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MARKDALE STANDARD.

THURSDAY, JAN. 17, 1895.

Week's Commercial Summary.

Nearly 7,000 shares of Montreal Street Railway sold in Montreal last week.

The number of failures in the Dominion the past week was 41, 10 more than the same week in 1893.

The earnings of the Canadian Pacific Railway for the third week of December were $516,000, a decrease of $10,000.

The withdrawals from the Postoffice Savings Bank exceeded the deposits during the month of November by over $80,000.

In the Dominion last week the failures numbered 36, as against 40 the previous week, and 37 for the corresponding week of a year ago. Ontario had 18, a decrease of 6, of which only 4 had a credit rating. Quebec had 14, none of which were of any importance. British Columbia 4, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island 1 each. No failures in New Brunswick and Manitoba.

Wheat quotations are practically unchanged, and the holiday dullness is being felt. Receipts are smaller than in preceding weeks, but the accumulation of stock continues, and the visible supply both here and abroad is much larger. Some selling for foreign account is reported, and it is rumored that wet weather is delaying the harvest in Argentina. Many traders think that the American crop is nearly marketed, and that a severe decline in arrivals will soon be noticed, but no consequent advance in price has occurred. The best news is the strength of French markets, but continental markets generally do not respond.

Here and There.

A plot sometimes thickens until everybody can see through it.

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A bullet-proof coat should be worn when asking questions of Iowa bank clerks.

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Using other people's money with the intention of replacing it is one of the trick cards in the devil's pack.

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The Japanese are marching forward without music. They use their brass bands only to punish refractory prisoners.

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A London preacher whose sermons are good enough to print is protesting vigorously that he does not want them reported in newspapers and periodicals, because this deprives him and his publisher of the annual volume.

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A confessed murderer in Kansas City has been acquitted on the plea of hypnotism, and the man who hypnotized him is under sentence of death. The Americans have not been slow to take up the new ideas.

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The Iowa doctor who "had to put a widow out of his office because she made love to him" is J. J. Guthrie. One of these J's must be for Joseph, and whether it stands for that or not the doctor is entitled to a coat of many colors.

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Mary E. Lease will go to California for rest and recreation. Her recent illness has seriously impaired her constitution, and the prominent position she has attained in Kansas renders life too exciting there for her shattered nerves. Outdoor life on a ranch, she hopes, will restore her to her former vigor.

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Some of the Kentucky colonels are completely flabbergasted on beholding a body in divided skirts. Col. Farrar, of Louisville, writes that his feelings at the sight were akin to those of a young woman who described her sensations of first love as an "inward indescribableness of outward all-overishness."

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The college girls at Olivet, Mich., not only played a game of football in the college dining-room, but they kicked down the chandeliers, broke the windows and made the place look as if it had experienced a very severe earthquake shock. The teachers also wore the same shocking look.

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The thermogen is an appliance for keeping up the temperature of a patient during an operation, doing away with blankets and hot water bottles. It is in the form of a quilted cushion, with an arrangement of fine wires inside, by which any desired degree of heat may be obtained by electricity. It was exhibited at the last meeting of the Royal Society of England.

Mr. John Blackwell, of the Bank of Commerce, Toronto, writes: "Having suffered for over four years from dyspepsia and weak stomach, and having tried numerous remedies with but little effect, I was at last advised to give Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery a trial. I did so with a happy result, receiving great benefit from one bottle. I then tried a second and a third bottle, and now I find my appetite so much restored and stomach strengthened that I can partake of a hearty meal without any of the unpleasantness I formerly experienced."

Delay is Dangerous.

Do not delay a single moment, but send for a bottle of Miller's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil if you are threatened with consumption or lung troubles. The sooner you begin to create new blood the sooner you will gain a victory over death's emissaries. Miller's Emulsion is the most remarkable consumptive cure in the world. It creates new blood immediately. No other preparation of cod liver oil can compare with Miller's Emulsion. There is no excuse for persons dying from consumption when this splendid remedy is at hand. Miller's Emulsion is the great nerve strengthener and blood-maker, and cures coughs, colds, bronchitis, scrofula, and all lung affections. In big bottles, 50 cents and $1, at all drug stores.

He Had to Speak.

"Speak and you are a dead man." The pistol barrel gleamed under the nose of the patient looking party who was reclining on the combination sofa.

"Do your worst," he cried, leaping to his feet, "I will speak. I demand to know how in thunder it is you walk all through this house without falling over the rugs?"

But the burglar only laughed mockingly in his face and climbed out of the cellar window.

The great demand for a pleasant, safe and reliable antidote for all affections of the throat and lungs is fully met in Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. It is a purely vegetable compound, and acts promptly and magically in subduing all coughs, colds, bronchitis, inflammation of the lungs, etc. It is so palatable that a child will not refuse it, and is put at a price that will not exclude the poor from its benefits.

Wheel farthingales were the enormous supports to petticoats worn in the days of James and Charles I.

