

WHEN THE YEAR IS NEW.

Heart with sorrow abraded,
Homes with shadows crowded,
Slies with darkness clouded,
Hiding all the bliss,
Drop their veils of sadness,
Emerging from their madness,
To light and love and gladness,
When the year is new.

Of the past repenting,
For their crimes relenting,
Eagerly consenting,
Errors to undo;
Souls once bent on sinning
Nobler heights are winning
Grand reforms beginning
When the year is new.

Many wrongs are righted,
Many truths are plighted,
Loved ones reunited
In a bondage true;
Doubts that make us falter,
And with conscience palter,
Vanish from Love's altar
When the year is new.

While the world is turning,
While the lights are burning,
And our hearts are yearning
For the good and true,
We may make advances,
Spite of circumstances;
And our only chance is
When the year is new.
—Josephine Pollard, in N. Y. L. Op.

THE LAND OF THE CZAR.

Impressions of an American Traveler in Russia.

The Gates Wide to Those Who Enter,
But Narrow to Those Who Would
Go Out—A Cheerless and In-
hospitable Land.

Less is known of Russia, both inside and outside the Empire, than of any other country yet discovered. But a great deal has been written about it and published in every language. In some countries the reading people think they know all about Russia, and have a very exalted opinion of it, while in others the effect of reading has led the people to despise not only Russia as a country, but the inhabitants and all who have to do with governing it. Most that I read of Russia in America and in England was apocryphal. Even the maps misled me, and those who had visited the country could render little assistance in telling me where to begin and where to end my journey.

When, a few weeks ago in New York, I determined to visit Russia, and called upon some acquaintances for information on the subject I was to investigate, I was told that my trip would certainly be one of great pleasure and supreme delight; that the stories concerning the despotism in Russia were false; that I need have no fear of fangue horrors and Siberia, and that I should proceed with the same deliberation and interruption I would traverse any other portion of the Continent. At London my English friends looked aghast, and declared that I took my life in my hands when I entered Russia, and remonstrated against it. The English know more of the country, the customs, and the alleged laws, I find, than the Americans; but being more excitable and pre-judiced they are less likely to do justice to the subject. The English have said and done so much against Russia that, as a general rule, they do not receive the few civilities a privileged stranger.

After a fortnight's sojourn in the region of the capital of the Empire, I am constrained to believe that very little injustice could be done the government were one to write it all down as diabolical and bad, for I have been unable as yet to discover a single act or design intended to ameliorate the tyranny and burdens the people bear. I thought it quite excessive to have my passport issued by the Russian Ministry at Washington, or the Consul at the point where I entered the country, before I could see Russian soil, when a passport, plain and simple, is required in no other country a man visits in all Europe; but when I learned that even the natives of Russia must take out a passport every year and have it regularly vised by the local officer before they are exempt from contempt of the Emperor I concluded that strangers were quite as well favored as the Czar's own subjects. The object in requiring natives to have passports is revenue, while aliens are put to this trouble, and expense for the purpose of inducing them to stay out of Russia. All Russians must be naturalized if they remain in the country, and their passports, which cost them ten rubles a year (about \$1.50), is evidence of their naturalization.

At the frontier the stranger encounters little in the forms different from other countries. The modes of inspecting baggage and withstanding personal scrutiny do not vary greatly from the usual. But as every thing in Russia is distinctly Russian, and therefore exceedingly strange, the most experienced traveler is possessed of a sense of concern, if not fear. The through trains from Vienna, Berlin, and other popular points of departure for Russia land one on the frontier at night. The place is small, and the station swarms with Russian officers, big, burly fellows, with swarthy, unintelligent faces covered with long, flowing beards, and all dressed in the most elaborate uniforms. There is a clanking of swords, a rattle of spurs, a din of voices, and a rushing hither and thither that is appalling. Timid women traveling alone have been overcome with fear or lost their heads in this bustle.

The gendarme in charge is the first officer who approaches the incomer. This is the highest ranking military official, and he takes up the passports. He is arrayed like a Napoleon—a broad-topped cap of red, white and black; dark green frock coat, trimmed with white and decked with brass epaulets weighing pounds; a huge belt and a sword,

which is hung to strike the ground at every step and rattle like musketry; pantaloons with a deep white stripe and tucked in knee-top boots; spurs of enormous proportions, and a revolver of sufficient size to gun for buffalo. The passports and gendarme disappear in the direction of the office of the Russian Consul, where the documents are examined.

