

## A DRINK OF WATER.

### The Experience of a British Soldier in India Who Was Stricken with Cholera.

I came to India in 185 - as a private in the 4th regiment, says a writer in Blackwood's Magazine, and my company formed part of the garrison at Aroot. Life in barracks in India is very dull, and I have often wondered that British soldiers out here are, on the whole, such a steady, well behaved lot of lads. Compare a soldier's life in an small Indian station with being quartered even at Malta or Gibraltar and either of these places will seem like paradise, though the "Rock" is by no means popular and is always called a prison by the troops for the time being in garrison there.

Well, we found Aroot horribly dull, and it was with great satisfaction that we heard an order had been given for our company to march to Vellore to strengthen the garrison there, which had been very much reduced by cholera.

It was then about the middle of March, and consequently later than is usual for moving troops, as the days begin to get very hot on the plain in the Carnatic about that time of the year. But ours was special duty, and as we should only march in the very early morning we did not fear the inconvenience of the midday heat, but looked upon the whole thing as rather a lark and a welcome change from the monotony of garrison duty. As to the cholera, not one of us gave it a thought. Not likely it would touch one of us!

It was the second day after leaving Aroot that Private Thomas Atkins, who was on my right file, suddenly had to fall out. I expected him to rejoin the ranks before long, but did not trouble myself about his absence. It was not until we reached camp and had finished breakfast that I heard anything more about him.

I then heard that he was buried! I knew that cholera was awful sudden in its attack and effects, but I had not imagined the possibility of its carrying off a healthy man quite so rapidly. Of course immediate interment must take place in case of death on the line of march. I had liked Atkins much, but I fancy his death and burial were so sudden that the rest of us failed to realize the truth of what had happened to our comrade and half expected to see him turn up again. Anyhow, we soon forgot the incident.

Late in the afternoon I was listening to a description of Vellore by one of our fellows who had been there and speculating on the chance of seeing the crocodiles which Tipoo Sultan had placed in the moat round the fort as the best possible sentinels to prevent prisoners from escaping or any of his troops from attempting to desert, when suddenly I felt spasms and sickness.

"Hallo, old fellow, how blue you look!" remarked a companion sitting next to me, and as he spoke my comrades shrank terror-stricken from me. It needed no doctor to tell me what was the matter. The cholera had seized me!

I was hastily conveyed to the temporary hospital, where our assistant surgeon already had several cases of the disease under treatment and I was laid on a charpoy. I rapidly passed from the first to the second stage of that malady and by 9 o'clock at night the incessant vomiting and purging had reduced me to a condition of weakness approaching insensibility. I was consumed by a burning, raging thirst, but the dresser disregarded all my entreaties for a drink of water. The system of treatment for cholera in those days allowed the patient nothing more than just to have the lips moistened occasionally with weak brandy and water, and this simply aggravated the torture of thirst. Nowadays champagne is given and the sufferer is allowed to drink pretty freely.

The hospital was of course only a pandal, hastily constructed with palmyra leaves, with a large cuscut mat at the entrance at each end. Two large chatties of water were placed just outside each entrance, from which a coolie from time to time threw a pannikinful on the cuscut tathis, so that the wind, blowing through the wet mats, might cool the temperature inside the pandal. The result certainly was attained but at the cost of intensifying the pangs of the patient, whose thirst was tantalized by hearing the splashing of the water.

I had begged, sworn, and menaced at intervals, but no one paid the slightest heed to me, and I was sinking into that condition of torpor which is the immediate precursor of the third and fatal stage of cholera when I heard voices in the pandal. The assistant surgeon was making his last round for the night, accompanied by the hospital dresser. With a violent effort I roused myself and eagerly listened for their approach. I wanted to hear my fate pronounced.

They stopped at length where I lay, and the doctor examined my body.

"Mottled," I heard him remark to the dresser. I was nearly desensitized by the singing, or rather drumming, in my ears, so that I lay perfectly motionless, so as not to let a single word of what they might say escape me if possible.

"He is insensible already," the doctor continued, "and will not last long. So Wetherall will make six!"

"Make six?" I said to myself; "make six what?" "Six corpses, of course, for burial at day-light to-morrow morning," a voice seemed to laugh out with fiendish exultation.