Every able-bodied male in Norway has to serve in the army. The first year he serves fifty-four days, the second twenty-four and the third year twenty-four. He gets only his board.

NEWSY CANADIAN ITEMS

THE WEEK'S HAPPENINGS.

Interesting Items and Incidents, Important and Instructive, Gathered from the Various Provinces.

Essex has another gas company.

Orillia kills tagless dogs on sight.

Firebugs are active in Owen Sound.

Athens has just had a fine poultry fair.

Bothwell is to have a Farmers' Association.

Whooping-cough is prevalent in Gananoque.

Diphtheria is again prevalent in Lloydtown.

In Windsor a lilac tree was budding last week.

Brockville's new asylum is ready for patients.

Bracebridge is organizing a Board of Exchange.

Chimney Island, in the St. Lawrence, is for sale.

The Patrons will build a grist mill at Coldwater.

A lad at Gore Bay was fined $20 for shooting a dog.

Compulsory vaccination is being enforced in Barrie.

"Pumpkin Pie" parties are popular in the country.

Orillia's boys play football on the streets of the town.

The Aurora drill shed is to be repaired and rectified.

The Mennonites have had a great revival at Nottawa.

Liquor licenses at Orangeville will be limited to six.

James Knechtel, prominent architect, Berlin, is dead.

Liens have been put upon the new town hall at Orillia.

Gananoqua has a sewing machine operated by electricity.

The old Methodist church at Hampshire Mills is for sale.

The Kingston Fair Association wants to sell its grounds.

Palmerston's new Presbyterian church is almost completed.

For its size Penetang has the best fire protection in Ontario.

Athens is organizing a syndicate to buy a $2,000 stock horse.

The Kingston street railway carries 8,000 passengers weekly.

A five-pound horned owl was on sale at Hamilton last week.

Perth has a ladies' hockey club with a membership of thirty.

The Oddfellows of Renfrew have just dedicated a fine new hall.

The Orange Hall at Seymour has been burned by an incendiary.

The Mennonites have bought the Methodist church at Sunnidale.

Waterloo county has given $1,000 each to Berlin and Guelph hospitals.

The new Presbyterian church at Moncton, N.B., has been dedicated.

The old Graham woollen mills are being refitted as a chopping mill.

The new Masonic hall at Thamesford is rapidly approaching completion.

Perth's grand jury wants the Government to make tramps work on the roads.

Five men are mentioned as probable candidates for the mayoralty of Stratford.

Rev. W. F. and Mrs. Clarke, Guelph, recently celebrated their golden wedding.

The fire insurance rates in Winnipeg have been restored to their original figures.

The Hamilton Street Railway Company has declared a satisfactory dividend.

More than 200 young men attended a barn raising near Markham the other day.

Rev. G. B. Cooke, Acton, has been presented with a purse of $100 by his parishioners.

The Stratford Turf Club will offer $5,500 in prizes for its meet on June 11, 12 and 13.

Stratford will vote upon the expenditure of $16,000 for an electric light station and plant.

A company is being formed in Perth for the manufacture of car and locomotive wheels.

The assessed value of property in London is $15,928,710; $250,700 higher than last year.

Kingston will probably organize a society for the protection of women and children.

James A. Laidlaw, of Hamilton, has been appointed storekeeper of the Brockville asylum.

A free library by-law will be submitted to the electors of Belleville at the municipal elections.

The G.T.R. does not intend to go back to the tri-weekly service above Palmerston this winter.

Clair county admits no one to its poorhouse unless he has been a resident of the county one year.

Shelburne pays $500 a year for street lighting, besides exempting the whole plant from taxation.

The annual meeting of the Ontario Creameries Association will be held in Chesley January 8.

Dr. J. W. McIntosh, of Gore Bay, has been appointed associate coroner for the district of Manitoulin.

About 125 applications have been received in answer to the advertisement for a teacher at Beeton school.

Mr. William Sharpe, of Westwood, Ont., treasurer of the township of Asphodel, was recently robbed of $500.

Whitby has decided to employ a night watchman and thus evade a 25 per cent. increase in insurance rates.

One hundred men will be employed at Kingston this winter in building a new dredge for Connolly Bros.

Mrs. W. Colwell, wife of the editor of the Paris Review, has received a legacy from an aunt in the Isle of Wight.

Mayor Oill, of St. Thomas, has issued a proclamation declaring compulsory vaccination as provided by the statute.

George Elliott, formerly a resident of Widder, but now of San Francisco, has lately been elected to the California Assembly.

The Capital Lacrosse Club will form an athletic association and build a club house at an expenditure of from $10,000 to $20,000.

Out of 100 applicants for work in the Hamilton quarries not one in ten is willing to crack stones, but all want quarry work.

The Markham Village municipal elections will be fought out on the issue "Shall the woollen mill be exempted from taxes or not."

Chatham has sold debentures of $10,018 bearing 4½ per cent. interest to Hanson Bros., of Montreal, for $10,501, a premium of $483.