On the heels of this diplomatic officer come the customs lackeys, who, without ceremony or invitation, pick up the satchels, bags and bundles, exclaim in Russian: "Custom-house!" and put out. The traveler follows. He finds his trunks already on the counters inside the station, and if they are unlocked they are open and the contents are being dumped on the floor. The terror to the Russian Government is printed matter. Every newspaper, circular or book found is taken out and sent to the gendarme and the Consul. If any thing about free government, free schools, or other free institutions, criticism of Russia, or her form of government is found it is retained; and should it appear among the possibilities that the bearer has any design upon the Russian way of doing things he or she is detained for examination. It does not appear in history or tradition that persons "detained" have ever proven their missions clear. They simply have been heard of no more.

A Londoner who had a couple of trunks displayed his English blood by stepping behind the long counter when his baggage was pulled out of the wire cage, where it stays till opened, and beginning to unlock it. The officers snatched the keys from the traveler's hands and pushed him back in line with others. When the trunks were opened the Englishman paid for his forwardness by seeing his goods dumped out on the floor and every thing mused and left for him to care for. There was no complaint. To complain means to detain, for the Russian officers are as suspicious as they are officious. All stand in together, and they have such unlimited license that one is at their mercy.

I tried to anticipate the officers as much as possible, and, having left my trunk in Paris, eagerly opened my satchels. The pockets of my garments were turned wrong side out, letters were squeezed, a traveling cap lit, and socks, which were turned in together, were pulled out and looked into.

Here I encountered money changers, who were evidently direct lineal descendants of those who were cast out of the temple. I had seen money changers at other frontier places, but none like these. No sooner had I emerged from the customs-room to the adjoining restaurant for a cup of the famous Russia tea than the brace of money-changers approached me. Both about six feet in height, they wore black robes which came to their feet, and black crowns, giving them an ecclesiastical appearance. One was probably seventy years old, while the other was pushing three score and ten. Both wore the patriarchal beard—one full white, the other as densely black as it was long. They were inescapable, and their black eyes flashed behind far-extending foreheads, and their large, sinful mouths trembled and quivered under the great beaked noses as they simply extended their hands well-filled with paper rubles, and chuckled in solicitation. Fortunately, I had procured a sufficiency of Russian money of my banker at Vienna, and did not suffer the discount of from one to five per cent. at the hands of the money-changers, who frequently rob the unsophisticated traveler to an alarming extent.

Trains entering or emerging from Russia do not pretend to respect their time-card, for the reason that they are often detained on the frontier. Two hours are always taken, however, being the time required for examining baggage and passports, long or short. On this occasion the train was light, and the baggage was soon inspected. But the passengers were not permitted to resume their place in the train. As soon as they escaped the customs officers they were led into the adjoining restaurant—men, women and children—where were all classes of people in every condition. All outer doors were locked, and were guarded by officers. Timid, delicate women hovered in the corners and waited for the end of the two hours, while half-intoxicated Russians crowded about, smoking nasty cigars or drinking steaming tea at the tables. Greeks, Slavs, Persians, Swedes, Russians, Germans, not an English voice was heard; and seldom did one see a man who could interpret even a sign. The women were more ready and bright and divined the wishes of travelers more readily.

Finally a Russian rushed like mad from the station and began ringing a bell. There was a commotion inside. The bell-ringer moved up and down the long platform and made much unnecessary noise. The doors were unlocked and the passengers passed out, an officer being ready to see that each parcel bore the stamp of the custom-house. An hour and a half of unnecessary, disagreeable waiting made one appreciate the atmosphere, chilly even in August. Just before the train started a jingle of spurs and sabers was heard, and two gendarmes appeared. They entered the carriages and handed out the passports. Each passport bore a simple and short signature—that of the Consul or Governor—and the seal of the officer. Two or three passengers did not receive their passports, because the documents were not vised, and they

were obliged to remain and explain. As the train rolled on from the frontier toward Warsaw and St. Petersburg the proverb: "The gates of Russia are wide to those who enter, but narrow to those who would go out," lingered in my mind.

