... moment ... man stand ... civilization ... human race ... the father and ... this ... shaft and ... selfishness and live righteously ... ple let it ... that no earthly government ... which is not built on mercy ... and love.

... to the cord and lowered ... waiting messenger.

... Max returned. His clothes ... his face pale, his eyes wild ... and around his head he wore a bandage stained with his own ... screamed and his in their ...

"What is the matter, Max?" I asked.

... all in vain," he replied despair. "I thought I would be able to ... order out of chaos and reconstruct ... But that dream is past."

"What has happened?" I asked.

... went this morning to Prince Ca... palace to get Cæsar to help me ... held high carnival all night and ... drunk in bed. Then I went ... with the mob. But another ... had happened. Last night the ... —the Jew—fled in one of ... carrying away one hundred ... dollars that had been left in his ...

"Where did he go?" I asked.

"No one knows. He took several of ... trusted followers of his own nation, ... him. It is rumored that he has gone ... that he proposes to make himself king in Jerusalem, and, with his vast wealth re-establish the glories of Solomon and revive the ancient splendors of the Jewish race, in the midst of the ruins of the world."

"What effect has his flight had on the mob?" I asked.

"A terrible effect. They are wild with suspicions and full of rumors. They gathered, in a vast concourse, around the Cabano palace, to prevent Cæsar leaving them like the cripple. They believe that he, too, has another hundred millions hidden in the cellars of the palace. They clamored for him to appear. The tumult of the mob was frightful.

"I rose to address them from the steps of the palace. I told them that they need not fear that Cæsar would leave them—he was dead drunk, asleep in bed. If they feared treachery, let them appoint a committee to search the palace for treasure. But—I went on—there was a great danger before them which they had not thought of. They must establish some kind of government that they would all obey. If they did not they would soon be starving. I explained to them that this vast city, of ten million inhabitants, had been fed by thousands of carloads of food which were brought in, every day, from the outside world. Now the cars had ceased to run. The mob had eaten up all the food in the shops, and to-morrow they would begin to feel the pangs of starvation. And I tried to make them understand what it meant for ten million people to be starving together.

"They became very quiet. One man cried out:

"'What would you have us do?'

"'You must establish a provisional government. You must select one man whose orders you will all submit. Then you must appoint a board of counsellors to assist him. Then the men among you who are engineers and conductors of trains of cars and of air-lines must reassume their old places; and they must go forth into the country and exchange the spoils you have gathered for cattle and flour and vegetables, and all other things necessary for life.'

"'He wants to make himself a king,' growled one ruffian.

"'Yes,' said another, 'and set us all at work again.'

"'He's a d—d aristocrat, anyhow,' cried a third.

"But there were some who had sense enough to see that I was right, and the mob at once divided into two clamorous factions. Words led to blows. A number were killed. Three wretches rushed at me. I shot one dead, and wounded another; the third gave me a flesh wound on the head with a sword; my hat broke the force of the blow, or it would have made an end of me. As he raised his weapon for a second stroke, I shot him dead. My friends forced me through the door of the palace, in front of which I had been standing; we double locked it to keep out the surging wild beasts; I fled through the back door, and reached here.

"All hope is gone," he added sadly; "I can do nothing now but provide for our own safety."

(To be Continued.)

Sir Edwin Arnold says of the Empress of Japan:—"A true Japanese woman, in that almost divine self abregation, patience and dutifulness which are the common qualities of her gentle daughters of the land. She is a veritable mother of the nation, never wearied of good works, and foremost in encouraging all wise social reforms."

"The proper aim" (to solve the problem of poverty) "is to try and reconstruct society on such a basis that poverty will be impossible, and the altruistic virtues have really prevented the carrying out of this aim. Just as the worst slave-owners were those who were kind to their slaves, and so prevented the horror of the system being realized by those who suffered from it, and understood by those who contemplated it, so, in the present state of things, the people who do most harm are the people who try to do most good—and at last we have the spectacle of men who have really studied the problem and knew the life, coming forward and imploring the community to restrain its altruistic impulses of charity, benevolence and the like. They do so on the ground that such charity degrades and demoralizes. They are perfectly right—charity creates a multitude of sins."—*Oscar Wilde.*

WOMAN.

Edited by Mrs. E. Day MacPherson.

Is old-Tyson ... the rich ... have the press.

