INFLUENCED BY OTHERS

The Great Responsibility Resting Upon Each of Us.

A despatch from Washington says: —Rev. Dr. Talmage preached from the following text: Job. xxxviii, 31, "Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades?"

What is the meaning of that question which God put to Job? Have we all our lives been reading it, and are most of us ignorant of its beauty and power and practical suggestiveness? A meaningless passage of Scripture many thought it to be, but the telescopes were busy age after age, and astronomical observations kept on questioning the skies until the meaning of my text comes out lustrously. The Pleiades is a constellation of seven stars appearing to the naked eye, but scientific instruments reveal more than 400 properly belonging to the group. Alcyone is the name of the brightest star of that group called the Pleiades. A Russian astronomer observed that Alcyone is the centre of gravitation of our solar system. Hugh Macmillan says that the sun and its planets wheel around that centre at the rate of 422,000 miles a day in an orbit which it will take 19,000,000 years to complete. The Pleiades appear in the springtime and are associated with flowers and genial warmth and good weather. The navigation of the Mediterranean was from May to November, the rising and the setting of the Pleiades. The priests of Bolus noticed that rising and setting

2,000 YEARS BEFORE CHRIST.

Now, the glorious meaning of my text is plain as well as radiant. To give Job the beautiful grace of humility God asked him, "Canst thou bind the sweet influences of the Pleiades?" Have you any power over the laws of gravitation? Can you modify or change an influence wielded by a star more than 400,000 miles away? Can you control the winds of the springtime? Can you call out the flowers? How little you know compared with omniscience? How little you can do compared with omnipotence!

The probability is that Job had been tempted to arrogance by his vast attainments. He was a metallurgist, a zoologist, a poet, and shows by his writings he had knowledge of hunting, of music, of husbandry, of medicine, of mining, of astronomy and perhaps was so far ahead of the scholars and scientists of his time that he may have been somewhat puffed up; hence this interrogation of my text. And there is nothing that so soon takes down human pride as an interrogation point rightly thrust. Christ used it mightily. Paul mounted the parapet of his great arguments with such a battery. Men of the world understand it. Demosthenes began his speech to the crown and Cicero his oration against Catiline and Lord Chatham his most famous orations with a question. The empire of ignorance is so much vaster than the empire of knowledge that after the most learned and elaborate disquisition upon any subject of sociology or theology the plainest man may ask a question that will make the wisest speechless. After the profoundest assault upon Christianity the humblest disciple may make an inquiry that would

SILENCE A VOLTAIRE.

Called upon, as we are at times, to defend our holy religion instead of argument that can always be answered by argument let us try the power of interrogation. We ought to be loaded with at least half a dozen questions and always ready, and when Christianity is assailed, and we are told there is nothing in it and there is no God and there never was a miracle and that the Scriptures are unreasonable and cruel and that there never will be a judgment day take out your portable armory of interrogation something like this: "What makes the condition of woman in Christian lands better than in heathen lands? Do you think it would be kind in God to turn the human race into a world without any written revelation to explain and encourage and elevate and save? And if a revelation was made, which do you prefer—the Zenda-Vista of the Persian or the Confucian writings of the Chinese or the Koran of Mohammed or our Bible? If Christ is not a divine being, what did he mean when he said, "Before Abram was, I am?" If the Bible is a bad book, what are the evil results of reading it? Did you see any degrading influence of the book in your father or mother or sister who used to read it?

I suppose one of the greatest surprises of the next world will be to see what wide, farreaching influeoce for good or evil we have all exerted. I am speaking of ourselves, who are

ONLY ORDINARY PEOPLE.

But who can fully appreciate the farreaching good done by men of wealth in Great Britain for the working classes—Mr. Lister of Bradford, Edward Akroyd of Halifax, Thomas Sikes of Huddersfield, Joseph Wentworth and Josiah Mason and Sir Titus Salt? This last great soul, with his vast wealth provided 756 houses at cheap rent for 3,000 working people and chapel and cricket ground and croquet lawn and concert hall and savings bank, where they might deposit some of their earnings, and life insurance for those who looked further ahead and bathhouses and parks and museums and lecture halls with philosophical apparatus, the generous example of those men of a previous generation being copied in many places in Canada and the United States, making life, which would otherwise be a prolonged drudgery, an inspiration and a joy.

