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.

THE PLANET URANUS.

Some Interesting Things a Voyage to the Gigantic World Would Disclose.

If Uranus, which is a star of about the sixth magnitude, were a planet like those little ones called asteroids, which are being discovered by the dozen every year, it could not have much claim upon popular attention. But Uranus is really a gigantic world, more than 60 times as large as ours. Its vast distance, now about 1,700,000,000 miles from the earth, is what causes it to look so small. Uranus has four moons, which revolve backward in their orbits—that is to say, they revolve from east to west around Uranus, while Uranus goes, like all the other planets, from west to east around the sun. It is believed that Uranus rotates backward on its axis also. Moreover, the axis of that great, strange globe lies in such a direction that in the course of its year, which is equal to 84 of our years, the sun shines almost perpendicularly first upon one pole and then upon the other. Measured by our time standard, there are 40 years of constant daylight, followed by 40 years of unbroken night, around the poles of Uranus. And the sun rises in the west and sets in the east there. But the sun looks very small when viewed from Uranus—only one four-hundredth as large as it appears to us. Still it sheds upon that planet 1,500 times as much light as the full moon sends to the earth, so that daylight upon Uranus, while faint compared with the blaze of a terrestrial noonday, is nevertheless a very respectable kind of illumination.

It is a pity that the telescope is able to show us very little of the detail of the surface of Uranus. Some faint bands or belts, just visible with the most powerful instruments, are all that can be made out. If we could visit Uranus, we should probably be greatly surprised, if not greatly disappointed. Its average density is but a trifle in excess of that of water, and of course its surface density is far less.

A voyager from the earth landing on Uranus would probably sink almost as rapidly as if he had leaped upon one of those round white thunderclouds which, piled high in air, look so solid and snowy cool on a July afternoon. He could no more walk on the surface of that world than he could walk on water.

It has generally been assumed that the meaning of the slight density of Uranus is that that planet is still in a vaporous or liquid condition and exceedingly hot perhaps. If so, it may in the course of future ages contract and condense and cool until it comes into a condition resembling the earth's. Will vital forces then become active upon it and produce a long succession of living species, brightening its dim daylight with the color of flowers and the ceaseless activity of animate existence? It is not likely that man will ever be able to answer that question, but who that looks upon Uranus keeping step with the earth to the music of the sun can help asking it?—Garrett P. Serviss in New York Sun.

Jangling Piano Strings.

Another case occurred in a house where I was once stopping in Nova Scotia. A piano with a bad note was fixed by simply opening an inside shutter of a bay window at the opposite side of a parlor from the piano. The latch of one shutter was lightly resting against the edge of another and caused the jangle when one particular note was struck. The lady player had previously declared that she would send for a tuner the next day and laughed at my attempt to fix it by hunting about the room while she pounded. However, she did not conceal her surprise when the trouble [illegible] removed and admitted that [illegible] something about this sound [illegible] that she did not quite understa[illegible]

In regard to locating these jangles, however, I will say that it is not always so easy. It requires some practice before the ear becomes capable of locating with any degree of success the direction of sounds of this kind. This was my experience with the first piano jangle, that of the cracked globe, which was quite difficult. That of the window shutter was easier as well as many others which I have located since. A correct musical ear is also an important adjunct in the case.—A. A. Knudson in Popular Science Monthly.

Birch Bark Shoes.

Shoes and other articles besides baskets and cabinets are manufactured from birch bark by the Russian peasantry. The bark from which these articles are made is from the inner skin of the Russian birch tree, common in almost all parts of the empire. It is gathered spring and fall, and the process is a very simple one. An incision is first made around the trunk of the tree, and the peasants have a knack of tearing or unwinding the bark from the starting point, which gives them a strip of even width that they wind into a ball and keep through the winter until it is dry enough to use. It is then made into shoes, baskets and other useful articles. The barks shoes are universally worn by the Russian peasantry. Other shoes used in winter are made of sheeps' wool. These are manufactured by itinerant cobblers who travel from house to house, using the peasants' own materials.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Acme of Forensic Force.

"And now, gentlemen of the jury," shouted the young lawyer, running his long fingers through his flowing locks, "now, gentlemen of the jury, I ask you as men and as citizens of this great and glorious republic if the spotless character of my client is to be permitted to suffer from the words uttered by that—by that—by that vermiform appendix who sits in the witness box with perjury stamped all over him!"—Indianapolis Journal.

Used to It.

The prophets tell us that we shall all travel by airship one of these days, but the experience will not be a novel one to those who have lived on heirships all their lives.—Newport News.

HOW GRANT BECAME A SMOKER.

An Incident That Caused the General to Be Overwhelmed With Cigars.