It is a good thing ... always burn the ... house. If the ... draughts are open and the ... there is a perceptible ... and the intense heat can be utilized for heating the ...

Mrs. M. I. Cocklin ... of Des Moines, I... recently read a paper on "Old Maids" before the women's section of the Unity Club which was commended as one of the finest defences of the voluntary single women ever made.

Ladies in Norway have, according to the new Act the same right as men to attend the colleges for the training of teachers in the National schools. Arrangements will now be made at some of these colleges for the reception of female pupils.

We proceed most easily all ... when the strain that lifts us a foot or two off our native level is relaxed.

> Yet, often thread the woods in vain
> To see what singer piped the strain
> Seek not and the little eremite
> Flies forth and gaily sings in sight
> —*Emerson.*

In concluding an article, "Glimpses of The Bacteria," in Harper's for April, Dr Prudden says:—"When we gather up the lines of thought and research that we have followed so hastily together, we find that they are all pointing for each of us, not to a state of wretchful unrest—not to a brooding apprehension, but toward one practical suggestion—the need of a more general and more intelligent cleanliness."

Mrs. Anna Garlin Spencer, pastor of the Bell Street Chapel at Providence, R. I., recently addressed her congregation on "The Religious Significance of the Late Woman's Council in Washington." She noted especially the advancement of women in church work, and the growth of religious toleration among women themselves. In this council were women representing the widest range of religious opinions, who frankly spoke their own convictions, and listened courteously to others.—*Woman's Journal.*

Dr. Alice Bennett, head physician of the Women's Department of the Pennsylvania Insane Hospital at Norristown, in an open letter to Judge Stinson, President of the Board of Trustees, asks what shall be done with the incurable insane. Her own idea, is that the wisest plan and the truest economy is to have as an adjunct to each great hospital a village settlement for those incurable patients who require no extraordinary supervision, and who are capable of being employed in useful occupations. She argues that as unused faculties fade, and do even lly the same, the placing of the chronic insane in buildings set apart for their restraint is more harmful and wasteful than to provide employment for them. As a proof that the plan is practicable, Dr. Bennett calls attention to her well-printed pamphlet, "What shall we do with our Chronic Insane?" the type setting, presswork and binding of which were all done by patients.—*Woman's Journal.*

NATIONAL COUNCIL ECHOES.

As in the family the mother desires to see her children equally provided with the good things of life, so as an equal factor in the state, her influence would be for an equal distribution among all; for a system of political economy that would prevent the extremes of poverty and wealth secure clothes, food, shelter, and education for the whole people. Such, I believe, would be the policy of educated, enlightened women. The socialistic and the woman's rights movements are but equal throbs of one great impulse toward liberty for all. . . . Society at large based on the principle that might makes right, has in a measure excluded women from the profitable industries of the world, and where she has gained a foothold her labor is at a discount. Man occupies the ground and holds the key to the situation. As employer he plays off the cheap labor of a disfranchised class against the employee, and thus in measure undermines his independence, making wife and sister in the world of work the rivals of the husband and father. . . . The degradation of woman in the world is another result of her disfranchisement. Some who deny that, say, look at the laboring classes of men; they have the ballot, yet they are still helpless victims of capitalists. They have the power and hold the weapons of defence, but have not yet learned how to use them. The bayonet, the sword, the gun are of no value to the soldier until he learns how to use them. Yet without these weapons of defence, what could individual nations do in time of war for their own protection? The first step in learning to use a gun or a ballot is to own one.—*Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton.*

THE AFFABLE WOMEN.