Notice also in my text the influence of other worlds upon this world. We all regard the effect which our continent has upon other continents or one hemisphere upon the other hemisphere. Great harvest or drought on one side of our world affects the other side of our world. The nations of the earth cablegrammed together all feel the same thrill of delight or shock of woe. But we do not appreciate the influence of other worlds upon our world. The author of my text rouses us to the consideration. It takes all the worlds of known and unknown astronomy to keep our world in its orbit. Every world dependent on other worlds.

THE STELLAR EXISTENCE

is felt all through the heavens. Every constellation is a sisterhood. Our planet feels the benediction of Alcyone and all the other stars of the Pleiades. Yea, there are two other worlds that decide the fate of our world—its redemption or its demolition. Those two worlds are the headquarters of angelology and demonology. From the one world came Christ, come ministering spirits, come all gracious influences. From the other world rise all satanic and diabolic influences. From that world of moral night rose the power that wrecked our poor world six thousand years ago, and all the good work done since than has not been able to get our world out of the breakers. But the signs of distress have been hoisted and the lifelines are out, and our world's release is certain. The good influences of the consecrated people in our world will be centupled by the help from the heavenly world, and the divine power will overcome the demoniac. O man, O woman, expand your idea and know the magnitude of a contest in which three worlds are specially interested! From all the seven worlds which my text calls the Pleiades there come no such powerful influences as from the two worlds that I am now mentioning. My only hope for this world is in the reinforcement that is to come from another world. But that is promised, and so I feel as sure of the rectification of all evil as though looking out of my window to-day I saw the parks and the gardens flowering into another paradise and the apocalyptic angel flying through the midst of heaven with the news that the kingdoms of this world would have become the kingdoms of our Lord.

We put too much emphasis upon the acidities of life, upon the irritations of life, upon the disappointments of life. Not sufficiently do we recognize the sweet influences of the wife. We men are of a rougher mold, and our voice is loud, and our manners need to be tamed, and gentleness is not as much of a characteristic as it ought to be, and we ofter say things we ought to take back. It is to change this that the good wife comes in. The interests of the twain are identical. That which from outsiders would be considered criticism and to be resented becomes kindly suggestion. Sweet influences that make us better men than we otherwise would have been or could have been!

Sweet influences of friendship! If we have behaved ourselves tolerably well we have friends. In our days of mirth they come with their congratulations. In times of sorrow they come with expressions of solace. In times of perplexity they come with their advice. They are with us at weddings and at burials. If there is anything good in us, they find it out, and our frailties they overlook and excuse. If something appears against us, they say, "Wait till I hear the other side." If disaster shall befall us, we know from whom would come the first condolence. Family friends; church friends; business friends; lifelong friends. In our heart of hearts we cherish them.

The stories of that world and its holy hilarities come in upon our souls sometimes in song, sometimes in sermon, sometimes in hours of solitary reflection, and they are, to use the words of my text,

SWEET INFLUENCES.

But there is one star that affects us more with its sweet influences than the centre star, the Alcyone of the Pleiades, and that is what one Bible author calls the Star of Jacob and another Bible author calls the Morning Star. Of all the sweet influences that have ever touched our earth those that radiate from Christ are the sweetest.

Sweet influences of the Holy Ghost, with all its transforming and comforting and emancipating power. When that power is fully felt, there will be no more sins to pardon, and no more wrongs to correct, and no more sorrows to comfort, and no more bondage to break. But as the old-time sea captains watched the rising of the Pleiades for safe navigation and set sail in Mediterranean waters, but were sure to get back into port before the constellation Orion came into sight—the season of cyclone and hurricane—so there is a time to sail for heaven, and that is while the sweet influences are upon us and before the storms overtake the delay. Open all your soul to the light and warmth and comfort and inspiration of that gospel which has already peopled heaven with millions of the ransomed, and is helping other millions to that glorious destination. Do not postpone the things of God and eternity till the storms of life swoop and the agitations of a great future are upon us. Do not dare wait till Orion takes the place of the Pleiades. Weigh anchor now and with chart unrolled and pilot on board head for the reunions and raptures that await all the souls forgiven. "And they need no candle, neither light of the sun, for the Lord God giveth them light, and they shall reign forever and ever."