The dresser said something which I could not distinctly hear, but the answer enlightened me as to the subject they were discussing.

"Oh, yes, there will be room enough; in fact, for two more, if necessary."

They had gone, and the place was in darkness save for the glimmer of a cocoanut oil lamp. I heard the scratching of moomooties just outside the pandal.

It was the noise made by the camp followers who were digging a common grave for six of us, leaving room for two more, if necessary!

I felt utterly stunned and quite indifferent as to my fate, which of course I considered settled after what the assistant surgeon had said. My tongue was like a piece of dry leather in my mouth, which had long since ceased to yield any saliva to relieve the agonizing burning of my throat and palate. I could not have made any sound had I attempted to do so, but I did not try, for the attendants were all stretched on the ground fast asleep. I felt I was deserted—left to die.

I was beginning to wander, I think, and was back again in the bright green English meadows, picking daisies with my little sister, and so I should have passed away. But just at that moment, the coolies who had finished digging the grave—my grave—passed the entrance to the pandal, and one

of them, with more consideration than his class usually show, threw a pannikinful of water on the cuscut tathis.

It was like a galvanic shock to me. I resolved to have a drink at any risk. I had to die, so what matter if I hastened my death an hour or two by drinking cold water? At least I should be relieved from the torture of thirst, and die happy.

I tried to get up, but I was too weak to stand, and fell down at once. Then I reflected that I was more likely to be seen if I walked, and if detected in my attempt I should be brought back, and perhaps be strapped down to die. So I tried to crawl.

I was about ten minutes dragging myself the forty feet from my cot to the entrance, and I wriggled under the cuscut tathis like a snake.

There were the chatties before me!

The first I seized was empty, and the disappointment nearly made me swoon, but the second was brimfull. I threw my arms around it and dragged myself to it. I plunged my head into the delicious, limpid water and devoured, rather than drank, huge mouthfuls of the cool and heavenly fluid. I felt my stomach swelling with the enormous draughts I swallowed, but I laughed and drank again and again. I reeked naught of life or death then.

At length I could drink no more, and then discipline asserted itself. I knew I had no right to be out there, and I thought if I were missed from my cot I should be reported. So I crept back the way I had come, and shortly after fell into a profound sleep.

It was broad daylight when I awoke, and saw the assistant surgeon and dresser standing beside me.

"How is this?" asked the doctor. "Wetherall ought to have been dead!"

"Please, sir," said I, "I am feeling much better, and have no wish to make the sixth this morning."

He knew I had overheard his remark on the preceding night; he smiled sadly, and said: "I am sorry to say there were six without you. But I can not understand how it is you are alive. Most extraordinary!"

I rapidly recovered, and, as I had never indulged in the pernicious country arrack sold to soldiers out here, I was soon quite strong again. I was made sergeant very soon, and I remained upward of twenty years, serving with different regiments out here, but it was some time before I told any one how I recovered from my attack of cholera. However, I told the doctor one day all about it, and though he said the cold water ought to have killed me, I observed the poor fellows who were in the hospital with cholera got an extra allowance of water.

## Colored People Misrepresented.

In his *Arcana* Mr. Froude was very hard upon the coloured people of the West Indies. They were in his estimation almost every thing that was bad, immoral, revengeful towards the whites, dishonest, and much else, while all that he said about them was in that scornful, flippant way which seems to have been so assiduously cultivated by Mr. Froude as to have become a sort of second nature. The great man, however, has not had it all his own way. Mr. J. J. Thomas, a negro himself, but a highly cultivated and well educated one, has taken up the cudgels for his maligned race, in a book which he styles "Froudacuity; West Indian Fables Explained." Mr. Thomas, while always maintaining his dignity and temper, handles the maligner of his race without gloves. He shows clearly that Mr. Froude set out on his visit to the West Indies with his mind full of prejudice, that while journeying from island to island he never personally came into contact with the ex-slave population, but gathered all his information from the class which is straining every nerve to keep the mulatto and negro population out of the political rights which they are claiming, and are using every means, fair or foul, to prove that they are too degraded for those rights to be conceded. It has been the strange infatuation of the West Indian whites all along to put themselves in a position of antagonism to the colored population of these beautiful islands and to act on the principle of either ruling or ruling absolutely and for all time. Mr. Froude may affect great contempt for his West Indian assailant, just as he did for the Australians who corrected his gross misstatements and misrepresentations about the people in that great Southern Continent, but he will not escape the condemnation of all fair minded men, as one who, though a brilliant writer, is so warped with prejudice and insular class feelings that his representations of facts are of little historic value and his descriptions, whether of scenery or society, are so embellished by fancy and so perverted by prejudice as to be little other than romances which have not the recommendation of ordinary fiction that it is innocent at any rate.

