

A FROLIC ON THE FLOOR.

BY WILLIAM HAUGHTON.

What's the matter with you, neighbor?
Is there any reason why
That your cheek is growing so yellow
And there's jaundice in your eye?
Why, you look as if you fancied
All on earth you were a king.
If you did not set me laughing
You would put me in the blues.
Have you ever tried what so-called
There is in the magic word?
No! Then you should begin it;
It may help you to your need.
But a better plan I'll mention.
Since I've thought the matter over—
Have you ever tried a frolic
With the youngsters on the floor?

Tut, man! it is no wonder
That you're gloomy, grim, and gray;
That the horrid bile is eating
All your heart and soul away;
That the merry god of laughter
In your bosom never rung.
For you've missed the only pastime
That can make an old heart young.
Oh, the prancing and the dancing!
Oh, the laughter ringing wild!
Oh, the shouting and the shouting
Of a happy-hearted child!
There's a magic music in it
Which you never heard before.
Try it, neighbor, for a minute—
Try a frolic on the floor.

Why, good man, the very baby
In the cradle there will crow
When he sees us, topsy-turvy,
Helter-skelter, to and fro,
And young Kitty thins goes screaming
Till she rolls about with glee;
'Tis a pastime for the darling,
And 'tis medicine, man, for me.
Oh, the bumping and the jumping!
Oh, the laughing and the shouting
Oh, the shouting and the shouting
Of a merry-hearted child!
Now, good neighbor, don't deny it,
Will it not your life restore?
Then go home, good man, and try it—
Try a frolic on the floor.

MATTIE VAN WYCK'S STORY.

BY HETTIE J. POTTER.

The fire burned low in the little home of the Van Wycks; nothing was heard but the ticking of the clock and the purring of the old gray cat. The night was frosty without, the tall pine trees cast their long shadows across the snow; everything seemed tranquil to Mattie Van Wyck as she looked out of the window, then going back to the stove, stirred the scanty fire.

The Van Wycks were very well-to-do a few years back, Mr. Van Wyck having had quite a property left him; but being an easy-going man and not having the ability to make money, his property gradually slipped through his hands; and after selling his farm and paying his debts, left him but little. He decided to go West, and finally drifted up into a Northern town, buying a little home which took nearly all he had. He worked hard in the pineries and kept his family supplied from day to day; but from severe exposure, contracted a hard cold and died, leaving his wife and four children to the mercies of a northern winter.

The oldest child, Mattie, was a bright, energetic little girl of 15. She was attending school, but would have to give it up for a while at least, and stay at home to help her mother, who by taking in sewing had kept the wolf from the door ever since her father's death. Mattie had sat up later than usual to do her sums, and now, with her chin resting on her hands, sat looking intently into the fire, wondering what she could do to help along. The problem was a hard one for a slender girl, and she gave it up for the night, and, looking up the house, took her light and trotted off to bed.

The next day was Sunday. After the frugal breakfast, the dishes were washed and the house put to rights. Mrs. Van Wyck got the children ready for Sunday-school, combed their hair, made them look as neatly as possible, all except Johnnie, who was a sturdy little fellow with black eyes and red cheeks. He had played hard and stubbed out his boots, so he would have to stay at home for a while till Providence or Santa Claus sent him some new ones. He made up quite a lip, and a big tear rolled down his cheek as he looked out of the window after his sisters; but "he must dry his eyes and be a good little boy," his mother said, "for some day he would be a man, and take care of them all."

Johnnie caught the idea at once, climbed down from the window and busied himself helping his mother by bringing in wood, and in various ways; and was very happy. The day passed quietly and pleasantly; the children came home each with a fresh new book. In the evening, as they were seated around the table reading, Mattie broke the silence by saying:

"Mother, I wish I could write a story. When we were at the library to-day I heard Lusie Foster telling Gertie Manning that she had an aunt in Boston who wrote stories and made lots of money. Now if I could only do something like that how nice it would be."

"You might try, Mattie," her mother replied; "we never know what we can do till we've tried."

"If I only knew what to write about."

"Write about your home, brother and sisters," Mrs. Van Wyck suggested. Mattie was quite imbued with the idea, and went and got paper and pencil. If she could only make some money, all herself, buy some new boots for Johnnie, some mittens for Amy; and Christmas would soon be here, and how nice it would be to surprise them all.