The Law's Delays.

"If I had me job to pick out," said Mr. Dooley, "I'd be a Judge. I've looked over all th' others, an' that's th' on'y wan that suits. I have th' joodicyal timperamint. I hate wurruk.

"Ivrybody else is pushed an' hurrid in this tumulchuse age. Th' business man has to get to th' bank befure it closes an' the banker has to get there befure th' business man escapes, an' th' high-priced actor has to kill off more gradyates iv th' school iv actin' than iver he did, an' th' night editions in th' pa-apers comes out earlier ivry mornin'.

"All is rush an' worry. Kings an' Imprors duck about their jooties like bell-hops, th' pampered son iv luxury at Newport is thryin' f'r a mile a minyit in his autymobili, an' th' on'y leisure class left in th' wurruld is th' joodicyary. Mind ye, Hinnissy, I'm not sayin' annything again thim. I won't dhrag th' joodicyal ermine in th' mud, though I haven't noticed that manny iv thim lift it immodestly whin they takes th' pollytical crossing. I have the high rayspict f'r th' job that's th' alternative iv sixty days in jail. Besides, me boy, I invy thim.

"Somewhere a la-ad hits some wan on th' head with an axe or sinds him a bunch iv proosic acid done up to look like candy. Maybe he does an' maybe he don't, but annyhow that's what he's lagged f'r. Th' polis are in a hurry to get to th' pool-room befure the flag falls in th' first race an' they carry th' case to th' Gran' Jury; th' Gran' Jury indicts him without a thought or a suspicion iv hard feelin', th' Judge takes his breakfast on the bench to be there in time, an' charges th' jury to be fair, but not to f'rget th' man done it, an' th' jury rayturns a verdict iv guilty, with three cheers an' a tiger.

"Th' pris'ner has hardly time to grab up his hat befure he's hauled off to his funeral obsequies, an' th' onprejudiced public feels happy about it. I don't believe in capital punishment, Hinnissy, but 'twill niver be abolished while th' people injys it so much. They're jus' squarin thimselves f'r th' rayvoltin' details whin wurrud comes that Judge Tamarack iv Opolis has granted a stay iv proceedin's. Stays iv proceedin's is devices, Hinnissy, be which th' high coorts keep in form. 'Tis a lagal joke. I med it up. Says Judge Tamarack: 'I knew very little about this case excipt what I've been tol' be th' larned counsel f'r th' dayfince, an' I don't believe that, but I agree with Lord Coke in th' maxim that th' more haste th' less sleep. Therefore to all sheriffs, greetin': Fen jarrin' the pris'ner till ye hear fr'm us.'

"So th' pris'ner waits an' dhreams he's a lightnin' rod, an' th' public waits, and ivrybody waits. Th' High Coort is busy in its way. Ivry two or three years it is discovered takin' a nap at a county seat in th' corn belt, an' it hands down a decision f'r the defendant in a case f'r damages growin' out iv th' Shay rebillion. Thin it dhrops off again.

"Th' Judge that thried th' case retires to a well-earned job with a railroad comp'ny, th' jury has ceased to look f'r their pitchers in th' pa-apers an' th' insurance comp-nies insure young Cyanide's life f'r th' lowest known preemyum. Occasionally a Judge iv th' Coort iv Appeals walkin' in his sleep meets another Judge, an' they discuss maathers.

"How ar-re ye gettin' on with th' Cyanide case, Judge?' 'I'm makin' fair headway, Judge. I r-read part iv th' vardict in th' Coroner's jury las' year, an' next month whin th' fishin' is over I expict to look into th' indictment. This a puzzlin' case. Th' man is not guilty.' 'Well, good-by, Judge; I'll see ye in a year or two. Lave me know how ye're gettin' on. Pleasant dhreams.'

