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India's Sacred Monkeys

TEMPLES IN WHICH THOUSANDS OF THEM ARE KEPT.

India's three hundred millions are intensely religious. On every hand are temples and mosques, shrines and sacred rivers, holy trees and holy animals.

Every one knows how sacred is the cow to the Brahmin, but most people in the western world fail to appreciate the extent of the worship of Hanuman the monkey god, whose shrines are fairly alive with the huge langur monkeys, wild and mischievous, but sacred as the ibis of Egypt. It is almost as much as a traveller's life is worth to kill one of these creatures in Hindu village, even inadvertently.

In the cities of northern India especially one is astonished to see these hanumans, as they are called, racing over the roofs of houses. Sometimes they will follow the traveller for miles, jumping from tree to tree with astonishing agility. But the strangest sight of all is to behold them in thousands in the sacred monkey temples, especially those of Jeypore and the Gulta Pass.

One soon grows accustomed to the little rhesus monkeys, playing, fighting and feeding near the sacred temple tanks, which are overgrown with pig pink lotos buds. The shrieks of their mischief mingle with the screams of little green paroquets which fly around them.

The traveller also sees these monkeys amid the ruins of ancient cities or temples far removed from the haunts of man, so numerous sometimes that the crumbling walls and flat roofs are a blackish gray mass of movement and noise. The hanuman, by the way, is one of the largest monkeys in the east, measuring about three feet high when sitting.

They vary in color from a very dark gray to nearly white, while the face, hands, feet and ears are a dense black. Hanging from forehead, cheeks and chin are masses of gray hair. They are venerated by the Hindus as consecrated to the god of the same name.

Nevertheless, in the villages and cities the hanumans are a serious nuisance, being born thieves. Yet no one takes the least notice of their depredations, except to smile with indulgence.

It is a comic sight to see several of the bigger fellows around a grain or vegetable shop in a native city. They will first of all cram all they can hold into their mouths and then seize another handful as a reserve store in case of attack from a stronger comrade, and with that off they go in great bounds to the roofs or walls of the city. The owner of the shop simply dare not use force to drive off these sacred pests, and as to the worshippers in the monkey temples they do their best to spoil the mischievous creatures.

"One blazing afternoon in January," said a man recently returned from India, "I mounted an elephant placed at my disposal by the Rajah of Jeypore—a huge beast, carrying a howdah of vermilion and gold, and with gorgeous trappings of crimson brocade. I wanted to visit the monkey temples in the Gulta Pass.

"I set off up a narrow path toward the mountain heights, and in an hour or so had crossed the pass and begun the descent; when I suddenly heard the loud musical call of he hanumans—a peculiar whoop—and here before me on the tumbledown wall made thousands of years ago, to protect the inhabitants from stepping over into a sheer precipice of 600 feet, I beheld hundreds of the long, loose limbed, slender monkeys.

"Above me in the rocks and trees were thousands more, all of them at liberty to increase and multiply entirely free from molestation, whether on the part of natives or white travellers. My attendants walked down the pass toward the courtyard of the ancient ruined temple and began to sprinkle grain and sugar for the agile hordes, who were watching us with a thousand eyes of hope and suspicion. They are thoroughly accustomed to be fed with dainties in this way and at this spot, for a wealthy Hindu left nearly half a million rupees at his death to enable the custom to be kept up.

"Much might be told about the domestic habits and customs of these sacred simians. The most curious of all perhaps is the fact that the old males are in the habit of killing the male baby monkeys born in their herd, for one male will have a large number of wives, and the idea of another of his sex appearing on the scene so arouses his jealousy that he quickly slaughters his own offspring.

"After this has happened once or twice the mothers grow acquainted with the fact, and seizing their babies they rush far off into the jungle or high up among the red brown rocks, there to hide until their sons are able to look after themselves.

"Passing further up the rocky trail I came upon the picturesque ruins of the ancient shrine—a rock cut fane of enormous antiquity, with a native village nestling at the foot of a very steep declivity. Adjoining the temple was a deep pool of water, whose brilliant dark blue color made the white rocks out of which it was hewn fairly glare in the dazzling sunlight.

"Here not a monkey was visible, but one of the villagers similingly agreed to bring the creatures on the scene. Standup on a rock the old man uttered a weird cry, not unlike the long drawn howl of wolf or jackel and a few moments later, as if by magic, the rocks became alive with hanumans of every size, hastening, as they thought, to get their portion of the dead Hindu's bequest.