The Bell Telephone Company has been awarded the contract for the erection of a system of electric fire alarm for Chatham to cost $1,210.

Mr. Robert Park, temporarily appointed Public School Inspector for West Kent, has been permanently appointed by the county council.

The Real Estate Owners' Association of London will fight the attempt to issue $50,000 worth of water works debentures without a popular vote.

It is proposed to re-elect the whole council of Orillia township by acclamation and spend the money which the election would cost on the roads.

An orator at one of the University unions bore off the palm of merit when he declared that "the British lion, whether it is roaming the Soudan or India or climbing the forests of Canada, will not draw in its horns nor retire into its shell."

The Critic.

D. A. van der Meer once painted a landscape on the side of a grain of wheat.

Noah Brooks, for nine years editor of the Newark (N.J.) Advertiser, has resigned his position and will devote himself henceforth to literary work.

Mrs. W. K. Clifford, the English writer, was asked to put her autograph in one of her works to be sold at a bazaar. She wrote above her name, "This is a bad little book and was written by me."

John C. Ropes, of Boston, the magazine writer, is the owner of what is probably the greatest collection of Napoleonic pictures and relics in America. He is considered an authority on the subject.

S. Seymour Thomas, whose painting, "An Innocent Victim," was on exhibition at the World's Fair, is a Texan, formerly of San Antonio, but a resident of Paris for many years. The picture is valued at $10,000.

Of earlier American literarians Hallock was a soldier, Cooper a country gentleman, Paulding a naval agent in New York and afterward Secretary of the Navy; Irving studied law, but paid court to the muses by preference.

Pierre Loti, the French novelist, having finished his term of service of lieutenant on a gunboat, has decided to write a novel of the Holy Land, and will soon form a caravan to start from Cairo over the route taken by the holy family in their flight to Egypt.

The real name of Caran d'Ache, the most popular of European caricaturists, is Emanuel Poiro. He is of Russian descent, and his name in Russian means lead pencil. He looks like a soldier, but has never smelled powder, and is the most peaceable of men.

The Country Newspaper Office Our Only School of Journalism.

The country printing office is really our only school of journalism, and its graduates are found everywhere, and hold responsible positions on all the metropolitan papers. There is no other place where preparatory general training for the duties of the profession can be obtained, where the young man can learn to be an all-round journalist. In the large city offices, the division of labor, and particularly the assignment system as to reporters, tend to place men in grooves and keep them there, making them proficient in only one of various essentials, chilling their enthusiasm, and delaying and preventing their promotion. In the country offices, on the other hand, a man plays all the parts in turn, and is drilled for every kind of work. He is not thereby made a finished journalist, competent to fill any position, but he gets a grasp of the profession as a whole, and can more readily adapt himself to its diverse requirements than one who lacks this discipline.

The remuneration in daily journalism would probably be higher, at least in some departments, but for the fact that it is to a considerable extent the refuge of the mediocrity that is continually failing to make a living in the other professions. There is a certain amount of hack-work to be done on every newspaper, which calls only for the kind of talent that knows how to put simple words together in such a way as to connect them with alphabetical blocks, and this is eagerly seized at pot-boiling prices by clionless lawyers, patient less doctors and penniless clergymen. These impecunious intruders upon dom or never get beyond the desk of the reporter.—Capt. Henry King, in the January Forum.

Agitation in the world of homœopathic medicine has been its very soul of progress, as in politics and religion—the difficulties of opinion and the individualities of men have been parent to the disagreements by which the standard of those bodies have been elevated. So with most of our famous preparations—foremost in illustration of which truth stands the world-famous remedy to general debility and languor "Quinine Wine," and which, when obtainable in its genuine strength, is a miraculous creator of appetite, vitality and stimulant, to the general fertility of the system. Quinine Wine, and its improvement, has, from the first discovery of the great virtues of Quinine as a medical agent, been one of the most thoroughly discussed remedies ever offered to the public. It is one of the great tonics and natural life-giving stimulants which the medical profession have been compelled to recognize and prescribe. Messrs. Northrop & Lyman of Toronto, have given to the preparation of their pure Quinine Wine the great care due to their importance, and the standard excellence of the article which they offer to the public comes into the market purged of all the defects which skillful observation and scientific opinion has pointed out in the less perfect preparations of the past. All druggists sell it.

Don't Try It Again.

A Mimico man who thought he knew it all undertook to keep "bachelor's hall" for a week, a short time ago, in the absence of his wife.

He didn't know that porridge needs stirring, and what didn't stick to the dish during his first attempt, was too lumpy to eat.

He thought that an easy method to make toast would be to use the coal oil lamp, but the result was quite unsatisfactory.

He absent-mindedly boiled a nest-egg which he found in the pantry, but found it rather indigestible.

He accidentally dropped a piece of soap in the potato-pot, and, by the way, he has never eaten potatoes since.