If women could ever learn that it is quite possible to combine affability with dignity in common place daily intercourse with their fellow-creatures, this would be a brighter and more agreeable world. Nine-tenths of the gentlewomen one knows would no more address an unintroduced female than bite off a bit of their own tongue. Not once in a blue moon do they dare converse with their servants, the clerk behind the counter, the chance companion of a railway journey, or even the lady who has dropped in to call on a mutual friend. Awkwardness and timidity, with a sense of alleged well-bred reserve, seal their lips to every form of communication. In their shyness and stupid fear of furnishing an opportunity for undue familiarity, they go through life like oysters, as far as those outside their narrow circle are concerned. But, thank heaven, there is a ... and her tribe is increasing—wh... the beautiful opportunities ... of speech gives her. She can all ... talk to her domestics ... every and anything, and come ... respect with every ... Her kindly recognition ... fragment of pleasure ... yard stick is a ... clerk a dull day. I ... able female for an h... not exchange greetings ... beings touching in ... would confound her kindly nature. She is sure of her dignity and ... integrity, affords ... her kindly ... less fine strained nature strikes ... Her friendly, well chosen words are as far removed from volubility as her cordial manners are from gush. Recognizing the power of speech as the most potent of spells for removing ... discontent, embarrassment and loneliness she is free with words though graciously expressed. It is noticeable that such women never leave drawing room, kitchen, shop, or coach that every other creature of her kind present does not acknowledge to herself the supreme excellence of courtesy above all their feminine charms.—*Baltimore Globe.*

THE WOMEN OF INDIA.

I have myself some very happy impressions of what I may call the lighter moments of an Indian woman's life. I see her sharing in the tamasha's incident to a State visit to her town, crowding the roofs of the houses, hanging out of the windows, laughing and talking to her neighbors—I see her drying her brilliant garments on the river steps, or chattering at the well, or walking with graceful carriage, her lota on her head. At the hills of Simla I see her as a most active little workwoman, aiding the masons at their building, or appearing in all her finery to enjoy the humors of the Sepi fair. At Darjeeling, another Hill station, her character is different, but not less cheerful. Her jewellery is more valuable and more massive, and her fortune often hangs in rupees around her neck. She is the porter at the railway station, the woman of business at the market—the equal apparently in all things with the man. My first impression, though, is that the lower caste women in India who are not kept behind the purdah, but may be seen in the streets of the towns and villages and in the country districts, are as free as most European peasantry, as happy and as cheerful. The impressions I carried away from my visits to Zenanas were invariably pleasant ones; I have nowhere seen women more sympathetic—more full of grace and dignity, more courteous or more successful in the act of giving a very cordial reception to a stranger, than those I met behind the purdah. In spite of the shortcomings of interpreters and the want of a common language, I never left a Zenana without being deeply impressed by the gentleness, friendliness and charm of "manner" I found there.—*Nineteenth Century.*

AFRICAN PROVERBS.

The Lozubas are a tribe in Western Africa, who possess a very remarkable language differing from that of all other African tribes. Its power for expression is shown in their proverbs. They have no poetry—no oratory, but the intellect of the race is condensed into proverbs. Indeed, the Lozuba phrase for a wise statesman is "a man who understands proverbs." These sayings form an unwritten code of law and ethics, and are a constant resource to all in home and public life. A few examples are given, which may be found to be of value to the Lozuba's civilized brother:—

Covetousness is the mother of unsatisfied desire.

Consideration is the first-born, calculation the next, wisdom the third.

A bribe blinds the judge's eyes, for bribes never speak the truth.

He who has committed a secret action, supposes himself the subject of all conversation.

Wherever a man goes to dwell, his character goes with him.

He is to be feared who sends you on a message, not he to whom you may be sent.

Leave the battle to God, and rest your head upon your hand.

When fire burns in the fields, the flocks fly to the town.

The dawn comes twice to no man.

One day's rain makes up for many days' drought.

Without powder a gun is only a rod.

The parasite claims relation with every tree.

One lock does not know the wards of another.

It is easy to cut up a dead elephant.

Anger does nobody good; patience is the best of dispositions.

Anger draws arrows from the quiver; patience draws Kalo nuts from the bag.

PRACTICAL EDUCATION.

I once lived in a small hotel where the proprietor, an energetic pushing fellow, trusted the "housekeepers" part of the management to the head chambermaid. She was utterly incompetent to fill the place and as a natural consequence the house soon got into a dreadful state while the guests were thoroughly disgusted. But the house "had a good name" that most potent factor in hotel success—and was the only hotel in the town. Therefore as "needs must" we all submitted, but not without great grumbling.