She sat down and began. It was not an easy task, but she kept diligently at it all the spare time she had, her mother being busy at the machine from early morning till late at night.

The close of the term was near at hand, and in three weeks—the holidays, Mattie looked pretty sober; she told her mother she had written about her home, but she thought the story needed a brighter side, and was afraid she would have to give it up. Her mother told her she had a good beginning, and not to worry any way, as she was a great help to her, and as soon as she

could, would send her to school again. Mattie took her books and trudged to school with a heavy heart. She had planned so many little surprises with the money she would get, that to fail with her story was a bitter disappointment; but she studied hard and had her lessons. One day she noticed an unusual excitement among some of her schoolmates, and overheard one little girl saying to another "that Gracie Thornton was going to give a birthday party the next evening." Mattie thought no more about it, till on her way home a bright thought struck her; she walked more briskly and rushed into the house, exclaiming, "Oh, mother! Gracie Thornton is going to give a party to-morrow evening, and if I could only go." Her mother looked at her in amazement, and said: "Why, Mattie, I don't believe you want to go. Gracie Thornton belongs to a certain little 'set' who are wealthy and dress nicely like herself." "But I don't mean to go that way. I would like to go and help them some way, help pass refreshments, something like that. Mother, I want to see their elegant house, and then I can put it in my story, to brighten it up. Don't you think you can help me?" pleaded Mattie.

Col. Thornton was a wealthy banker then, had a fine residence and grounds. Mrs. Van Wyck had taken some sewing to do for them, and this is how, Mattie thought perhaps, her mother might intercede for her.

The next morning after she had gone to school, her mother went over to ask Mrs. Thornton what Mattie could do, telling her that she greatly desired to help in some way. Mrs. Thornton was a kind, motherly woman, loved by all who knew her. She smiled, and told her to send the child over by all means; there might be something she could do, and she could enjoy the music. Mrs. Van Wyck thanked her, and went home feeling too grateful to speak almost, knowing how pleased Mattie would be.

Mattie's wardrobe was very limited. Her mother got out her best dress, a black cashmere that she had worn two winters, mended it in one or two places, then washed and ironed a little muslin apron, and waited to tell her the good news. Mattie clasped her hands for joy when her mother told her, and was so excited she could scarcely eat her dinner.

Evening came at last. Mattie put on her black dress and muslin apron; her mother looked through all her boxes, and found a piece of scarlet ribbon, just what she needed with her pale face, gray eyes, and brown, wavy hair. Mattie pinned it at her throat, and looked very pretty indeed. She kissed her mother, and, promising not to stay late, started for the Thornton mansion.

In her eagerness to finish her story she had thought of nothing else; but as she neared the house and saw it brilliantly lighted, and some of the little guests were beginning to arrive, she was seized with fear and trepidation. She passed by two or three parties, but was as unnoticed as if she had been a little autumn leaf rustling along. Once she thought she would turn back, then, thinking of her story, if she could be successful how much she would do, drew her shawl closer about her and hurried round to the dining-room door and was admitted.

Mrs. Thornton was helping her daughter receive her guests, so Mattie sat down and waited to be useful. The dining-room door was partially open; she could hear the hum of voices and peals of merry laughter; it seemed like fairyland to her. The little hostess was tastefully attired in a white Swiss dress, with natural flowers; there was Gertie Manning, looking lovely in an embroidered Swiss overdress over pink silk, and Maud Leslie in a white tulle with a big sash, and Dot Kennington, a little brunette, in crimson silk resembling a tropical flower; and ever so many more. The boys were in dress suits, with white neckties and pumps; and as they commenced to promenade through the rooms Mattie's cheeks began to burn; she felt very uncomfortable, and wished she was at home with her mother, brother and sisters. Presently Mrs. Thornton came out and greeted her with a smile, and putting her arm around her told her to come into the parlors, as they going to dance the german, and asked her if she wouldn't like to see them and hear the music? She thought she would, very much. Near the door was the musicians' stand, they were almost concealed by a bank of ferns, calla lilies and vines. Mattie sat at one end where she could see the merry throng and not be seen, and told Mrs. Thornton she preferred this place to any other. The band was playing one of Strauss' waltzes, and as the dancers glided in and out through the mystic mazes, Mattie sat with her hands clasped thrilled with rapture. The perfume of evening jessamine and tube-roses filled the air; the lights cast a rosy hue over the happy scene; smiles were twined over the lace curtains, and bouquets of roses were in every nook and corner.

