

Time and Chance.
 'Tis not that the isrown less fair,
 'Tis not that other maids eclipse
 The winsome sweetness of her hair
 And lips.
 'Tis not that Fortune's cruel smile
 Has shone on her and cast a shade
 Upon the modest little pile
 I've made.
 'Tis not ambition makes her scorn
 A set of rooms in Peckham tye,
 Heroes in just such homes are born
 And die.
 No mother's key looks apall,
 No father's menace holds me back,
 They always welcome me and back.
 Me Jack.
 'Tis not, I swear, three-hidens thought
 That I am fickle, false, or cold,
 As soon might truth itself be bought
 And sold.
 'Tis simply Time's insidious hand
 Has sapped her empire in my heart,
 And dulled all Love's ravens and
 His smart.
 It's idle to pretend I pine,
 And say my mirth is sorrow's cloak,
 When with much rest I daily dine
 And smoke.
 Since Time has put an end
 To dreams that made my pulses stir,
 I hope he's proved as kind a friend
 To her
 —The Cornhill Magazine.

WAKEMAN'S WANDERINGS. IN GALICIA—II.

Cracow, Poland's Ancient Royal Capital—Once Outer Forts and Massive Minarets Walls—Polish Jews—Knouted From Russia, Their Sufferings and Indignities are Still Intolerable at Cracow.

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Cracow, Galicia, March 30, 1892.

If we could first approach Cracow from the north, filled with the sentimental romance of Polish heroic memories, and have in mind the Poland and Cracow of that time when Cracow was the residence of Polish sovereigns, a view of the ancient city would be one of great impressiveness.

At any distance, from this direction, the structural scene in the city is one of splendour. Its many church spires, quaint and huge-peaked roofs, spacious palaces and dark old towers, are clustered in great profusion around the Wawel Rock, on which stands the castle of Zamek, the former royal castle of Poland. At its base the dragon of the cave, which noisome hole may still be seen, was killed by Krak the Cadmus of Poland. At the city's southern side can be seen the gleaming waters of the blue Vistula, which almost encircles the old town. The splendid Vistula vale stretches far and far beyond. And the southern horizon is a sordid, edge of misty blue where, over against sunny Hungary, rise the peaks of wild Tatra and the grand Carpathian range.

But splendid as is this first seeming, the ancient city of kings, cathedrals and universities is now simply a gorgeous shell of stone, swarming with a population the most miserable and seemingly hopeless human eyes ever beheld. The city once held from 80,000 to 100,000 souls and was the commercial as well as royal capital of Poland. Its desolation and degradation reached an apparent lowest ebb in the quarter of a century since. Subsequently Austrian reforms, and the general improvement of the condition of the Galician Polish peasantry, and especially the stimulating effect of excellent development in agriculture and the mineral and petroleum fields of Galicia, reawakened some of its old time commercial activity.

But this fell away again as Lemberg gradually became the commercial capital of Galicia. Then came another influx of population, but of so dolorous a sort that Cracow's present increased housing of humans is certainly the most painfully and pathetically abhorrent in all Europe. The city is not more than ten English miles from the Russian frontier. During all the unspeakably cruel persecutions of Russian Polish Jews which have indignantly thrilled the civilized world during the past few years, Cracow has received and succored a greater number of these helpless refugees than any other single European city.

So near is the city to the Russian frontier that every week, often nearly every day, witnesses processions of these unfortunate cast given speed across the border by the impetus of threatened knout and lash, and the even more goading fear of actual murder. In 1864 I saw, with burning and multicolored heart the God-forsaken folk of my own race as they were driven from Atlanta, while their homes were burned behind them. But revolting as was that brutal scene of so-called military necessity, it could not be compared with what is of such common occurrence here that it attracts no further comment or attention.

Two great objects of interest will be found before you enter the city. To the north is one of the most gigantic embattled fortresses in Europe. Austria has always claimed that this was for use as a frontier fortress in the event of Russian hostilities. As nearly 1,000 spies in citizen's clothing are said to be still in Cracow and the immediate vicinity, the Polish peasantry prefer to believe it was for use as a place of refuge for the purposes of awe and ritual subjugation.

In any event it forms a threatening answer to a still greater monument to national feeling which may be found but three miles distant, upon the eminence of Brownislaw. This is the colossal Kosciuszko Mound.

