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MILLIONS OF IDLE MEN.

How Far We Are From Meeting Our
Spends Into Flowing.

The latest official figures in regard to the numerical force of the principal European armies have been furnished during the recent discussion of the war budget at the session of the delegations of Austria-Hungary. From January 1, 1901, the Austro-Hungarian army will have in excess over the present year 2,225 soldiers, 167 officers and 947 horses. The numerical strength of European armies have been shown during the discussion of the budget at Pesth to stand as follows:

Germany—Field army, 1,350,700 men; garrison army, 920,000 men, with 47,510 officers and 3,950 guns.

Austria-Hungary—Field army, 1,260,000 men; garrison army, 350,000 men, with 35,600 officers and 1,750 guns.

Russia—Field army, 1,240,500 men, with 36,000 officers and 2,730 guns; reserve army, 1,102,300 men, with 21,200 officers and 1,170 guns; frontier battalions, 41,480 men; Cossacks, 143,000 men, with 3,750 officers and 204 guns. The Government can also call the militia, to which belongs every man in the country under 45 years, and which would give more than 2,000,000 men.

Italy—Permanent army, 760,000 men, with 13,000 officers and 1,040 guns; mobile militia, 342,000 men; territorial militia, 1,100,000 men.

France—Active army on peace footing, 534,100 men, with 26,768 officers and 135,239 horses; territorial militia of first line, 426,000 men; territorial militia of second line, about 1,000,000 men.—New York Tribune.

A Reminiscence of Kabul—1842.

(From a deceased officer's journal.)

Nov. 1. How cool and refreshing is the evening breeze after the sickening heat and anxiety of the day. As I turn the leaves of this journal each evening, it often occurs to me that some one else may speak the words which I have written. Well—*che sera, sera*, as friend Avillable says. I suppose we could hardly be in worse plight, at least if the engineer-in-chief is to be believed. Sir William Macnaghten has again and again declined better positions, and for some inscrutable reason has refused the Commissariat of a place within Cantonments. What criminal folly! and just to please a crafty native prince.

Nov. 3. In spite of our worse than bad position we all think that with prompt action we can be extricated. But with the usual tardiness and blindness which has cursed us throughout the campaign, opportunity is allowed to slip by, and we, if I mistake not, shall realize the old school proverb, *Hors avant et impuissant*.

Nov. 4. The fires are on our track to-day; about 15,000 Afghans and Afridis have occupied Fort Muhammad and cut off Warren with the Commissariat from the Cantonments; unless relief is sent at once Warren and the stores will be lost. 7 p. m.—Warren has gallantly fought his way in; all the stores are lost.

Nov. 5. M.—led a storming party of his Jezailchis this morning against Fort Muhammad, took it, but was obliged to retire through the overpowering numbers of the enemy. In the storming of the Rickabshahi Fort an incident has occurred which will show the Afghans the temper of a British soldier. The stormers of the 44th regiment missed the gate and therefore set to work to blow in a side wicket into which Col. Maclellan and a few men forced themselves. Suddenly a body of Afghan cavalry charged the remainder and a general *saucy qui peut* ensued; the few inside the fort were slaughtered, and Lieut. Bird and another officer retreated into a stable, the door of which they barricaded. There they stood at bay, probably for twenty minutes, keeping up a deadly fire, and when the fort was taken by the reinforcements the two were discovered grim and deadly in death having only five cartridges left, but surrounded by thirty-five dead Afridis.

Nov. 22. Little thought that I should pen another line. Constant fighting for the last 18 days; attacked Behman, but to no purpose except to employ the men.