After a while there was a stir in the dining-room, and Mattie went out to see what she could do. Mrs. Thornton, noticing her flushed cheeks and anxious manner, told her she could help serve refreshments, if she wished. Mattie rather dreaded meeting her haughty little schoolmates, wondering what they would say; but she was determined in her purpose, and went quietly along. Some of them glanced wonderingly at her, and one or two gave her a suspicious little stare, but the ordeal was soon over; and when the musicians took their seats again, and then there was a general bustling about, Mattie slipped quietly out and ran home.

The days passed swiftly by, school was out, and the holidays were near at hand, the store windows were full of tempting articles, wax dolls with red hair, dainty work-baskets lined with crimson silk, and some with blue silk each with a thimble, pair of scissors and all the equipments for an industrious little girl; and there were sleds and hobby-horses for the boys, and Johnnie had spied in the next window a pair of boots with red tops that he thought would just fit him. Amy had seen some mittens like Kitty Myers', that she coveted; and Madge saw a story-book in the book-store window, with a picture of a happy family on the outside, sitting around a table reading by lamp-light. It reminded her of their evenings at home, and she thought it would be a nice book to have.

Mattie's story was completed at last, and one morning, when she was going on an errand for her mother, she tucked it in her pocket, and, stopping on her way, entered the *Pioneer* office. There were several gentlemen in, discussing the topics of the day. The editor came forward and asked her what she would like. She asked him if he wished to buy a story. He began to murmur something about an "oversupply," when her slender figure and wisp of face attracted his attention. He took the story, telling her he had not time to read it then, but if she would leave her name he would look it over. She gave her address and left, performed her errand and went home.

Mattie and her mother were very busy, even the younger ones assumed little responsibilities, and all were as busy as bees.

Day after day passed till there were only two before Christmas. Mattie had been to the office time and time again, but no word from her story. She had almost given it up, when, one evening about dusk, as she was taking some sewing home to a lady on Summit avenue, she thought she would try once more. There was no need to give her name, for as soon as her eager face appeared, a large envelope was handed her, and Mattie knew she had received her doom. The stores were beginning to be lighted and people were hurrying to and fro with suspicious-looking bundles; an air of mystery prevailed. No one was more mysterious than Mattie as she made her way through the jostling crowd. She went straight to her room, lighted her candle, and opened her letter; when, what should fall to her feet but two new crisp \$5 bills! Her happiness was unbounded; her plans could all be carried out.

And what a merry Christmas they had. Johnnie scrambled out of bed as soon as he heard the first rooster crow to see what Santa Claus had brought him; when the first thing that caught his eyes was a pair of red-topped boots; "Just like those he saw in the window," he said. And there was a book for Madge, mittens for Amy, a new dress for Mattie, and fancy bags of popcorn and candy for them all. There was no more sleep in the Van Wyck household that morning. Mrs. Van Wyck was putting on her last shoe, when she uttered a little scream and they all ran to see what was the matter. When she examined it she found something rolled up in tissue paper which she had supposed was a sly little mouse. Undoing the paper a \$5 bill rolled out; then they all clapped their hands and showed each other their presents.

When dinner time came, their mother said she had a surprise for them. They all sat down to the table. She went into the kitchen and brought in a fine roasted turkey; and they peeped under a snowy napkin, and there was a large frosted cake, with frosted raisins on top. They were a happy family that day, and no one in the whole town was as radiant as Mattie Van Wyck; for she had found out that "Where there's a will there's a way." —*Chicago Ledger*.

Wants His Church Subscription Back. At a recent meeting of the Universalist parish in Augusta, Me., a big gun of the church made so singular a request that the newspapers shrink from printing his name. He stated that he had become poor, and he asked the society to refund to him the sum of \$2,000, which he subscribed toward the erection and maintenance of the church building some twenty years ago. He has not yet got the money, and it will be strange if he does. Though the petitioner's name is not given, he is so particularly described that anybody who has a file of blue books can hunt him down. He is said to have held lucrative Federal offices almost continuously for twenty years or more. For years he was Minister to one of the European courts at a salary of \$7,500 a year. Then he was Minister to a South American republic at a salary of \$10,000 a year. If this is not a warning against office-holding, what is it? Not a warning against charitable living, surely, for if the \$2,000 had not been given, it would undoubtedly have been squandered as the donor's other income was. —*Exchange*.