"An' so they part. Th' higher up a coort is the less they see iv each other. Their office hours are fr'm a quarther to wan leap years. Ye tell a lively lawyer that's wurruked twenty hours a day suin' sthreet railroad comp'nies an' boost him onto a High Court an he can't think out iv a hammock.

"Th' more exalted what Hogan calls th' joodicyal station th' more it's like a dormitory. Th' years rowl by an' th' tillygraft op'rator that's been expictin' to sind a rush tillygram through young Cyanide sees his ohms an' his volts moldin' an' no wurrud comes fr'm th' Coort iv Appeals but th' murmur iv th' Chief Justice discussin' th' nullification theory. But wan day th' decision is wafted down.

"'Th' coort finds,' it says, 'that th' vardict was conthry to th' law an' th' ividence. We seen this fr'm the first. It's as plain as th' nose on ye'er face. Th' Judge was prejudiced an th' jury was ignorant. Th' ividence wasn't sufficient to hang a cat. We revarse th' decision and ordher a new thrile that full justice may be done. We cannot help remarkin' at this time on th' croolty iv subjectin' this unfortunate man to all these years iv torture an' imprisonment with a case again him which we see at a glance during th' Mexican War cud not sthand th' test iv th' law.'

"But whin th' decision is carried to th' pris'ner, th' warden says, 'Who?' 'P. Cyanide,' says th' clark iv th' coort. 'He's not here,' says th' warden. 'On consultin me books I find a man iv that name left in th' year sivinty-wan.' 'Did he escape?' 'In a sinse.' 'He cudden't appeal.' 'In a way he did. He's dead.'

"So Hinnissy, I'd like to be a Judge iv a High Coort, dhreaming th' happy hours away. No hurry, no sthrivin' afther immejat raysults, no sprintin', no wan hollerin' "Dooley J. hurry up with that ne exeat," or "Dooley, hand down that opinyion befure th' batthry gives out."

"'Tis th' thrue life iv aise an' gintlemanly comfort. 'Tis wait till th' clouds rowl by; 'tis time was meant for slaves; 'tis a long life an' a happy wan. Like th' Shamrock II., th' coort acts well in stays but can't run befure th' wind. A jury is f'r hangin' ivry man, but th' High Coort says: 'Ye must die, but take ye'er time about it and go out th' way ye like.'

"If I wanted to keep me money so that me gran'childer might get it fur their ol' age, I'd appeal it to th' Supreme Coort. Oh, th' fine Judge I'd make, f'r I can sleep annywhere, an' I'm nivir impatient f'r annywan to get his jooes."

"I don't see," said Mr. Hennossy, "why they have anny juries. Why don't they thry ivry man before th' Supreme Coort an' have done with it?"

"I have a betther way than that," said Mr. Dooley. "Ye see they're wurrukin' on time now. I wondhur if they wudden't sthep livelier if they were paid by th' piece."

LIEUTENANT WON HIS BET.

A young lieutenant in a crack regiment was on account of his gambling propensities transferred to another regiment, as the honesty of some of his dealings was rather doubtful.

Now Captain Dash of his late regiment, and Major Blank of his fresh regiment were old friends, and two days after the young officer's arrival in his new quarters, the Major received the following note from Captain Dash:

"Dear Blank,—Let me warn you against young F. Don't be drawn into betting with him on any account, for he has the luck of the devil, and rarely loses a bet."

The Major put the note in his pocket and thought no more about it.

About a week after this, in the officers' mess one night, the lieutenant began to talk and make fun of Irishmen.

Now the Major was an Irishman, and was very touchy upon the subject of his nationality, and as he had a very fiery temper few dared broach the subject in his presence.

"Major," said the lieutenant, "I have heard that Irishmen have black roofs to their mouths, is it true?"

"It's a lie, sir," roared the Major.

"I'll bet you fifty dollars that the roof of your mouth is black," said the lieutenant.