Over in Ireland the humble peasantry, loyal in their memories for even legendary hero or saint, when passing the spot where the body fell or was interred, cast pebbles upon the grave and murmur prayers for the repose of the soul. A similar Polish national adoration of the brave and the good has resulted in this most curious memorial mound in Christendom. It is 150 feet high and is principally formed of earth, brought in sacks and barrow loads with infinite toil from all the battle fields famous in Polish history. Grim and tragic is the story upon this sacred heart-built memorial, on the part of relentless power. When it was nicely completed, the Austrians found it an excellent pedestal for one of the huge detached fountains with which they proceeded to surround Cracow in a five miles circle.

The outer walls of the city itself are very interesting and massive. They were remodeled upon the tremendous walls of old Neuremberg, down in Bavaria. They are quite as high and thick, but are varied at intervals with surrounding towers, both square and round, of immense thickness and great height, with most picturesque minareted roofs. The gateways are quite as remarkable as those at Malta, and are given great additional quaint charm by their curious old shrouds. These are very ancient; indeed so old that the carving of the floriture and images are almost wholly defaced. From this fact alone they seem to attract the greatest number of worshippers; and on many occasions I have scarcely been able to pass beneath these huge arches owing to the crowds

packed like panicky sheep upon their knees against the shrines.

Round about and within the old city at this season of the year, just as the foliage is beginning to show along the banks of the Vistula and among the gigantic trees of the ancient promenades, a casual glance gives the impression of serenity and even brightness. One feels as though quiet and satisfied content must reign within and without. But once inside the massive gateways, the heart sickens at what the eyes continually behold.

Soldiers are everywhere. Gay in their rich trappings, they spur their fellow civilians as though they were beasts. Were I one of these human animals beneath them I would surely answer their insults with dynamite or melinite; and one has only to move about these streets an hour to understand and condone the awful revenge the goaded humans of some of these old-world cities have taken upon their oppressors. No Polish lowly woman can walk these streets without being insulted. No Jewish maiden is safe in her own doorway from these unfeeling jackboots. I have witnessed outrages by the Austrian military without number too unspeakably horrible to be put in print. They are so common, their victims are so helpless, the slavishness of their powerlessness is so hopeless for change, or attention, or justice, that their tormentors have even ceased to smile at their own devilish ingenuity of outrage.

Some of these things cannot be repeated. Here are a few instances of simple brutality out of scores I have myself witnessed in Cracow. A landlord offended by the awkwardness of a Polish servant ordered him in the face with a carving-knife, breaking all his front teeth. The guests laughed aloud and the victim was directed to wash the blood from his mouth and continue serving the table. At one of the gateways a nobleman was being driven into the city. The kneeling crowd praying before the shrine not moving rapidly enough to suit him, the driver was ordered to ride over them, which he did, bruising and injuring many who had women.

A detachment of Austrian cavalry leaving the city for change of patrol at the Russian frontier, on arriving at the Cloth hall on the Market-Place was somewhat annoyed by the frenzied movement of the peasant marketmen in their efforts to get out of the way. An officer whose horse shied from contact with a rustic carrying some fowls slung over his shoulder in willow cages, drew his sabre and with a savage overhand cut severed two of the fingers from the defenceless man's hand. Apparently it would have been quite the same had the man's head followed his fingers. As though this was not sufficient, a foot soldier standing near, after an humble salute to the brave officer, picked the severed fingers from the street and tossed them, as though they had been links of sausage, to a berry of half-famished dogs snarling and snarling beneath a Hungarian Gipsy cart standing near, these animals devoured them after nearly devouring each other in battle over these unusual and delicious morsels.

The treatment of the Polish Jews is indescribably dreadful. Truly a majority of these here form a loathsome lot. But they are victims of misfortune. No Jew is by nature slothful or vile. All Jews are active, patient, vigorous and brave in all things tending to self-sustenance. Those of Cracow are mainly helpless victims of Russian persecution. So many have made their way into all avenues of business that by force of numbers and desperation their situation has swarmed. They are around every opportunity of the slightest gain. But thousands upon thousands exist in a condition of such awful want, starvation and misery, that it could seem in any place where God would have a touch of human consideration and pity might find expression. You cannot find it in Cracow. They are beaten before soldiers and officials with staves, lice disperse begging crowds with swords, striking right and left and wounding promiscuously.