He attempted making maccaroni soup, but from too hasty cooking the outcome was more like chips and water.

He used too much coal oil the second morning in putting on the fire, and a black ceiling bears evidence of the fact.

He foolishly tried to rush a four pound roast through in half an hour, with a poor fire, but after trying a slice he generously helped the cat to all she could eat and finally allowed her to help herself to the remainder.

He didn't attempt dishwashing till the third day, and the accumulation was pretty large. Accidents will occur in the best regulated households, and so the general smashup that ensued should be looked on in that light. Besides vowing in capital italics that he will never attempt housekeeping again, he has entered his vow in red ink in his account book where the cost of the little experience in black and white adds great weight to his decision.

CAN RECOMMEND IT.—Mr. Enos Bornberry, Tuscarora, writes: "I am pleased to say that Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil is all that you claim it to be, as we have been using it for years, both internally and externally, and have always received benefit from its use. It is our family medicine, and I take great pleasure in recommending it."

In Ontario there were 101,123 French speaking Canadians.

For charitable institutions of various kinds $1,143,106 were expended by the Government.

The Federal Government has paid in subsidies to Ontario $1,195,873.

THE MEDICINE FOR KIDNEY AND LIVER COMPLAINT.—Mr. Victor Anger, Ottawa, writes: "I take great pleasure in recommending to the general public Parmelee's Pills as a cure for liver and kidney complaint. I have doctored for the last three years with leading physicians and have taken many remedies which were recommended to me without relief, but after taking eight of Parmelee's Pills I was quite relieved, and now I feel as free from the disease as before I was troubled."

When the common earth worm is cut in two, to the tail there grows a head and to the head there grows a tail, and two animals are formed. As the wound heals a small white button is formed, which afterward develop into rings and a perfect extremity.

FROM THE UNITED STATES

Uncle Sam's Brood Above Mountain Quite a Few Small Items that Are Worth a Careful Reading.

New York suicides average seven a day.

Samoan advices confirm the death of Robert Louis Stevenson.

A profit of $142,250 was realized from the New York horse show.

Debs will appeal Judge Woods' decision committing him to prison.

One firm in New York prints 7,000 Bibles a day all the year round.

White Caps spent Christmas in Adams County, Ohio, whipping people.

The total missionary gifts of Christendom are estimated at $14,718,527.

Lewis T. Ives, a well-known lawyer and artist, of Detroit, died Friday.

Tuberculosis in cattle is generally prevalent throughout Western New York.

The value of the leaf tobacco exported by the United States in 1890 was $20,640,000.

James Simpson, a New York merchant, died on Friday, giving $20,000 to his employes.

John Burns, M.P., was a spectator at the Christmas exercises in the Ohio Penitentiary.

Five persons were disfigured for life by the explosion of a toy cannon at Richmond, Va.

A New York dog whose eyesight is affected is daily seen wearing a pair of spectacles.

A Shoshone Indian baby born on Smoke River Reservation in September has four perfect ears.

Wealthy New Yorkers will contest the constitutionality of the new United States income-tax.

At the sorting gap in Marinette, Wis., 345,000,000 feet of lumber have been sorted this season.

In the United States in the two years 1889-90 no fewer than 18,000 new laws were enacted.

The Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad has declared a quarterly dividend of 1 per cent.

Miguel Salger, ex-Consul-General of the United States of Columbia, died suddenly in New York.

The Young Men's Christian Association Hall at Albany, N.Y., was burned, causing a loss of $40,000.

Capt. Stephenson, the first Loxow victim, was fined $1,000 and given three years and nine months.

Henry Menier, who jumped with the aid of a parachute from the Poughkeepsie bridge on Christmas Day, is badly injured.

Robert Rouse shot Miss Bettie Hayden near Florida, Mo., on Sunday, and killed himself half an hour after. The young lady will recover.

Mayor Hopkins, of Chicago, has announced his determination to create a non-partizan commission to control the police department.

The United States Government is becoming apprehensive at the increasing opposition to the income tax and the threats to nullify it.

Wm. A. Lippert, who committed forgeries at Carstown, South Africa, to the amount of half a million dollars, has been arrested in Cincinnati.

Christmas Day in St. Louis, Mo., was rendered memorable by two murders, thirty cases of cutting, shooting and robbery, and assaults innumerable.

A lone highwayman held up the stage eight miles from Fort Thomas, Arizona, and secured the mail pouch, supposed to contain a large sum of money.

The Pennsylvania, Poughkeepsie & Boston railroad was sold at public sale at Columbia, N.J., to the Holland Trust Company for $350,000.

The Diamond Oil Company has been formed at Toledo, O., with a capital of $6,000,000. The company will be a strong competitor of the Standard Oil Company.

Timothy Kane, camp foreman for the Manitou Lumbering Company, was murdered at Sandy, Mich., by Isaac Stetcher on account of an old grudge. Stetcher is under arrest.

The Globe's Washington correspondent telegraphs: The Administration is becoming apprehensive at the increasing opposition to the income tax and threats to nullify it.

