

More than fifty-five per cent. of American freight is exported and imported on British ships.

Washington officials hold that the Japanese are entitled to be admitted to citizenship in every part of the United States, and have the privilege of the most favored nation clause, unless Congress shall pass laws hereafter to interfere.

A Russian physician examined a number of students with regard to their health as affected by smoking. Of the smokers 16.09 per cent. were found to have some affection of the respiratory tract, while only 10.69 of the non-smokers were thus affected. In respect to diseases of the alimentary tract, the figures were respectively 11.88 and 9.92 per cent.; and of both tracts combined, 8.77 and 3.22 per cent.

Famine and pestilence are raging in Russia again, on a scale far more serious than in India a year ago. Those who charged the Indian woes against the British government will please take notice, says the New York Tribune. As for the scourges of Russia, there is indisputable evidence that they are really the fault of the government in refusing to permit the people to become educated and thus able to till their land better and improve their sanitary condition. It insists that they shall remain in ignorance and squalor, and the result is that they are dying like flies in a frost.

There are floating stories occasionally of frog farms here and there, but all apocryphal, Forest and Stream says, if by farming be meant the artificial propagation of frogs as fishes are propagated in hatcheries, and reared through the successive stages from the eggs to maturity. M. F. Chamberlain of the United States fish commission says that while the value of frogs as food is now thoroughly recognized in this country, to such a degree, indeed, that the United States consumes more frogs than are eaten in any other country, not excepting France itself, human ingenuity has not as yet devised a method of carrying artificial cultivation beyond the larval stage. It is comparatively easy to stock a pond with breeding frogs or with tadpoles. They may be protected against their natural enemies, but the insurmountable trouble is to furnish food for the young frogs. Live food is absolutely requisite, but there is no practical device to furnish insects.

One of Germany's leading statisticians has come to the conclusion that in order to live long it is necessary to be married. Out of every seventy men who reach the age of sixty he finds that forty-eight are married men and only twenty-two bachelors. This German statistician, whose name is Dr. Schwartz, further finds that between the ages of thirty and forty-five the mortality among bachelors is twenty-seven per cent. while among married men it is only eighteen per cent. Dr. Schwartz has proved that it is absolutely necessary to be married if a man wishes to become a centenarian, for of fifty proved centenarians whom the doctor has examined not one was a bachelor. It is true that there were no married men, either for all the old men were widowers. These facts are now established. To live long a man must be married, and then become a widower at some period of his life, which has not yet been ascertained. Evidently, if Dr. Schwartz discovers the exact length married life should continue he will have solved the problem of old age.

The United States supreme court recently decided a case that may have a marked influence toward the discouragement of suicide. It was confronted with the question whether the heirs of a sane man, who had committed suicide, could recover on an insurance policy taken out by the man upon his own life. The court ruled in the negative, thus in the particular case in point barring the heirs from an enormous sum of money to the extent of which various companies had insured the life of the suicide. The court's reasoning is sound and based upon a recognition of the best public policy with regard to the treatment of suicides. It was held that to compel the payment of such policies would be to put a premium upon self-destruction by offering a degree of incentive to discourage men whose sole hesitations about committing suicide might spring from the fear of leaving destitute those dependent upon them. If, by insuring their lives heavily and paying a title of the premium required by the companies they could make sure of the support of these survivors this bar to suicide, which may be fairly considered as influencing many men to prevent their self-destruction, would be withdrawn.

Political matters in Great Britain have begun to attract attention such as they have not received in a long time, says Harold Frederic.

Russia is said to have crowded England out of the flowery kingdom; but it is hardly probable. John Bull has planted his feet in that China shop, and it will require something more than diplomacy to remove him.

The butchers and meat dealers of Berlin complain that \$7,664,000 worth of meats were imported into Germany in 1896, principally from the United States, and at prices with which they are unable to compete. They therefore petition the government to open the frontiers to the free importation of animals and meats from European countries, and to restrict by all practicable means the import of meats from America, which is steadily increasing from year to year. Even in the matter of apples the Yankees have seized the market, and last year there were landed at the single port of Hamburg before November 18, 64,538 barrels. In short, American competition is now spoken of in Europe as the "transatlantic danger."