"They were fed a little, chiefly with their favorite sugar and grain, and then clustered gravely around the pool to drink before going back into their remote fastnesses. Before leaving, each mother would utter a hoarse guttural cry and her babies would come leaping to her neck, twining frail arms about her or clutching her hair. Even thus encumbered the full grown females sprang lightly from rock to rock with prodigious bounds."

THE DEATH OF A MAN EATER.

Hunter's Story of the Killing of a Dreaded Tiger.

It was in India. I came out to breakfast one morning and found a chap hunkering on the veranda—queer sort of nigger; never saw anything like him before or since—good deal of Bhil in him, I think, writes Francis Campbell in the Westminster Gazette. Anyhow, he came to ask me if I'd go and shoot a man-eater that had afflicted his village for two months and carried off twenty persons, the last two being his own wife and his sister. He was the headman of the village. He had come himself to make quite sure of the sahib's hearing all about it. It was a great tiger—very great and powerful—not old or mangy, he would answer for it. He had seen the tiger when it carried off his wife.

And all the while he talked he kept folding the ends of a piece of muslin he wore across his body like a scarf—a frayed, tornepiece of stuff, just the color of a wall-flower, brownish red. "Fifteen little ones and five women hath the tiger killed out of my people," he said. "Will my lord come and slay it?" Well, I said, I'd have a try, making up my mind, for all he said, that it was both ancient and mangy. Tigers don't take to man-eating till they've lost their teeth. However, this particular beast seemed to come it rather strong, and I thought I'd like to pot him. I got leave and we went off together, the man showing me the way.

I soon spotted the fact that he was mad—mad as a hatter. If the tiger had taken his wife it had also taken his brains; he was a bit creepy as a traveling companion, and the oddest part of his lunacy was to be forever caressing that torn muslin thing he wore—kissing it and stroking it and talking to it as if the thing understood—and all about "My Lord the Tiger" and the sudden destruction that was coming on him. When we got to the village I didn't wonder he was dotty.

He had been married only a week and the wife was, according to the village, a peerless beauty. They had been promised to each other from childhood, and it had taken him nearly all his life to save enough to buy her—pretty hard luck. The tiger came on them as they were drawing water—came out of the jungle behind them and took the woman. The lunatic had pursued it till brought forcibly back by the villagers. How is that for luck—a naked, unarmed man against a tiger? I began to respect my lunatic, and since he couldn't fire a gun, I gave him an Afghan knife and showed him how to use it. The first night we had no luck.

The second night the brute drank a mile below its usual place. But early on the dawn of the third day they came racing to tell us that the tiger had carried away a man from the well and had taken to the jungle. The Lunatic got out his knife and wiped it. "To-day, Sahib," he said quietly, "we shall kill him. I will lead the way." How he picked up the track through the jungle I don't know; but he did. Then we lost it, but found it again in the river bed and followed it upward for about a mile, the stream growing thinner and the bed narrower, till at last it disappeared and we had to burst our way through vines and bamboo grass over a ladder of red hot stones.

The Lunatic was dripping from every pore and panting like a motor; but he never ceased to taunt the invisible tiger, as if it were already dead—harking back to its remote ancestry and mocking at the virtues of tigresses dead a thousand years ago, and all the time fingering that end of brown muslin. Suddenly we came into a little level where the now dried up stream poured over a ledge of rock, hollowed out beneath into a narrow cave, cool and shadowy. And there, crouched to spring—my lord the tiger. I felt him coming and had just time to fling myself aside. Blest if I didn't go rolling down over the water smoothed stones into the cave and arrived with my right hand clutching the gun outflung beside me. Why it didn't go off is a mystery.

I just had time to aim when my lord crashed back, his spring having landed him among the bamboos. The Lunatic was making such a fiendish row with two flat stones, shrieking and bellowing simultaneously, that the brute in the strong sunlight was dazed—and furious, of course—and made for his lair, open mouthed and snarling. I was standing right in the entrance whene he came at me. I put the charge down his throat. He came on at me, but I expected him to drop. He didn't. He mauled my arm pretty badly before then.