"My father," said Colonel Grant, "tried to smoke while at West Point, but only because it was against the regulations, and then he didn't succeed very well at it. He really got the habit from smoking light cigars and cigarettes during the Mexican war, but it wasn't a fixed habit. When he left the army and lived in the country, he smoked a pipe—not incessantly. I don't think that he was very fond of tobacco then, and really there was always a popular misconception of the amount of his smoking. But he went on as a light smoker, a casual smoker, until the day of the fall of Fort Donelson. Then the gunboats having been worsted somewhat, and Admiral Foote having been wounded, he sent ashore for my father to come and see him. Father went aboard, and the admiral, as is customary, had his cigars passed. My father took one and was smoking it when he went ashore. There he was met by a staff officer, who told him that there was a sortie, and the right wing had been struck and smashed in. Then my father started for the scene of operations. He let his cigar go out naturally, but held it between his fingers. He rode hither and yon, giving orders and directions, still with the cigar stump in his hand.

"The result of his exertions was that Fort Donelson fell after he sent his message of 'unconditional surrender,' and 'I propose to move immediately upon your works.' With the message was sent all over the country the news that Grant was smoking throughout the battle when he only had carried this stump from Foote's flagship. But the cigars began to come in from all over the Union. He had 11,000 cigars on hand in a very short time. He gave away all he could, but he was so surrounded with cigars that he got to smoking them regularly, but he never smoked as much as he seemed to smoke. He would light a cigar after breakfast and let it go out, and then light it again, and then again let it go out and light it, so that the one cigar would last until lunchtime."—From an Interview With Colonel Frederick D. Grant About His Father in McClure's Magazine.

A Gotham Incident.

A scene that attracted a crowd occurred in the Bowery very early one morning. A girl not over 20 years old, many of whose natural beauties of face could be distinguished through her tears, sat on a doorstep of a saloon. She was well dressed. A group stood watching her, and while some of them inquired sympathetically why she seemed so distressed a young miss wearing the customary poke bonnet of the Salvation Army edged her way through the crowd, and catching sight of the wayward girl went up to her. The Salvationist, resting upon one knee on the stone step, threw her right arm over the shoulder of the weeping girl, and taking her by the hand drew her close to her and began talking to her earnestly in a tone too low to be heard by the bystanders. The utmost quiet prevailed, although the crowd soon numbered several hundred. After a little while the girl was noticed to have ceased crying. She brightened up, and the blinding moisture disappeared from her eyes. A smile took the place of the drawn look on her face, and she clung closely to her comforter. She finally arose, embraced the Salvationist warmly, and they both started up toward Third avenue, the arm of the Salvation Army lass intwined around the waist of her apparently reclaimed sister. The crowd silently dispersed.—New York Sun.

English Homes and American.

On entering an Englishman's house the first thing one notices is how well his house is adapted to him. On entering an American's house the first thing one notices is how well he adapts himself to his house. In England the establishment is carried on with a prime view to the comfort of the man. In America the establishment is carried on with a prime view to the comfort of the woman. Men are more selfish than women; consequently the English home is, as a rule, more comfortable than the American home.

An Englishman is continually going home; an American is continually going to business. One is forever planning and scheming to get home, and to stay home, and to enjoy the privileges of home, while the other is more apt to devote his energies to make his business a place to go to and in which to spend himself. These minor details of domestic life put their impress upon larger matters of business and politics.—Price Collier in Forum.

A Fable.

A swallow flew down and plucked a small piece of wool from the back of a sheep. The sheep was very indignant and denounced the swallow in scathing terms.

"Why do you make such a fuss?" asked the swallow. "You never say anything when the shepherd takes all the wool you have on your back."

"That's a different thing entirely," replied the sheep. "If you knew how to take any wool without hurting me as the shepherd does, I would not object so much."

This fable is merely intended to explain why millions can be stolen with impunity, while the theft of a pair of boots or a loaf of bread is punished with such severity.—Texas Siftings.

Quick Transit.

"Did yer ever stop ter think," said Meandering Mike, "'bout this world's turning on its axis once every 24 hours?"

"Course I have," said Plodding Pete.

"It's mighty fast travel, so fast thet it don't seem wuth while tryin ter improve on it. Er feller that ain't contented ter jes' sit down an slide with the earth at that rate of speed is so doggoned hard ter satisfy that his opinion ain't wuth list'nin to nohow."—Washington Star.

BALLADE OF WORLDLY WEALTH.

Money taketh town and wall,
Fort and ramp without a blow,
Money moves the merchants all
While the tides shall ebb and flow,
Money maketh evil show
Like the good and truth like lies.
These alone can ne'er bestow
Youth and health and paradise.
Money maketh festival,
Wine she buys and beds can strew,
Round the necks of captains tall
Money wins them chains to throw,
Marches soldiers to and fro,
Gaineth ladies with sweet eyes.
These alone can ne'er bestow
Youth and health and paradise.
Money wins the priest his stall,
Money miters buys, I trow,
Red hats for the cardinal,
Abbeys for the novice low.
Money maketh sin as snow,
Place of penitence supplies.
These alone can ne'er bestow
Youth and health and paradise.
—Andrew Lang in Public Opinion.