A document is to be read in Roman Catholic churches in the United States on Sunday which prohibits Roman Catholics from membership in the Oddfellows, the Sons of Temperance and Knights of Pythias.

Edward R. Carter, transfer and coupon clerk of the National Bank of Commerce in New York, has been arrested charged with appropriating $30,000 of the bank's money. Carter is forty-four years old, and has a wife and two children.

"Jim Hall," of Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast," who came to be Commodore of the great Pacific Steam Navigation Company, with eighty-four steamers plying between Panama, Pacific ports south, and Liverpool, is still living at Weymouth, Mass.

Dolhaven is not a densely populated town but were Texas as thickly peopled as it now is, it would be about 25,000,000. Were Texas as numerously peopled as Massachusetts her population would exceed by 6,000,000 the total population of the United States according to the census of 1890. If Texas were as densely peopled as Rhode Island her population would be more than 83,000,000.

There is preserved by a private family at Baltimore Major Robert Kirkwood's certificate as a member of the society of the Cincinnati. The certificate bears the signature of Washington. The parchment is framed under glass and is worn through in places as though it had long been kept folded. The major was a revolutionary hero of Delaware, and a village of that state bears his name.

MANITOBA PRODUCTS.

The Wheat Shipments for the Season of 1894—Why Northwest Grain Goes by Way of Buffalo.

Shipments of wheat from Manitoba this year were larger than ever before in its history. As nearly as can be figured the exports of wheat via Port Arthur and Fort William were 8,400,000 bushels; of wheat ground into flour, 2,500,000; of wheat via Duluth, 1,000,000, equal to a total of 12,000,000 bushels of the crop exported during the season of its growth. Could the Hudson Bay Railway, if built, do this?

It is a significant fact that about 90 per cent. of the crop found its way to market via United States routes, the bulk of it being transhipped at Buffalo. Some vesselmen claim this would not be so if the St. Lawrence combine were "busted." It levies an arbitrary rate of 2 1-2 cents per bushel, no matter how hard times are or how lake freights may happen to be. There were cases this year where the St. Lawrence charges for 200 miles of transportation, from Kingston to Montreal, were equal to the lake from Duluth or Port Arthur to Kingston, 1,000 miles. That is no doubt a strong reason why Canada is unable to get her carrying trade, and the cry goes forth about the decadence of Canada's lake marine.

Fifteen hundred cars of stock have passed Port Arthur since January 1st, and 1,875 of these were cattle worth $750,000, besides the freight, nearly $200,000 more. The other 123 cars were horses, pigs and sheep.

It is stated that Thomas A. Edison has already expended nearly $1,000,000 in his experiments to find a commercial method of reducing low-grade ores by electricity. Should he finally succeed he says it will be the greatest electrical invention.

PALACES OF INDIA.

ROUND-THE-WORLD SERIES.

BY REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

Continuing his series of Round-the-World Sermons, through the press, Rev. Dr. Talmage to-day chose for his subject, "Palaces in India," the text being, Amos 3:10: "Who store up violence and robbery in their palaces!"

In this day, when vast sums of money are being given for the redemption of India, I hope to increase the interest in that great country, and at the same time draw for all classes of our people practical lessons, and so I present this fifth sermon in the "Round-the-World" series. We step into the ancient capital of India, the mere pronunciation of its name sending a thrill through the body, mind and soul of all those who have ever read its stories of splendor, and disaster, and prowess—Delhi.

Before the first historian impressed his first word in clay, or cut his first word on marble, or wrote his first word on papyrus, Delhi stood in India, a contemporary of Babylon and Nineveh. We know that Delhi existed longer before Christ's time than we live after His time. Delhi is built on the ruins of seven cities, which ruins cover forty miles with wrecked temples, broken fortresses, split tombs, tumble-down palaces and the debris of centuries. An archæologist could profitably spend his life here talking with the past, through its tips of venerable masonry.

There are a hundred things here you ought to see in this city of Delhi, but three things you must see. The first thing I wanted to see was the Cashmere Gate, for that was the point at which the most wonderful deed of daring which the world has ever seen was done. That was the turning point of the mutiny of 1857. A lady at Delhi put into my hand an oil painting of about eighteen inches square, a picture well executed, but chiefly valuable for what it represented. It was a scene from the time of the mutiny, two horses at full run, harnessed to a carriage in which were four persons. She said, "Those persons on the front side are my father and mother. The young lady on the back seat holding in her arms a baby of a year was my older sister and the baby was myself. My mother, who is down with a fever in the next room, painted that years ago. The horses are in full run because we are fleeing for our lives. My mother is driving, for the reason that father, standing up in the front of his carriage, had to defend us with his gun, as you there see. He fought our way out and on for many a mile, shooting down the Sepoys as we went. We had somewhat suspected trouble, and had become suspicious of our servants. A prince had requested a private interview with my father, who was editor of the Delhi Gazette. The prince proposed to come veiled, so that no one might recognize him, but my mother insisted on being present, and the interview did not take place. A large fish had been sent to our family, and four other families, the present an offering of thanks for the king's recovery from a recent sickness. But we suspected poison, and did not eat the fish. One day all our servants came up and said they must go and see what was the matter. We saw what was intended, and knew that if the servants returned they would murder all of us. Things grew worse and worse until this scene of flight shows you in the picture took place. You see the horses were wild with fright. This was not only because of the discharge of guns, but the horses were struck and pounded by Sepoys, and ropes were tied across the way, and the savage hallOo, and the shout of revenge, made all the way of our flight a horror."