## A New Law.

This new Act enacts that children can testify without being put on oath, that a husband or wife may give evidence against the other; that any police court can order a new guardian for any ill-used child, that is, can take a child entirely away from its parents, so that they can have no more claim upon it than any stranger, that ill-treatment of children, whether by parents, nurse maids, tramps, drunks, baby farmers, etc., is illegal, that a house where it is even suspected that a child is ill-treated, can be entered and searched by a search warrant, that child hawkers shall not run the streets after ten o'clock, that those who send children out to beg shall be punished, not the children sent, and that no child shall be employed in any place of amusement before 7 years of age, and none be between seven and ten without Magistrate's license. Now all this is not so stringent as it ought to be. But it goes a good way, and the sooner we get something similar in Canada the better. Many people have scarcely the faintest glimmer of how cruelty is inflicted upon poor children in this Ontario of ours, and in this Toronto. It is an awful shame. But it is a fact all the same.

No one can say what may take place in France at any time or what nonsense may be for the hour uppermost. But the general feeling among sensible men is that Bulanger is down never to rise again. It is a case of the world-bee Czar being in the gutter and hopelessly in that not very dignified position. So be it, as all good people will pray.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

As comes about very frequently, the prophecies of evil about the crop in Manitoba, are not turning out as expected. The injury by frost, etc., is far less than expected, and the yield is really about the best that the Manitobans have yet had. The average about Portage La Prairie is 28 bushels to the acre and there are some fields as high as 40 or 50.

Thorndike Rice, late Editor of the North American Review, was no ordinary man. Mr. Gladstone in writing a short account of his career says:—

"In another point of view, I view the career of Mr. Rice with interest and respect. Mr. Rice was, as I understand, a man of independent fortune, and being such he nevertheless gave himself to a laborious occupation. The growth of a class of idle rich men would, in my opinion, be a great misfortune to America, as it must be to any other country, and I take it as a sign of mind aspiring to public virtue when the rich man frankly and practically owns himself to be amenable to the common lot of honourable duty and labour."

These are the words written by the colored editor at Selma, Alabama, which put the Southern whites into a frenzy the other day:

You (the whites) have had your revolutionary and civil wars, and we here predict that at no distant day we will have our race war, and we hope, as God intends, that we will be strong enough to wipe you out of existence. It is bound to come, and just such hot headed cranks as the editors of our Democratic journals are just right to hasten it.

The words were wild and foolish, no doubt, but as Harpers Weekly points out, they are only the acceptance of a challenge thrown down by the whites. The state of affairs is so unhappy that Canadians, while valuing their freedom from such complications, will feel the heartiest sympathy with the people who have so difficult a problem to solve.

M. VanKoughnet, Superintendent of Indian Affairs, has just visited the nation's wards in British Columbia. He says of the Western Indians that they are slightly higher on the ladder of civilization than ours in the East, and for two reasons. The first is that they are entirely self-dependent. "Our Government grants them no annuities, and all the money they obtain is the outcome of their profitable labours. With us this is not the case. The granting of annuities, in accordance with old treaties, has fostered a spirit of semi-dependence and laziness among the Eastern tribes which is the reverse of satisfactory. The second reason is that Indians in British Columbia, generally speaking, mingle in their daily pursuits more among white men than they do in the East."

The believers in Mrs. Maybrick's innocence are still agitating for her pardon. In England they are exceedingly busy, and in the United States they are preparing a petition to be signed by a hundred thousand persons asking for her release. It is easy to understand the activity of the people who cannot think the convicted woman guilty. The belief that an innocent person is suffering is enough to move the most callous. It is not at all an extraordinary thing for the guiltless to receive punishment for crime. A case of this nature has just been revealed in Missouri. In 1884, in the town of Florida, in that State, a man named William Vanderventer and his wife were murdered. A negro named Duly was arrested for the crime, tried, convicted, and hanged. Last week there died at Macon, in the same State, a man named Perry Thrall, who on his deathbed confessed that he committed the crime for which Duly was put to death.

