

THE GREAT FAMINE IN INDIA.

That the monsoon has broken and that rain is falling throughout the stricken district of India does not mean that the famine is at an end.

The cause of the famine was lack of rain. The present fall is the first the country has known in twenty-four months with the exception of the one hour's rain which fell on the 20th of July last year. Hence rain must now fall for many weeks before the parched surface will become softened to a sufficient depth to assure the raising of a crop. Moreover, millions of head of cattle, ninety-five per cent. of all

Up-country crawled the train, passengers so few that each of us had a carriage to himself. Twenty-five miles from Bombay vegetation ceased. Eyes searched the miles vainly for a single green speck. We had passed even the last cactus. Blasts of hot air, as from millions of furnaces, almost suffocated us, and yet the trees of the 'jackal jungle' bordering the farms were shorn of leaves, as in a Canadian winter. Jackals could be seen prowling, trying to hide behind tree trunks, and we shuddered at the thought of their 'daily bread.' Hu-



BLIND VICTIMS OF THE FAMINE IN A POOR HOUSE.

the cattle, indeed, have died, for want of fodder, and farmers are tied hand and foot till Government supplies new live stock to replace the old, whose bones lie scattered over the whole country.

Therefore desperate distress still exists. Utter desolation is still the lot of millions. If the Government were now to withdraw its aid, shut up the relief works and poor-houses, seven million homeless, helpless people would be in imminent danger of starving to death. Moreover, since the rain has come scores of thousands who have been saved from death by starvation are threatened with death by exposure. Blankets and clothing are scarce; only one person in every thousand possessing more than a loin cloth. Never since the world began have ten million people, at one time, been absolutely without a crumb of their own to eat.

Gilson Willets, the special correspondent of Collier's Weekly, writes as follows about what he saw in India:

"The breadless area covers 350,000 square miles, one-third of all India, big as all our New England, Middle and Southern States. In this area are 50,000,000 people, one-sixth the entire population of India, a number equal to our whole, well-fed family east of the Mississippi. Ten millions are en-



FAMINE ORPHANS IN THE POOR HOUSE.

tirely destitute, and of these Government is taking care of 6,500,000 on relief works and in poor-houses.

"As for the mortality—more famine deaths daily than the total American losses in the Spanish-American war; more deaths weekly than the Boer and British losses to date in their present war, and a grand total of famine deaths, since January 1, equal to twice the figure at which is placed the losses on both sides from all



DEAD BODIES OF THE STARVED ON FUNERAL PYRES READY FOR BURNING.

causes in the Civil War. In actual figures the death list amounts to more than 8000 daily, 100,000 each month, 700,000 this year.

man skulls and bones dotting the sun-baked fields told awful stories.

"One hundred miles up the train crawled into Gujarat, once the garden, now the Sahara, of India. The whole world, level as a prairie, barren as a desert, was dust-colored. The only thing of another color was the train. Even the naked trees were coated with the dust of the desert. The train zigzagged in and out between farms and deserted villages, where there was no living thing anywhere, not even a jackal. Yes, a few scampering monkeys seemed to find fun keeping



SHE REACHED THE RELIEF CAMP TOO LATE.

pace with the train. Huge, almost ape-size, they were, and dust-colored, too.

"Rivers, streams, lakes, pools had disappeared, leaving beds, like the fields, parched wastes of earth. Water, except in the few remaining wells, had vanished from the earth's surface. We were journeying through a depopulated Hades. Were all the absent ones at work in the relief camps? After all, besides the monkeys, we did occasionally see a stray brown man, or a stray brown group of families, trudging, probably bound for a relief camp, where they would arrive too late, so weak, so wasted, that the first stomachful of curry would be like a mortal wound. At stations nearest these camps the train paused for water, which was brought by gaunt, half-dead coolies in buckets from the nearest cholera-infected well.

"Two hundred miles and two days from Bombay the train wriggled into the big station at Ahmedabad, the city in the heart of the desert. Ordinary population, 100,000; famine population, 130,000—the 100,000 living in stone houses, normally, and the 30,000 in straw tents on the relief works outside the city walls. These were the people I had come to see. This camp was the Mecca for all famine victims within a radius of thirty miles. None within that area need starve. All were welcome. Here they could earn two annas (four cents) a day, which would buy grain enough to sustain life. The camp was divided into three sections; in the first, 20,000 people were digging a reservoir half as big

as Central Park; in the second, 7000 were building a narrow-gauge railroad; in the third, 3000 were breaking stone for roadbed. Two-thirds of the

workers were women. On the tank works the men dug the colossal pit, the women carried away the sand in baskets on their heads. The great



WAITING FOR AN ORDER ON THE BUN- NIAH (GRAIN DEALER).

reservoir was for the reserve storage of water, thus providing against the recurrence of famine in the future. In the stone-breaking section both men and women broke stone, but women only were the burden-bearers, carrying away the broken stone in baskets on their heads, each tottering under her load for a distance of from one to two miles, till she came to the pile to which she must add her share, day by day. Among the stone-breakers were nursing mothers, old crones, young girls. One mother broke stone with one hand while with the other she held an infant on her lap. Death claimed the child even while I looked on, and the native in charge of the gang of thirty to which the mother belonged came and took the little body away. She followed it awhile with animal eyes, then, after pulling her torn saree closer about her face, resumed her task, grasping the hammer now with both hands.