The books have fully recorded the heroism displayed at Delhi and approximate regions, but make no mention of this family of Wagentreibers whose flight I am mentioning. But the Madras Athenæum printed this:

And now! Are not the deeds of the Wagentreibers, though he wore a round hat and she a crinoline, as worthy of imperishable verse as those of the heroic pair whose nuptials graced the court of Charlemagne? A more touching picture than that of the brave man contending with well-nerved arm against the black and threatening fate impending over his wife and child we have never seen. Here was no strife for the glory of physical prowess, or the spoil of shining arms, but a conquest of the human mind, an assertion of the powers of intellect over the most appalling array of circumstances that could assail a human being. Men have become gray in front of sudden and unexpected peril, and in ancient days so much was courage a matter of heroes and more instinct that we read in immortal verse of heroes struck with panic and fleeing before the enemy. But the savage Sepoys, with their hoarse war-cry, and swarming like wasps around the Wagentreibers, struck no terror into the brave man's heart. His heroism was not the mere ebullition of despair, but, like that of his wife, calm and wise; standing upright that he might use his arms better.

As an incident will sometimes more impress one than a generality of statement, I present the flight of this one family from Delhi merely to illustrate the desperation of the times. The fact was that the Sepoys had taken possession of the city of Delhi, and they were, with all their artillery, fighting back the Europeans who were on the outside, and murdering all the Europeans who were inside. The city of Delhi has a crenulated wall on three sides, a wall five and one-half miles long, and the fourth side of the city is defended by the River Jumna. In addition to these two defences of wall and water, there were 40,000 Sepoys, all armed. Twelve hundred British soldiers were to take that city. Nicholson, the immortal General, commanded them, and you must visit his grave before you leave Delhi. He fell leading his troops. He commanded them even after being mortally wounded. You will read this inscription on his tomb:

"John Nicholson, who led the assault of Delhi, but fell in the hour of victory, mortally wounded, and died 23rd September, 1857. Aged 35 years."

With what guns and men Gen. Nicholson could muster he had laid siege to this walled city filled with devils. What fearfull odds! Twelve hundred British troops uncovered by any military works, to take a city surrounded by firm and high masonry, on the top of which were 114 guns and defended by 40,000 foaming Sepoys. A larger per centage of troops fell here than in any great battle I happen to know of. The Crimean percentage of the fallen was 17.43, but the percentage of Delhi was 37.9. Yet that city must be taken, and it can only be taken by such courage as had never been recorded in all the annals of bloodshed. Every charge of the British regiments against the walls and gates had been beaten back. The hyenas of Hindooism and Mohammedanism howled over the walls, and the English army could do nothing but bury their own dead. But at this gate I stand and watch an exploit that makes the page of history tremble with agitation. This city has ten gates, but the most famous is the one before which we now stand, and it is called Cashmere Gate. Write the words in red ink, because of the carnage! Write them in letters of light, for the illustrious deeds! Write them in letters of black, for the bereft and the dead! Will the world ever forget that Cashmere Gate? Lieutenants Salkod and Home, and Sergeants Burgess, Carmichael and Smith offered to take bags of powder to the foot of that gate and set them on fire, blowing open the gate, although they must die in doing it. There they go, just after sunrise, each one carrying a sack containing twenty-four pounds of powder, and doing this under the fire of the enemy. Lieut. Home was the first to jump into the ditch, which still remains before the gate. As they go one by one falls under the shot and shell. One of the wounded, as he falls, hands his sack of powder with a box of lucifer matches to another, telling him to fire the sack; when with an explosion that shook the earth for twenty miles around part of the Cashmere Gate was blown into fragments, and the bodies of some of these heroes were so scattered they were never gathered for funeral, or grave or monument. The British army rushed in through the broken gate, and although six days of hard fighting were necessary before the city was in complete possession, the crisis was past. The Cashmere Gate upon, the capture of Delhi and all it contained of palaces, and mosques, and treasures was possible. Lord Napier, of Magdala, of whom Mr. Gladstone spoke to me so affectionately when I was his guest at Hawarden, England, has lifted a monument near this Cashmere Gate with the names of the men who there fell inscribed thereon. That English lord who had seen courage on many a battlefield, visited the Cashmere Gate, and felt that the men who opened it with the loss of their own lives ought to be commemorated, and hence this conotaph. But, after all, the best monument is the gate itself, with its deep gouges in the brick wall on the left side, made by two bomb-shells, and the wall above, torn by ten bomb-shells, and the wall on the right side defaced, and scraped, and plowed, and gullied by all styles of long-reaching weaponry. Let the words "Cashmere Gate," as a synonym for patriotism, and fearlessness, and self-sacrifice, go into all history, all art, all literature, all time, all eternity! My friends, that kind of courage sanctified will yet take the whole earth for God. Indeed, the missionaries now at Delhi, toiling amid heathenism, and fever and cholera, and far away from home and comfort, and staying there until they drop into their graves, are just as brave in taking Delhi for Christ as were Nicholson, and Home, and Carmichael in taking Delhi for Great Britain. Take this for the first sermonic lesson.