The Major took the bet, and invited every man in the room to look in his mouth, and see for themselves.

They did so, and each declared that it was red.

The lieutenant was the last to look and to get a better view, he gently took hold of the Major's chin with one hand, and the tip of his nose with the other, pressed them apart, and looked in.

He stepped back and admitted that he had lost the bet, and after apologizing to the Major he left the room.

Two days after this the Major received a letter from Captain Dash, as follows:

"You fool, I cautioned you specially against betting with F., and now I am in a good fix because you have done so. Before he left here, he bet me $5,000 that he would pull your nose in the presence of the whole mess, and not be court-martialled for it."

NEW TEN COMMANDMENTS.

I.

Thou shalt not go away from home to do any trading, nor thy son nor thy daughter.

II.

Thou shalt patronize thy home merchant and thy home printer, for yea, verily, doth thy home printer spread over the land glad tidings of thy goodness and greatness and they shall patronize thee.

III.

Thou shalt employ thy own mechanics that they may not be driven from their homes to find food for their little ones, thou shalt consider him as thy neighbor, above them that dwelleth in a strange town.

IV.

Thou shalt not ask for credit as the goods cost much money, and the merchant's brain is burdened with bills.

V.

Thou shalt not ask for reduced prices for the "influence," for behold guile is in thine heart and the merchant readeth it like an open book. He laugheth thee to scorn and shouteth to his "ha, ha!"

VI.

Thou shalt do whatever lieth in thy power to encourage and promote the welfare of thine own town and thine own people.

VII.

Thou shalt not suffer the voice of pride to overcome thee, and if other towns entice thee, consent thou not, for thou mayest be deceived.

VIII.

Thou shalt spend thy earnings at home that they may return from whence they came and give nourishment to such as may come after thee.

IX.

Thou shalt not bear false witness against the town wherein thou dwelleth, but speak well of it to all men.

X.

Thou shalt take these commandments and teach them to thy children to the third and fourth generation that they may be made to flourish and grow in plenty when thou art laid to rest with thy fathers.

WITHOUT A BEGGAR.

According to a consular report just issued, the serene island of Sarawak must be almost an ideal place to live in. The lower classes are all in well-to-do circumstances, a beggar being unknown—and this is a country with a population of 600,000. The richest people are to be found among the Chinese, and also the poorest. The advance of the country during the past ten years has been very great. Kuching, the capital, has nearly doubled in size, and building is still being continued. Trade is brisk and competition greater, the country having attracted the attention of well-to-do Straits Chinese. There is a steady volume of immigration into Sarawak, chiefly Chinese, but also Malays and Tamils.

THE INDIAN MUTINY.

Gory Days Recalled at Cawnpore and Lucknow.

In all history there is probably no one episode that inspires an interest so great and unfailing as that fierce and final struggle for supremacy in India which in 1857 took place between the natives and the English, who for more than a hundred years had been steadily absorbing it province by province, writes Aline Shano-Devin in the Chicago Record. The process of absorption, had not gone on peacefully; many and bitter were the attempts of the brown sons of the soil to arrest the march of white invasion, but they all sink into insignificance before that supreme effort which, beginning in February of 1857 and ending only in April of 1859, focused itself around the two cities of Lucknow and Cawnpore, and is always spoken of simply as "The Mutiny."

As with us of to-day the tragic violation of international honor by the Chinese last year has forever bracketed the names of Pekin and Tien-Tsin in common obloquy, so in all the years that have passed since 1857, or that for many generations shall pass, Lucknow and Cawnpore shall stand as synonyms for personal treachery, deadly cruelty and dire revenge.

Both towns are large and populous and of considerable commercial importance, but the outside world never thinks of them except as the theater upon which was enacted a series of most bloody tragedies; a shambles where brave men, helpless women and prattling children were stricken down by the hands that only yesterday had been extended in apparent amity.