The latest advice from Peking brought new stories illustrating the arrogance of the European governments in their treatment of China. Until recently all business with foreign nations was transacted at the tsung-lyamen, and the members of the diplomatic corps visited that place almost daily whenever they had business with the government. But the German minister compelled Weng Tung Ho, Chang Yen Yuen and other members of the yamen to come to his legation for the purpose of discussing the demands of the kaiser's government for indemnity for the death of the Jesuit missionaries and other matters relating to the occupation of Kiao-Chou. This is the first time such humiliation has ever been imposed.

Two years ago a Kansas colony consisting of about a dozen persons sold out all their property and set forth with the proceeds to the Holy Land, for the purpose of rebuilding Jerusalem in preparation for the second coming of Christ. The fund all told consisted of about \$10,000, and it must have required faith as a grain of mustard seed to believe that such a sum would be sufficient to make the towers of imperial Salem again rise crowned with light and restore the splendors of Solomon's Temple. The experiment has, of course, turned out a failure, announces the New York Tribune, and the colonists are to return to Kansas, leaving Jerusalem to its natural processes of growth and decay, as they ought to have done from the beginning. In starting life over again in the homes they abandoned they are not likely to find the experience acquired in their pious exile worth anything like the money it cost them.

Says the Chicago Drovers' Journal: The tendency to feed cattle and not raise them is growing more popular with the farmers of the middle west every year. This is a short cut to quick returns, and saves about two years' time. Of course somebody has to raise the stock cattle, but as this part of the industry can be carried on more cheaply on the big ranches, farmers who raise corn prefer to let them have a monopoly on the breeding and raising end of it. The number of range cattle that are being fed on corn each winter is growing rapidly. This fact is just as noticeable with sheep as with cattle, for naturally the same conditions and results obtain.

The revised figures showing the extent of the American grain crop for the past year have just been given out by the United States department of agriculture. The acreage devoted to the six principal cereals, viz.: corn, wheat, oats, rye, barley and buckwheat, aggregated 150,431,105 acres, while the total amount of grain produced aggregated 3,040,922,822 bushels. The value of the entire crop is estimated at \$1,121,295,762. In detail the figures showing the amount of each cereal produced, together with acreage and valuation, are as follows:

	Aeres.	Bushel.	Value.
Corn,	80,095,051	1,902,967,938	\$501,072,952
Wheat,	39,465,066	530,141,163	428,547,121
Oats,	25,730,375	698,767,809	147,974,711
Rye,	1,703,561	27,363,334	12,239,641
Barley,	2,719,116	66,685,127	25,142,131
Buckwh't	717,996	14,997,451	6,319,189
Total,	150,431,105	3,040,922,822	\$1,121,295,762

While the figures represent but little profit to the individual farmers scattered over the United States, they, nevertheless serve to indicate the surpassing magnitude of the country, which is capable of producing harvests in such abundance.

## THE GOOD WE DO.

The good we do with motives true  
Will never quite be lost;  
For somewhere in time's distant blue  
We gain more than it cost.  
And oft I think a strange surprise  
Will meet us, as we gain  
Some diadem that hidden lies,  
From deeds we thought in vain.

Oh, toiler in a weary land,  
Work on with cheerful face,  
And sow the seed with lavish hand,  
With all the gentle grace  
That marks a brave, yet loving soul,  
A soul of royal birth,  
And golden harvests shall entold  
Your own bright, blessed earth.

## The Conqueror of Junius.

"A regular Amazon!" said Junius Haven, shrugging his shoulders. "On the very top of a load of hay, with a straw hat pulled down over her eyes and a pitchfork in her hand!"

"Now, Junius," cried out Mary Haven, "you are talking arrant nonsense."

"A man must believe his senses," said Junius. "I asked for Miss Jocelyn, and the ancient beldame who was shelling peas by the kitchen window pointed one skinny forefinger across the fields and answered, 'There she is, a-gettin' in the hay. They all stir round lively in these parts when there's a shower comin' up. Guess you'll find her, if you goes across lots.'"

"And you?" questioned Mary.

Mr. Haven smiled ironically.

"I?" said he. "You must bear in mind that I was looking for a young lady, not for a farm boy's assistant, so I just turned around and came home."

"But there must be some mistake!" cried out impetuous Mary. "My Ellice Jocelyn is a princess among women, tall and slender and graceful, who plays the harp and writes delicious transcendental essays."

"There was neither harp nor writing desk on the top of that load of hay," said Junius, very decidedly. "And pray, Mary, don't be offended, but I am rather disenchanted with your rustic belles, after my afternoon's experience. Reach me a cigar, please, and don't let anyone disturb me for a while, there's a darling!"

