THE INDIAN EMPIRE.

INTERESTING COMMENTS BY AN OBSERVING TRAVELER.

The Past and Future of a Great Country and Remarkable People—Made Poor by the Spoliation of Foreigners — English Language Coming Into General Use.

We have traveled more than 2,500 miles in India, have seen its grandest scenery, its largest, and most interesting cities, its most fertile and some of its desert regions. We have found in Delhi, Agra, Benares, Ambur and Ahmadabad the best examples of Hindoo and Mohammedan architecture. Of course there is much we have not seen. The Dravidical temples of the south of India, remarkable for their size and elaborate decorations, best illustrated at Tanjore and Madura, we can only judge by small specimens seen at Madras and Pondicherry. The wonderful cave temples at Ellora, Ajunta and many other places we have got a fair conception of from that of Elephanta. One could spend years exploring India without exhausting its layers of civilization. We have endeavored to intelligently study, by observation and reading en route, the ethnology, sociology and theology of the country. We have missed no opportunity to talk with British officials and educated natives. We have looked into the work of the missionaries and come to the conclusion that they are doing a great deal of good, though not exactly in the way it is popularly understood at home. I think I may say that our travels in India have materially broadened our views of Asiatic history. Especially have we been impressed with the spectacle of an empire of 240,000,000 people of different races and religions, governed by a handful of Europeans, and in the main well governed, with a large measure of liberty, as perfect protection of life and property as is provided in the most civilized countries of Europe and increasing means of education. The universities and colleges scattered over India are turning out annually thousands of educated natives. It is a curious fact that the Indian who speaks English speaks it without accent and rather better than the average of English or Americans. Nearly all of the schools above the primary grade teach English, and in the majority of them it is the medium of education. More than half of the native newspapers and periodicals, which are numerous and well conducted, are printed in English.

I do not think it a wild prediction that English will be essentially the language of India a hundred years hence. It is curious to contemplate what will be the political result of the education of the Indian people. Will they be content, especially those of the Aryan race, capable of high development, with the shadow of a government which is sometimes driven to its wits' ends with its own domestic problems, in a group of little islands 5,000 miles away? For the present I can scarcely conceive of a greater calamity for India than the failure of Great Britain to hold and govern the country. It would be the signal for anarchy, which would entail the destruction of the people and seriously obstruct the onward march of human progress.

India is a poor country. Its fabulous wealth has been carried off by conquerors or gathered into colossal fortunes by the few rich. The great body of the people are miserably poor. They barely keep body and soul together and do not store up any vital force to resist disease. The failure of one crop entails widespread distress. The failure of two in succession means famine for millions. The government is doing something to improve the conditions. In the last five years canals have been built, increasing the area under irrigation about 25 per cent. How much advantage the tiller of the soil gets from these improvements I do not know. The government costs too much, and the people are taxed to the limit of endurance. The British India civil service is called the best in the world. It is undoubtedly the most expensive. It costs £11,000,000 ($55,000,000) a year. The civil servant serves in various capacities, from a clerk to a lieutenant governor, for 25 years, four of which are given for holidays, and retires with a minimum pension of £1,000 per annum. The cost of all this comes out of the Indian people, and their superstitions and customs rob them of a part of what is left.

There are grave problems in India and more to come, and to solve them will require all the talent which can be secured. It is doubtful whether the merchants of London, the manufacturers of Manchester or the hereditary aristocrats who are sent to hold vice regal courts in Calcutta will solve them in the interest of the people of India, who are today about the poorest fed, clothed and housed people on earth. Yet I cannot but think that these people are capable of great things in the future if they can be properly nourished and educated. Their bright, distinctly Aryan faces look out appealingly through surroundings of squalor and superstition and give promise of high development under favorable conditions. Indeed we see splendid specimens of manhood among them today, and their graceful courtesy shames our ruder manners.—Cor. Boston Herald.

Serving Toast.