THE FIRST OUTBREAK

took place at Bahampur, the barrack town nearest Plassey, where the Nineteenth Regiment, Native Infantry, were stationed. In March the Thirty-fourth Regiment Native Infantry of Barrackpore followed suit, and on May 3 the Fifth Oudh Irregulars rose at Lucknow. In each case no other punishment was inflicted on the rebellious regiments than that of disbanding them

Although there was at this time great unrest throughout the whole of India, the storm spent itself mainly in the provinces of the northwest and in Bengal, Agra, Allahabad, Delhi, Meerut, Cawnpore, Lucknow, each in turn or altogether received their baptism of blood, but it is the two latter cities that are so replete with tragic memories of that great struggle forty-four years ago, that though the lips may say Cawnpore, Lucknow, the mind cries "Mutiny," "Treachery," For one of the saddest features in connection with that uprising was the absolute, the touching confidence felt by the white men in the good faith and loyal attachment of the brown.

British troops had been withdrawn for use elsewhere until the native contingent outnumbered the foreigners six to one. Arsenals and treasuries were guarded by the Sepoys, and even after such evidence as one might think would convince the most credulous, Sir Hugh Wheeler accepted the safe conduct of the smooth-tongued Nana Sahib and marched the remnant of his little garrison down to the Sati Chaura Ghat, thenceforth to be known as Massacre Ghat, where it was promised boats would be waiting to take them to their friends in Allahabad. They went down to the fatal landing place, 450 men, women and children; they entered the boats, a bugle note rang out loud and clear, canon belched from the shadowy undergrowth across the river, a blighting hail of bullets was poured upon them by the Sepoys who lined the hither bank, and then, lest some should escape, the assassins sprang into the water, waded out to the boats, which, abandoned by the rowers, were still aground, and with their knives continued

THEIR BLOODY WORK.

The morning that I stood on the spot made infamous by the awful crime of June 27, 1857, was one of those days when it seems good just to be alive. The sun was shining in an almost cloudless sky, a soft breeze came down the river, breaking the brown waters into countless ripples, and gently stirring the leaves of the dark forest on the opposite bank; the broad Ganges flowed peacefully at my feet, giving no sign, having no memory of the days when its swift current ran red with the blood of the innocent. But my imagination busied itself reconstructing the scenes of that long past drama. I saw the stranded boats loaded to the gunwales with the pale and silent fugitives. I saw them shrinking and falling under the awful rain of lead; the men weaponless, but still striving to protect those dearer than life, the women throwing their own bodies between the murderers's knives and the trembling forms of their little ones. And in my vision I saw the decimated band of women and children wending their hopeless way back to the city, saved for the moment, but doomed to suffer the pangs of death a hundred times in the days and nights of agonizing suspense that awaited them.

It was a suspense that endured for eighteen weary days, eighteen long nights, then death by the sword was their common fate, the rocky depths of a well their common grave. To-day the place of seplucher of these hapless creatures is marked by a marble statue of the angel of resurrection; her arms are crossed resignedly on her breast, and in each hand she holds the palm of peace. Over the arch of the gateway we read, "These are they which came out of great tribulation," and on the wall enclosing the well is written, "Sacred to the perpetual memory of a great company of Christian people, chiefly women and children, who near this spot were cruelly murdered and cast, the dying with the dead, into the well below, on the xv. day of July MDCCCLVII."

Two days later General Havelock forced his way into Lucknow, too late to save but not too late to avenge his countrywomen.

BLOOD CALLED FOR BLOOD.

Officers and men, who, alternating themselves no mercy while buoyed up with the hope of rescuing the wives and children of their comrades, now when they stood by the unhallowed grave of those they had striven so hard to save were not likely to show mercy to the wretches who had sent them there.

While in India I had the good fortune to become acquainted with a gentleman who, as a member of the famous Ninety-third Regiment of Highlanders, marched to the relief of Lucknow under Sir Colin Campbell, the old hero of Balaklava. Although Mr. Forbes-Mitchell is now past 70, his memory is better than that of many men who have not seen half his years, and his fund of reminiscences makes him a most entertaining companion. He has spent forty-four years of his life in India, and, as he says, has had "a wide and varied experience of her people from the rajah on his throne to the cooly in the mines." He has already published one book containing his recollections of the mutiny, and is now engaged in the more ambitious work of collating his Indian experiences for the benefit of the public. Information obtained from an eyewitness is always more impressive than that which comes through "Mr. Hearsay," and I listened eagerly to all that Mr. Forbes-Mitchell had to say of his memorable first campaign in India, and am glad to acknowledge my indebtedness to him for much of the information used here.