The American traveler is quite as much impressed with the quaintness of the country and the remarkable character of the people when he arrives at Moscow or Warsaw (the latter the old Capital of Poland), now subject to Russia, as he has with any other part of the country. The characteristics of the Poles, so far as the construction of a city goes, are as far at variance with the English or American as those of the Russians. Strange old buildings, covered with crazy characters and pictures, broad, roughly-bowlder-d streets filled with dro-sikes, the prevalent vehicle, make one feel that any thing is possible in this country.

The face of Russia is like Wisconsin, less the lakes and beautiful streams; Northern Michigan, without the largest pine trees, and New Mexico, with the absence of warmth. The piney are situated, the fields covered with wheat—in harvest during August—and the villages are of small wooden buildings covered with straw. Nowhere is there architecture, taste or cleanliness displayed. The advancement of the country may be illustrated in the statement that, though Russia is one of the greatest in wheat producing, the cereal is sown broadcast, harvested with the sickle, thrashed with the flail, and three-fourths of the work is done by the women. The forests are infested with wolves and other wild animals; the fields, when not covered with wheat, are carpeted with Jean-Marie, with a yellow rattle and a plume of blue leaves at the top. Mushroom and all the fungi of a cold climate are seen, and one's bewildering increases as the slow train goes further and further into the Empire.—St. Petersburg Cor., N. Y. Sun.

STRANGE PHENOMENA.

A Printing Office Converted Into a Huge Electrical Battery.

Some very singular electrical phenomena were observed recently on two very dry days at a printing-office in Maine, when the whole establishment seemed to be converted into a huge electrical battery. Electric sparks, several centimeters long, could be drawn with the fingers from all parts of the printing machinery, just as may be done from a charged electric machine. The action of the sparks became so pronounced that the layers-on and takers-off (who, it should be remarked, in German printing-offices are mostly young women) refused to work, as burning sparks were emitted every time the machines were touched with the hands. The electrical phenomena were most striking in the machines used for lithographic printing. A strong paper made of cellulose was being printed at the time, and the takers-off observed a slight crackling as the sheets, which adhered pretty closely to the oilcloth covering of the cylinder, were being withdrawn. This crackling was finally developed into a loud explosion, accompanied by beautiful flashes from ten to twelve centimeters (from four to five inches) in length. The discharges are stated to have been more effective the more quickly the sheets loaded with electricity were withdrawn. A small circular saw mounted about four inches from an iron column discharged at intervals of from twenty to thirty seconds, when driven, powerful electric sparks, accompanied by loud explosions, upon the column. These phenomena were observed for hours, and continued for two days, when the printing office became free from electricity, and has remained so since.—N. Y. Post.

The Fatal Car Stove.

It has been demonstrated innumerable times that the use of stoves in railroad cars has more than doubled the number of victims in accidents. The management of the railroads in this particular has been faulty, and in winter those who travel run great risks. At a meeting of the National Association of Railway Conductors, a bill was prepared for the purpose of correcting and abolishing the present system of heating. This bill also provides for the licensing of conductors and engineers. The heads of different roads have taken up the subject, and the managers are preparing to abolish the stoves before the bill is passed. This will be good news to travelers; and when the stoves are done away with they will not be afraid of being burned alive if they should happen to be so unfortunate as to be on board of a train when a collision takes place. One evil will then be abolished. The New York Central railroad, on a number of its through trains, has got rid of the stoves and is using steam for heating the cars. As soon as arrangements are completed, all trains will be heated in this way.—Democrat's Monthly.

A novel craft is being built in Montreal. It is a steam catamaran, each of the cigar-shaped hulls being of steel, sixty-five feet long, and built in two compartments, one being for water ballast and the other for stove coal oil, which will be used for fuel. Two vertical engines will furnish the power to two propellers, which are so arranged that they will lift themselves out of the way when the hulls strike floating ice or other obstacles. The boat can be taken apart and packed on a ship, and is intended for whale and walrus hunting in the arctic regions. It will carry a galling gun and a powerful electric battery.

INDIAN OCEAN CORAL.