When I came to I was propper up against the bank dripping wet. The Lunatic must have flown, for the water was a good bit behind us, and the tiger was still twitching. He was sitting before it among the stones, calling it every name in his language that was bad. I can curse a bit myself when it is necessary, but that chap was a genius in this particular line; he didn't leave that tiger a shred of reputation to stand on. When he paused to take breath I got up and investigated. He was a young tiger, and in splendid condition, but one eye had been shot away, and all the teeth on one side of his jaw. I suppose that was why he had taken to man eating. I mentioned to the Lunatic that I would like him skinned immediately, and that wrought a curious change in him.

"Oh, Sahib, no!" he protested, "this is my wife—my sister." He threw his arms around the bleeding brute and began calling it by every endearing name he could think of, caressing it, embracing it. Then all at once he took off the piece of brown muslin and kneeling in front of the dead tiger he spread it out, as one might spread something precious before a woman or a child.

"Oh, pearl of the world,—my beloved!" he cried. "See—I have brought thee thy veil."

Suddenly he dipped it in the gushing blood and spread it out again. "As I promised thee, beloved," he added softly. "I have not slept, nor eaten, nor rested till I have wetted it with the blood of thy slayer, even as he wetted it with thine."

"I can stand a good deal, but somehow that finished me. I left him there with the dead bunimal, and got back, pretty sick with my arm to the village, thinking all the time of that chap's endurance and patience. It gave me cold creeps to think that I had run him mercilessly for nearly a week, and all that time, as I had not the slightest doubt, he had neither tasted food or drink, nor closed his eyes—just subsisted on the certainty of vengeance.

The villagers went out to fetch him in. He was lying with his arms around the tiger's neck—dead.

I didn't take the skin.

HALE OLD TEA TASTERS.

Apparently Tea Doesn't Hurt Them, for They Die of Old Age.

Tasting tea for a livelihood is the occupation of twelve men in Boston. There were thirteen, but the death of Michael Gillett a few days ago broke the ranks.

Michael Gillett was hale and hearty up to the day of his death, despite the assertion that tea is injurious when taken frequently or in large quantities. Mr. Gillett was 76 when he died and, according to the Boston Herald, had never had the services of a doctor during the period of his occupation as a tea taster.

What are a tea taster's duties? He must distinguish the mixture of two blends; point out, in each separate instance, if the mixtures are of equal grades; he must know to a nicety the difference between a pure brand and an inferior one; he must know the taste of every individual sort of tea—not an easy thing, when it is remembered that brands of tea are many, and the blends are constantly being reblended.

In ten years' time a tea taster cannot be deceived as to the history or nationability of any tea in the world. He can prevent his firm from being deceived, for he has drunk tea with milk, cream, lemon, straight, served according to the peculiar wish of every nation. He is sent to China, Japan, Russia, India, to study the tea brew of each tea drinking nation.

Tea tasters are seldom seen at work, but H. L. MacLean, of Broad street, is an exception in this respect.

"Twenty years in the business," said Mr. MacLean, "and I am not yet dead. How do I taste tea? Well, I put the sample in covered cups, made specially for the purpose, and skim along eight or ten cups at a time.

"I put milk in some to test the color, cream in others to test the quality and lemon in some to test the nature of the mixture.

"I seldom taste more than a quarter teaspoon of each cup and only swallow enough to get the simple taste. One sip is enough for me to determine all I want to know.

"Does tea hurt me? Well, I drink two or three cups several times a day with my meals, and it hasn't hurt me yet. I never drink tea without straining, as it stews if you drink it with the leaves.

"Never add hot water to the tea left on the leaves, it makes it strong and bitter: it is tannin then and not tea. I never allow tea to stand more than seven minutes and I never weaken it.

"There are not more than a few genuine tea tasters, and only three in Canada, where I hail from. Tea tasting is a science in the East, but is practically neglected here."

Mr. MacLean's employers said: "We knew Gillett well. He died of old age and was as bright a man as ever lived. Oriental travelers got crazy ideas into their heads that the green tea was colored by poisonous solutions, and repeated the absurd tradition that the Chinese were made sallow by too much devotion to tea. Look at the English, who drink tea four times a day. Their complexions refute such an argument."

Albert Macomber, of Central street, said: "I am a practical tea taster. Every tea merchant has to be, owing to the lack of efficient tea experts. I've tasted tea for forty years, and have been in China and Japan, where they have all kinds of tea, and I never heard of tea hurting a man's heart, unless it was weak.

