

LIFE IN AUSTRALIA.
Provincialism Rampant Among Younger Portions of Society.

Provincialism, then, is the great curse of the Australasian; and so it must needs be for years. Especially unfortunate, however, is the tendency already existent amongst certain young Australasians to feel indifferent towards all influences from other parts of the world. I heard indeed more of this indifference than I saw. "Many of our young men," people said, "knowing nothing of the older world, fancy that nothing can be of great value in civilization which has not already been transplanted here. They are intolerant and narrow." I confess that such bigotry is not very noticeable on the surface of things as yet. The Australian newspaper preserves, on the whole, the sound old English traditions; devotes large space to the rest of the world; has correspondents in England, and often also in America and on the continent of Europe; and discusses many of the world's current social and literary questions almost as much as we do. But the healthy sporting life of the intelligent young men does not leave them much time for reading or for thinking. Their parents still speak familiarly of "home," meaning England; but ere long this home feeling will pass away; and one questions whether that intimate union with the world's intellectual life, which we ourselves have cultivated with a very warm zeal only within the last quarter of a century, will be possible for the coming generation in the colonies. Nothing could be more dangerous for Australia than to "cut the painter" in the intellectual life, whatever may be the result in politics. And the fact remains that a land which at best is about three weeks farther removed from Europe than is our eastern border can only too easily become apathetic about so difficult a matter as the course of modern thought. Meanwhile, the very tendencies that make the Australian journals so well edited and so encyclopaedic seem to threaten in another direction the cause of popular education. In early California days newspapers were almost the only printed matter that the mining population read. Knowing this fact, I was rather strongly impressed by the very first remark that I heard from one prominent gentleman as to the intellectual condition of Australia. "You must know," he said, "our people do not read books; they devour journals." Against this opinion one must of course put the existence of the splendid public library at Melbourne, the numerous town libraries scattered throughout the colonies, and the very respectable trade of the booksellers in Melbourne, in Sydney, and even in the much smaller city of Auckland. Yet, after all, there are undoubtedly many influences at work in the colonies against the formation of a strong literary class. I do not think these influences at all remarkable in their results so far; what I fear is the future, when the better part of the people will have forgotten the old home, and when a provincial self-consciousness will tend more and more to fight against the vast industry required to keep pace with the world's mental work. Think how vastly our own intellectual life, such as it is, would suffer if we were two or three weeks farther removed from Europe!—Josiah Royce, in Atlantic.

HINTS FOR MOTHERS.
What to Do When One of the Youngsters Has the Earache.
One of our little girls has been troubled with earache since her babyhood. No sores have gathered, but a cold or exposure to a strong wind is almost certain to cause her acute suffering with earache. After trying nearly every thing that I have seen or heard recommended, I have settled on this application as giving surest and quickest relief. It is a fannel bag stuffed with hops and wrung from hot vinegar. I lay the bag over the child's ear, as hot as she will bear it, cover the whole side of the face with dry flannel and change the hop bag as often as it becomes cool. The warm steam filling the child's ear soon relieves the pain.
Stuffing the ear with the "heart of a roasted onion," trillings of molasses, wads of peppered cotton and lumps of mutton tallow have never yet in my experience eased earache and such irritating messes crowded or poured into the delicate labyrinth of the ear may do much mischief.
Another child is a victim of leg-ache. Inherited, possibly, for well do we remember what we suffered with its tortures in our own childhood. Heat and moisture gave us relief, and, following in our mother's footsteps, we have routed night after night from our warm quarters, in the dead of winter, to kindle fires and fill frosty kettles from water pails thickly crusted with ice, that we might get the writhing pedal extremities of our little heir into a tub of hot water as quickly as possible. But lately we have learned that all this work and exposure are needless. We simply bring a towel from salted water—a bowl of it standing in our sleeping-room, ready for such an

emergency—wrap the amo in it from ankle to knee, without taking the child from his bed, and then swath with dry flannels, thick and warm, tucking the blankets about him a little closer, and relief is sure.
A croupy cough can often be loosened and prevented by swathing the throat with dry, warm flannels; a thick pack of them to sweat the throat and chest that often helps so speedily it is not necessary to sicken the child with ipecac, or to wake the house kindling fires and preparing hot packs.