Another thing you must see if you go to Delhi, though you may leave many things unseen, is the place of the Mogul. It is an enclosure a thousand yards by five hundred. You enter through a vaulted hall nearly four hundred feet long. Floors of Florentine mosaic, and walls once emeralded, and sapphired, and carbuncled, and diamonded. I said to the guide, "Show us where once stood the Peacock Throne." "Here it was," he responded. All the thrones of the earth put together would not equal that for costliness and brilliance. It had steps of silver, and the seat and arms were of solid gold. It cost about $150,000,000. It stood between two peacocks, the feathers and plumes of which were fashioned out of colored stones. Above the throne was a life-size parrot cut out of one emerald. Above all was a canopy resting on twelve columns of gold, the canopy fringed with pearls. Seated here, the Emperor on public occasions wore a crown containing among other things the Koh-i-noor diamond, and the entire blaze of doronet cost $10,350,000. This superb and once almost supernaturally beautiful room has imbedded in the white marble wall letters of black marble, which were translated to me from Persian into English as meaning:

"If on the earth there be an Eden of bliss,
That place is this, is this, is this, is this."

But the peacocks that stood beside the throne has flown away, taking all the display with them, and the white marble floors were reddened with slaughter, and those bath-rooms ran with blood, and that Eden of which the Persian couplet on the wall spake, has had its flowers wither, and its fruits decay, and I thought while looking at the brilliant desolation, and standing amid the vanished glories of that throne room, that some one had better change a little that Persian couplet on the wall and make it read:

"If there be a place where much you miss,
That place is this, is this, is this, is this."

As I came out of the palace into the street of Delhi, I thought to myself: Paradises are not built out of stones; are not cut in sculpture; are not painted on walls; are not fashioned out of precious stones; do not spray the cheek with fountains; do not offer thrones or crowns. Paradises are built out of nature's uplifted and ennobled, and what architect's compass may not cut, and sculptor's chisel may not cut, and painter's pencil may not sketch, and gardener's skill may not lay out, the grace of God may not achieve, and if the heart be right all is right, and if the heart be wrong all is wrong. Here endeth the second lesson.

But I will not yet allow you to leave Delhi. My third thing you must see, or never admit that you have been in India, is the mosque called Jumma Musjid. It is the grandest mosque I ever saw except St. Sophia at Constantinople, but it surpasses that in some respects; for St. Sophia was originally a Christian Church, and changed into a mosque, while this of Delhi was originally built for the Moslems.

As I entered, a thousand or more Mohammedans were prostrate in worship. There are times when five thousand may be seen here in the same attitude. Each stone of the floor is three feet long by one and one-half wide, and each worshipper has one of these slabs while kneeling. The erection of this building required five thousand laborers six years. It is on a platform of rock; has four towers rising far into the heavens; three great gateways inviting the world to come in and honor the memory of the prophet of many wives; fifteen domes with spires gold-tipped, and six minarets. What a built up immensity of white marble and red sandstone? We descended the forty marble steps by which we ascended, and took another look at this wonder of the world. As I thought what a brain the architect must have had who first built that mosque in his own imagination, and as I thought what an opulent ruler that must have been who gave the order for such vastness and symmetry, I was reminded of that which perfectly explained all. The architect who planned this was the same man who planned the Taj, namely, Austin de Bordeau, and the king who ordered the mosque constructed was the king who ordered the Jej, namely, Shah Jehan. As this Grand Mogul ordered built the most splendid palace for the land when he built the Tji, at Agra, here he ordered built the most splendid palace of worship for the living at Delhi. See here what sculpture and architecture can accomplish. They link together the centuries. They successfully defy time. Two hundred and eighty years ago Austin de Bordeau and Shah Jehan quit this life, but their work lives and bids fair to stand until the continents crack open and hemispheres go down, and this planet slowers other worlds with its ashes.