A Mixed Compliment. John Littlefield, who is one of the handsomest men in Galveston, engaged himself to a young lady who was very far from being handsome. Her nose was very large, her eyes very small—in fact, she was positively homely. The young husband met Bill Nicholson on the street, and asked him: "How do you like her looks?" "I think you have done very well. She has one great advantage over you."

"What is that?" "She displayed much better taste in selecting a partner than you did."

Littlefield has been thinking it over, and is almost satisfied in his own mind that there is something he doesn't like in the compliment to his future wife. —*Texas Sittings*.

It is better to need relief than to want heart to give it.

SPRING VOTING.

Michigan State Election—Municipal Contests Throughout the West.

Michigan State Election.

Michigan held an election on Monday, the 6th of April, for a Justice of the Supreme Court and Regents of the University. Returns indicate that the ticket nominated and supported by the Democrats and Greenbackers is elected by a majority variously estimated, at this writing, at from 30,000 to 40,000. In the city of Detroit, Judge Morse, the Democrat-Greenback candidate for Justice, received a majority of nearly 6,000 votes over Judge Cooley, who had received the nomination of both the Republicans and Prohibitionists. Whitman and Field, fusion nominees for Regents, are elected by probably 30,000 majority.

Michigan Municipal Elections.

Simultaneously with the voting for State officials, the cities and towns of Michigan chose local officers. The Democrats, aided in most cases by the Greenbackers, elected their candidates in the following municipalities: Jackson, Marquette, Escanaba, Grand Rapids, Bay City, Hillsdale, Kalamazoo, Lapeer, Niles, Grand Haven, Holland, Battle Creek, Charlotte, Port Huron, and Adrian. The Republicans carried the city elections at Coldwater, Hudson, St. Joseph, Benton Harbor, Muskegon, Big Rapids, Mason, East Tawas.

Other Municipal Elections.

ILLINOIS.

The city election in Chicago was most hotly contested, and resulted in the success of the Democratic ticket, headed by Carter H. Harrison, who is elected Mayor for the fourth term, though by a greatly reduced majority. Hempstead Washburne, the Republican candidate for City Attorney, is chosen over his Democratic opponent. Ex-Congressman John F. Finerty, a recent convert from the Democracy, who was nominated by the Republicans for City Treasurer, runs far behind his ticket, and is the worst beaten man in the field. The Democrats were also successful in the charter elections at Joliet, Freeport, Quincy, and Carlinville, while the Republicans carried the day at Springfield, Jacksonville, Elgin, Rock Island, and Shelbyville. What are known as "Citizens' tickets" were chosen at Galesburg and Moline. At Mount Carroll, Canton, and Wheaton the issue in the local election was license or anti-license, and the cold-water advocates carried the day at each place.

OHIO.

In regard to the municipal elections in Ohio, a correspondent of the *Chicago Times* telegraphs that journal from Columbus as follows:

With the exception of Dayton, where only Councilmen were elected, all Ohio cities made Republican gains over the unusual vote of last year. In Cincinnati, Cleveland, Columbus, Toledo, and other cities these Republican gains are attributed to the unsavory record of the present Democratic Legislature. The Republicans elect the Mayor of Cincinnati by 4,000, of Cleveland by 3,000, and Columbus by 1,000, to succeed Democrats. The unexpected success of the Republicans in all other cities of the State is attributed to the success of Cleveland in making appointments for Ohio. In nearly all these places there are factional fights for Postmaster, Revenue Collectors, and other appointments. Mansfield, the home of Sherman and Geddes, elects a Republican Mayor and city officers for the first time since 1878. Lancaster and Newark elect their Republican city tickets for the first time in their history. Mayor Constantine, of Springfield, who wanted to be First Assistant Postmaster General, and came home mad, let his city go Republican by 2,000. He refused to run for re-election. In Zanesville, Delaware, London, Logan, Coshocton, Steubenville, and all the cities of prominence, excepting Dayton, the Democrats are succeeded by Republicans. The old fight between the kid and the mossback Democrat entered into the contest, and has embittered the leaders so as to make it probably worse at the next State election.

WISCONSIN.