Mary Haven obeyed. Was not Junius, newly arrived from Europe, a very shah and sultan among men, to be waited on and humored in his every caprice?

But while she found the cigar-case, handed the newspaper and regulated the exact fall of the curtain-folds which should be most agreeable to her brother's optical partialities, she puzzled her brain as to how and why and wherefore this little plan of hers for an instant attachment between Junius and Ellice Jocelyn had thus come to an untimely standstill.

"It's the most unaccountable thing in the world," said Mary to herself. "I think I'll go over and see what it all means."

Low and long, with gabled fronts and bay windows, all wreathed about with trumpet creepers and blue-cupped convolvulus vines, the Jocelyn farmhouse stretched itself out under the umbrageous walnut trees, with Ellice's hammock swinging in the porch and Ellice herself, posed like a woodland nymph.

She was certainly very pretty, this fair-haired blonde, with the complexion of sea-shell pink, the china-blue eyes, the dimples on cheek and chin, the muslin dress that looked as if it might have been just taken out of the windows of a New York modiste—and she came forward, cool and composed, to meet Miss Haven, as if the June sun were not blazing overhead and the thermometer in the porch did not stand at 90 degrees in the shade.

"So glad to see you, dear!" said Miss Jocelyn, with the princess air which seemed to sit so naturally on her.

"Dear Ellice," said Mary, plunging precipitately into her subject, "where have you been all the morning?"

"Where have I been?"

"Believe me, I am not asking from mere curiosity," pleaded Mary. "I have a reason. You will answer me, I know."

"Certainly! Why shouldn't I?" said the serene one, lifting her golden brows the sixteenth part of an inch. "Let mese—I was in the glen, sketching the beautiful mossy boulders by the spring, until the shower came up, and then I sat in my own room and wrote a few letters."

"Then it couldn't have been you, after all!" blurted ejaculated Mary.

"What couldn't have been me?"

"The girl with the pitch-fork on the top of the load of hay."

And then, laughing heartily at her own blunder, Mary related the morning adventure of her brother.

"It must have been Una," said Ellice Jocelyn, with a slight shadow of annoyance upon her smooth brow.

"Una! The little sister who has just returned from boarding school?"

Miss Jocelyn inclined her head.

"There is no end to that child's pranks," said she, impatiently. "And papa indulges her in everything. Dear, dear! I hope your brother wasn't very much shocked?"

"I'm afraid he was," said truthful Mary. "He supposed it was you, of course. And he said you were a regular Amazon and that he didn't care to make the acquaintance of a farm boy's assistant!"

Ellice clasped her hands together in sylph-like despair.

"It's enough to drive one frantic," said she.

And in the same moment a brown-cheeked damsel, with chestnut curls tangled around her neck and a pretty brown cambric dress, burst into the room like a beam of sunshine.

"It isn't true!" said she, defiantly. "I'm not an Amazon, and nobody has any business to call me a farm boy's assistant!"

"Una!" softly pleaded Ellice, lifting her white palms, as if to ward off this sudden gust of breezy defiance.

"And the hay would have been

spoiled if I hadn't helped to get it in and poor old Hans would have been discharged for forgetting; and, besides, wasn't Maud Muller, in the poem, a haymaker? And did anyone dare to criticize her?"

"I am sure—" mildly commenced Miss Haven.

"Oh, don't make any apologies!" said little Una, with her reticent nose in the air and two red spots on her cheeks. "And tell your brother, Miss Mary, that I am as little anxious to make his acquaintance as he is mine."

And exit Una, not without some slight emphasis on the closing of the door.

"How pretty she has grown!" said Mr. Haven, in admiration.

"Do you think so?" said Ellice, a little doubtfully. "She is so dark and so abrupt, you know; and then, she has no charm of manner—poor, dear, little Una!"

Junius Haven laughed a little when the younger Miss Jocelyn's defiant message was brought to him.

"She need not be alarmed," he said. "There is no sort of probability that we shall be brought into contact with each other."

But "Man proposes and God disposes," says the sparkling little proverb, and the week was not out before Mr. Junius Haven, strolling among the picturesque woods, found himself in a ruined saw mill, where tall, sweet fern bushes grew through the yawning crevices of the mouldering floor, and sunbeams sifted like misty lines of gold between the cracks in the roof above.