Nov. 25. On 23rd, Shelton's brigade again attacked Behman, for our supplies are drawn thence. For some inexplicable reason, instead of assaulting immediately he formed his brigade in squares exposed on the brow of a small hill to a galling fire for seven hours. No wonder the men lost heart. About noon the fire became so hot that Col. Oliver ordered a charge, but not a man would follow him. Shelton tried in vain to induce them to fix bayonets. In the middle of it Afghan cavalry charged the square and the latter broke. The field artillerymen died at their guns like heroes. Shelton rallied his men with difficulty, but wouldn't retire, whereupon it is said Oliver shrugged his shoulders, saying, "There'll be a general run to Cantonments immediately and as I'm too fat to run, I had better get shot at once." He exposed himself and was hit almost immediately, and mortally. The square then broke again, and had it not been for gallant Colin Troop dashing to Cantonments for a body of infantry and a mountain train, a general massacre would have ensued. Even plucky old Elphinstone, sick as he is, went out to endeavor to rally the men. Some one or other is constantly performing a feat of individual heroism. On 23rd a sergeant named Mulhall, of the Bengal Horse Artillery, with six gunners and his gun was cut off from the retreating brigade. Seeing their plight they limbered up in a tangle and dashed down hill at a gallop, cutting their way by sheer impetuosity and audacity through a crowd of at least 2,000 Afghans. Four of them are dying; the gun is safe.

Nov. 27. Pottinger and Haughton have just come in from Charekar in sad plight, for eight days they defended the fort, but at last the Mohammedan sepoys mutinied and attacked Haughton while Pottinger was asleep. Haughton's wounds are terrible—right hand cut off, shoulder and left arm gashed, and all the muscles on left side of neck severed so that his head hangs forward on his right breast. The sepoys then deserted in a body. At night Pottinger mounted and placed Haughton on a horse with two faithful servants, one on each side to hold him up and a cushion under his chin to support the head and in this plight they had come 40 miles to the camp. A gallant bugle-major, who was too badly wounded to travel, said he would crawl to the bastions and sound the morning bugle to deceive the enemy

HOW MILK IS MADE.

A Process Which is of Interest to Others Than the Farmer.

(From an address by Prof. Jas. W. Robertson at a convention of dairymen at Belleville, Ont.)

After the very amusing address to which you have just listened, filled with sparkling gems of literary value as well as scientific instruction, I find it rather hard to know what to say, because after having your palate tickled with sweet honey, I don't think you will relish a big draught of skim milk. The programme says the meeting is to be on milk and honey. After a little pleasantness regarding the queer ways of bees, the speaker said: "I am delighted to have a joint meeting of the Beekeepers' Association and the Dairymen's Association, because we have much in common for the good of our country. When in London in 1886, on behalf of the Government, I found no department attract so much attention, provoke so general interest and advertise the country so well as the display of honey. At the same time I recognized that in our line our main natural advantages arose from the fertile soil and abundance of sunshine. These two facts give me hope that this Province and Dominion will be among the most thickly populated and industrial of the strongest nations. Sunshine we can boast of most. We can beat England all hollow in that respect. We therefore can have better products. The plants that feed the dairy animals need the active work of the bees. They do some of the chores for dairymen. The more we help beekeepers to keep the bees the more milk we will get. If a man recognizes the holiness of labor for the good of the whole race, the more he enjoys his work. He becomes a better citizen. I am to look after the dairymen and talk on 'How a cow makes milk.'"