Some publicists across the line are deploring the presence in the United States of so large a foreign-born population. Bishop Cox of Western New York, one of these, asks:—"Shall our children's children see another centennial celebration of Washington and the constitution?" And he makes mournful answer that "we are governed by aliens," and that "every thoughtful man must pronounce such a consummation improbable in the extreme." In reply it is stated that the foreigners are quite as loyal to American institutions as the natives. However this may be, it is certain that the foreign-born residents are more demonstrative than the descendants of the original settlers. They are more violent, for example, in their expressions of dislike for Great Britain—expressions which they appear to regard as necessary in proof of their attachment to their new home.

Our Canadian copper coinage is a mixture of authorized coins and old bank tokens. The tokens, issued as they were by the banks before the Government took control of the copper money, are apt to be despised. They are old, battered, and worn, and therefore, in the opinion of the average citizen, useless. But they are really acquiring a new value—a value based upon their rarity. A short time ago in New York a token of the Bank of Montreal, dated 1838, showing a side view of the bank building, and on the reverse the oval shield of the city and the words, "Bank token. One penny," was sold for \$51. A half penny type of the same kind of token went for \$29. A side view penny of the Bank of Montreal brought \$53, and a half-penny token of the Bank of Upper Canada went for \$50. It represented Britannia presenting two children to America. It is not safe, therefore, to think lightly of the old tokens. A numismatist might prize them highly.

There is a great deal of good sense and undeniable fact in the following statement which some of our mad Anglo-Israelites would do well to consider:

"There are no Lost Tribes," is Mr. L. N. Demiltz's verdict in "The Andover Review." The ten tribes were never bodily deported to Assyria. Most of the Israelites were left behind in the country they always occupied. At the fall of Jerusalem Titus carried off only the inhabitants of Judaea, who were sent across the Mediterranean to Italy and Spain. Hadrian afterwards led the Galileans into captivity, and located them on the lower Rhine. From them—the "Ten Tribes"—the bulk of the Jews of Germany, Austria, Hungary, Poland, Russia, and Roumania are sprung; and those have in very modern times sent offshoots to Northern France, Holland, and the United States. Between Israel and Judah there has always been a rooted antipathy, and in America the Jewish families will not associate or intermarry with those of Israelite descent. But the latter form more than nine-tenths of the Hebrew nation to-day."

## On Another Errand.

A Vermont Baptist minister who is not too grave and dignified to enjoy a good joke, even when it is on himself, narrates a ludicrous incident of his early life. Soon after being settled over a new congregation, he one day received a note asking him to be at home that evening at eight o'clock. The writer added that he was intending to be married at that hour, and would call at the parsonage with his bride.

It was but a few minutes before eight o'clock when the door-bell rang, and a moment later the servant announced that a young couple awaited the minister in the parlor.

Going down into the parlor, accompanied by his wife, the pastor found a neatly-dressed, intelligent appearing young man and a bright-looking young woman, who rose to receive him.

"I am Mr. Homer," said the young man, "and this is Miss Cross."

Having another engagement for the evening, the minister said, immediately, "I received your note this morning, and we will proceed with the ceremony at once. Please join your right hands."

In great bewilderment, which the minister mistook for natural embarrassment, the young couple timidly clasped hands, and the ceremony was about to begin when the young man said:

"I—we—what ceremony is it?"

"Why, the ceremony of marriage, of course."

"O-o-o-h!" shrieked the young lady, withdrawing her hand, and covering her face with a handkerchief.

"I don't understand this at all," said the young man, sharply. "We came here simply as a committee from the Young People's Society of the Methodist Church to ask you and your wife to be present at a public entertainment we are about to give, and—"

It was now the minister's turn to say "O-o-o-h," and he said it in genuine astonishment at the very moment that the maid ushered in the young couple who had "matrimonial intentions."