"There must be a view from that peak," said Haven to himself; and springing up a slight ladder, which reared itself from beam to beam, he picked his way across the perilous flooring to the window, which looked out over a breezy stretch of vale and upland, where the blue windings of a river flashed in the sunshine, and the undulations of a distant mountain chain seemed to close up the horizon with its purple gateways.

As he stood there, feasting his eyes upon the prospect, a slight noise below attracted his ear; he hurried to the edge of the floor in time to discover that the ladder, his sole means of escape, was walking off upon the shoulders of a stout, silver-haired old man, who whistled cheerfully as he went.

"Hallo!" shouted Junius. "Hold on there, my man! Where are you going with that ladder?"

No answer—no response of any nature.

"Is the man deaf?" cried Junius, in a sort of frenzy.

That was precisely what old Hans Diefendorf was. As deaf as the proverbial post.

Pretty Una Jocelyn was waiting for him on the edge of the ruins, holding up one pretty finger.

"Hush, Hans!" said she. "Don't you hear some one calling?"

"Me not hear nothin'," said old Hans, whose dull ears could catch Una's clear, sweet voice, when all the shouting of the farm hands was inaudible to him. "It must be de catbirds or some one who shoots squirrels in de glen, may happen."

"No," said Una, crisply; "it is a voice calling. Stay here, Hans, until I come back."

Hans stood still, contentedly, with the ladder on his back, while his young mistress hurried up the steep bank as fast as she could.

"Who is it?" she cried, in a voice sweet and shrill as a thrush's warble.

"It is I!" responded Mr. Junius Haven, plaintively. "I climbed up here, and now some one has taken the ladder away, and I can't get back."

Una stood there, tall, brown-cheeked, with her hands clasped behind her back and the wind blowing her chestnut curls about, while a mischievous light scintillated under her long, dark eyelashes.

"Oh," said she, "I understand! You are Mr. Haven?"

"And you are Miss Una Jocelyn?" said he, coloring and biting his lip.

"Exactly," responded the girl. "And here is an excellent opportunity for me to be avenged. You have called me an Amazon, a farm boy's assistant—all manner of names, and you are at my mercy now."

"Yes," confessed Mr. Haven, penitently; "it's all true."

"Don't you think it would serve you right, if I sent you home with the ladder, instead of recalling him to your assistance?"

"Of course it would," said Haven. "So do I," said Una; "but I mean to be magnanimous. Hans! Hans!"

Clear and flute-like her voice sounded down the glen, and old Hans' husky accents replied:

"Yaw, yaw! I ish coming!"

Una Jocelyn in the meantime stood looking at Mr. Haven as coolly as if he were a Sphinx or an obelisk or some such marvel of the universe. Mr. Haven regarded her on his part with a sort of meek propitiation, and when at last he had descended and stood on the green turf beside his fair rescuer, he held out his hands.

"I hope we are friends?" said he.

"Oh, certainly!"

But she made no motion to take the extended palm.

"Won't you shake hands with me?" he asked, in some discomfiture.

"I didn't suppose you cared to shake hands with a regular Amazon," said Miss Una, sarcastically.

"It was a foolish speech," said Haven, vehemently, "and I've been sorry for it a score of times since it was spoken!"

Una turned to him with a smile that illuminated her piquant face.

"In that case it shall be forgotten," said she. "And I'm very glad that old Hans brought the ladder here to look for my poll-parrot that has been lost these two days."

"I wonder if I couldn't help find it?" said Mr. Haven, eagerly.

"I don't know," said Una, demurely. "You might try."

They did try. The parrot was not found, for he had been stolen by a tramp who slept in the Jocelyn barn two nights before. But Mr. Haven and Miss Jocelyn became excellent friends in the progress of the quest.

Una forgave him his city-bred prejudices, and he began to see things through the medium of her clear and brilliant eyes. They had called her a child, but she was such a bright, original sort of child!

And one evening, about a fortnight subsequently, Mr. Haven astonished his sister by saying, abruptly:

"Well, Polly" (the name he always used when he was in an especially good humor), "I have a piece of news for you. I have proposed to Miss Jocelyn, and she has been graciously pleased to accept me."

Mary clasped her hands in delight.

"Oh, Junius!" she cried, rapturously.