Wonders of the Reef Observable When the Tide Is Low.

Of all the wonderful sights in this world of wonders, there are none greater than the wonders of the reef when the tide is low. The ideas about coral which people have who have never seen it in its living state are generally erroneous. They know it as a beautiful white ornament under a glass shade, or in a delicate pink branches in their jewelry, and they imagine living coral is like these. Their ideas are helped along by the common misnomer of trees and branches as applied to coral. I have never seen it in the South Sea Islands, but throughout the Eastern seas the most common variety takes a laminated form, not unlike the large fungi to be met with any summer's day in an English wood, growing out of the older trees. Flat, circular tables of dingy brown, growing one over another, with spaces under each. These attain a great size, extending for yards without a break, so that the bottom of the sea is perfectly level. This kind is much sought after by the lime burners. Another species grows in detached bosses, like thick-stemmed plants which the gardener has trimmed around the top. These clumps grow out of the sand, and stand up in dull brown against the white flooring. A third pattern is spiked like stage horns tangled together, and is a dingy brown than the first. Its spikes collect the drifting woods, and its appearance is, consequently, untidy. There are scores of varieties of corals and madreporas, but the three mentioned are those which principally make up the mass which is ever growing under the still water inside the reef.

At Maheburg the reef is distant seven miles from the shore, and the whole of this great lagoon is in process of being filled up by coral. There are one or two holes left capriciously, and a channel which the river has cut to the reef, which it pierces, is what is locally called a "pass." Everywhere else the bottom is only a few feet under water, and is always slowly rising. The various corals, the patches of silver sand, the deep, winding channel, lend each a tint to the water—sapphire blue where it is deepest, sea green with emerald flecks, or cerulean blue shot with opaline tints, in the shallows. The reef is a solid wall, shelving toward the shore absolutely perpendicular toward the ocean, and varies in width from twenty to one hundred yards. Against the outer face the rollers rage incessantly. Swell follows swell, smoothly and regularly. There is no hurry, for there is no shelving bottom to keep them back. On they come, separating their ink-blue masses from the tumble of the ocean, rearing aloft their crests, like living things, anxious to try their strength, and fall with a roar on its edge as it stands up to meet them. You can stand within a few feet of the practically bottomless sea and watch them tumble, with the water no further than your knees, as the surge of their onward rush carries them across the reef. To stand so and watch them coming on, appears to one unused to the sight to court destruction; the wave is so vast; its crest, rising higher as it advances, shuts out the sea beyond; nothing can be seen but a wall of water rolling on; its strength is so apparent, so irresistible, and the pause it appears to take as the top curls over seems to check your breath. The rocks and lumps of dead coral, with which storms have strewn the reef, are high and dry; the pools of limpid waters in the holes sink down and drain away, the surface glassy, and their depths full of color and strange-shaped living things; then the roller breaks and sends a surge of water hissing by, and the reef has sunk beneath the foam and bubbling water.—Boston Budget.

LEARN TO LISTEN.

How to Keep All the Elements of a Society in a Pleasant Mood.

In order to keep all the elements of a company sweet, the ordinary rules of politeness are of course necessary—no rudeness, no offense to each other's self-esteem; on the contrary, much mutual deference is required. Sometimes, however, there is a very turbid kind of conversation, where there is no want of common good breeding. This most frequently arises from there being too great a disposition to speak, and too small a disposition to listen. Too many are eager to get their ideas expressed, or to attract attention; and the consequence is, that nothing is heard but broken snatches and fragments of discourse, in which there is neither profit nor entertainment. No man listens to what another has to say, and then makes a relative or additionally illustrative remark. One may be heard for a minute, or half a minute, but it is with manifest impatience, and the moment he is done, or stops to draw breath, the other plunges in with what he had to say, being something quite of another strain, and referring to another subject. He in his turn is interrupted by a third, with the enunciation of some favorite ideas of his, equally irrelevant; and thus conversation becomes no conversation, but a contention for permission to speak a few hurried words, which nobody cares to hear, or take the trouble to answer. Meanwhile, the modest and weak silent and ungratified. The want of regulation is here very manifest. It would be better to have a president who should allow every body a minute in succession to speak without interruption, than thus to have freedom, and so monstrously to abuse it.—N. Y. Leader.