The mistake evidently started the first young couple into new lines of thought, for, a year later, their own pastor being ill, they called upon the Baptist pastor, and did not protest that he was going too far when he again asked them to join hands.

## People Who Fret.

One of the most striking examples of this large class of unfortunate beings is the great Carlyle—the man of noble heart and great mind, capable of grasping great subjects and giving wise words of admonition regarding them, and yet so difficult to live with comfortably, because he was easily disturbed by trifles and gave free vent to an oral expression of the annoyances he felt. There is a touch of the ridiculous, but much more that is pathetic, in the story of Carlyle's behavior on his return home after an absence, during which his loved Jennie—Mrs. Carlyle—worked with loving industry to make her husband's home-coming an especially happy one.

The study was made immaculately neat, the new furniture arranged in the most pleasing order, and a dainty touch here and there to make all homelike. The task completed, Mrs. Carlyle awaited in happy expectancy the return of the master of the house.

What did Carlyle do to show his appreciation of this loving service so willingly rendered? Did he express his satisfaction in words, or even by a look of pleased surprise? No he. Surveying the room with critical eyes, he walked to a window, discovered that the sash rattled, and vented his displeasure in unmistakable language. This one small flaw blinded him to all the rest of the order and pleasant arrangements of the room.—[Evening Wisconsin.]

## How to Make an Aeolian Harp.

Have any of our young friends ever seen an aeolian harp? It is a musical instrument made by the Greeks many centuries ago and hung among the trees or where the wind could blow upon it, making a low, soft musical sound. The "Baptist Weekly" tells how to make one, which is very easily done and inexpensive, for most of the material can be found about the house. "Wax a piece of butternut twist about two and a half feet long; tie each end strongly to a small peg and thrust the pegs down the crevice between the two sashes of your southern or western window, stretching the silk as tight as possible. It will surprise you, the sweetness and variety of the tones the wind will bring from it. Having done this you may be moved to go further and prepare a more elaborate aeolian harp.

Take some quarter-inch wood and make a box the length of your window frame, four or five inches deep and six or seven inches wide. Bore a few small holes in a circle near what will be the upper side of the back of the box when placed in the window with the open side of the box, fasten two bridges like violin bridges one at each end, and stretch on them several strings of fine catgut, contriving a series of screw pins to aid in the tight stretching necessary, and allow of their being turned to one note. Then raise your sash on the windy side of the house, and the wind passing through the hole and over the strings will in its rising and falling make very sweet music.—[American Cultivator.]

## An Unruly Arm.

A three-year-old girl was lying on the floor the other day pulling the tablecloth, and her father, who was busy writing at the table said: "Lillie, stop pulling the cloth." The little witch instantly replied: "I ain't pulling it. My arm springs out and makes my fingers shut up."

Cruelty to children on the part of their parents is a very common sin, and it is carried often to degrees of fiendishness which is never known as amongst the lower animals. Every year hundreds of little things scarcely out of their cradles, in fact in many cases, not out of their cradles, are slowly tortured to death by those "without whose life they had not lived." In fact, this kind of iniquity has become so horrible in England that the worst cases are their own protection for they cannot be published in any journal with the slightest pretence to decency or right feeling. The friends of the children in Britain have lately secured a triumph. They have had the law against cruelty to children made much more severe.

## AGRICULTURAL.

### PROTECTION AGAINST FLIES.

The plague of flies touches a very tender spot—the pocket book—for it causes animals to lose flesh, or at least to make less gain than they would otherwise. By affording protection to the animals we save money as truly as we do by giving them comfortable shelter. The best protection for hogs is the wallow. Though cattle have tough hides, flies occasion them much discomfort, and it is humane and profitable to make for them a smudge. In some situations this is actually necessary at certain seasons. The animals soon learn to take advantage of the smoke.

Horses suffer greatly from flies, on account of a tender skin and sensitive nervous organization. When we have them at work, their struggles against their tormentors are annoying to us. It is unpleasant to use animals kicking, biting and stamping at flies. For farm teams the cheapest protection is leather nets. With reasonable care these will last for years. They should be cleaned and oiled at least once a month while they are in use, or the sweat of the animals will rapidly rot them. They increase the warmth of the animals as little as any efficient protection.