"But not your Miss Jocelyn," he added—"not the one like an exaggerated wax doll. It is Una that I mean—my dark-eyed queen of the brunettes—my little compound of fire and dew and sparkle!"

"Oh," said Mary, "I am sure I'm very glad!"

But she thought, and so did Miss Ellice Jocelyn, that there was no accounting for the erratic direction taken by the current of true love.—Saturday Night.

## QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

Dutch omnibuses are fitted with letter boxes.

Birmingham turns out five tons of hairpins every week.

One of the German cities boasts a street laid with rubber.

Six thousand people sleep in the open air in London every night.

Over one thousand children are born yearly in the London workhouses.

Two thousand two hundred trains leave London ordinarily every twenty-four hours.

Nearly \$5,000,000 worth of proprietary medicines are exported from the United Kingdom each year.

There are nearly 19,000 hounds maintained in the United Kingdom exclusively for hunting purposes.

Kerosene from Sumatra is entering the markets of the far East in competition with the Russian oil.

In Berlin and Leipsic cyclometers are attached to cabs, so that the occupant may know his legal fare.

There are 305 miles of street railways in St. Louis now, and they carry 100,000,000 passengers a year.

Great preparations are being made for the Stock Growers' convention to be held in Denver on January 25th.

It is stated that sharks have now penetrated into the Mediterranean through the Suez canal from the Red sea.

In France there have been found only two criminals whose measurements by the Bertillon system coincided.

The Adams homestead at Quincy, Mass., has been restored under the direction of the Quincy Historical society.

The oldest living clergyman of the Church of England, the Rev. Edward Allen of Tiverton, Devon, recently celebrated his hundredth birthday.

A substitute for honey has been introduced in Germany under the name of sugar-honey, and consists of sugar, water, minute amounts of mineral substances and free acid.

In the British Lord Chamberlain's department the position of chimney-sweeper is held by a woman, and the office of statutory mason is also filled by a member of the fair sex.

Marie Antoinette was the first person who broke the absurd fashion of dressing infant boys as doll miniatures of their fathers. She attired the unfortunate daphin in a simple blue jacket and trousers.

Signor Tosti, the famous composer, after a hard day's work, either teaching his many royal pupils or in composing, seeks recreation at his favorite amusement of upholstering. The greater part of the chairs and the whole of his wife's bonheur have thus been upholstered by Signor Tosti.

## \$100,000 in Elephant Tusks.

Zanzibar is to the trade in ivory what Cape Town is to the diamond business. Many carloads of mammoth tusks are shipped from Zanzibar each month of the year, and native merchants have grown immensely wealthy in the business of gathering and shipping the elephant's contribution to the world's commerce.

The largest shipment of ivory tusks ever sent from Zanzibar was transported on the sailing vessel Madeira to Aden and thence by steamer to New York. The value of the shipment amounted to nearly \$100,000, and consisted of 355 magnificent tusks, weighing 22,307 pounds. Enough billiard balls could be made from this pile of tusks on which to roll the New York postoffice from the Battery to Harlem.—New York Journal.

## A TEMPERANCE COLUMN.

### THE DRINK EVIL MADE MANIFEST IN MANY WAYS.

"Sign the Pledge"—Tributes to the Late Frances E. Willard.—The Coming Man Must Be a Sober One, or He Will Not Be Able to Obtain Employment.

Sign the pledge! we now entreat you: Come with us and take your stand. Many friends with joy will greet you, Give you welcome to our band! Sign the pledge! our country calls you, Bids you help us in the fight; Ere the tempting cup enthralls you, Sign the pledge! oh, sign to-night!

Sign the pledge! The promise given In the name of God Most High, Will encourage some who've striven From the dangerous path to fly! Your example thus to others, Shall be as a grating cry: For the sake of weaker brothers, Sign the pledge! oh, sign to-night!

Sign the pledge! The children's voices Rise to heaven—oh, heed their cry! Many a fresh young heart rejoices, Many a cheer supplies a sigh, When fond parents help their dear ones In the battle of the right. For the sake of precious souls, Sign the pledge, then, sign to-night!

—Frederick Sherlock.

Tributes to Frances E. Willard.

She was, in short, the personification of a principle.—Washington Times.

Miss Willard was one of the most distinguished women of this century.—Fon du Lac Commercial.

The example of this noble woman is an inspiration to her sisters throughout the world.—New York Mail and Express.