THE GLASS-EATING FEAT.

How the Performance of the Trick Deceives a Credulous Public.

Several gentlemen were discussing the other evening at an up-town cafe the peculiar appetites that museum freaks have lately displayed for glass. They were wondering if the sharp particles were digested, and one of the party said the whole thing was a "fake."

"Why," said the knowing one, "the trick is ancient. I've seen it done hundreds of times, and can do it myself. You don't believe it, eh? Well, to satisfy those who doubt my veracity, I'll do the trick."

A very thin glass, of the kind in which seltzer is generally served, was brought, and the amateur freak called for a glass filled with water. While the audience, which had increased in size, was wondering what was to come next, the gentleman coolly picked up the thin glass and deliberately bit off a piece, which he chewed with the utmost complacency. When it was reduced to the proper fineness the performer picked up the glass of water and, to all appearances, washed down the rather unpleasant dish with apparently as much satisfaction as if the particles of glass were delicate bits of turkey and the clear beverage champagne. It was noticed, however, that he did not drain the glass. Every body looked at him in perfect astonishment and some of his friends, thinking it was an act of bravado which might prove fatal, wanted to send for a physician.

"Never mind calling a doctor," said the trickster, laughing heartily as the mystified expressions on their faces changed to looks of abject terror. "I'm all right now, and now I'll expose the rick. Of course none of you believe I swallowed the glass, but the question is what became of it?"

He then took up the glass from which he drank, and putting a handkerchief over another tumbler, poured its contents into the empty receptacle. When the straining was finished, the handkerchief held hundreds of fine particles of glass.

"Now, you fellows want to know how the small pieces of glass got into the tumbler, don't you?"

"I the first place there is little danger in chewing the glass if one is careful, but it requires a good deal of practice to eject it without being detected. If you watched me closely you saw that when I put the water to my lips my upper lip was laid over the rim, and before I drank a drop all the pieces which were under that upper lip were almost at the bottom of the water. To be sure one must be careful not to swallow any of the pieces with the water, but that can be done by closing the teeth. The finer the glass used the less fear there is of its being detected in the bottom of the tumbler."

Several of the audience tried to do the trick, but gave up in despair when their tongues and gums were cut by the particles of glass. It is, however, becoming very popular for blooded young men to bite pieces out of their glasses, and the time may come when a piece of glass for chewing purposes may be included in the bill for refreshments.—N. Y. Telegram.

TROUBLE WITH BOARDERS.

A Head-Waiter's Chat About the Trials of His Position.

Keeping seats for regular boarders in a hotel dining-room is one of the unpleasant features of a head-waiter's business. There are some persons who insist on sitting in one place, and who won't sit anywhere else. To keep an eye on these particular boarders' seats and see that no outsiders slip into them keeps a fellow hustling. If some one does happen to get into one of these coveted seats and the person who claims it as his own comes in and finds it occupied, there is sure to be a row, and the poor waiter always gets the worst of it. I don't blame a person for wanting to occupy the same seat, but there are times when it is impossible to keep it vacant. For instance, if a party of six or seven come in they have to be seated at one table. At this same table there may be, perhaps, four or five regular boarders' seats, and when the latter come in I have to put them somewhere else. Then they get mad, of course, kick to the proprietor about the "shiftless and unsystematic manner" in which the dining-room is run, and finally the waiter hears from the office. Sometimes, also, a person will slip into the room unnoticed by the waiter, and will drop into a seat nearest him. Once seated it is rather embarrassing to ask him to remove, although you know that he is occupying a seat of some regular boarder who is liable to drop in at any moment. I have known persons to come into a dining-room, and finding their seat occupied, go out again and not come back until it was vacant. I also know of a case in which a man left the hotel at which he was boarding because on two successive occasions he had entered the dining-room and found his seat occupied. Women are more particular about their seats than the men. They always want to sit where every one in the dining-room can see them—especially pretty women, or young women that are well dressed. No, a head-waiter's life is not a happy one. He stands very little show in getting tipped like the regular waiters, because he can not be of so much service to the person who wants extra attention in the shape of tender steaks, etc., and who wants to be waited on in apple-pie order.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

—We send 1,000,000 barrels of apples every year to foreign nations.