Dry toast should be served directly from the toaster. When this is not practical, pile it on a heated bread plate, cover it with a napkin and put it on the hearth or in the oven. Toast is given in all slight attacks of sickness because it is so easily digested. The more thorough the conversion of the starch the more easily and perfectly the system will manage it, for the change of starch into dextrine by the action of heat is simply doing outside of the body what takes place in it, in the ordinary course of digestion, by the action of the digestive fluids. Therefore when this is accomplished by artificial means nature is spared so much energy.—Philadelphia Times.

MENTAL IMAGES.

Material Pictures Contemporaneous With Thought Impressed Upon the Brain.

"A man conversing in earnest," says Emerson in his essay on "Nature," "if he watch his intellectual processes, will find that a material image, more or less luminous, arises in his mind contemporaneous with every thought, which furnishes the vestment of the thought."

This power of forming mental images appears to vary in strength among individuals to a considerable degree. Naturally we should expect to find it powerful in poets and artists. Charles Dickens has himself told us that he actually "saw" his creations as he wrote, and M. Taine mentions a painter who only looked at an object while he sketched its outline and was able to fill in the colors from the image of it in his mind. On the other hand, there are people of equal intelligence who, being unable to see such mental images themselves, have doubted their existence, and Mr. Francis Galton has shown that habits of abstract thought, such as men of science and philosophers indulge in, are apt to weaken the capacity of forming mental pictures.

Mr. Kirkpatrick of Winona, Minn., an experimental psychologist, has made a series of observations on this phenomenon with the help of his classes. The scholars were asked to write down just what came into their minds when certain familiar words, such as "book," "tree," "church," were called out, and the answers were carefully investigated. He found that the majority of the students formed distinct images of the objects corresponding to the words, and the rest formed indistinct images, with a few exceptions, who seem to have indulged in philosophical abstractions. The word "book," for example, called up visions of a Bible, a dictionary, a novel, in all but a few scholars, who thought of "food for the mind" or "the thoughts of some person." The word "tree" was represented by some kind of tree, more especially the illustrious cherry tree which George Washington cut down. The word "church" usually evoked a picture of some church in the vicinity, but some of the hearers thought of a "religious organization." It is evident from his results that most people are "visualizers" in thinking, while a few are "nonvisualizers." The tendency to form distinct images was very conspicuous among the female students, and in both sexes it reaches an abnormal development about the ages of 14 and 15, or during the period of adolescence, which, it has been otherwise observed, is also one of exceptional good health and rapid growth. The tendency is further checked or fostered by the occupations in life.—Cassell's Magazine.

The Clock Winding Snake.

In Persia there is a kind of snake which is known to the natives as the clock winding snake. It derives its name from a peculiar buzzing noise which it makes that resembles the winding of a clock. These snakes are perfectly harmless and frequently glide in and out of the houses, no attention being paid to them by the natives. During a visit there several years ago I was attracted one morning by an unusual twittering of birds, and on looking up saw about 20 sparrows on the top of a wall, all jumping about in an excited manner.

At first I was at a loss to understand the cause of such a commotion, but presently I heard the peculiar buzzing of the clock winding snake and in a minute perceived the reptile crawling along the wall, making directly for the birds, which appeared to be fascinated and made no attempt to fly away. The snake glided in among the birds, and choosing one to his liking deliberately seized it in his mouth and swallowed it. I picked up a stick, and after killing the snake cut him open and extracted the sparrow. After about 10 minutes' exposure to the sun the bird got up, and in a few minutes more flew away apparently unhurt. — St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Rosebery's Foresight.

The foresight Lord Rosebery displayed in arranging his matrimonial plans is illustrated in the following anecdote: Shortly after he had returned from his continental tour he was one of a house party at Mentmore, a lordly pleasure house which Baron Meyer Rothschild had built for himself in Buckinghamshire. One evening, at dinner, the conversation turned on the exquisite decorations of the room. Lord Rosebery's observation to his next neighbor, by way of epilogue to the conversation, was, "Yes, this place would suit me excellently." When, seven years later, he had married the daughter of the house and was the owner of Mentmore, his friend, happening to meet him, reminded him of this observation. Lord Rosebery replied with assumed gravity, but with a telltale twinkle in his eye, "Well, of course you know that the unexpected always happens."—San Francisco Argonaut.

A Philanthropist.

