land and shall wear the uniform of an imperial cadet."

Ivanka raised solemn eyes to the face that was bent toward him. It was a noble face, handsome and benign and imposing against the swelling sable of the high collar.

"He is great and good and beautiful, like my patron saint, Ivan," he thought.

Something stirred in the gloom of the hut, and quickly Ivanka turned to where his mother sat with the sleeping Minka in her lap. His lip began to quiver.

The peasant found his tongue. "Give him time, noble prince," he faltered huskily, and he, too, looked toward the crouching figure by the stove. "It is a great thing the high noble offers, but the boy is very young."

"Take your time," replied the prince. "In the spring I shall return. Then, since you are sensible people, he will be ready to go."

With these words the great man stooped and kissed Ivanka, pressing a roll of notes into his hand. From the door Ivanka watched the prince depart. He gazed after the fine sledge with its prancing horses as they sped swift as the wind toward the wonderful, mysterious city of the great Czar. When it had disappeared and the merry jingle of the silver bells no longer reached his ear, it was to him as though a bright noonday sun had suddenly dropped from the heavens. And there and then a feeling of longing after greater things crept into his valiant little heart.

"You shall decide for yourself, my son," said the peasant, and the mother hid her grief because she wished Ivanka to be a great man.

Thus it was that when the spring came to stir the sap in the trees and release the icebound brooks at the return of the prince Ivanka was ready to go.—Strand Magazine.

Illiteracy in Russia.

The Czar is enthusiastic in promoting the world's peace—a noble ideal. But it would perhaps be well for him to keep a little of his reforming zeal for his own empire. His subjects have need of it. The only obtainable statistics of the number of persons in the Russian empire who can neither read nor write are to be found in the reports of the army and navy recruiting departments. A recruit is always asked if he can read and write and his answer is registered. The latest reports show that 40 per cent. of the youths who are raised by the conscription are totally illiterate. As a vast number more males than females are able to read in Russia, and it is rare to find an aged peasant who can read and write, it may be accepted as a fact that probably not 20 per cent. of the entire population of the empire has obtained the first rudiments of this knowledge. There are over 100,000 villages in Russia where no school exists. It is calculated that by disbanding 100,000 men of his huge army the Czar would have funds at his disposal for building 10,000 schools and 10,000 village schoolmasters' houses, and would have a million pounds sterling over for paying the teachers' salaries. And he would still have 900,000 soldiers—a number greater than the combined land forces of England, Germany and the United States. Example is better than precept. Let Russia set an example of disarmament—she sorely needs it.—Humanitarian.

An Indian War in New England.

For some years the New England settlers were not troubled by the Indians, but in 1636 war broke out with the Pequots, a fierce and warlike tribe. In the winter of 1636-37 they kept the little Connecticut towns in continual fear. The next summer a small band of white men, some seventy in number, attacked the Indians in their Palisaded town. One of the leaders of this company thus briefly tells the story: It is reported by themselves that there were about four hundred souls in this fort, and not five of them escaped out of our hands. Thus it was that the Pequots were exterminated, and not until forty years later, after the fate of the Pequots was in part forgotten, did the savages again dare to begin war upon the whites.

Steel Taken from an Eye with a Magnet.

The powerful magnet at the Rose Polytechnic Institute, at Terre Haute, Ind., was successfully used a few days ago in a surgical operation by which the eye of a patient was saved. A piece of steel had struck the eye in the upper part, and piercing it, had disappeared. An incision was made below the pupil, the magnet was brought close to the front of it, and the sliver of steel was drawn out.

FUR TRADE OF THE NORTH.

HARD LIFE OF THE HUDSON BAY COMPANY'S VOYAGEURS.

Result of Spring Hunt Varies—Portaging the Severest Work that Comes to the Hunter—Tragedies at the Outposts—A Suggestion of Cannibalism.

The quantity and value of the furs which an Indian may secure as the result of his spring hunt vary greatly, of course, but in a good year from \$200 to \$300 may be taken as a fair average. He may have eight or ten bears, a dozen beavers, four or five otters, a number of lynxes, musquash or muskrats. When all the hunters have come in the furs are pressed into packs of a hundred pounds and sent in New York boats to the frontier trails, over which they are crated to London, England, where they are carefully sorted and afterward sold at the two great annual sales of the company in January and March, which are attended by buyers from all parts of the world.