"Next morning at sunrise we followed the carts that gathered up the dead. In a cleared space in the adjacent jungle we attended the funeral of sixty-five famine victims. The ashes of a thousand other victims lay in white, smoking heaps. On top of these ash-heaps low-caste men piled logs—four such piles. Atop the logs were thrown the sixty-five bodies, the morning's harvest. On the bodies more logs were thrown, till only a foot here, a head there, protruded. Then

the four piles were set afire, and the flames of the funeral pyres leaped far above the tops of the surrounding trees. Thus is the trace of famine obliterated from the face of India."

Conductor Was a Psychic Mystery.

"I have known streetcar conductors to fuss and worry," said the Psychic Cackler, "to call out the names of streets, and carry passengers past them; to quarrel and give back talk as a result. But the other day I met a marvel among conductors. He was on a California avenue car and he never opened his mouth from the time he left Sixth avenue until he reached Arthur street, where I got off. Nobody ever spoke to him or beckoned to him, so far as I could see, but the car stopped at different places and people got off. I was puzzled and paid strict attention, but failed to fathom the mystery. I wanted to go to Arthur street, didn't know where it was, but said nothing to the conductor. Talking didn't seem possible on that car. By and by the car stopped and nobody got off. The conductor looked sternly at me. I mumbled an apology. I didn't know why, and got off at once. The neighborhood was strange to me, but the fact remains that I got off at Arthur street. I do not undertake to explain this thing; I simply mention it."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Extenuating Circumstances.

The British soldier is a first-class fighting man, but his mental attributes are not always very high. Numerous anecdotes are told of the simplicity of his ideas, and the following is, perhaps, one of the best:

A gunner in one of the campaigns in Egypt was serving his piece, when he was surrounded so closely by Arabs that he had to use his rammer as a club. He repulsed the enemy and saved his gun at the expense of a broken rammer, and for his bravery he was selected for the Victoria Cross.

When summoned before the board of officers, the soldier thought it was for the breach of discipline in having broken the rammer, and, before a word could be said, he spoke up and volunteered a plea of "guilty, with extenuating circumstances."

There was a broad smile on the face of the board, but the soldier got the Cross.

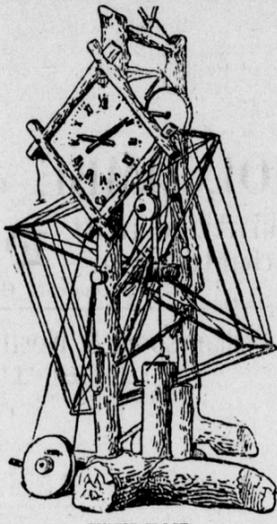
Siege Relics Made in Germany.

Preparations are already being made in large industrial centres to meet orders for Pekin relics, shell splinter brooches, bullets, Chinese skulls and "match-boxes made from the wood-work of the British Legation"—these last largely in Germany. Sieges are, however, becoming rather a drug in the market.—St. James Gazette.

A RUSTIC CLOCK.

Keeps Accurate Time Although All Working Parts Are of Wood.

The rustic clock shown herewith, according to Revue Chronometrique, was constructed by M. Boullat, a clockmaker of Coutances, France, as a curious piece of horology, yet notwithstanding its rusticity it seems to conduct itself with much regularity, and reflects credit on the mechanical skill of its author. It possesses all the necessary organs, although they are exceedingly simple. Two small logs of firewood, fastened crosswise, constitute the base, and two upright sticks, solidly connected at top and bottom, serve for the reception of the arbors. The mechanism consists of a motor weight, a four-armed wheel and escapement rack, a pendulum and two pulleys, one of which has a crank and handle for winding. A dial and hands,



RUSTIC CLOCK.

with the dial work, complete the ensemble. All is of wood, except the wheel range of the rack, which is of metal. The motor weight is suspended from the drum of the four-armed wheel, which occupies the central part of the clock. The force is transmitted to the pendulum and the motion work by a wire, four and a half meters in length, rolled on one hand on the arbor of the rack, and on the other attached to one of the arms of the wheel, as shown in the illustration. The pendulum is attached to a wire, of which the length is regulated by means of a pin seen at the top of the frame. The winding is effected by means of a pulley placed at the lower part of the construction and connected with the axis of the escapement wheel by an endless wire. The motion work is operated with the aid of a pinion of three leaves acting on a cannon pinion of seventy-two teeth, which revolves once an hour. This pinion is on the arbor of the escapement rack, so that the latter makes twenty-four revolutions an hour; as it has 120 teeth the virtual length of the pendulum is about 30.6 centimeters. The wheel revolves once in four hours.