"What is the subject of your lecture?" inquired the editor.

"'The Cause of Hard Times and How to Cure Them,'" replied the gifted orator, "and as the object of the lecture is in its very nature purely philanthropic I will ask you to be generous in the matter of free notices. By the way," he added hurriedly, "I forgot to fill a blank in this advertisement. I will attend to it now."

And he took the copy and filled the blank after the words, "Price of admission," by inserting the simple characters, "$1."—Chicago Tribune.

Increase of Suicides In Austria.

The increase in the number of suicides in Austria, which is stated to have been very marked in the sixties and seventies, fell off in the 10 years 1880-90. Since the latter date, however, it has again become noticeable. In 1891 the number of suicides was 872, in the following year it was 903, and last year it reached 1,005.—London Times.

HOW HE FELL FROM GRACE.

Reporting Was Too Exacting, and So He Became a Hotel Keeper.

"Yes," said Michael Angelo Tracy, "I once was a newspaper man, long before I ever thought of hotels and diamonds. It was in Toronto that I made my debut, also exit. My first assignment was to report an inquest. Now, my paper was edited in short, condensed, breezy style, and everything was boiled down. This fact was impressed upon me by the city editor when I went forth in quest of news. Well, I labored like a good fellow at that inquest and brought in a column of matter. The editor read it over with a mingled air of amusement and disgust, and then, laying it aside, said, 'This is all very nice, Mr. Tracy, but we would like to know the verdict.' I had written a column and left out the only piece of news in the item. You can imagine my emotions.

"My next assignment was to report a meeting of the Sons of England, a Tory organization. Now, I was a Liberal and vice president of the Young Men's Liberal club of my native city. The Sons of England were all Tories and bitter opponents of my party. I had hardly taken my seat at the meeting and was preparing to take notes of the proceedings when I was recognized by a Tory acquaintance, and a howl went up that one of the enemy was among them. Instantly the Sons of England rose in a body and demanded that I be put out. I explained to the excited assemblage that I was only at the meeting in the capacity of a reporter, and that I didn't intend to be thrown out. None of the Sons of England present seemed to relish the job of ejecting me, and I remained throughout the meeting. I didn't relish my experience, however, and on my return to the office I told the city editor what had happened. 'Oh, that's nothing!' he said. 'You will get used to little things like that.' I didn't agree with him, however, and that is why I am in the hotel business now instead of reporting suicides and pink teas in my native land."—Louisville Commercial.

A City Without a Woman.

Maiwatchin, in Mongolia, close to the borders of Russian Siberia, is the only city in the world peopled by men only. The Chinese women are not only forbidden to leave this territory, but even to pass the great wall of Kalkan and enter into Mongolia. All the Chinese of this border city are exclusively traders, and they accumulate money till their trading with Europe through Siberia has created a sufficient fortune to enable them to return to their native cities and live there in ease with their families. Their dwellings indicate their prosperity. They are separated from the street by a clay wall, rather ugly, it is true, but surrounding generally a very elegant looking house, before which are gamboling those sleek looking, plump cues, with unusually big eyes, such as are pretty faithfully represented on Chinese vases and screens. The main part of the houses of Maiwatchin is divided into two compartments, and that which is behind is raised. Fires are kept up under this great platform, which is covered with mats that serve as seats by day and beds by night. Opposite the door a niche is generally seen where the domestic idols, unaccustomed to attitudinize to profane eyes, repose behind an ornamented blind. The walls of the reception room are lacquered in red or black and sometimes covered with figured silk, according to the wealth and taste of the owner. The apartment overlooking the court is generally of light wood, perforated and carved, and over these openings colored paper is stretched, producing something of the graceful effect of stained glass. The idol temples are gorgeous buildings.—Chicago Tribune.

Life In Other Worlds.

The fact has been established that the supposed diamonds found in meteorites near the Canyon Diablo, in Arizona, are actually such. This is a matter of profound interest, indicating as it does that such stones exist on other planets. Some authorities assert that diamonds—like coal, which is so nearly of the same chemical construction—could not possibly come into existence without previous vegetable growths to generate their material. For this reason they infer that the finding of the gems in the meteorites proves that there must have been vegetable life in the place whence the meteorites came. If there was vegetable life there, it is a fair presumption that there was animal life also. All this may be untrue, but it affords the first guess glimpse ever obtained into the greatest problem that mankind has ever attempted to handle—namely, the question whether life exists in other worlds than ours.—Philadelphia Press.