Those of gentle (I) blood seems to have acquired the right to assume all Polish national wrongs on these luckless humans. I have seen little girls not yet in their teens strike them apparently as a mere diversion. The aristocracy of Cracow is around every opportunity of the slightest gain. But thousands upon thousands exist in a condition of such awful want, starvation and misery, that it could seem in any place where God would have a touch of human consideration and pity might find expression. You cannot find it in Cracow. They are beaten before soldiers and officials with staves, lice disperse begging crowds with swords, striking right and left and wounding promiscuously.

Whatever the Polish aristocracy have been in the past they are brutes before the limits of human language to reveal in their treatment of inferiors and especially of these Jewish slaves of misfortune and misery. And for my part I can say no altar or shrine or crucifix or vicar of God in this ancient city without loathing emblem, place and priest where such inhuman hearts can worse than murder and adore.

My guide through the ghastly shell of a civilized city was secured through incident of fortuitous brutality, trifling indeed for Cracow, but still ill-gotten of its genial and kindly atmosphere. I had truly been unbearably pestered by a horde of Jews, from money changers down to the most repulsive of beggars, and finally conceived the plan of arraying myself in the most Polish and least expensive of attire.

It proved a successful device. In this raiment I had visited the Tatra mountains, and had returned to Cracow so torn by brushwood and bespattered by mud of the highways that I was quite free to enjoy the city from the nether side aspect. It was a relief, too, from strain upon both temper and purse.

In this habiliament and attitude I was standing before a baker's window, interested in an odd form of bread which is fashioned and baked in an excellent imitation of a crown of thorns, much used during the Lenten period in Galicia. Other still more dolorous objects to myself stood before the window. It was a Polish Jew, ragged, wasted, and old. I have seen longed and hunger on as many faces as has any other one who lives; but I never before saw both so pathetic and terrible as in this one white face.

At this moment a bevy of soldiers clanked by. Both myself and the ancient Jew stood at the edge of the pavement, quite out of their worldly way. Something in the old man's face attracted the soldiers' attention as well as my own. Some turned and glanced and cursed. One said with an oath.

"He will draw the leaves the window through with that nose!"

"If the loaf (crown of thorns) was his belly therein, it should cut with blood his paunch through," sneered another.

"Ach, Gott!" shouted the bravest of them all, "he is soating to the old man's side, in a scumy tress of rage, I feared he would strike him down. But he did not. He only spat in his face and called him a 'Jew dog'!"—"Earth rat!" and names

bestial still. Then they turned and went merrily away.

And it is true that this poor old man, for fear of his life as he afterwards told me, dare not attempt to remove the froth from his nose until these Christian soldiers had turned into the marketplace. But I had done it for him before that.

He then led him into the baker's and then into a cafe, and then into a wine-shop, and Christian money never did quicker or more direct missionary work than on that morning when, God knows, for the first and only time in my life I longed to be a Rothschild.

This poor stranded old human had been a Jewish teacher in a not remote Russian village, and had been knouted out of his home by Cossacks, his feeble wife perishing in the flight from fright and fatigue. He had got as far as Cracow. That, as with thousands upon thousands more, was to be his living grave under conditions of misery and outrage more awful than those which once made infamous the name of "rebellion" in Madrid, Neuremberg or Salem—unless the little I spared him could get him to kinfolk in Berlin.

He showed me the appalling scenes among the Jews in Casimir, the Jewish quarter. Then, scholar that he was, he told me one by one the legends gray and dim of the crumbling Zamek; pointed out the solid silver shrine of St. Stanislaw with its supporting angels, the Flemish dresses above the tomb of the cardinal-bishop, son of Casimir, king of Poland, and all the graven treasures and wonders of the sixteen chapels, in the great cathedral; led the way to the university with its statue of Copernicus, who was once professor there; and brought me to the Schatzkammer to view the Polish regalia and the dazzling mass robes of old. But the hummer of the sun and the heat of the day, and the old man stands between me and Poland's ancient city of kings, shutting out all else but the unspeakable misery of his kind. And I leave Cracow with a sick and heavy heart.

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

MEAT EATERS.

Animal Food the Most Conducive to Prolonged Physical Strength.