In the hard life of the voyage there are ever present the elements of danger and excitement. With the first glance of dawn the guide shouts his warning: "Level! Level!" and the men spring from their blankets, pack their camp outfit into the boats and are off. Six oars go to a boat, one to a man, besides a "sweep," in the hands of both bow and steersman. The oars are large and heavy, and the rowers rise to their feet and sink back onto their seats with each long stroke. At 8 o'clock they put ashore for breakfast, and about noon another halt is made; then they go on until night falls, when they stop for the day, eat their supper and throw themselves on the ground for a few hours' rest. I have been told by voyageurs that they have been so tired at night that they were unable to eat, and have flung themselves down on the nearest level spot without so much as removing their coats or snatching a blanket, and slept the sleep of dead weariness until roused at day-break by the cry of the guide.

Fifteen to twenty miles is perhaps an average day's journey; much depends upon the water. In some places rapids and portages occur with exasperating frequency; in others the stream is broad and deep and there is a little current. Again, in crossing a lake, with a favorable wind, sail may be made and the rowers have a welcome rest; while in breasting a rapid around which it is unnecessary or impossible to portage, "tacking" is resorted to. A long line is attached to the bow of the boat and the men disembark, leaving only the steersman to keep her nose off the shore or off rocks in the stream, while the men, far ahead on the bank, haul her up against the torrent. Accidents are common. A block of overhanging ice four or five feet thick, left by the spring flood, may fall upon a man as he passes beneath it and crush out his life; a sudden access of force in the current as the boat rounds a bend may jerk the trackers from their feet and into the river and some may not get out again. Or the boat may drift upon a rock, smash to atoms and the cargo and the men in her be lost.

But portaging is the hardest work which comes to the voyageur, for sometimes it is necessary to drag the heavy New York boat and carry her load of four or five tons over a rough, rocky point a mile in width. A portage strap is fastened to one "piece" of about one hundred pounds; another piece perhaps two, are placed upon this, and with the strap against his forehead, with bared legs and shoeless feet, man after man toils across the portage, until the narrow path beneath is soft and damp with human sweat. They are glad when the last piece is over. The clumsy oars seem light when they pick them up again.

Hunting is the main recreation of the majority of the officers and clerks. The staff at a post go off and camp for a week, and a hundred or more geese and double that number of ducks load the boats on the return. The ptarmigan—brown in summer and white in winter—is a good game bird, and in some localities pinnated grouse or prairie chickens are very numerous. Our ubiquitous little friend, the partridge, too, is nowhere more frequently "at home" to the hunter than here, and he is often such a stranger to the guide of man that an Indian will walk up to the tree upon which he is sitting and slip the noose that he has fixed to the end of a pole over his head. After the first snow in the fall rabbit shooting is good sport, and in seasons when they are plentiful fifty or sixty to the credit of a single huntsman in an afternoon is not an uncommon score. Then there is the large game, such as moose and deer, while now and then a stupid bear pokes his nose in dangerous proximity to the fort, the staff turns out and he is shot for his fatal inquisitiveness.

At one of those posts where I was stationed we kept a moose for two years. She was taken when very young by an Indian, who killed her mother, and brought the calf in his canoe to the fort. She became quite tame, and in the second winter we broke her to drive in harness. Her chief amusements were scaring Indians by racing up to them and stopping abruptly with a loud snort, and planting her forehead on the backs of the train dogs. A train dog will howl upon the slightest excuse, and the pathetic outbursts which greeted the successful performance of this latter feat appeared to cause Maud unstinted enjoyment and a certain mild wonder which it was ludicrous to behold.

The clerks often set traps adjacent to the fort, and in this way find another means of passing time and of adding to their incomes. Snowshoeing is also popular exercise on the short days, and at posts where they are kept horses are in much requisition.