Irrigation by Dog Power.

Manuel E. de Costa, who resides six miles south of Sacramento on the Riverside road, has built an ingenious machine for irrigating his flower garden and his orange and lemon trees. It consists of a wooden wheel 10 feet in diameter and with a rim, or tire, about 2 feet wide. A dog is placed inside the wheel, which is turned by his weight as he gallops in treadmill fashion. The revolution of the axle turns a crank which operates the handle of a pump set in a dug well. After half an hour's exercise the dog is taken out and a fresh dog put in for another half hour. The dogs seem to enjoy the work, for they bark and wag their tails when they are brought to the wheel. They know that it means something good to eat at the end of the half hour's work.—Sacramento Bee.

Only.

"I'll work my fingers' ends off to support you if you'll only have me."

"But I don't want a slave."

"Ah, considerate girl! What do you require?"

"Only"——

"Love?"

"No; a millionaire."—Boston Gazette.

Half Married For Half an Hour.

At Dunmow parish church the wedding of a coal porter with a young woman formerly employed at the vicarage was interrupted in a curious manner. The bride and groom were kneeling at the chancel steps for the first part of the ceremony, and as they rose to go to the communion rails to complete the rite the best man, probably thinking it was all over, hurriedly snatched a kiss from the bride in accordance with an old custom which is still observed in many country towns. The officiating clergyman, the Rev. C. C. Naters, curate in charge, was most indignant at the proceedings and ordered the wedding party to leave the church for half an hour. The partially married couple lingered about the precincts for that period of time, when the offended clergyman returned, and after admonishing the best man, who was the bride's brother-in-law, for his levity in interrupting the service in the manner he had he proceeded to finish the ceremony.—Westminster Gazette.

Painters' Pickle.

Painters' pickle is used for removing old paint. It is useless to waste time and money applying good enamel paint over old paint, for it quickly cracks and grows shabby. Mix 1½ pounds of stone potash, 1½ to 2 pounds of soft soap and a half a pound of washing soda together and stir into about a gallon of water. The pickle should then be boiled till the potash is melted. Apply this with a brush; then let it stand for several hours. The work must afterward be washed thoroughly with strong, hot soda water, using no soap. This pickle may be applied equally well hot or cold. Great care must be taken in using the pickle, as it discolors the finger nails and takes the color out of anything it touches.—Boston Herald.

What's In a Name?

The custom of naming flats after their builders or owners is a growing one and sometimes results in a curious combination. Just below me are two new flathouses, built last summer. One was named "Albert," and on the plate glass front door of the adjoining one was the word "Madeira," it having been built by a patriotic gentleman who names his flathouses after various wines. But the latter was sold to a man named Hawkins, who forthwith put his own name up. So now the combination is complimentary to the old time and widely known White House coachman, "Albert Hawkins."—New York Herald.

Wouldn't Give Up His Seat.

A certain English duchess used to be quite a fixture at the casino at Monte Carlo, and if she missed getting a chair at the tables her companion would pick out a good natured looking man and whisper, "Would you be kind enough, sir, to yield your place to the duchess?" An Englishman who was carefully playing a complicated system once replied, "Not even to the queen of England!"—New York World.

A farmer near Owingsville, Ky., says he has a hen that never lays anything but double eggs. He never brings any of the eggs to market, but insists that he is using them all for setting and means to have a breed of twin hens.

Joseph Scaliger had a very low opinion of poets. He says, "There never was a man who was a poet, or addicted to the study of poetry, but his heart was puffed up with his own greatness."

Crude oil is an excellent polisher and cleanser for both floors and furniture of all sorts except highly finished wood, such as mahogany or birdseye maple.

An editor, in acknowledging a gift of a peck of onions from a subscriber, says, "It is such kindnesses as this that bring tears to our eyes."

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