"I keep a kettle boiling here all day long. So does everybody else in the business, and we taste tea for all wholesale customers."

R. F. Winslow, of India street, said: "I know one man, alive and well at 87, who is a tea taster and no more feeble than any man of his age. The drinking in excess hurts as much as anything in excess, btu the harmful effect of tea is a myth."

F. Johnston, of Broad street, asked: "Do I look like a nervous invalid? I do my own tasting, and have no more aches or pains than the average man."

H. C. Woodworth said: "I am past 70, do all our tasting, and feel no ill effects. Old Mr. Gillett was as proud of his profession a a lawyer is of the law, and would not have engaged in any other occupation."

Women's Dresses 4,000 Years Ago.

For women archaeology asumes a deeply interesting phase in the question which has been raised by Signor Mosso as to styles in dress as they existed 4,000 years ago. Signor Mosso, the eminent authority on ancient Etruria, the Roman Forum, and early Crete, has concentrated his great experience and knowledge on elucidating this bypath of science from his Cretan studies.

The general result has been to confirm the old dictum that there is nothing new under the sun. Even the "latest fashions" are antiquated. Signor Mosso finds that 4,000 years ago the ladies of primeval Mycenae wore hats pretty much as they are seen in the showrooms of Paris to-day—even to the roses and ribbons and the turned up brim. They knew what crape trimming was, had tartans before the Scotch, understood the mysteries of corsets lacing in front, short wide sleeves, metal belts, and a style of dress which an imitative nineteenth century, that considered itself original, dubbed "Empire."

Their principal colors in robes were orange, yellow, blue, and purple, which rather upsets the claim of the Phoenicians to have "discovered" purple.—London Globe.

Morning by Morning.

Morning by morning think for a few moments of the chief employments of the day, and one thing of greater moment than others, thine own especial trial, any occasions of it which are likely to come that day, and by one short, strong act commend thyself before hand to God; offer all thy thoughts, words, and deeds to Him, to be governed, guided, accepted by Him. Choose some great occasions of the day, such as bring with them most trial to thee on which, above others, to commend thyself to God.—E. B. Pusey.

It is possible to toe the mark without being well heeled.

THE CAPTAIN'S STORY

"I'll tell you how it was," began Captain Bowker, and he took a long pull at his pipe. "Everybody knows it but her. I suppose I can trust you not to let on before her?"

"Sure," I said.

"Well," said the captain, soberly, "you know my wife died of pneumonia when the baby was one month old. I remember I used to stand and look at that young chap and say, 'Well, what in thunder am I a-going to do with you, I'd like to know.' You see, it was a question, because I'd promised my poor girl that if anything happened to her I'd keep my eye on him as long as I lived, and what I, being the mate on Mr. Scott's yacht, could do with a baby, I didn't know. But one day I told Mr. Scott about it, and he neiped me out.

"'Ain't you got someone that would take care of him on board the yacht?' says he.

"'Well,' says I, 'I've got a sister that would be willing to go along with us, but, you see, he hollers some ,and it don't seem right——'

"'Don't you speak of it,' says he, cutting me short. 'I know you've been up against hard luck, Bowker, and if it'll make you any more comfortable to have the boy, why, bring him along.'

"I tried to thank him, but he wouldn't have it, and says he, with his face all smiles, 'I've got a boy of my own, now, Bowker, and he's coming along, too, with his mother. We'll have quite a family on board.'

"So it was settled, and the day Sallie brought my boy on board, Mr. Scott came, too, with Mrs. Scott and a nurse to hold the baby. That was the first time I ever saw his wife, and she was nothing but a girl. She had a way of clinging to him tha was pretty to see, and you never saw anyone in your life so crazy over a baby as she was over hers. She would hold him in her lap and gaze down at him with a look in her eyes as if she was all the time wonder-friends with everyone by the time we had been out a day, but from the first she took a queer kind of fancy to me. I suppose she was sorry for me and the poor baby that hadn't any mother, and every day when it was fine she made Sallie bring him up on the deck and they would let the babies look at each other and talk that baby talk that women do sometimes. I remember one day, she and I were alone on the deck. She had a long fur cape around her, and the baby's little pink face looked out of a fold of it. She had been very quiet, and finally she says to me, 'Captain Bowker, do you suppose it's wicked to be happy?'

