

FOREIGN NOTES.

A young woman of 22 and a female companion stopped and held up a Spitalfield laboring man and went through him thoroughly.

A few days ago, in a gun foundry at Petershoff, the Czar lifted a mass of steel weighing nearly 700 pounds, to the cheers of the surrounding workmen.

The experiment of exploding shells between decks has been tried on the ship Resistance. She is said to be a complete wreck internally from the repeated explosions.

The fastest armored cruiser in the world is said to be the German vessel Grieß, of 2,000 tons and 5,400 horse power. From Kiel to Wilhelmshafen she attained a speed of twenty-three knots an hour.

Three men were arrested in Birmingham for street singing on a Sunday morning. They had collected respectively 6s. 2d., 7s. 7d. and 10s. 5d. "It isn't such a great deal," said one to the justice, "considering we have been out for three hours."

The Austrian Consul at Yokohama reports great difference in commercial morality between the merchants of China and Japan. The Japanese, he says, are neither enterprising nor upright, but the Chinamen are solid and trustworthy in every respect.

The Russian Government has granted an annual subsidy of 111,000 roubles to a private firm who contract to run a line of steamers between the Russian Pacific ports and Corea, Japan, and China, the vessels in time of war to be at the disposal of the Government.

A new submarine torpedo boat has been tried by both France and Russia and is said to be successful. It is driven by an Edison dynamo, provided with compressed oxygen for use under water, and a large pair of scissors projecting from the prow, in order to cut torpedo wires.

A couple spent their honeymoon at Bar Harbor. They met first on a steamer on the Atlantic Ocean; he proposed in Sweden; was accepted in Russia; obtained her father's permission in England; the marriage settlements were drawn up in America; they were married in Algiers; and goodness knows where they are now and will be tomorrow.

A new source of trouble has been developing in India through religious conflicts between the Mohammedans and the Brahmins. This year the Mohammedan festival of Mubarram and the Frashmin feast of Ramila came at the same time, and the attitude of the Hindus and Mussulmans was so threatening that troops had to be called out. In the Bijou district there was an actual riot, and several of the crowd were killed.

Mr. and Mrs. Acton, six children, the eldest twelve and the youngest a year old in a perambulator, and two maids, recently finished a pleasure walk from London to Glasgow (500 miles), where they go regularly every year. They carried no umbrellas, only mackintoshes. The daily distance covered was from twelve to twenty miles, with no journey on Sundays, the whole trip being done in five weeks and two days. The party enjoyed the best of health through it all, one nurse having wheeled the perambulator the entire distance.

Since the Paris Temps is thought to reflect the opinions of the French Ministry of War, its criticisms on the recent German cavalry manœuvres are interesting. It says: "We must cherish no dangerous delusions. The German cavalry is in very many respects far superior to ours. Its horses are especially deserving of admiration; but its troopers are scarcely less excellent. The German peasant is early accustomed to ride. Unfortunately, from economical motives our squadrons have been everywhere reduced considerably below their proper strength. The German cavalry, on the other hand, lacks nothing, is always ready, and is always up to the limit of its strength." Seeing that the cavalry has been looked upon as, relatively, the strongest arm in the French services this expression is significant.

The War with Thibet.

Gen. Graham's victory in Jalapa pass and pursuit of the Thibetans into their own territory have evidently had a good effect, since the new Chinese Resident at Lassa is on the way to the British encampment at Guatong to patch up a peace. This he will doubtless accomplish before the arrival of the Russian traveller, Prijvalsky, who is on his way to seek admission to Lassa, and carries with him a conciliatory present of a silver tea service, with which to help to persuade the Dalai Lama to grant him that privilege. Perhaps Russia may not be eager to see peace concluded. The evident desire of the British to open a highway of trade through Sikkim to Thibet, and the hostility of the Thibetans to everything Christian, sufficiently account for the recent hostilities, which the Pekin Government probably fears to permit longer. According to a recent British writer the religious question is coupled with the worldly one that "the Lamas of Lassa have engineered a corner in tea," which, he says, they get from China and peddle out to their people at a large profit. They are accused of fearing that the opening of the trade route to India will spoil this profitable monopoly. Still, if business projects had anything to do with the war, on the Thibetan side, it may be less difficult for that reason to find a business basis for peace.