I rejoice in all these big buildings whether dedicated to Mohammed, or Brahma, or Buddah, or Confucius, or Zoroaster, because as St. Sophia at Constantinople was a Christian Church changed into a mosque, and will yet be changed back again, so all the mosques and temples of superstition and sin will yet be turned into churches. When India, and Ceylon, and China, and Japan are ransomed, as we all believe they will be, their religious structures will all be converted into Christian libraries and Christian churches. Built at the expense of superstition and sin, they will yet be dedicated to the Lord Almighty. Here endeth the third lesson.

As that night we took the railroad train from the Delhi station and rolled out through the city now living, over the vaster cities buried under this ancient capital, cities under cities, and our travelling servant had unrolled our bed, which consisted of a rug and two blankets and a pillow; and as we were worn out with the sight-seeing of the day, and were roughly tossed on that uneven Indian railway, I soon fell into a troubled sleep, in which I saw and heard in a confused way the scenes and sounds of the mutiny of 1857, which at Delhi we had been recounting; and now the rattle of the train seemed to turn into the rattle of musketry; and now the light at the top of the car deluded me with the idea of a burning city; and then the loud thump of the railroad brake was in dream mistaken for a booming battery; and the voices at the different stations made me think I heard the loud cheer of the British at the taking of the Cashmere Gate; and as we rolled over bridges the battle before Delhi seemed going on; and as we went through dark tunnels it seemed to see the tomb of Humayun, in which the king of Delhi was hidden; and in my dreams I saw Lieut. Henry, of the artillery, throwing shells which were handed him, their fuses burning; and Campbell, and Reid, and Hope Grant covered with blood; and Nicholson falling while rallying on the wall his wavering troops; and I saw dead regiment fallen across dead regiment, and heard the rataplan of the hoofs of Hodgson's horse, and the dash of the Bengal Artillery, and the storming by the immortal Fourth Column; and the rougher the Indian railway became, and the darker the night grew, the more the scenes that I had studying at Delhi came on me like an incubus. But the morning began to look through the window of our jolting rail-car, and the sunlight poured in on my pillow, and in my dreams I saw the bright colors of the English flag hoisted over Delhi, where the green banner of the Moslem had waved, and the voices of the wounded and dying seemed to be changed for the voices that welcomed soldiers home again. And as the morning light got brighter and brighter, and in my dream I mistook the bells at the station for a church bell hanging in a minaret, where a Mohammedan priest had mumbled his call to prayer, I seemed to hear a chant, whether by human or angelic voices in my dream I could not tell, but it was a chant about "Peace and good will to men." And as the speed of the rail-train slackened the motion of the car became so easy as we rolled along the track that it seemed to me that all the distresses, and controversy, and jolting, and wars of the world had ceased; and in my dream I thought we had come to the time when "The ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads; and sorrows and sighing shall flee away."

Halt here at what you have never seen before, a depopulated city, the city of Amber, India.

The strange fact is that a ruler abandoned his palaces at Amber and moved to Jeypore, and all the inhabitants of the city followed. Except here and there a house in Amber occupied by a hermit, the city is as silent as a population as Pompeii or Herculaneum; but those cities were emptied by volcanic disaster, while this city of Amber was vacated because Prince Joy Singh was told by a Hindoo priest that no city should be inhabited more than a thousand years, and so the ruler one hundred and seventy years ago moved out himself, and all his people moved with him.

You visit Amber on the back of an elephant. Permission obtained for your visit the day before at Jeypore, an elephant is in waiting for you about six miles out to take you up the steeps to Amber. You pass through the awfully quiet streets, all the feet that trod them in the days of their activity having gone on the long journey, and the voices of business and gaiety that sounded amid these abodes having long ago uttered their last syllable. You pass by a lake covering five hundred acres, where the rajahs used to sail in their pleasure boats but alligators now have full possession, and you come to the abandoned palace, which is an enchantment. No more picturesque place was ever chosen for the residence of a monarch. The fortress above looks down upon a lake. This monarchial abode may have had attractions when it was the home of royalty, which have vanished, but antiquity and the silence of many years, and opportunity to tread where once you would not have been permitted to tread, may be an addition quite equal to the subtraction.

I will not go far into a description of brazen doorway after brazen doorway, and carved room after carved room, and lead you under embellished ceiling after embellished ceiling, and through halls precious stoned into wider halls precious stoned. Why tire out your imagination with the particulars, when you may sum up all by saying that on the slopes of that hill of India are pavilions deeply dyed tasseled and arched; the fire of colored gardens cooled by the snow of white architecture; bathrooms that refresh before your feet touch their marble; birds in arabesque so natural to life that you cannot hear their voices you imagine you see the flutter of their wings as you pass; stoneware translucent; walls pictured with hunting scene, and triumphal procession, and jousting party; rooms that were called "Alcove of Light," and "Court of Honor," and "Hall of Victory" marble, white and black, like a mixture of morning and night, alabaster, and lacquer-work, and mother-of-pearl, all that architecture, and sculpture and painting, and horticulture can do when they put their genius together was done here in ages past, and much of their work still stands to absorb and entrance archæologist and sight-seer. But what is solemn and stupendous thing is an abandoned city. While many of