In the municipal contest at Milwaukee the Democrats swept the platter, the newly elected Council being composed largely of men of that political persuasion. The Democratic city tickets were also chosen in Watertown, Madison, Mineral Point, Beloit, Beaver Dam, Janesville, Appleton, Plymouth, Racine, and Oshkosh.

IOWA.

The Republicans carried the city elections at Keokuk and Knoxville. At Dubuque the Democrats made a clean sweep.

ELSEWHERE.

David R. Francis, Democrat, is elected Mayor of St. Louis, Mo., by about 1,000 majority over Ewing, Republican, the present incumbent. The Democrats elect their candidates for Mayor at Kansas City, Mo., and Lawrence, Kan. At Evansville, Ind., Bismark, Dak., and Helena, Montana, the Democrats were successful in the municipal contests.

Death of a Great Composer.

A cable dispatch announces the death of Franz Abt, the well-known musical composer. Deceased was born at Eilenburg, Saxony, Dec. 22, 1819. The son of a clergyman, he entered the University of Leipzig as a theological student, but he soon abandoned theology for music. In 1841 he became musical director of the theater at Bern, which position he resigned to accept a similar one at Zurich. In 1852 he became kappelmeister at the Brunswick court. In the death of Franz Abt music loses one of her most appreciated representatives. Twenty years ago his "When the Swallows Homeward Fly" was sung everywhere. That charming inspiration was little if any more fortunate than scores of other songs that flowed from his facile pen. He was the author of a vast number of duets, trios, and especially of part-songs for male voices, in which line he was one of the greatest of living composers. The great merit of his music is its sweetness, its melody, its expressiveness.

The British Lion.

London dispatch: The steamer America, of the National Line, has been ordered by the British Government to be gotten in readiness for naval transport service at sea within a fortnight. The America is to be armed with ten guns. The Atlantic Steamship Company, it is reported, are considering the question of the advisability of raising passenger fares and freight rates. If the contemplated advance be decided upon, the reason given will be the depletion of the Atlantic fleet by the Government's demands for transports.

ITEMS.

MRS. PALMER, of Chatsfield, Minn., has reached the age of 105 years.

THE late Minerva Gredeley, of Hartford, Conn., left \$50,000 to Carleton College, Minnesota.

WAR WILL FOLLOW.

Gen. Komaroff's Action in Afghanistan Sanctioned by the Czar.

Story of the Recent Battle as Told by the Russian Commander.

England's Allies Said to Have Provoked the Attack by Their Belligerent Attitude.

It Looks Like War.

[Cable dispatch from London.] The fact that Gen. Komaroff has been appointed Commander-in-Chief over Turkestan and that Russia is sending troops rapidly to Afghanistan, is universally regarded as meaning immediate war. There must be added to this another fact of two Russian men-of-war in the Suez Canal, being ordered to Ladivostok, with directions to avoid British ports.

A dispatch from Berlin states that Russia refuses to yield an inch of the territory she has occupied on the Afghan frontier.

Gen. Komaroff's attack on the Afghans is regarded in every capital of Europe as an act of war. In no well-informed quarter here or abroad is there any but the faintest hope of peace.

Gen. Komaroff's Report.

The *Official Messenger*, of St. Petersburg, publishes the following telegram from Gen. Komaroff, dated April 1: "On the 8th of March our detachment approached Dushkapi. When near the bridge we saw an intrenchment occupied by Afghans. In order to avoid a conflict I stationed my troops five versts (a little over three miles) from the Afghans. On the 20th of March I sent the Afghans a message. Negotiations with Capt. Yate (a member of Sir Peter Lumeden's force) commenced on the 26th. When the Afghans became convinced that we had no intention of attacking them, they occupied a high and commanding position on the left flank of our camp, made intrenchments, and placed a cavalry post in the rear of our line and a picket within gunshot of our fort. On the 28th I sent the Afghans a message, asking them to evacuate the left bank of the Kushk, and the right bank of the Murghab as far as the mouth of the Kushk. He replied that, acting on the advice of the English, he would not do so. I then sent him a private letter couched in amiable terms. On the 30th, in order to support my demand, I marched with my detachment against the Afghan position, still expecting a pacific issue. The Afghans, however, opened their artillery and an attack of their cavalry compelled me to accept a combat."