Early Morning Advice.

The policeman, at 3 o'clock a. m., had just turned the corner when he met a man who very evidently was not a suspicious character, yet who did not seem to be exactly where he ought to be. The policeman, however, had no intention of stopping him, but the man, much to the officer's surprise, stopped the guardian of the peace.

"Scuse me," he said somewhat thickly, "will you tell me what time it is?"

"Ten minutes after 3," replied the officer curiously.

"Thought so, or thereabouts," said the man, with some significance. "Are you a married man?"

"I am," said the officer as if he were proud of it.

"Y'ought to be. I am, too; every man ought to be," said the man. "Is your wife living?"

"Sure, or was when I left home after supper."

"Ain't you been home since supper?"

"No," and the officer smiled.

"What time d'you say it was?" queried the man.

"After 3 o'clock."

"Thought so," said the man, shaking his head sorrowfully. "Got a wife at home. Ain't been there since supper; now 3 o'clock in the morning, and you are still out. Sir, I'm 'shamed of you," and bracing himself up, with rebuking dignity, the man walked away, leaving the officer almost prostrated.—Detroit Free Press.

What Did He Eat.

There comes a good story from Monte Carlo, from that holy of holies, the salon wherein are the trente et quarante tables. Just as the cards were being shuffled for the commencement of play a gentleman deliberately counted out 12 1,000 franc notes and placed them on the black without even taking the precaution of insuring them. It was "playing the limit," and a bystander remarked:

"Rather a bold play, sir."

"Well," said the player, "I dreamed last night that I saw this table exactly as it is now, and on the first coup black won."

The cards were dealt for the first coup, and black won. A suppressed "Oh!" from the bystanders greeted the announcement, "Red loses," and then from across the table came a woman's voice:

"What did you have for supper last night? Do tell me!"—New York Herald.

Not an Unusual "Lapse."

Certain physicians who are ardent specialists are accused by their brethren—the general practitioners—with seeing everything through the eyes of their specialty and of jumping to conclusions. This note from an alienist's or "nervous specialist's" diagnosis of a certain case is cited:

The patient Q. is of unsound mind; suffers singular lapses of the memory. There is manifested, moreover, a curious correlation in these lapses between ideas of persons and ideas of money. Thus it is noted that on several occasions he has totally failed to recognize his creditors when he has met them on the street.—Youth's Companion.

Two Scenes.

Scene One—Schoolroom. Small Boy (as the rattan falls gently on his hands)—Wow, wow, o-o-ough! I'm killed! Boo-hoo! Me hands are tender, teacher! Boo-oo-ooh!

Scene Two—A Field. Same Small Boy (same day)—Soak der ball in harder, Chimmy! Why doncher put some speed inter it? Let 'er go! It don't hurt me hands a bit! Slug 'er in!—Boston Traveller.

Legislation In Ohio.

In Ohio a bill to enable women to vote at all school elections passed the senate on April 10 by a vote of 21 to 6. As a similar bill was defeated by only a few votes in the house, it may be called up again and passed. The Dayton Herald and Ironton Republican indorse the measure.

During the summer season Krupp supplies his workmen with cold coffee and vinegar at intervals through the day, and such of the men employed in connection with the puddling works receive one-eighth of a quart of brandy.

Corneille was a very stupid talker. Descartes rarely spoke when in company. Addison could not converse at all; neither could La Fontaine, while Dryden's conversation was slow and dull.

The only half cent probably which was ever coined was a piece now in possession of Jesse Rogers of Newbury, Mass. It is an old Massachusetts coin presumably cast as an experiment.

Tricycles may be had for hire, like cabs, in Milan. An attendant goes with the machine to propel it. The fare depends on the distance traveled—not the time consumed.

Many poems of Gray were lost after his death. They fell into the hands of careless persons who knew nothing of their value.

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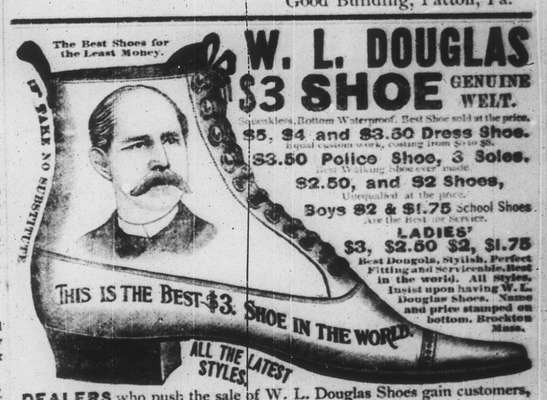

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