At the breaking out of the mutiny such troops of her own as England had in India were scattered far and wide over its vast territory, and it was only by forced marches day and night, snatching now and then a few hours' rest, that they could come to the help of their sorely pressed and beleagured countrymen. But on such an errand the English soldier knows no fatigue. Rank and file were alike animated by but one desire—to rescue their comrades or avenge them; that the latter was the more often their stern duty was their misfortune, not their fault. What man could do they did, and almost more. To-day defeating one contingent of the enemy, to-night marching to overtake another and

CRUSHING IT TO-MORROW

Dropping where they might for an hour's rest, up again at the call and pressing on. Keeping this up for weeks with no change of clothing nor even the chance to lay aside their accoutrements, and at the end to stand at the brink of the well wherein lay the mangled bodies of those they had come to save; to enter the room where these had met death; to look at the crimsoned walls, the blood-incrusted floor; to see here a long brown tress of woman's hair, there a soft little yellow curl, yonder a tiny shoe stained a hideous red, and along the walls, just a little way above the floor, the bloody prints of tiny hands that marked the hopeless flight of wounded, frightened children. Was it any wonder that sights like these drove men mad, that their groans turned to curses, that the unshed tears dried in their burning eyes, and that sorrow itself was swallowed up in a wild craving for vengeance?

To men in this mood even General Neill's terrible scheme of punishment would scarcely seem inadequate, for there come times in men's lives when they suffer relapses into the barbarism from which they sprung. And this was the British general's relapse. Any native known to have aided or abetted in the murder of these English women and children should be compelled to kneel on the floor of that awful room and with his tongue clean up a square foot of the bloody filth, then be taken out, flogged by sweepers, the lowest caste of India, and hanged to the nearest tree. So far as the Hindus were concerned this punishment did more than disgrace them or deprive them of life, for it destroyed their caste and so robbed them of

ALL HOPE FOR THE FUTURE.

And here is the record of how one Mohammedan regarded it in this prayer uttered just before his execution: "Oh, Mohammed, Prophet, be pleased to receive into Paradise the soul of thy humble servant, whose body Major Bruce's Mehtur police are now defiling by lashes; who has been forced to lick a space of the blood-stained floor of the slaughter-house and is hereafter to be hanged by the order of General Neill. And, oh, Prophet, in due time inspire my infant son, Mazar Ali of Rohtuck, that he may revenge this desecration on the general and his descendants."

Thirty years later a copy of this prayer was found on the person of Mazar Ali, a sowar of the Second Regiment, Central India Horse, who "under divine commission," had shot his commanding officer, Major A. H. S. Neill, on the 14th of March, 1887, at Augur, C.I.

A new generation has sprung up since such revolting crimes called forth such equally revolting punishments, and few remain on either side of the actors in that terrible drama. But the British soldier of the line has forgotten neither Cawnpore nor Lucknow, and the young man, to whom they are only traditions, approves as thoroughly of Neill's fierce reprisal as did any of the general's contemporaries. Nor does he hesitate to express his contempt and distrust of the native "who would do the same to-day if he dared." One wonders sometimes if, under the smooth and courteous exterior of the Hindu, or the cool indifferentism of the Mohammedan, there lies the same lack of confidence in and respect for the Anglo-Saxon.

KIDNAPPING WIVES.

Tragic Customs Still Extant in the Caucasus.