Bad Writing in a Will.

In a word of three letters which appears in the will of a wealthy lady recently deceased "two" or "ten" is a question which the lady's executors find it impossible to determine. The gift is either of \$2,000 or \$10,000, but as the word is written out in an open hand it can be taken for either amount. A large number of experts have examined the writing, but only a few of these have ventured an unhesitating opinion, and these few are about equally divided in their views. The case will probably go to the courts, as the sum of \$8,000 depends upon the interpretation to be put on the writing.—*Halifax Herald*.

Make a Note of This.

Pain banished as if by magic. Polson's Nervilene is a positive and almost instantaneous remedy for external, internal, or local pains. The most active remedy hitherto known falls far short of Nervilene for potent power in the relief of nerve pain. Good for external or internal use. Buy a 10 cent sample bottle. Large bottles 25 cents, all druggists.

Russian Religion.

One of the first things that strikes the stranger in St. Petersburg, and still more in Moscow, is the constant crossing that goes on in the streets. Whenever a devout Russian passes a church or a shrine or a holy altar he lifts his hat and crosses himself in the fashion of the Eastern Church. In Moscow the number of shrines is so great and the sanctity of some of them so overpowering that it must be difficult for the devout orthodox to get along the street. In St. Petersburg the number is much less, but it is still sufficient to keep your *ivostchik*'s arms in tolerably active exercise. One thing puzzled me much. In St. Petersburg the women very seldom crossed themselves. For one woman who would make the sign of the cross at the entrance to the *Gostinnoi Dvor* it would be made by a dozen men. In Moscow the women were more careful to perform their devotions, but in St. Petersburg the males were much more devout to outward seeming than the women. Of the women who did obediensce to the holy places in St. Petersburg all were poor. I did not see one well-dressed lady cross herself in the streets all the time I was in Russia. Officers and gentlemen were not so particular as the *ivostchiks* and workmen, but it was no uncommon sight to see them making the sign of the cross. I traveled with Gen. Ignatief from St. Petersburg to Moscow. The moment the train started the General crossed himself twice, remarking that although you should always pray, it was especially incumbent upon you to do so when starting on a journey. The number of shrines in Russia where candles are burning before holy pictures is very great, and much greater importance is attached to the science of genuflexion than is easily credible to the non-ritualistic Englishman. Sunday was much more generally observed as a holiday than I expected. The shops on the Grand Morskaya and the Nevski Prospekt are almost all shut all Sunday. St. Petersburg is not Sabbatharian by any means; it is more a day of amusement and of visiting than of devotion, but there seemed to me to be a much more general cessation of labor on Sunday in Russia than either in Germany or in France.

Address on Receiving a Bunch of Highland Heather in America.

BY JOHN INMAN, TORONTO.

Dear oker fram my native lan':
Thou b'ne batch o' heather han':
Frae o'er extremes o' weather:
I'll plant you in a pat o' moor
Brought' a' the way frane Oban,
An' stchan' you w' water cool
An' sweet as frae Loch Lomain!

An' when the Scotchman's day comes roon—
Saint Andra's day see cheerie—
I'll tak' ye w' me tae the town—
Tae busk my auld bonnyberry,
An' you'll see faerie thare you ken,
Wha spelled wi' me the heather,—
Braw Hielan' lasses ar' them men
Shall dance a reel thegither!

Then will I gie ye bit-by-bit
Each ane a sprig o' heather,—
Tae keep ye a' I'll no be fit
Aince we meet at theather!
At sight o' you w'ell feel good,
We jae see ane anither;
For, ye maun ken, we're unco proud
O' Scotland an' her heather;

How aft your purple face has seen
Auld Scotia's heroes gaen—
How aft the martyrs bluid haen
Spill'd ruthles on the heather?
For Freedom, Liberty, an' Right,
Read Scotian's deathless story,
Our fathers left it by their might
A heritage of glory!

A Prayer.

BY J. R. WILKINSON.

Father, I've trespassed in Thy sight—
But I'm weak, and poor, and sad;
My days are long and dreary,
And I am never glad;

My nights are dark and lonely,
My dreams a-e full of pain;

I've wandered oh! so long,
And toiled so long in vain.