General Miles in His New Uniform.

The new uniform of lieutenant-general, which has been built after designs made by General Miles himself, promises to create a reform in Europe which will bring the old style military dress of high rank up-to-date. General Miles's new regimentals are some-



GENERAL MILES IN HIS NEW UNIFORM.

thing to shame the antique styles of the continent and Great Britain.

The coat is of a rich dark blue material, illuminated with triple rows of buttons. There are collars and cuffs of dark blue velvet, and the cuffs are three inches in depth. There are gold epaulets, with solid crescents, bearing three stars instead of two, as under the old regime. The shoulder-straps, of dark blue, are four inches long, bordered with gold embroidery, and on each strap are three stars embroidered in silver.

In selecting his headgear and that of his staff General Miles has followed the Russian fashion.

The Governor of Georgia, population in 1890 1,800,000, receives \$3000 a year salary. The Governor of New Jersey, population in 1890 1,400,000, receives \$10,000.



Striking Japanese Linens.

Japanese linen for tea table cloths is a late importation that has caught the fancy of matrons of the smart set. As is usual with Japanese blues, the shade of this linen is very blue, and the white embroidered dragons that oftenest ornament it are just as hideously beautiful as they can be.

Cleaning Carpet on the Floor.

One of the newest discoveries of the housekeeper is that a carpet may be cleaned without going through the trials of removing it from the floor. All that she needs are a piece of soap, a basin of warm water, a wet towel and a dry towel. First, one strip of the carpet must be rubbed down with the wet towel. Then it must be rubbed with the dry cake of soap, after which follows a scrubbing with a wet cloth until a foamy lather is produced. Wipe this away with the wet towel, going over it many times till the soap is all wiped away, then finish by a thorough course of treatment with the dry towel. Taking the carpet strip by strip, go over the entire surface until it is clean.

The Color of Blinds.

The remarkable and widely varying properties of the elementary colors which compose white light suggest that the employment of screens as in the blinds placed over our windows should be founded on a scientific basis. Our knowledge of the properties of each individual section of the spectrum is not exact, but this much we do know, that the rays of least refrangibility, the red rays, are without direct chemical effects, they occur at the heat end of the spectrum. On the other hand, the rays of the highest refrangibility contain the violet rays which chemically are exceedingly active. It is these rays which are concerned in photography and doubtless also in the great process of vegetable nutrition and growth. The object of blinds is, of course, twofold—to keep a room cool and to screen out some of the light, so as to avoid the bleaching of coloring materials of the carpets and furniture. At the same time sufficient light must be admitted so that the occupant may see without difficulty. What then is the best color for this purpose? Since light exerts the peculiar action due to the actinic rays which materially and wholesomely affect the air of a dwelling room care should obviously be taken not to exclude all the rays that are so concerned. Thus ruby or orange-red material would be contraindicated. Abundance of light is inimical to the life of micro-organisms, so that a material in some shape of a compromise should be selected. The best for this purpose is probably a delicately ochre-colored fabric. This would screen part of the active light rays, and if of a fair thickness the greater part of the heat rays, while admitting sufficient active rays to allow of a wholesome effect upon the room and its surroundings. Venetian blinds do not allow of the graduation, which is desirable with cloth fabric. As it is well known, exclusively red light has been used as a therapeutic agent, and apparently with encouraging results, in measles.—London Lancet.



HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

Richamella—Bring one pint of milk to the boiling point; stir into it one tablespoon of flour and one of butter which have been thoroughly blended together; when thickened turn into it three-quarters of a teaspoon of salt, a dash of pepper, one pint of minced cold roast veal. Grate a little nutmeg or mace over it and serve hot.

Danish Pudding—Put one quart of currant juice and one pint of water into a double boiler and let scald. Mix together four tablespoonfuls of cornstarch, one-half pint of sugar and one-half teaspoonful of cinnamon; moisten with one-half cupful of water and stir into the scalding juice. When thick and smooth pour into wet molds, chill and serve with whipped cream.

Sponge Cookies—Break eight eggs into granite or earthen saucepan; add one pound granulated sugar; set on stove and stir constantly until well heated through (not cooked); remove from stove and beat until cold; add pinch salt and one pound flour; any flavoring preferred; anise is the German favorite. Dip a teaspoon in water each time and put by the teaspoon on buttered tins; bake in moderately hot oven; will keep for weeks.