At an outpost where a clerk is alone with his Indian servant, however, the life is wearisome to a degree, and privation not infrequently adds to the hardship of it. Supplies may run short and in any case he is expected to stock himself with fish taken in nets from the lake, near which his post is situated, for his table and his dogs, as well as to augment his larder by the expert and diligent use of his gun. Rare instances have occurred where, through accident, supplies had not reached the far outposts for which they were intended, and the men had literally died of starvation. Out of a York boat's crew which was taking up the annual supplies for a post, far up among the Rocky mountains, on a branch of the Mackenzie river, two or three men were drowned, and the ice beginning to take, the boat was obliged to put back to the district headquarters. The three men at the outpost were left for some weeks without the supplies, and when, after winter had set in, and it became possible to reach them with dog trains, provisions were at length sent them, two were found dead in the post, while the third man was living by himself in a small hut some distance from the fort buildings. The explanation he gave was that he had removed to where there was a chance of keeping himself alive by snaring rabbits, which were more plentiful than at the post; but a suggestion of cannibalism surrounded the affair, for only the bones of his companions were found, and they were in the open chimney place. Nothing was done, however, and I myself saw the survivor many times in after years, though I never spoke to him of that winter. One of the two men who went to the relief told me of the circumstances.

In the very early days, when unmarried white women were rarely to be met with in the country, most of the company's men, including officers, married Indian women. From these alliances a considerable population of half-breeds sprung up, skilled to a moderate degree in civilized arts and manners of life, and from this class the servants of the company were later largely accustomed to choose their wives. At the present day numbers of these descendants, having more or less Indian blood and educated in Great Britain or in Canada, occupy prominent positions in social, professional and business life. The late John Norquay, Premier of Manitoba, was of this class. He was an eloquent speaker and politician.

BURROWING ANIMALS.

Some Dig Holes Merely for Love of the Thing.

Ventilation, or rather the want of it, must be a difficulty in the underground life of almost all mammals. The rabbit and the rat secure a current of air by forming a bolt hole in connection with their system of passages, but the fox, the badger and many of the field moles and mice seem indifferent to any such precaution. There is no doubt that whatever gave the first impulse to burrow, many animals look upon this to us most unpleasant exertion as a form of actual amusement. It also confers a right to property.

Prairie dogs constantly set to work to dig holes merely for the love of the thing. If they cannot have a suitable place to exercise their talent they will gnaw into boxes or chests of drawers and there burrow, to the great detriment of the clothes contained therein. In an inclosed prairie dog town, they have been known to mine until the superincumbent earth collapsed and buried the greater number. A young prairie dog let loose in a small ground-floor house, instantly dug a hole large enough to sit in, turned round in it and bit the first person who attempted to touch him. Property gave him courage, for before he had been as meek as a mouse.

It is noticeable that the two weakest and least numerous of our mice, the dormouse and the harvest mouse, do not burrow, but make nests, and that these do not multiply or maintain their numbers like the burrowing mice and moles. But the fact that there are members of very closely allied species, some of which do burrow, while others do not, seems to indicate that the habit is an acquired one.

In this connection it is worth noting that many animals which do not burrow at other times form burrows in which to conceal and protect their young, or, if they do burrow, make a different kind of a more elaborate character. Among these nursery burrows are those of the dog, the fox and sand martin, the kingfisher and the sheldrake. Foxhounds litters never do so well as when the mother is allowed to make a burrow on the sunny side of a straw stack. In time she will work this five or six feet deep into the stack and keep the puppies at the far end while she lies at the entrance. Vixens either dig or appropriate a clean burrow for their cubs, which is a natural habit, or, at any rate, one acquired previously to the use of earth by adult foxes.

Somewhat Discouraging.

"Some philosopher says: 'The contented man is never poor; the discontented never rich.'"

"That may be all right as far as the man himself is concerned, but it is discouraging to be a member of a contented poor man's family."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Destroyed the Evidence.

"I know the secret of your birth," hissed Reginald J. Porter, after Miss Clyde T. Magianis had rejected him.

"Indeed you do not," she replied emphatically. "But the birth page out of the family Bible years ago."—Do-It-Yourself Press.

CAGED BEAUTIES.

Exposed For Sale to the Passer-By in Algerian Markets.