I could feel Thy forgiving hand
Rest on my tired head;
E'er the last low sigh is breathed,
And I sleep with the quiet dead!

In a dreamless perfect rest;
No bitter anguish care,
To trouble my deep repose;
Or laden with dark despair!

Forgive—for my burden is heavy,
And grievous, and hard to bear;
And I have no home to night,—
And around me everywhere

The chill an' blight is falling;
And the way is rough and cold;

The summer of life is ended,
And I am growing old.

Forgive—for my tears are falling—
And I kneel at Thy sacred feet,
Laid me up from this "deep, dark valley"

Where ruin reigns complete.

If the winter's frost and man!

And I long for summers perpetual
Near to Thy great white throne.

A Righteous Verdict.

We rejoice that a Chicago jury has at last taken the part of the widow and the fatherless against one of the vampires of society, that sucked the life-blood out of the bread winner, and helped to send a genius of unusual promise to an untimely grave. Mrs. Lucy A. Elkins, the widow of the painter whose "Mount Shasta," and other brilliant works of art, had placed him high up on the ladder of fame, has under the dramatic act, recovered \$5,000 damages against a Chicago saloon-keeper, who, despite her entreaties to the contrary, persisted in selling her husband, who was a victim to intemperance, strong drink.

California.

Ask for tickets via the old-established and favorite overland route comprising the Chicago and North Western Union and Southern Pacific Ry's. Two fast trains leave Chicago daily with unrivalled accommodations for first and second-class passengers. Rates no higher than by other lines. Baggage checked through. Full information, covering rates, etc., with time table and maps, given by J. H. MORLEY, Canadian Passenger Agent, 69 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

Emerald green is combined with turquoise blue in some of the most elegant toques of this season.

A Cure for Drunkenness.

The opium habit, depoisons, the morphine nervous prostration caused by the use of tobacco, wakefulness, mental depression, softening of the brain, etc., premature old age, loss of vitality caused by over exertion of the brain, and loss of natural strength from any cause whatever. Men—young, old or middle-aged—who are broken down from any of the above causes, or any cause not mentioned above, save your address, and 10 cents in stamps for Libon's treatise, in book form, of Diseases of Man. Books sent sealed and secure from observation. Address M. V. LUNEN 47 Wellington street East, Toronto, Ont.

One hundred and thirty of Lord Monk's tenants have bought their holdings in Killenny on very easy terms.

Instinct in Brutes.

Few things are more wonderful than the instinct that guides the brute in the choice of its food and medicine. In India the mungoos, when bitten by the deadly cobra, is said to seek among the grass for some unknown herb or substance which it swallows and is thereby enabled to counteract the effect of the poison. Man, when his system is deranged by constipation or a sluggish habit of body, should seek relief in Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, which will at once establish permanently healthy action of the liver, stomach and bowels.

A Manistee (Mich.) paper lost [the city printing because the editor asked the slender men to pay their subscription bills. \$500, or a cure!]

For many years the manufacturers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, who are thoroughly responsible financially, as any one can easily ascertain by enquiry, have offered, through nearly every newspaper in the land a standing reward of \$500 for a case of chronic nasal catarrh, no matter how bad, or of long standing, which they cannot cure. The Remedy is mild, soothing, cleansing, anti-septic, and healing. Sold by all druggists, at 50c.

Birds' wings and tails, and quill feathers are much used in millinery, but whole birds are no longer seen on hats or bonnets.

"Taken In."

"I used often to read the newspapers aloud to my wife," said Bert Robinson, "and once I was fairly taken in by a patent medicine advertisement. The seductive paragraph began with a modest account of the sea-serpent, but ended with setting forth the virtues of a certain Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery which, it was alleged, was a sure cure for all throat and lung troubles and would even cure consumption, if taken in time. The way I was taken in, was this; I had a lung trouble and I bought a bottle of the remedy. I was a stranger to it and it took me in—and cured me.

The round hat or toque, with a straight high crown, sunken in on the top, is a first favorite this season.

Coff No More.

Watson's cough drops are the best in the world for the throat and chest, for the voice unequalled. See that the letters R. & T. W. are stamped on each drop.