SOME ODD EPITAPHS.
Tombstone Inscriptions Found in Different Parts of the World.
There is always a mysterious fascination for most all of us about graveyards, tombstones, monuments, and anything appertaining to the dead. The word epitaph is derived from two Greek words meaning an inscription and a monument. The Greeks, the Romans and the Egyptians raised splendid tombs over their noble dead, those of the Egyptians being probably the oldest, although in many cases it is entirely impossible to approximate the date of some of the immense mounds raised in honor of the dead in our own country.

If what is written on tombstones were strictly true the world would scarcely have need of other history; but unfortunately such is not the case. The tender feelings of the survivors influence them to forget the wrong and write only the good, and in most cases expand the latter as much as possible.
One of the best and most epigrammatic of epitaphs is that of Alexander the Great. It is in Latin, which, translated, is as follows:
Here a mound suffices for one for whom the world was not large enough.
The following has the virtue of brevity, but contains the now tabbooed pun. It is on the tombstone of Charles Knight of England, and is simply:
Good Knight.

Here is one from a headstone in Cornwall, England, and can be read both ways:
Shall we all die?
We shall die all.
All die shall we?
Die all we shall.

This one is on a London cook:
Peas to his H'shes!

A great deal of libelous matter has been written on tombstones concerning wives; the following is an example:
Within this grave do lie
Back to back my wife and I;
When the last trump the air shall fill,
If she gets up I'll just be still.

The next one breathes a spirit of devout resignation:
She once was mine;
And now,
To Thee, O Lord, I her resign;
And am your obedient, humble servant, Robert Kemp.

Lawyers have always come in for their share of post-mortem abuse. The following is taken from the tombstone of Lawyer Strange:
Here lies an honest lawyer,
And that's strange.

This is the epitaph of James Straw, attorney, Lincolnshire, England:
Here lies James Straw,
Who forty years, sir, followed the law;
And when he died the Devil cried:
"Jimmy, give us yer paw."

The epitaphs of the great in Westminster Abbey are as a rule too long to be quoted here. There are some exceptions, however, of which the following to Ben Jonson is one:
O Rare Ben Jonson.
That is all of it, but it speaks volumes.

In Denver, Col., is the tombstone of a policeman which bears this inscription:
Move on, Mister, move on.

In a rural graveyard in Massachusetts is the following:
Here lies Ezekiel Sounder, who was accidentally killed in the 4th year of his age. This stone was erected by his grateful family.

This appears in a Southern graveyard:
The Yankee hosts, with blood-stained hands,
Came southward to divide our lands;
This narrow and contracted spot
Is all that this poor Yankee got.

At San Antonio, Tex., in the military cemetery, on a large board that resembles a railway guidepost, is written the military command:
In Place—Rest!

Besides the trail which leads from Fort Concho to Fort Davis, Tex., is a lone grave. At its head is placed a rough limestone slab, on which are scratched the Spanish words:
Quien sabe? (who knows).

A passerby has scratched beneath them:
Dios sabe (God knows).

Can any high-sounding phrase or sculptured granite compare in pathetic grandeur with this simple little epitaph over that solitary grave on the sandy Texas plains?—Chicago Tribune.

—Lemon juice is useful in removing tartar from the teeth, anti-febrile, etc.

—The roasted core of an onion will sometimes act like magic in an aching ear.

—Dampened newspapers torn in bits and scattered over the carpet will take up dust better than salt or tea-grounds.

—Ice-cream, flavored with extracts, is usually the kind that creates the aftermath of interior physical disturbances.

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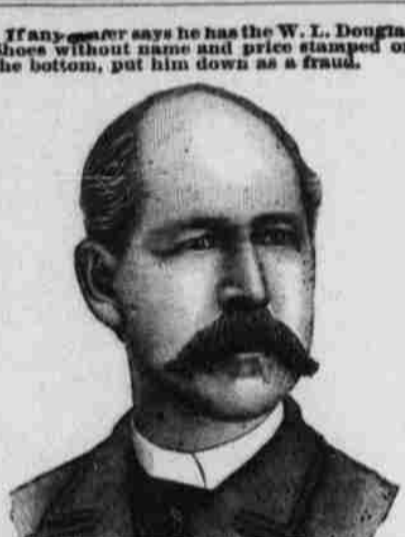
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