Every one wondered at the landlord's wife, she evidently did absolutely nothing to change or control matters and yet seemed like an intelligent and capable person. One day after an unusually provoking blunder on the part of one of the maids and a fruitless appeal to the nominal housekeeper, I seemed to do any good, I summoned courage to speak to one landlord. Getting a little excited about it, I blurted out, "Why don't you make that wife of yours do her duty and attend to the house?" Naturally he resented my "interference," as he called it, and angry words followed. But perhaps the real sympathy I felt for the man's evident troubled perplexity expressed itself ... unobtrusively, for after the fashion of his kind, he at last grew confidential—about the matter. "My wife's mother," he said, "had great ideas about Lizzie's being brought up like a lady—although she had been only a laundress herself. They all were as poor as poverty, but somehow or other she managed to give Lizzie what she called 'a good education.' That is she was taught how to play the piano—sit up right and walk prettily ... talk—well just nonsense about all the isms and ologies of the day. She and I were a precious pair of fools to get married but I was dead in love with her, there's no going back on that, and I convinced the old woman that I would be able to keep Lizzie like a lady and I will be as good as my word if I bust up for it."

"But how can you keep her at all if you do that?" I exclaimed, "and certainly it would be more like a lady for her to do this duty that lies so close to her hand."

"Yes I know all that," he answered, "can't I see as plain as can be that you are right, but what am I to do about it? You see marm, my wife would only make matters worse if she did try it. Lizzie was taught every ... ology but the ... ology of common sense and she hasn't the slightest idea of what is to be done. Indeed I really believe that she doesn't even see that there is much wrong about the place, and I hate to bother her pretty head all for nothing. I know it would be no good if I did. She has no system of management, nor could she control the servants if she tried. They would know at once that she didn't know the ropes as she ought to do, and they would only laugh at her." "But she would learn," I exclaimed. "No marm she couldn't, it would only be a fizzle for her to try. It would only be a fizzle for her to try. It's too late in the day." Really from his view point it was too late for her to learn, if that hotel was to be her school—and the necessity of the case her teacher—the practical details of the lesson would prove really impossible under the hourly necessity for the exercise of an intelligent supervision.

The landlord, subsequently succeeded in finding a competent housekeeper. Let us hope the wife was a lady at heart, woke up to her duty and actually learned how best to become a helpmate to her husband. But what a price would she have to pay, compared with what it might have been had she been taught when still in the pupils age. The talk of the day is greatly about the "Higher Education of Women," and from certain points of view too much cannot be said in its favor. But when we come to consider the vital points at issue in our daughters' future lives, are we certain that the schemes presented for instruction meet them as they ought?

It is in the home that the daughters of the working man must find their real life work. Of course there will be exceptions, but I am thankful to say that they ... not be the rule. For until the ... form of civilization is changed, the home is the very centre, around which cluster all the most precious needs of husband, wife and children.

It is here that the wife and eldest daughter hold a sway as really exalted as those of any (less fortunate) sister who steps beyond the threshold and claims and obtains a place among even the "leaders" of the world beyond.

The great aim, therefore, is to investigate well into the actual wants of our daughters well being.

We can then see to it that in their school life they are receiving the education that will best meet the necessity of the case and fit them to fill their places as wives and mothers.

PHILOSOPHICAL ANARCHISM.

Whether they know it or not, the "philosophical anarchists" of the Tucker and Yarros clique, in opposing to the best of their ability ameliorative measures of legislation and government control of monopolies, are doing the work of capitalism as effectively in proportion to the extent of their influence—fortunately not very great—as the more orthodox literary hirelings of the money power. The latter have at least an intelligible motive for their course—capitalism is willing to pay handsomely for the use of their brains and pens. But the philosophical anarchists appear to be actuated by sheer perversity. They are entirely out of sympathy with the struggling, toiling masses, and preach an abstract creed of individualism that has absolutely no meaning to those crushed under the burdens heaped upon them by the competitive system. When analyzed their misty and vague philosophical phraseology is a justification for the worst evils of capitalism, which are nothing more than the legitimate outgrowth of the liberty of every man to do as he pleases to promote his own interests regardless of the welfare of others. Whatever were the faults and mistakes of the anarchists of the blood-and-thunder school, they at least were sincerely fanatical in the cause of the workers as against the spoilators, and their worst excesses were prompted by their intense hatred of the wrongs perpetrated by capitalism in the name of law and order. The so-called philosophical anarchists have nothing in common with them but the name, and apparently no desire to better the condition of society or to do anything but split hairs over fine points of individualist doctrine.—*K. of L. Journal.*

It has been prophesied that in ten years' time there will be more camphor trees than orange trees in Florida, and that the camphor-producing industry in that state will become of great importance.

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