A.P. 420

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SCOTT'S EMULSION is acknowledged by Physicians to be the FINEST and BEST preparation of its class for the relief of

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LADIES' Dress and Mantle Cutting by this new and improved

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uSatisfaction guaranteed to teach ladies the art of cutting all garments worn by ladies' and children. PROF. SMITH, 349 Queen St. W., Toronto. Agents Wanted.

Whaley Royce & Co., 233 Yonge Street, Toronto. The Cheapest Place is Canada for BAND INSTRUMENTS New and Second hand.

Agents for "BESSON" and "HIGHAM" Band and Orchestra MUSIC.

TEA GROWING IN CEYLON,

Success of a New Enterprise in that Land.

BY DAVID KER.

It seems to be a matter of course that a man who has to write upon any subject should begin by touching upon every subject in the world except the one on which he has to write. On this principle I myself, having gone all the way to Ceylon for the express purpose of examining the growing and preparation of the famous Cingalese tea, have described everything else in the island without even mentioning its tea at all. I do not find, however, that I relish a cup of tea any the more now that I know all about its manufacture than I did when it was present to my mind only as a mysterious powdery stuff that came from China in queer boxes covered with figures like the dolls in a toy shop, and was sometimes black and sometimes green without any apparent reason.

While I was studying the process I reminded myself of nothing so much as one of those dreadful "instructive books" beloved by our fathers, in which some unfortunate small boy is mercilessly catechised right in the middle of his breakfast (or worse still, before being allowed to begin breakfast at all) respecting the manufacture of everything that he puts into his mouth—the bread, the butter, the tea, the sugar, the bacon—all in regular order. The most perfect instance of this style of thing which I ever encountered in real life was in a secluded valley among the mountains of Eastern Brazil, where I had all the ingredients of a cup of coffee under my eyes at one view—the sugar canes on a level ground, the coffee plants along the slopes, and the cows grazing upon the top of the ridge.

To return, then, to the subject of tea planting, it is to be noticed that this industry has only developed itself to an appreciable extent within the last few years, and that it is chiefly confined to one district which seems admirably fitted for the purpose. Fifty or 60 miles inland, in a direct line from the western coast of Ceylon, the uniform flatness of the island

IS SUDDENLY BROKEN

by a circular group of mountains (already described in my letters from Kandy, Tappaella, and Adam's Peak) as picturesquely steep and broken as those of Montenegro itself, and forming, though on a very small scale, a kind of Cingalese Switzerland. In the deep, sheltered valleys and upon the sunny slopes of these mountains grew till very lately the coffee plants and cinchona trees that yielded the coffee and quinine for which Ceylon has long been famous; but these are now being fast replaced by the glossy green leaves from which is manufactured the now celebrated "Cingalese tea"—a "survival of the fittest" which would have charmed Dr. Darwin if he could have lived to see it.

"I doubt very much whether coffee will ever recover itself in these parts," said one of the principal planters in the Agra Patana tea country, at whose pretty little country house among the hills of the Talawakele district we spent a very pleasant week in the course of our travels through the interior of Ceylon.

"But even if it were to regain its old place to-morrow it would always be at a disadvantage as compared with tea for two very good reasons. First and foremost, although tea suffers a good deal from red spider and other things of that sort, the diseases of the coffee plant are more numerous by far than those of the tea plant, and when they come in earnest they simply mean absolute destruction to the whole crop. Then, too, when a crop of coffee is destroyed or blighted you have nothing more to hope for as regards that year, whereas if anything happens to a growth of tea you will have the comfort of knowing that there will be another 'flush,' as we call it, in 10 days' time, which, if it turns out well, may recoup all your loss and more."

"But it seems to me," said I, "that that particular advantage is confined to the tea of Ceylon itself, for I remember that when we were in the tea growing districts of Northern India a few years ago, the planters told us that there would not be another flush till April, and it was then about the middle of February."

"That's very true," answered Mr. W., "and that's just where we Cingalese planters have the advantage of the fellows in Assam and the Kangra Valley; they can only manufacture their tea at stated intervals, whereas we can keep on at it all the year round. And now, if you two come for a walk round the plantation with me, I'm going to see how the

DIFFERENT GANGS OF PICKERS

are getting on; and when that's done, we'll just step down to my factory at the foot of the hill yonder, and I'll show you the whole process of tea making from beginning to end."