With all her achievements it will be the crowning glory of her renown that she was a woman among women.—Detroit Free Press.

Frances Willard had the true statesman's mind along with the intuitions of a heart filled with spiritual devotion.—Boston Transcript.

The death of Miss Frances E. Willard will carry sorrow to the hearts of every woman. She was a noble woman, nobly planned.—Philadelphia Record.

Miss Willard was a patriotic woman and American through and through, but the grand world sweep of her labors made her a cosmopolitan.—Rocheester Times.

The death of Miss Frances Willard removes from the ranks of earnest workers one of the purest spirits that ever graced the round earth.—Denver Post.

Other leaders may arise to carry on her work, but none can win a warmer place in the hearts of the women of America than Miss Willard.—Bacon Journal.

But, in spite of the fact that she represented what is called the "progress of women," she was not a new woman in any sense of the word.—New York Sun.

Probably no woman leader in any of the reformatory movements of the time has inspired her followers with a higher degree of trust, confidence and affection.—Philadelphia Leader.

The motto—of her choosing, we believe—"For God and Home and Native Land," of her organization was not merely rhetorical. She was one of the cleverest thinkers of her sex.—New York Press.

Miss Willard was a genius in organization and administration. A stern, earnest worker and a keen judge of persons, she knew where to place her trust and where to labor herself in the field.—Washington Star.

She took a part, and one of far-reaching prominence and importance, in the world's affairs, yet was always a woman never losing the tender grace of a child's slowness, which, after all, are the distinguishing traits of the sex.—Philadelphia North American.

It is not too much to say that, without the ability, good sense, steady firmness and thorough devotion of Frances E. Willard that remarkable organization, the W. C. T. U., never could have attained to the position of influence and power which it now holds.—Boston Globe.

The question of drunkenness or sobriety in an employe is year by year assuming greater importance, says an exchange. The more responsible requirements of these later times make a new phase in the temperance question. Rapid transit and rapid pretty much of everything in this country, and space, and they have also the liability to annihilate a great deal of human life. Those who direct these things, they who are in immediate control, must have clear heads, sharp eyes and strong arms. There is no place of responsibility in which a drunkard or tippler can by any moral right be put. In discussing this matter, a recent writer says very pertinently, and speaking the sentiments of all thoughtful persons: "The conviction of drunkenness, among employers and laborers equally, to dismiss inebriety from the problem of employment, wages and labor. Each side plainly sees the injury—the damage to all parties imposed by the inebriate. The day is coming and must soon come, when sobriety will stand first among the titled qualifications of labor. So many men work among machines that drunkenness is inconsistent with their own safety; so many work in places which involve the safety of others, where drunkenness cannot possibly be tolerated. A drunken man may wreck a train simply because he is drunk. He may destroy property because he is drunk, and make a drunken blunder with machinery. Human liberty does not include the privilege of drunkenness in places where human life or property is at stake or dependent upon the mistakes of an alcoholized brain. Drinking locomotive engineers, for instance, certainly are dangerous men. No penalty can be too great for a company which knowingly employs drinking men in places where their responsibility involves human life. In fact, all such men should be cured of their drinking habit or discharged. If any such person should be given employment unless he has a clean bill of health in relation to inebriety."

The Wine and Spirit G. and S. states that a new code is to come into operation in Germany in 1900, which "inter alia" enacts the compulsory treatment of habitual drunkards. The exact description given of an habitual drunkard is: "He who, in consequence of inebriety, cannot provide for his affairs, or brings himself or his family into the danger of need, or endangers the safety of others." The code provides for his being placed under a curator, who will be empowered to place the individual anywhere for treatment until discharged from curatorship by the court. The colonies are popularly supposed to produce novelties in legislation, because of their freedom from many of the restrictions which prevail in older countries; but here is a proposal which might well be accepted, even if it is "made in Germany."—National Temperance Advocate.

Temperance of the Tartars.

Here is a little bit of testimony as to the influence of strong drink in shortening life, and of course in impairing the brain, establishing diseased conditions, if any long before the end. Official statistics show that while the mortality amongst Russians is forty per 1000, the rate among the Kazan Tartars, who are a branch of the nomadic population, is only twenty-one per 1000. These Tartars, who live in Russia, number 640,000. With the exception of their teetotalism they live under exactly the same conditions as the Russians. Granting accuracy of the figures, it is to be noted that the Russians prefer "a life and a merry one!"