A young man at a meeting in Lunan was asked to read a paper—an address on "raising a calf and keeping a bee." He dilated so long on the first part of his subject that an old Scotchman, rose up and said, "Gude Lord, mon, gie us some honey or at doon." (Laughter.) All the milk of cows is made in a most mysterious way. The elaboration is effected in two glands called the udder. These two glands are together lengthwise of the cow's body. You can take one gland from the other without rupturing the remaining one; there is no organic or distinct division between the two quarters of each gland. The milk in the gland is elaborated from the blood, a physiological process imperfectly understood. If that be so, and doubtless it is so, it becomes necessary for every dairymen to so treat, feed, water and exercise his cow that she will have wholesome, vigorous blood coursing in her veins. If the nervous system be deranged, then the milk pertains to a low quality. The blood from which the milk is formed enters the glands by two large arteries. Alongside the arteries runs a large vein and nervous cord. Numerous ducts rise from the milk cisterns at the top of the teats; they spread through the whole structure of the udder. A small portion of the blood exudes or percolates through the membrane that lines these ducts and becomes milk. Beginning from the bottom of the teat, there is an opening which stays closed without any effort on the part of the animal, therefore the milk will drop out. At the top of the teat there is another valve over which the cow exercises some control. She can close it and hold the milk above that valve; then a man may tug all he likes and get nothing while the cow holds up her milk. When the cow has this valve closed it is mainly owing to undue excitement. When the cow is much excited the lack of nervous equilibrium will make her close this valve and shut off the milk flow. Sometimes if the cows and the dog try races for home, when the cow is beaten by the dog she becomes excited and holds up her milk. There are a great many tiny cells on the inside of the ultimate follicles of the milk ducts. They are so small that if you measure a row of them not one inch in length you will find 3,000 or 5,000 of them. They each grow a bud; that bud grows larger and larger until it becomes a globule and these globules constitute the fat of the milk. These tiny globules drop and trickle down inside these milk tubes and come down with the rest of the milk. The last milk is richer than the first. Some men consider it to be an honest transaction to give the factorymen the first fruits of the cow and to keep the last quart for the coffee. The law of last session is, a person found guilty of any of these tricks, adding water, removing cream, holding back strippings, sending in impure milk, shall be liable to a severe penalty. It would like to see that law made imperative for the punishment of a few great sinners that the rest might be kept righteous. It is within the province of the Dominion Dairymen's Association, of which a convention is to be held, to look after these sinners for the good of the land. I think I'll say something on that point; I shall help to make that law go right down on the deeds of the few for the good of the rest who make honest milk. These fat globules are represented here on this chart. There are ordinarily about 1,000,000,000 of these globules in a cubic inch of milk. I drop the remark that there is nothing made in vain in this world. There is no man made in vain in this world; every man has his little or big job to do in life. The man who had the job of counting these globules, with our serious thought, would count them one by one. If he spent his lifetime at that, he would require over fifty years' constant application and then not get a very accurate account. If a man would first apply himself with his head, and discover the best way to do his work, he could do it in a scientific way, for 1,000,000,000 could be counted safely by a few hours' effort. Otherwise he might spend fifty years doing what he might do in a few hours. The possible saving of time in this job by thoughtfulness might be forty-nine odd years; we are always going hand first, back first, instead of head first. Think how to do things, and then do them in the best way—head first.

The Virtues of Coffee.

It is asserted by men of high professional ability, says the *Epitome*, that when the system needs a stimulant nothing equals a cup of fresh coffee. Those who desire to rescue a drunkard from his cups will find no better substitute for spirits than strong, new-made coffee, without milk or sugar. Two ounces of coffee, or one-eighth of a pound, to one pint of boiling water makes a first-class beverage, but the water must be boiling, not merely hot. Distress comes from boiling too long. If the coffee required for breakfast be put in a grizzled kettle overnight and a pint of cold water poured over it, it can be heated to just the boiling point and then set back to prevent further ebullition, when it will be found that, while the strength is extracted, its delicate aroma is preserved. As our country consumes nearly ten pounds of coffee per capita, it is a pity not to have it made in the best manner. It is asserted by those who have tried it that malaria and epidemics are avoided by those who drink a cup of hot coffee before venturing into the morning air. Burned on hot coals it is a disinfectant for a sick room. By some of our best physicians it is considered a specific in typhoid fever.

Stop Their Salary.

Editor of Agricultural Paper—Look here, here's a man who asks the silliest questions!

Assistant—How about it?

"Why, he asks me the best way to cure hams, and doesn't state in his note what's the matter with them!"

No Settlement.

"If I have ever used any unkind words to you, Sarah," said Mr. Hanpeck, calmly, "I will take them all back."

"Yes, indeed," she replied: "I suppose so you can use them all over again."

Two Queries.

First Boarder—Why do you always lock the door of your room when you go out?

Second Boarder—How does it happen that you know it is always locked?—*Epoch*.

Nobody to Blame.

"Did the coroner render a verdict on the horse-thief they lynched?"

"Yes. He said the man died of heart failure, induced by a broken neck."

A Practical Girl.

Elder Sister—Why don't you improve your mind, Belle, instead of continually dawdling about the house?

Belle—What's the use? I'm engaged.

Many New York people who have a taste for ice cream are trying the fad of eating Boston brown bread with their cream.

Prof. Putnam, in his report to the Peabody museum for the current year, says that man has existed for 10,000 years in this country. There are very few of our first families that can trace back much further than half that distance, however.

In Kingston no boy under 18 years of age is allowed in the police court as a spectator.

The first elevated railway was projected in New York city in 1871 and completed in 1878.

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