Many races of men live entirely on animal food and those are the most hardy, and from all I have been able to gather on the subject, the most free from diseases of all kinds. Sir Francis Head says of the Fannas Indians: "They are all horsemen, or rather pass their lives on horseback. In spite of the climate, which is burning hot in summer and freezing in winter, these brave men, who have never been subdued, are entirely naked and have not even a covering for their head. They live together in tribes, but they have no fixed place of residence. Where the pasture is good there are they to be found until it is consumed by their horses, and they instantly remove to another spot. They have neither plow nor sowing, and they live on beef and water. I found myself in a condition which I can only describe by saying that I felt no exertion could kill me, although I constantly arrived so completely exhausted that I could not speak. I yet a few hours' sleep upon my saddle, on the ground, always so completely restored me that for a week I could daily be upon my horse and could endure a ride of two or three hours after sunset, and have really tired ten or twelve horses a day. This will explain the immense distances which people in South America are said to ride, which I am confident could only be done on beef and water." The Gachos of the Argentine Republic live entirely on roast beef and salt, scarcely ever taking any other food. They are a food, and their sole beverage is mate or Paraguay tea taken without sugar.

War by Balloon.

The Novosti and the Svet of St. Petersburg are publishing strange news regard to some decidedly high-banded operations on the part of the Prussian military authorities. Instead of sending spies over the border to get plans of the Russian forts, they simply float balloons over them, and by the aid of powerful search lights obtain all the information they require. The Prussian military authorities are said to have captured balloons over the Russian frontier. The Russian Government is now occupied with plans to catch the balloons. Gen. Komaroff proposes to open fire upon them, but there is some doubt as to whether this would be a waste of powder, because the balloons are always up too high.

But the Russian authorities intend to bring down the balloons at all hazards. They are to be captured by other balloons. If this plan succeeds, we may expect soon to read the details of the first balloon capture in modern times.

Who knows but what the coming war in Europe will commence, not on land or on water, but in the air?

The French in Dahomey.

Whydah, the town which the French intend to seize, is the only seaport Dahomey possesses, the other important port, Kotonou, being situated inland. The French have been ceded to the French. The cause of the present troubles in a nutshell is that, in spite of his protestations of friendship, the French have been raiding for slaves among the border towns of Porto Novo, a region near the sea which is under French protection. He has destroyed the large towns and villages in that district and has hunted slaves within thirty miles of Kotonou. He wanted these slaves for his annual sacrifices, when he butchers a large number of prisoners, and partly to sell. Of course the French have cut off the pension which was voted to him after the war of 1890 to induce him to keep the peace. If they intend to capture his capital then their first step will be the seizure of Whydah, for the best route to the capital, Abomey, is from that port.

The reason it is difficult to land at Whydah is because it is separated from the sea first by a long, narrow sandbank and then by a shallow lagoon that can be crossed only in small boats. Abomey is about eighty miles inland, the worst form of the situation is that a number of French nuns and priests who were in the missionary station at Whydah are in the hands of the Dahomeyans and have been taken to Abomey. They are likely to be used to extort favorable terms from the French at the close of the impending war.

Mother's!

Castoria is recommended by physicians for children teething. It is a purely vegetable preparation, its ingredients are published around the globe, and it is perfectly safe and absolutely harmless. It relieves constipation, regulates the bowels, cures pain, cures diarrhoea and wind colic, allays feverishness, destroys worms, and prevents cholera, soothes the throat and gives it refreshing and natural sleep. Castoria is the children's panacea—the mother's friend. 35 doses, 35 cents.

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SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

A London paper states that a pneumatic inner sole, or sock, for boots and shoes, has been brought out by a firm in that city, the design of the article being to benefit the large number of people who are troubled with tender feet, &c. It is a simple contrivance, made of hollow india rubber, inflated with air or gas under pressure, the external protective covering being canvas, linen, silk, or some other suitable material, to enable it to withstand the internal pressure of the compressed air or gas.

An improvement in embroidery machines enables different kinds of varieties of work to be produced with equal satisfaction, the plain embroidery stitch, a twisted cord embroidery, a raised braid embroidery, and a twisted cord with a wool thread core. In this arrangement there is mounted on a hollow sleeve of the needle bar a spring which carries brackets on its under side for one or more threads, the latter being led through guide eyes to the hooked needle, and each of them is attached to the fabric by one chain stitch. The movement is simple, the spur wheel carrying the bobbins is rotated by a pinion and train of gear from the driving shaft.

Not only in America, but in France, Germany, Russia, and other nations the use of cellulose for ship armor has been introduced, and, as an illustration of its effectiveness, one of the Danish warships was equipped recently with a belt of the material, and a shot fired at it tore a hole away through the whole vessel, the action of water on the cellulose, however, closing the hole up very soon, letting in but a few gallons of water. The ordinary marine circuit is carried from this contact mechanism to the recording instrument—an arrangement by which the record can be easily read at any time, and the precise amount of production is at once known.