The legs of horses require protection even more than their bodies. Flies choose the legs, as the skin on these parts is thinner and the blood vessels are nearer the surface. It is strange that we do not oftener see the legs of the animals protected, as the flies are not much disturbed by stamping. Leggings from old overalls, or made of burlaps, are good material. The man ashamed to drive a team so protected, about his farm, has far more false pride than good sense. Leggings made like the leather nets for the body are in the end the cheapest, and can be made by any harness-maker.

AN OHIO FARMER.

### HONEY BEES IN COURT.

A case of considerable interest to beekeepers was recently tried by the Supreme Court of the Fourth Judicial Department of New York State. The questions passed upon were substantially the following:

1. May the honey bee become an unlawful trespasser and a nuisance?
2. If so, can the owner of the offending swarm be held amenable in damages to the injured party?

Here is the reported history of the case. In 1887 a wealthy banker of Delaware County, N. Y., had a neighbor who kept an apiary of 20 swarms of bees within 50 feet of the banker's dwelling. The banker complained that the bees staked and stung members of his family that they were, in fact, vicious and offensive insects, annoying his horses and other stock. The neighbor refused to remove the bees and the banker began a suit for \$1,200 damages and an order for the removal of the bees. The National Bee Keepers' Association assumed the defence and thus made this a test case. The trial lasted several days and awarded the plaintiff six cents and cost, thus establishing a precedent. The court at once issued an injunction restraining the defendant from maintaining the apiary on his premises. The defendant appealed and is now again defeated. It is said that the Bee Keepers' Association will continue the fight by a further appeal to the Court of Appeals—the court of final resort.

### Never Give Up.

We would be sorry to prose. Wise saws are very good no doubt in their place, and practical inferences are expected at the close of a heavy, dull and long religious discourse. But we are not in that line and though preaching is no doubt good, especially when kept in moderation and not too prolonged, yet everything in order and all where it ought to be. And yet the temptation is very great sometimes to administer to foolish folks the word of admonition, and to tell them for instance not to lose to-day by help-less regrets that yesterday has gone forever, and to little or no purpose. Some people tell their neighbors that the very essence of eternal punishment is that dreadful refrain, "It might have been." It is bad enough when the mind dwells upon it. But it is better not to dwell, and it is possible as well. "The battle is no doubt lost," said Napoleon at Marengo, "but it is only three o'clock yet, and there is plenty of time to gain another," and so all his troops took heart of grace from their leader's hopefulness, and after all gained the battle that has made Marengo famous. If only people would do likewise in their own little concerns what a different world it would be! Yes! an awful deal lost. Opportunities for education neglected. Bad habits contracted. A general feebleness of mental tone induced. An uncongenial way of making a living forced upon one. The glorious seed time of life gone to little or no purpose. If! if! if! Yes! if! These years will never come back and you will never be the men you possibly might have been. Well, what altho! Are you going to sit on this account with folded hands, and sadly muse on former joys or former opportunities that now return no more? Go, you goose! The battle is no doubt lost so far. But—it is only three o'clock yet! Look alive and you will gain another and perhaps a better. "Ah me!" said the Oxford scholar as he lay dying, "had I devoted my energies to the dative case, I might have done something to purpose. But, as it is, there has been no concentration and so life has been wasted without recall." Pahaw! pahaw! How much better the view of old James Stirling, the scientific cobbler and reformed drunkard: "I gave the strength of my life to the service of the devil, and now I have only 'the gloamin' for the honour of my God and the good of my fellows." But what a "gloamin'" that was! and what a sunset! The forty years wanderings in the wilderness were all forgotten in that "abundant entrance." Now, dear reader, there is a bit of a sermon for you. You can study along with it Longfellow's "Psalm of Life" think over what is meant by not "retaining the sins that are past," and then go at your little bit of work with a will, neither whining nor shrinking, neither fearing the future nor making too much of the past. Three o'clock yet? Not by a long way, and though it were, though it were eleven or even five minutes to twelve! Don't be a clam, and don't confess that you are a failure and an ass!

In the Nagle habeas corpus proceedings at San Francisco yesterday Justice Field described the tragedy at Lathrop, and expressed the opinion that if Nagle had not shot Barry he (Field) would have been dead within the next five seconds.