DENTISTS IN CHINA.

How They Puzzle and Deceive Their Ignorant Customers.

"I had always supposed previous to my arrival in China that the native dentists extracted teeth simply by means of their thumb and fore-finger, which, by constant practice, had become phenomenally strong. Even after I had been some years in Pekin I found English residents there who firmly believed this, and I myself did until my curiosity upon the subject became so great that I determined to find out the real truth of a work of some difficulty and time. A friend I had with me during my investigation at first believed that the dentists really did extract teeth with their fingers. The custom and modus operandi of the native dentists of Pekin are as follows: The dental court is held in a large, open square near the center of the city. Arranged around this square are rows of booths in which the dentist operates upon the unruly molar. For weeks and weeks we haunted this place, but the dentists were always sharp enough to prevent us making any investigation into their methods. After considerable time had been spent in this unsatisfactory kind of work we found an old practitioner who, after considerable persuasion and the promise of good payment, consented to let us both into the secret of Chinese dentistry. Even when we met by appointment he demurred, not wanting to let the 'foreign devils' know too much. But a little gold soon overcame all objections, and under a promise of the strictest secrecy during our stay in the country the old dentist told us the following:

"No Chinaman ever extracted a tooth with his fingers. He could not do it and knows too much to try. We never extract a tooth unless it is very loose, and even then we use this," and he showed a small iron implement about three inches long and one-half an inch wide, with a V-shaped cut in one end. "With this concealed in our hand we push and pry the tooth, meantime pretending to rub a powder on it to loosen it. When the tooth has been sufficiently worked, a quick motion of the hand and it is out. No one ever sees this instrument, and we encourage the belief that the fingers alone are used in extracting the tooth. When a person comes to see us with a toothache, and the tooth is too firmly set for us to get it out, we tell him that some devil in the shape of a worm has got into his tooth and that to take the tooth out will be dangerous, but we will take the annoying worm out and so give relief. This is done, and when the worm is out the man goes away happy."

"This was all that the old man would tell us then. After a number of visits to the dental court I was fortunate enough to be present when a woman came in to be treated for toothache. I carefully noted each motion of the dentist, and judge of my surprise when I saw him apparently take a living worm about as large as a grain of rice out of the tooth. A visit to my first informant, an old man, elicited the following: 'You are getting bad devils, just as I said you would if you knew too much, but a little more wickedness can not hurt you, as you are bad devils, any way. The worms that you thought were taken out of the woman's tooth were not worms at all. In the first place no dentist has more than one or two real live worms, and as these can not live long except in a damp place they are kept in a jar of water, so that in case any one is inclined to doubt we do not actually take them out of the teeth they can be shown as proof. What we really do is to take an instrument like this (and he showed us a long double-headed steel instrument, with a little spoon-shaped bowl at each end). Into one end of this instrument we place a piece of pith, so made as to exactly resemble a worm. This end we hold concealed in our hand. With the other end we push and scrape around the aching tooth, meanwhile sprinkling a little powder in the mouth and in the tooth. After a few moments we quickly turn the instrument around, bringing the end having the pith worm concealed in it into the patient's mouth, and there we have the worm.'"

"From other sources I learned that false teeth are known to some extent, but they are usually made of wood or metal and fastened into place by means of little clamps fixed around the remaining teeth."—N. Y. Telegram.

—I have sometimes thought that we can not know any man thoroughly well while he is in perfect health. As the ebb tide discloses the real lines of the shore and the bed of the sea, so feebleness, sickness and pain bring out the real character of a man.—Garfield.

—A subscriber for the *Tupelo* (Miss.) *Journal* writes to that paper to inquire whether there are any "mule-footed" hogs in Lee County. He says there was formerly a breed in the county that bore that name, because they had unsplit hoofs like mules.

—The Japanese women of Osaka have formed a "Ladies' Christian Association," and at a recent meeting in the Y. M. C. A. Hall, in that place, an audience composed of ladies only is said to have numbered over 1,000.

—He (tenderly)—"Yes; when it's done again, you must really see the Blondin donkey." She (incredibly)—"I will. I'll look out for it, and, when I do see it, I will think of you!"—London Punch.