An original method has lately been proposed by a New Hampshire inventor for the extinguishment of fires. To accomplish this purpose a chemical generator as large as may be needed for the case in hand is first provided, and pipes run from this into each room in the building. At the top of a jar in which acid is stored, inside of which is a cartridge, an open circuit battery is used. The thermostat in each room is set at whatever figure is desired, perhaps at eighty degrees. On the occurrence of fire, the mercury runs up to this figure, and the circuit is closed; this explodes the cartridge in the jar, a valve drops down, and the chemicals are sent to the room through a system of sprinklers. In connection with this device there is a system of dry pipes, and in case it is found that the chemicals do not extinguish the fire, an attendant on the outside of the building is able to tell by the enumerator in which apartment the fire is located, and by turning a switch can flood the room with water.

Much confidence appears to be entertained abroad by a new process of steel manufacture which has been brought forward, which, it would seem, is applicable to steel produced either in small or large quantities. It consists in preparing the bath in such a manner that, with a minimum of deoxidizing foreign elements, the carbon and the metals necessary for the hardening shall be added exactly in predetermined quantities. Converter or Martin furnace steel being obtained at the desired degree of decarbonization, the bath is deoxidized by a sufficient quantity of silicon spiegel, by means of which is introduced a minimum quantity of silicon and manganese, with traces of carbon, manganese and silicon passing into the steel. A definitely prescribed quantity of aluminum in the form of rich alloys is then added. The aluminum can be used alone as a deoxidizing agent. In any case the two alloys may be employed separately, for preparing the bath before the addition of ferro-chrome or other metals, the proportion varying with the degree of hardness to be obtained.

3 APPLICATIONS THOROUGHLY REMOVES

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A convenient automatic appliance is being adopted in some of the rail manufacturing establishments, an apparatus by means of which the number of rails rolled is at once and accurately recorded. The device for accomplishing this result is a very simple counter, but the method by which it is actuated is quite a triumph of ingenuity and skill, in view of the fact that this end of the apparatus has to be in close proximity to a hot rail, the conditions under which it operates being therefore very severe. As the rails pass from the saws they strike a small lever which is thus moved out of its normal position, and thus actuates a contact piece within a case which thoroughly protects the mechanism from all heat and moisture. The electric circuit is carried from this contact mechanism to the recording instrument—an arrangement by which the record can be easily read at any time, and the precise amount of production is at once known.

There is probably no such water system in England, or even in Europe, as that which the city of Birmingham, England, has in contemplation, the plan involving an outlay of some \$35,000,000, and in the neighborhood of eighty miles of conduits, tunnels, and pipes to bring the water to the city. The present consumption of the city, which is some days as high as 22,000,000 gallons, is rapidly exhausting the capacity of the watershed from which it is drawn, and the municipal authorities have selected as the site of the new reservoir a valley in Wales in which two rivers join; a valley which is about 800 feet above the city, surrounded by a region practically uninhabitable, thus making the future pollution of the water improbable, and the supply is regarded as perfectly inexhaustible. The proposed undertaking is said to present some very formidable engineering difficulties, among these being, first, the erection of dams, which will make the first reservoir some twenty over three miles long; then there are nine miles of tunnel, principally through rock, thirty-five miles of conduit over and under the surface, and thirty-five miles of pipe. The plan includes five reservoirs in all, all connected and all independent, and scattered over an area of seventy square miles.

The substitution of glass by a new chemically prepared substance, the details of which have lately been published, appears to have taken a definite form, and is expected to take its place among the practical industries. It is produced by dissolving from four to eight parts of collodion wool in about 100 parts, by weight, of ether, or alcohol, or acetic ether, and with this are intimately combined from two to four per cent. of castor oil, or other oil that is non-resinous, and four to ten per cent. of Canada balsam or some other soft resinous substance. This compound, when poured upon a glass plate and subjected to the drying action of

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a current of air of about fifty degrees. Cent., solidifies in a comparatively short time into a transparent glass-like sheet or plate, the thickness of which may be regulated as required. The sheet or plate obtained in this manner is found to possess substantially the same properties as glass, it being capable of resisting the action of acids and alkali, and of diluted acids, being also transparent like glass, and is without any odor. On the other hand, the peculiar advantage is claimed for the new article of being pliable or flexible, and infusible to a very considerable degree, and an additional quality in its favor is that its indurability is much less than the ordinary collodion substances.