Mr. William Shark describes in London Literature a visit, while in Algeria, to a street of caged women. It seems it is forbidden to Europeans after dark, but he wandered in, partly through incident, partly through curiosity. He writes: "Some women were in barred rooms and some in cages, offered for sale. The woman in the first cage I passed was rather pretty, and, though her hair was dark, she had pale blue eyes. Her long loose tresses were everywhere clasped with little blue brooches, and I noticed that her lips, the end of her ears and her finger tips were stained a dull red. She accosted me in Moorish-French, and asked me if I would not like to take her away from these jackals of Moors and Arabs. I said I was a stranger, a wayfarer, and if here today, might be far tomorrow. She told me she was not an Arab ('Allah be praised!') and not a Moor, either, but a Koulourl—that is, the child of a Moorish woman by a Turkish father. One girl's face and manner impressed me greatly. She was not beautiful, hardly pretty, but she had a singularly winsome face, with large, fine, gazelle-like eyes. She was a European, a Spaniard, from one of the Balearic Isles. Strangely, she was very fair, with blonde hair full of a dusky gold sheen. She has been taken to Oran, at the extreme western end of Algeria, by a Spanish naval officer, and there in a few weeks had been deserted. For some months she was a derelict in that old Hispano-Mauresque town. After her child was born she had gone inland to hill-side Tiemcen, the old Moorish town that stands within sight of the frontier of Morocco. There a rich Moor had taken her to his harem. On his death a few months later she had been purchased by a Jew from Algiers, and straightway sold to a young Turk at Bona. The Turk, when tired of her, disposed of his property to an Arab sheik, who had grown tired of her in turn and placed her in the street cage, an article for sale. For some minutes I stood talking to a poor imprisoned creature, when a passing guard took notice of the incident and whispered to me in French to move away at once and return to the foreign quarter. He had passed on before I could see his face. The next moment I descried the evil countenance of a Jewish-looking Moor, behind the cage of the Oran woman. He was her owner and he had been listening to our conversation. When he discovered that he had not a purchaser to deal with he came forward brusquely. 'Do you want her or not?' he demanded, sneeringly, in guttural Algerian French. 'No! Then be off with you, infidel dog, and by the way you came if you value your skin.'

A NATURE-LOVER'S WEALTH.

The following extract from an interview with Mr. John Burroughs, recently published in Success, contains things that are well worth thinking about:

"I consider the desire which most persons have for the luxuries that money can buy an error of mind. It means nothing except a lack of higher tastes. Such wants are not necessary wants, not honorable wants. If you cannot get wealth with a noble purpose, it is better to abandon it and get something else.

"Peace of mind is one of the best things to seek—and finer tastes and feelings. The man who gets these, and maintains himself comfortably, is much more admirable and successful than the man who gets money and neglects these. The realm of power has no fascination for me. I would rather have my seclusion and peace of mind.

"This log hut, with its bare floors, is sufficient. I am set down among the beauties of nature, and in no danger of losing the riches that are scattered all about. No one will take my walks or my brook away from me. Flowers, birds and animals are plentifully provided. I have enough to eat and to wear, and time to see how beautiful the world is, and to enjoy it.

"The whole world is after your money, or the things you have bought with your money. It is the trying to keep them that makes them seem so precious.

"I live to broaden and enjoy my own life, believing that in so doing I do what is best for every one. If I had run after birds only to write about them, I should never have written anything that any one else would have cared to read. I must write from sympathy and love—that is, from enjoyment—or not at all.

Where the Great Forests Are.

A table in Science shows that Canada leads all other countries in the extent of her forests. She possesses 799,220,720 acres of forest-covered land, as against 450,000,000 acres in the United States. Russia is credited with 498,240,000 acres, about 48,000,000 more than the United States. India comes next with 140,000,000. Germany has 34,347,000 acres, France 23,466,450, and the British islands only 2,935,000. The table does not include Africa or South America, both of which contain immense forests. It may surprise some readers to learn that the percentage of forest-covered land is larger in several European countries, Germany for instance, than in the United States.

Dangerous Place.

First Tragedian—Just listen to this: "In California there are ostrich eggs weighing three pounds." Second Tragedian—Great Scott! Isn't it lucky our troupe didn't get a chance to play in California this year?