"'No, no, ma'am!' says I. 'What made you think of it?'

"'Well, I was thinking,' says she, 'how easy my life is and how I've never any trouble, and then I thought how hard your life had been. I heard you say how hard you worked when you were young to save money for the baby's mother, and then when things were easier for you she died. Do you know,' says he, smoothing the little face on her arm, 'I think the little baby's mother sees him just the same as if she were here, and I think she's glad because he's so well, and because he's got such a good father.'

"I said I hoped so, with a lump in my throat, and then we went in. Well, after that, there wa'n't anything I wouldn't have done for her, and things went along fine until one day there came up a storm. It didn't look much at first, but it kept getting worse and worse, and by-and-by, when night came on, we lashed Mrs. Scott and her baby side by side in her berth, and did the same for Sallie and my boy, and then we went up to fight the storm, for Mr. Scott never was a man to stay below until the danger was over. Well, we worked all night and it was toward morning when we finally went below to Mrs. Scott's cabin, to untie the ropes. Oh, I shall never forget it! When we opened the door, we heard her singing a little nursery rhyme all alone in the pitch dark, and when we struck a light, there she sat on the edge of the berth, with the fur cape around her and the baby hugged up close in her arms. When she saw us, she stood up and tumbled toward us, and then she held out the baby to its father and fell down in a little heap on the floor. I was bending over her when I heard him give a sort of strangled cry, and when I looked around, he was holding out the baby for me to see—and it was dead. Afterwards we found that one of the ropes that had tied Mrs. Scott had broken, and we made up our minds that when the boat was lunging about in the water she had been thrown over onto the baby and it had hapened then. It was awful, and I can't talk about it, but after I had heard her taking on and crying for the baby for about a week, and had seen Mr. Scott breaking his heart over her, day after day, I just went down and brought up my own baby one morning and laid him down beside her. And when the poor thing saw him she thought it was hers, and she put her arms around him and went to sleep. By-and-by she got well, but she never remembered what happened then. It was awful, and I thinks that boy was born to her."

"It was pretty fine of you to give your child up," said I, as he paused.

"Oh, I don't know," said the captain, thoughtfully. "Of course, they've done what I never could for him. It was hard to make up my mind, though. When I put him down beside her that day he reached up and grabbed my finger, and says he, 'Da-da.'

"'I ain't your da-da now, old chap,' says I, 'I'm a-giving you away.' And somehow he looked at me kind of reproachful."

The captain flourished his bandanna and I looked out of the window that I might not see his moist eyes.—Boston Post.

Offering a Fair Compromise.

(Washington Herald.)

'And will you let my daughter have her own way the same as I do when you are married?'

"No; but she will come as near having it as your wife does."

Female Sagacity.

Knicker—I don't see how these bank cashiers go undiscovered.

Bocker—They couldn't if they married my wife.

A WONDERFUL WATER SYSTEM.

That Proposed for Los Angeles to Have Several Unique Features.

One of the greatest water supply projects in the world is about to be headed by the city of Los Angeles. The issue will be for $25,000,000, so that, in point of cost, it has often been exceeded. But in novelty and in the magnitude of some of its parts the Los Angeles system will possess features which are unique.

The city's present source of supply is the San Fernando Valley, whose sandy soil is underlaid by deep gravel beds. During the rainy season every mountain torrent which rushes down into the valley, instead of running off to the ocean, sinks into the sand, is drunk eagerly by the gravel beds, and there is held in suspension for months and even years, forming a natural reservoir, with an area of about one hundred and fifty square miles and an unknown depth.

While the population of Los Angeles in 1890 was 50,000, says Moody's Magazine, in the next ten years it doubled, in the next five years it doubled again. It now approaches 250,000, and is still growing.

In 1901 the city acquired from a corporation the ownership of the waterworks. The average consumption then was 300 gallons a day per head of population—the largest in the United States. By the introduction of meters this has been reduced to 120 gallons.

Placing the future daily consumption at 150 gallons per head the rapidly growing city must seek its future greater supply from some other source, and that source is found to be the Owens River Valley, more than 200 miles straight north of the city, high up in the mountains.

This valley is about 4,000 feet above sea level, or 3,500 feet net above Los Angeles, and has a watershed of 2,500 square miles. Through it from north to south runs the Owens River, carrying an average daily flow of 400,000,000 gallons.