"Have you been successful with your tea so far?" asked I, as the three of us picked our way in single file along the narrow, threadlike path that zigzagged up the steep hillside among the glossy green leaves of the fresh tea.

"Well, I've nothing to complain of at present, although of course I can't do very much in the manufacturing line till I get up that new machinery that I'm waiting for. But so far as the mere growing of the tea is concerned, there's no fault to be found. If I make my fortune by tea—and I've both made it and lost it again by coffee, I can tell you, since I first came out here—I can put on the panel of my carriage the same motto that Dr. Johnson gave to an Indian tea planter in the last century: 'Tu doceas, (thou teachest,) which everybody who saw it read: 'Thou tea chest.'"

"Or else," suggests I, "you might appropriate Theodore Hook's epigram upon Twining, the tea dealer:

"Beneficent nature has curiously planned Men's names with their lives should agree; There's Twining, the tea man, who lives in the Strand, Would be whining if robbed of his T.,

But, now I think of it, is it true that some of the tea estates round here have been producing 1,000 pounds of tea per acre?"

"Perfectly true, although some of the Madras newspapers wouldn't believe a word of it when the story first came out, and sent over correspondents to look into it. But by the time the correspondents arrived the same plantations were yielding fully 1,200 pounds per acre, and the worthy reporters went back again with a considerable enlargement in their ideas of Cingalese tea growing. Now, here we come to a patch of coffee and you'll have a chance of seeing what prospect we've got of making any profit in that way."

It was indeed a hopeless spectacle for any planter to behold, and one whose ghostly desolation was intensified rather than relieved by the glorious sunshine around it and the bright blue sky overhead. Far and wide beneath us, the whole slope seemed blasted as if by fire. In some spots the withered leaves hung shrivelled and lifeless, stirring slowly in the morning breeze like the hair of dead men upon a battlefield. In other places they had fallen away altogether, leaving the long bare rows of sapless plane,

STANDING GAUNTLY UP IN

endless perspective, like an army of skeletons. And that nothing might be wanting to make this grim picture complete, the caprice of the pest had spared a few plants here and there, to stand as the living among the dead, and mock with their fresh sunny green the dreary barrenness of their blighted brethren. But in a sheltered hollow beneath us lies one tolerably large patch of coffee, which seems to have escaped the destroyer, and here a gang of Tamil coolies—about 20 strong, including women and children—are engaged in "picking." One of their number carries on his back a huge basket, into which the others keep emptying the coffee berries from the small panniers slung at their sides; and the group of dusky faces, white turbans, and long brown limbs, moving ceaselessly to and fro among the green leaves and bright scarlet berries, has a very picturesque effect. But every one of the gang, from the biggest coolie down to the smallest boy, works in a spiritless fashion which proclaims more plainly than any words their consciousness that King Coffee reigns over, and that they may in every sense of the work "take it coolie."

But Mr. W. goes by this gang with only a few passing words of advice and encouragement, for the real business of the day lies behind the elbow of the ridge, beyond which the tea plantations begin. Here the picking is being conducted in the same way but there are at least five times as many hands engaged in it, and the briskness with which the work is going forward tells its own story. A little apart from the rest stands a tall man with two crossed sticks hung upon his back, which I conjecture to be a kind of official badge. And so it proves, for Mr. W. points him out to us as the "kangani" or native overseer of the gang, who brings over the coolies from Southern India and hires them out to different planters, receiving a bounty equal to 4 cents per head upon all the laborers engaged.

"It's a great thing to have an experienced overseer," says he, "one who can teach these fellows to do their picking properly, for you have no idea how much harm may be done by careless or clumsy picking. You'll notice that each picker breaks off from every fresh root one leaf, a bud, and the half of another leaf. Now, if in doing so he happens to break the eye of the sprout, as we call this little thing here, no other leaf will spring from it any more, and when you think how many of these eyes one unskillful picker may break in a single day you can imagine how important it is to have the hands properly trained."