Tomato Farcie—Cut off the stem end of six smooth tomatoes, scoop out the pulp and put it into a chopping bowl with one can of shrimps, one-half a small slice of bread and one slice of onion; chop fine and fry in a buttered pan until lightly browned; season with salt and pepper and fill the tomato shells; sprinkle with fine breadcrumbs and bake in a moderate oven for a quarter of an hour or until thoroughly done. Put a border of boiled rice around the edge of a platter, place the tomatoes carefully in the center and pour over them a gravy made of one cupful of cream, pepper and salt to taste.

HER PRECIOUS LITTLE PURSE.

Not much gold did she disburse, Yet well she spent each golden minute. She had a precious little purse. And there was precious little in it. That was before she started out. She meant to shop; her means were ample— When she got back that purse was stout, For it was stuffed with many a sam- ple. —Chicago Record.

HUMOROUS.

"Pa, why do they call it 'cold cash'?" "Because people have a habit of freezing to it, I guess."

"My wife," boasted the happy young Benedict, "is an open book to me." "Mine, too," declared the old married man. "I can't shut her up."

Amicus—So you have another baby at your house. What is he like? Eminent Critic—Well, he is not very interesting, but he is mighty convincing.

"Didn't the quiet in the country become monotonous to you?" "Quiet! We had to turn out about seven times every night and chase cows off the porch."

"I wonder why they don't name one of the new ships the Mayflower?" "What for?" "Why, so that future generations can say their ancestors came over on it."

"Little Jim, how can you rush around and play so hard in hot weather?" "Aw, ma, 'tain't hot at all; me an' Tommy Tibbs has bin a-playin' camp-out in a blizzard."

The meanest man up to date is Sniftkins. He sold Jones a half interest in a cow, and then refused to divide the milk, maintaining that Jones owned the front end.

Nodd—Are you going to take your servants with you camping out? Todd—If I can get them to. I want to get even with them for all the discomforts they have caused me.

She—Of course, you have heard of the theory that Bacon wrote Shakespeare's play? Cholly—Aw—yes—aw—the idea is that Shakespeare was Bacon's nom de plume, is it not?

"Now," said the new reporter handing in his copy, "what shall I write about?" "I think," said the editor, after glancing at the stuff you had better right about face march!"

Miss Johnson—Did he take it hard when yo' refused him? Miss Jack—Son—Yo' bet he took it hard! He started a row an' I hit him wif a flat-iron, a stove-lifter an' a rollin'-pin.

"You've given up swimming, haven't you?" "Yes, I don't mean to cultivate a talent that will put me in a position some time where the drowning fellow who can't swim will be sure to drag me under."

"Pa, why do they formally notify a man that he is nominated for president?" "Well, mainly, I think, so that he can't get up after he fails to be elected in November and vow he wasn't in politics at all."

She (after discharging the new servant)—I wonder why they call the place where these girls come from an "intelligence office?" There doesn't seem to be any there. He—There must be some there, for none ever comes out of it.

Stox—Do you believe in women having the same rights as men? Sluggs—Yes, I do. There was one stood in front of where I sat in a car today and tramped all over my feet, and if she'd been a man I would have hit her one, sure.

"You told me to come and begin work today," said the new boy. "Oh, yes," replied the druggist, "you may begin by catching flies and putting them on these sheets of 'Sure Catch Flypaper,' we're displaying in the window."

"Well that's great." "What's great?" "Our Chinese laundryman has put his prices up on account of the war in China." "How's that?" "Why, he says he has to be paid for the time he waists telling people what he thinks of it."

"The hostess is a lovely woman and she gave us a fine dinner. But why did she seem in such a nervous hurry? Really, it was the swiftest feed I ever sat down to." "Then you didn't know her before she married Bixby?" "No." "She used to be a waitress in a quick service dairy lunch."

Observing the manager of the drug department, the woman accosted him, in a spirit of badinage. "I have kleptomania," she said. "What would you advise me to take?" "The elevator, by all means!" said the manager wittily. "And not something just as good?" exclaimed the woman affecting great surprise.

Where Women Are Never Imprisoned.

Austria is the one country in the world which never puts a woman in prison. Instead of giving a female criminal so many months in jail she is sent, no matter how terrible is her record, to one or other of the convents devoted for the purpose and kept there during the time for which she is sentenced. The convent is not a mere prison in disguise, for its courtyard stands open all day long, the only barrier being a nun who acts as portress, just as in other convents.

France's Fortresses.

France has on the German frontier three first-class fortresses—Belfort, Verdun and Briancon; on the Belgian frontier, Lille, Dunkirk, Arras and Donaz; on the Italian, Lyon, Grenoble and Besancon, and on the Atlantic coast, Rochefort, Lorient and Brest.