To the south the valley opens upon the Mojave Desert. The other three sides are mountain ranges containing the highest peaks in the United States.

The proposition is for the city to acquire by purchase the water rights in the valley—it has already acquired many of them—to dam the river thirty-seven miles further north, and by thus diverting the water to carry it by conduit to Los Angeles, 226 miles away.

It will be the longest conduit supplying a city with water in the world and with one exception the longest for any purpose. That exception is the Coolgardie system in West Australia, where water for mining purposes is sent through a 30-inch pipe and is lifted over a mountain range 1,447 feet by pumping stations along the line.

The only other waterworks plant, in ancient and modern times at all comparable with the Los Angeles system, in the magnitude of these engineering features is the one now being constructed by the city of New York. But the Los Angeles system, with a daily capacity of 400,000,000 gallons, will cost only $25,000,000, while that of New York, with a daily capacity of only 100,000,000 gallons greater, will cost $162,000,000.

The Owens River watershed, moreover, is absolutely inaccessible and as the city will control the valley it is guaranteed a supply of pure mountain water.

Although on its way from Owens River to Los Angeles the water must penetrate a great mountain range, it could be carried down by gravity alone, without pumping or tunneling. But the route would be circuitous and more expensive; and it is thought better to construct 28 miles of tunnels. Five miles of this work will be through solid rock, under the mountains, 14 feet wide and 11 feet high, and will require five years for completion.

The acqueduct proper will be of monolithic concrete construction, reinforced with steel sunk in the plain ditch, averaging 14.7 feet wide and 10 feet high, with a concrete cover. Inverted steel siphons will be used at a few places to provide against danger from cloudbursts. The minimum thickness of the acqueduct walls will be 6 1-2 inches. More than 300,000 tons of cement will be used; and 5,000 men will be employed.

The city will erect a cement mill and make its own cement at an estimated cost of $1 a barrel. A railroad will be constructed parallel with the proposed line of the conduit, together with a telegraph and a telephone line, and over the road men and materials will be carried to the points desired. The road will be about 100 miles long and will connect at each end with the Soutehrn Pacific. It is not impossible that, after completing the aqueduct, the city will continue to operate the road as a commercial enterprise, to transport passengers and freight to settlements along the line.

Of the 226 miles of conduit twenty-two miles will be an open unlined ditch through clay, mainly in the Owens River Valley; twenty miles will be a covered ditch, lined with cement or rubble; 139 miles will be a covered conduit of cement, eighteen miles will be tunnel through rock, ten miles tunnel through earth, nine miles of steel siphons crossing canons and two miles of steel flumes crossing depressions. Eventually the conduit will be covered throughout its entire length, but at first that is not necessary or desirable.

That part of the water needed for immediate use in the city will be sent directly to the intake for Los Angeles; that not needed for immediate use will be sold for irrigation or diverted into the gravel beds of San Fernando Valley, be held there in suspension and be drawn from it as the city's supply is now drawn. The supply will be abundant for at least a hundred years to come, if not indeed forever; for the growth of vegetation under irrigation will tend in time to increase the annual rainfall.

Nor is this all. By the construction of some comparatively inexpensive dams with which power can be accumulated Sundays, nights and during hours of the day when electricity is not in full use it will be possible to increase the generation of electric current at the hours when it is most needed, until a total of 93,000 horse power is reached. And all this without any waste of water or interruption of the uniform flow to Los Angeles.

The current can be used for lighting streets, parks and public buildings; for operating electric railways and running factories. Some engineers estimate that 75,000 horse power will be available for commeercial purposes, yielding a revenue which alone would more than pay the interest on the bonds.

The Story of a Famous Saying.

(Albert Payson Terhune.)

A cynical old French General—Bosquet—looked down from the heights above Balaklava on one of the most gloriously insane spectacles in all history.

The Crimeon War was at its climax. England, France, Turkey and Sardinia had combined against Russia. Victoria, Napoleon III., the Sultan, victor Emmanuel and the Czar were the five sovereigns concerned in the strife. The scene of conflict was the stretch of territory known as the Crimea. The allies for a year (1854-1855) besieged the mighty fortress of Sebastapol. The capture of this stronghold would probably end the war. But the place resisted every assault. The siege dragged tediously on (as later did that of Port Arthur). The whole world waited wearily for the climax. To the old song, "Pop Goes the Weasel," American school children added this verse:

Queen Victoria's very sick, Napoleon's
got the measles.
Why don't you take Sebastapol? Pop
goes the weasel.