"What wages do they get?" ask I. "The men 16 cents a day, the women and boys 8, for 10 hours' work. It doesn't sound much to you, I dare say, but I can assure you that according to native ideas it's a very fair rate. Do you see that young girl to our left there, he one with the big silver bangles on her wrists? She's one of the best pickers on the whole estate. She's going to marry one of my native servants next week, and a right good wife she'll make him. Just watch how neatly she brings off those leaves, never breaking nor hurting them a bit. Women are always better than men for this kind of work, because there touch is so light, only of course they cannot do so much work in a day. Look at that man, now, who is picking just in front of us. You would hardly think, seeing him as he stands now, that he once carried a 95-pound chest of tea all the way from here to Talawakele, which is 14 miles if it's an inch. He did, though, and noticed a great falling off in him lately."

How A Tiger Kill and Eats Its Prey.

In a paper read before the Bombay Natural History Society recently, and published in its journal, Mr. Inverarity, a noted shikari, discussed the habits of the tiger, and especially the mode in which it kills and eats its prey. Some think he seizes by the throat, others by the nape of the neck from above. Mr. Inverarity has examined scores of slain animals with special reference to this point, and in every case but one the throat was seized from below. Whether dislocation of the neck takes place is doubtful. The tame hunting leopard's always kill by pressure on the windpipe, without breaking the skin; possibly the tiger kills in the same way. It is only by accident, if at all, that tigers in killing sever any important vein or artery, and no blood to speak of flows from the throat wounds. Having killed, the tiger almost invariably begins eating a hind quarter, consuming one or probably both. Animals are never eaten where they are killed, but are always dragged a short distance. They are not dragged clear of the ground, but dragged. Having gorged himself, the tiger sometimes lies close by his prey, but if it is hot weather and there are hills in the neighborhood he will go a long distance off before resting for the day. He returns next night and finishes what is left, but he never eats a second time on the same spot, dragging the remains of the prey 40 or 50 yards off. The tiger takes about two hours' steady eating to finish the forequarters of a bullock. Tigers are cannibals; they will make their meals off each other. They are supposed to kill once in five or six days, and no doubt the tiger after a heavy feed does not care to hunt much for a few days; but a tiger kills whenever he can. They have been known to kill on 14 consecutive nights. Mr. Inverarity believes that animals killed by tigers suffer little beyond the panic of a few seconds. The shock produces a stupor and dreaminess in which there is no sense of pain or feeling of terror. The powerful stroke of the fore paw of the tiger is a fiction; he clutches with his claws as one might with the fingers, but does not strike a blow. Tigers wander immense distances at night, and, as they like easy going, they go on roads and paths. They do not like to move during the heat of the day, as the hot ground burns their pads and makes them raw. They can on occasion climb trees. In Salsette one climbed after a certain Pandoo, but could not reach him and retired. Pandoo, thinking the coast clear, got down and ran toward home, but on the way was caught by the tiger and killed. The inquest report stated that "Pandoo died of the tiger eating him; there was no other cause of death. Nothing was left except some fingers, which probably belonged to the right or left hand." Natives have a belief that the ghosts of the man-eater's victims ride in his head and warn him of danger, or point the way to fresh victims.

Nethng makes man so run after as to call him a heretic.

Aluminum resembles silver in appearance, is stronger than steel, will not tarnish and is superior to silver for all purposes for which metal is used.

Freshmen at Vassar have easier times than at colleges for boys, and they ought to, for they are girls, and etiquette rules. Every girl in the college early in the school year goes forth on certain afternoons, card case in hand, to call upon the freshmen, and performing a kind of demon dance over a hole in the centre of a flat round stone, while absorbing mouthful after mouthful of leaves shoveled into it by a watchful native,

only to cast them forth again the next moment rolled neatly up in those tiny cylinders with which we are all familiar.

Passing lightly over the "re-rolling"—a process to which only a certain proportion of the leaves are subjected—we go back into the large room to study the details of the two final processes, "fermenting" and "firing," after which the tea is ready to be packed and sent off. The firing is performed in two different ways, the second and most complete of which is managed by a seven-chambered steam furnace of improved construction, the beauties of whose working are explained to me by Mr. W. in an elaborate discourse, which, like the majority of scientific explanations given to unsatisfactory men, leaves me just as wise as I was before.