The *St. Petersburg Journal* says that the foregoing statement leaves no question of Russian aggression; that, moreover, Sir Peter Lumeden's second dispatch to the Government justified Gen. Komaroff's action, and that even Mr. Gladstone has shown a praiseworthy anxiety to atone for the ungracious words about Russia which first escaped him.

Another Version of the Conflict.

[St. Petersburg dispatch.] A rumor is current that the conflict between the Russians and Afghans arose in the following way: Some of the English officers stationed at the Afghan outposts invited some Russian officers on the other side to breakfast. The Russians were unable to accept the invitation, but they sent an invitation to the English officers to a dinner at the Russian camp. The English officers, however, declined to accept the invitation, and the Russian camp was left at night and then asked for an escort. Gen. Komaroff disapproved some of his officers as privates to accompany the English officers, the object of obtaining news of the Afghan forces. When the escort arrived at the Afghan camp one of the Russians was observed taking notes in his pocket-book. The Afghans tried to take away the book, a struggle ensued, and the book was fired, from which side is not known. The Russians hurried back to their camp, when their troops were called to arms, and were advanced against the Afghans the next morning.

Gen. Komaroff is already called the conqueror of the Afghans. Everyone is asked to be patient, and considers the affair a reverse for England.

The Bear Eager for a Fight.

[St. Petersburg dispatch.] The war feeling here is overwhelmingly strong. The Czar and Zarina and the members of the royal family attended a concert at the Grand Theater, in this city, for the benefit of invalid soldiers. The presence of the Czar aroused the greatest enthusiasm. The national anthem was sung by the whole audience, and when the Czar advanced to the front of his box and bowed his thanks he was greeted with a hurra of cheers. The ovation was continued outside the theater, and the royal party was followed by crowds of people to the gates of the city. The Minister of War, speaking to a circle of officers, said he had the assurance of the Czar that the Russian troops might advance, but that they would never retire.

Russia continues her naval and military preparations with great energy. Admiral Rozhanski has ordered all torpedo boats to be sent to the Baltic and the Black Sea. Torpedoes have just been sunk at the canal binding St. Petersburg with the sea. Cronstadt, St. Petersburg, and the palace at Krasnoe Selo are all protected by telephone, so that the Czar will be informed of every movement in case of an attack by the English fleet. The Russian fleet has been in a thorough state of readiness since the 24th of April. There is great activity at Odessa, it is manifested not only by the garrison but also by other troops stationed there. Numerous battalions of Cossacks are reviewed every day. The garrison at Kertch is engaged night and day in hastening the completion of the works at the port, and the flouring mills are worked at their full capacity in the preparation of provisions. The Czar has informed both the Vienna and the Berlin Cabinets that he does not desire war. The English demand the retirement of Gen. Komaroff's forces from their present position will, however, not be acceded to, since it is evident that the advance of the Afghans was the provocation leading to the war. The Russian view of the matter, entertained by Russia, is also held by Austria and Germany. These powers support the Russian Government in this explanation of the recent battle.

The Lion Not Backward.

[London dispatch.] There is no abatement in the excitement here. The war feeling runs high as ever, and any news on the war question is thirstily devoured by the public. It is known that England and Russia are both playing a waiting game, neither wishing to give the offense that will call for a declaration of war, but each at the same time straining every nerve to be prepared for an emergency. Two men-of-war belonging to the channel squadron now at Kingstown, Ireland, have been ordered to Portsmouth to take torpedo boats on board. It is reported that they will then proceed immediately to the Baltic.

The War Office is overwhelmed with offers of service sent in by army, militia, and volunteer officers. The recruiting depots in London and the provinces are daily besieged by men anxious to enter the military service in view of the prospect of war with Russia. Suitable applicants are being accepted as rapidly as can be arranged. All the Admirals of the British navy have been notified to hold themselves in readiness for active service, and a special junction has been sent by the Admiralty to Vice Admiral Lord Hayes, commanding the British squadron in the Mediterranean, to hold himself and his fleet ready for service.

The Russians' Boast.

An Odessa Russian dispatch says that "war between Russia and England is believed to be unavoidable sooner or later. The Russians boast that the railway is being rapidly pushed to Tashkent; that there are already 20,000 Russian troops on the Afghan frontier, and that there are 20,000 more at Samarcand, which could be marched to Herat in two or three weeks. The only possible reliance on peace is in Mr. Gladstone's pacific policy."