The manners and customs of the people of the caucasus have not changed to a great extent since the country has been subdued by Russia. One of the relics of the good old times to which the Caucasians especially cling is the custom of kidnapping the women whom they desire to make their wives. Recently a case of this kind resulted in a tragic end. A prominent inhabitant of the little Caucasian town of Katuhagan, named Ismail Ogli Oki, tried to kidnap the sister of his best friend's wife while his friend was absent from home. The girl resisted his attempt to carry her off, aided by her married sister. The baffled lover drew his sword and inflicted dangerous wounds on both the ladies. At this moment his friend returned, and, enraged at finding what had occurred, killed Ismail on the spot. Then he cut off Ismail's head and carried it round to show the neighbors what a fearful revenge he had taken.

In the same district a young nobleman desired to marry the daughter of a neighboring landowner, and invited the girl with her parents to a grand ball given at his castle. During the evening he found an opportunity of decoying the girl into a secluded part of the house, where she was seized by his men and placed in a carriage. The prince joined her, and in spite of the girl's entreaties started out to drive to a place where they could be married without much delay. The girl's father, on finding that his host had disappeared with his daughter, gave chase, and, being on horseback, overtook the carriage. He shot the nobleman without ado and took his daughter home. The nobleman, however, had won her heart during the drive, and the girl was now reluctant to marry the man of whom her father approved, but the stern parent insisted on the wedding taking place at once. The bride appeared in the church, pale, but cool and collected. During the ceremony she drew a dagger and stabbed the bridegroom to the heart. Afterward she committed suicide.

IN CASE OF FIRE.

The following article is especially timely, now that unused stoves and chimneys are being put in commission again, and a stove pipe or flue that was safe last season may be unsafe this year. The excellence of the advice resides partly in the fact that it applies so well to homes that are beyond the reach of fire departments, where if anything is done to save the premises it must be done by those in the house.

Many fires can be subdued by quick persistent work with pails or dippers, if attacked when discovered. Take a small dish with which to throw the water, or the most of it will be wasted. If you have a hand force pump, count yourself lucky. Apply the water as near the seat of the fire, or place where it started, as possible. Do not jump to the conclusion that because your house resembles a ham-curing establishment that there is no use of trying to do anything. About the time you have the fire out, the smoke will suggest a conflagration. On oil fires, use dirt, ashes, sand, or even flour, for the only effect of water is to spread the oil without extinguishing it.

If the fire cannot be extinguished endeavor to check its progress by closing the doors leading to the place where it started. Several minutes can be gained in this way which will prevent much damage and simplify the work of the firemen; or if no department is forthcoming, it will enable you to save a larger proportion of your household goods should you care to do so. The worst place in which a fire can originate in the average dwelling house is the attic. Before a hole can be cut in the roof, and frequently before discovery, the interior is a mass of flames beyond the control of anything less than a well-equipped department. There is a sure preventive of attic fires, however, and it is keeping the chimneys clean and well mortared.

It is a hazardous undertaking to enter a building which is on fire and full of smoke, especially if you are not acquainted with the arrangement of its interior, but if you must do so, avoid suffocation by creeping as low as possible. Even in a dense smoke there is usually a breathing space of a few inches next the floor.

Next to the importance of knowing what to do in case of fire is the value of having facilities for subduing it at the start. One item which should not be forgotten is a long ladder. By all means have enough ladders to reach any part of your house, outside or inside. A single ladder may do more execution than half a dozen men throwing water. I would also recommend the purchase of at least two good fire extinguishers. The most convenient extinguisher for those which are excellent for inside work and may easily be handled by women or men, are now made in the form of a tube about twenty inches long and three inches in diameter. The tube is filled with a powder (chiefly carbonic oxide) which generates carbonic acid gas when it comes into contact with flames. They are wonderfully effective, do not damage anything, and do not get out of order and cost little.

Any experienced fire-fighter, however, will tell you that there is no extinguisher equal to carbon. Take no more risk of fire than you would of being bitten by a rattlesnake. Few people exercise as much as they ought, or realize the danger.

We may add, don't run a money through a floor or a roof without a crock, and one that will let the pipe free play in it at the start. Don't throw things against the pipe that passes through the roof, nor let the carpet come too near it. Prevention is the safest.

Residents in England have millions sterling invested in mortgages in foreign countries. 5½ millions is paid annually to the east.