"There are three kinds of tea here," he adds, "broken Pekoe, Pekoe and Souchong. We're manufacturing a good deal of all three just now, but nothing to what we shall do when our new machinery's in operation, as I hope it will be next week. Take my word for it, all Ceylon will have gone into tea growing in another year or two, and 'real Cingalese' will be as well known in the English market as 'Kangra Valley' itself. By the bye, that reminds me that I mustn't let you go away without a sample of it."

And in a trice a perfect stack of neatly-packed half-pounds of tea, compactly done up in air-tight leaden wrappers, lie awaiting our acceptance. It is hard to refuse what is so freely offered, as well as so precious in itself, but the necessity of one portmanteau apiece has no law, and we can only accept three out of the twelve.

"And now," says our obliging host, leading the way to the further end of the building, "I'm going to show you, by way of an appropriate wind up, what I don't think you'll ever see again in these parts—the method of preparing coffee." In a dark corner about two feet below the general level of the floor we find a long narrow stone tank with a few inches of water in it, in which a half dozen bare-limbed natives are splashing about like Italian peasants treading a winepress, except that in this case they are treading coffee berries instead, in order to wash off the inner husk when softened by water, thus leaving the smooth cream-colored bean within ready for that two days' exposure to the sun which is the final stage of the process. Mr. W. opens a side door and shows us several sheets of matting outspread on the ground in an open space just at the back of the factory, upon which lie strewn several hundreds of shiny coffee beans, exposed like ancient martyrs to the full heat of the burning sun. "Coffee has this one advantage over tea," he observes, as we leave the factory and begin to ascend the hill again, "that it certainly requires less preparation, but in every other respect the superiority is quite the other way. You may sum up the present history of coffee in Ceylon like the schoolmaster who, when a boy whose half-yearly character was writing tumbled off the top of the house and was killed, coolly added: 'I noticed a great falling off in him lately.'

AWFUL CRIMES RECALLED.

A Series of Terrible Deeds That Shocked Scotland Years Ago.

A sensation akin to that which has been developed in London by the recent Whitechapel murders was created just sixty years ago in Edinburgh by the discovery of a series of crimes, which stood forth, then as now, wholly without example in any age or country.

Two fiends in human shape, William Burke and William Hare, deliberately entered into a partnership to decoy persons to their houses to murder them in cold blood and sell the bodies to Dr. Knox, lecturer on anatomy at the University of Edinburgh.

William Burke was born in County Tyrone, Ireland, 1792. His parents were poor, but respectable cottagers. He was brought up a Roman Catholic and received a fair education. He married early and subsequently deserted his wife, who bore him seven children. Later on he met a woman Helen McDougal by name, while he was working in Scotland. They remained together up to the day of their arrest. Burke worked in Scotland as a laborer and after the harvest of 1827 he, still accompanied by the woman, went to Edinburgh and there met Hare. This man, his sturdy partner in the series of fearful crimes they jointly perpetrated, at this time kept a low lodging house in Tenner's Close, Westport. Burke and the McDougal woman went to live at Hare's lodging-house, which was managed by a woman who passed as his wife. Her maiden name was Laird and she was the widow of a man named Log.

A BODY FOR SALE.

The first idea of carrying out the series of crimes afterwards perpetrated by Burke and his associate appears to have arisen when one of Hare's lodgers died a natural death. The man was a pensioner. His debauched habits sufficiently accounted for his sudden death. Burke and Hare managed to abstract the corpse from the coffin after the undertaker had left the house, and filling up the empty casket with bricks, packed in tan bark, the coffin was borne to the grave at the appointed time with all due solemnity. That night Hare went to a College of Surgeons and offered the body for sale. He was referred to Dr. Knox, of 10 Surgeons' Square. Here he saw some young students, by whose directions he carried the pensioner's corpse to the dissecting-room of the college, having been paid £10 for the subject.

The death of the pensioner and the profitable disposition of his remains appears to have suggested to the two miscreants the carrying out of the villainous business in which they forthwith engaged. Within the space of a few months they murdered no less than sixteen persons. Burke used to frequent the low public houses of the neighborhood and when he found some wayfarer without a home or the means of obtaining a shelter he would offer them lodgings at Hare's house or his own. The victim was industriously plied with liquor till he or she became unconscious. Then the two partners incriminated upon them and while Hare usually choked the poor wretch to death Burke would throw himself upon the body and thus hasten the end. The two women were undoubtedly privy to the crimes, but they invariably left the room while the murders were being perpetrated.