The English "line of communication," with their base supplies, ran back to the nearby seaport of Balaklava. The Russians planned to cut off the line. The attempt led to the battle of Balaklava. The first part of the fight went in favor of the Russians. The Turkish allies ran, deserting from their defenses. The burden of defense was left to the British. The Russian cavalry attack halted and broke to pieces against the "thin red line" of Scotch Highlanders, the Scots Greys and the Inniskillen (Irish) Dragoons (800 in all) hurled back the body of 3,000 horsemen who formed the vanguard of the Czar's army.

Then began a series of blind mistakes. The baffled Russian cavalry were allowed to escape in safety to their own lines. The Russians captured the big guns from a deserted Turkish battery and started to drag them away. Lord Raglan, the British Commander-in-Chief, from the hills above saw this maneouvre. He sent word to Gen. Lord Lucan, ordering the Light Brigade of British cavalry to "advance rapidly to the front and prevent the enemy from carrying off the guns."

Lucan, from the lower ground where he stood did not see the Turkish battery and had no idea what "guns" were referred to. He foolishly supposed (so it was later claimed) that Raglan meant the guns of the main body of Russian artillery, which were at that moment pouring volleys into the British ranks.

Lucan was aghast. It was suicidal to send a mere handful of men down the valley against the whole Russian army. But there was no choice. The order must be obeyed. Lord Cardigan (Lucan's brother-in-law) commanded the Light Brigade—about 600 cavalrymen. Lucan gave him the message. Cardigan replied:

"Certainly. But there is a Russian battery in front of us and there are Russian cannon and riflemen on either flank."

But Lucan was firm. Cardigan gave the order to charge. To this day it is not known whether the fatal blunder was the fault of Raglan, of Lucan or of Capt. Nolan, the aide who bore the order. In any case, the mischief was done.

Toward the Russian guns at the far end of the valley across a mile and a half of exposed ground galloped the Six Hundred, Cardigan two lengths in advance of his men. The Russians themselves could not believe their eyes. They did not at first understand that this little group of horsemen were actually charging an entire army. But quickly the advancing Six Hundred became the target for every cannoneer and sharp shooter. The battery they were charging emptied a hail of death into their fast-thinning ranks. Not a man seemed likely to return alive.

The main British force horror-stricken, watched the mad charge. It was too late now to stop the useless slaughter of the gallant Light Brigade. The madly courageous act thrilled thousand of spectators. Then it was that cynical old General Bosquet of the French army lowered his field glasses, turned to the officer beside him and made the famous comment that has so often been repeated: "C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas in guerre!"

"It Is Magnificent! But It Is Not War."

Into the thick of the Russian army plunged the Six Hundred, hacking a road to the guns with their blood-smeared sabres. They broke the Russian lines, spiked what guns they could then turned back. Terrific as had been the slaughter they had suffered in the attack, they were under far more deadly fire while recrossing the open space leading to their own lines.

About half of the Light Brigade riders were slain. Nearly every horse was shot. Cardigan, who had led the charge, escaped unhurt (only to be killed a few years later by a fall from his horse in a quiet English country road).

The charge of the Light Brigade did nothing toward deciding the battle of Balaklava or toward hastening the capture of Sebastapol. Yet, thanks to Tennyson's poem and to humanity's love for deeds of reckless bravery, that charge is remembered to-day by millions of people who have forgotten every other event in the Crimean war.

Good Times Nowadays.

We do not take any stock in the "good old times" of the past. As we read economic history we fail to discover a period that was as good for the mass of the people of any country as the present. Never has there been a time when sober, industrious, intelligent and economical persons could get along as well as they can to-day.—Jackson, Mich., Patriot.

Land Grants to Railroads.

(Van Norden Magazine.)

The first railroad land grant was that given to the Illinois Central Railroad in 1850. The Pacific roads, however, have been by far the largest beneficiaries of the Government in the matter of subsidies. In 1862 the Government advocated the building of roads to connect the middle west with the Pacific Coast for political and strategical purposes and the amount of lands granted to the various Pacific roads during the period from 1862 to 1875 has been estimated at about 155,000,000 acres.