WHAT THE MURDERERS WERE LIKE.

Burke was a man of 35, rather below the middle size, but stoutly built and of a determined cast of countenance. His face was round, cheekbones high, with gray eyes, deeply sunk in the head, short snub nose and round chin. His hair and whiskers were of a light, sandy color and his complexion fair and slightly freckled.

Helen McDougal is described as having been a woman of medium height, thin and sparely made. Her features were long, but by no means displeasing, and were rendered somewhat expressive by a pair of large full black eyes.

Hare was about 35, and is said to have been one of the most squalid-looking wretches ever seen in a dock, with a sinister expression, which rendered his appearance peculiarly revolting. His wife was a short, stout, round-faced and fresh-complexioned woman, with a look of coarseness and determination.

Hare appears to have been a rude boor with all the outward appearances of a ruffian. Drunken, ferocious and profligate he was far likelier to repel than ensnare victims to their murderous lair. He appears however to have been the more deeply designing man of the two, and to have overreached his associate, whom he succeeded in always thrusting forward, probably with the view of disposing of him as he ultimately did, sending him to the gallows and thereby saving his own wretched neck.

Burke managed the outdoor business of the partnership for he it was who always went on the prowl after victims. In his outward manners he was entirely the reverse of Hare. Quiet in his demeanor, he never gave way to cursing and swearing even when the worse for drink. He was fawning in his address, and was a general favorite among the children of the neighborhood, any one of whom would cheerfully run upon his errand. The quarrels which were apparently so often happening in his house were probably only make-believe to drown the dying cries of the unhappy victims.

THE FIRST OF THE CRIMES

The first of the series of sixteen murders was committed in January, 1828, and the last, that of an old woman, Mary Docherty, in October of the same year. This last crime led to the detection of the murderers, their arrest and the trial, conviction and execution of Burke. The woman McDougal was acquitted, Hare saved his neck by turning Queen's evidence and his wife also was used as a witness in the case. The murder of Mrs. Docherty was discovered by a Mr. and Mrs. Gray, who lodged in Hare's house. They heard a noise as of quarreling and fighting after they had retired one night and the next day Mrs. Gray found Docherty's body concealed under a heap of straw in Hare's bedroom. After Burke's conviction he made a full confession, in which, however, he sought to show that in each case Hare was the actual murderer as he had been the first one to suggest the execution of the crimes. According to Burke's statement the first victim was one Abigail Simpson, a middled-aged woman enticed to the house by Hare's wife. She was carried to Hare's house at night, was induced to drink, went off in a deep sleep and was suffocated in the early morning. Then followed an Englishman, name unknown, who came to lodge at Hare's. He had jaundice and was about 40 years of age. The body, like the preceding one, was sold to Dr. Knox for £10. She was sold to Dr. Knox for £10.

In Search of Stanley and Emin Pasha.

The Germans are evidently disposed to go as quickly as possible now to the relief of Emin Pasha, and the ominous news of the failure of the Barttelot expedition will tend to hurry their preparations. They are also duly bent on moving by way of Zanzibar, and evidently would like to have Great Britain's exertions for the rescue either of Stanley or Emin put forth by the Congo route. But Great Britain has also a base of operations on the Zanzibar side of the continent in her own East African Company and her relations with the Sultan. In such a matter effective co-operation is the main thing, and if the greater hope is to be looked for from starting on the eastern coast of Africa it is desirable that more than one expedition should go from there. No doubt eagerness to open a commercial route from the great Nile lakes to the coast is connected with these relief projects, but that does not render the humanitarian considerations less urgent. It is to be regretted on this account that bitter opposition has just at this moment broken out among the natives of the interior to the Sultan of Zanzibar and those whom they consider his white allies, directed especially, it would seem, against the Germans.

A suggestive accident recently occurred to the Comptesse de Vil Castel. The spirit lamp for making tea burst, and her face and body were enveloped with ignited spirit. She was not seriously burned, though.