

The Philosopher's Story.

A STRANGE TALE OF OLD YORKSHIRE.

CHAPTER I.—HOW THE WOMAN CAME TO KIRKBY-MALHOUSE

Black and windweped is the little Yorkshire town of Kirkby-Malhouse, and harsh and forbidding are the fells upon which it stands. It stretches in a single line of gray stone, slate-roofed houses, dotted down the furze-clad slope of the long rolling moor. To north and to south stretch the swelling curves of the Yorkshire uplands, peeping over each other's back to the skyland, with a tinge of yellow in the foreground, which shades away to olive in the distance, save where the long gray scars of rock protrude through the scanty and barren soil. From the little knoll above the church one may see to the westward a fringe of gold upon an arc of silver, where the great Morecambe sands are washed by the Irish Sea. To the east, Ingleborough looms purple in the distance; while Pennine gullies tapering peak, whose great shadow, like Nature's own sun-dial, sweeps slowly round over a vast expanse of savage and sterile country.

In this lonely and secluded village, I, James Upperton, found myself in the summer of '85. Little as the wild hamlet had to offer, it contained that for which I yearned above all things—seclusion and freedom from all which might distract my mind from the high and weighty subjects which engaged it. I was weary of the long turmoil and profitless strivings of life. From early youth my days had been spent in wild adventure and strange experiences, until at the age of thirty-nine, there were few lands upon which I had not set foot, scarcely any joy or sorrow of which I had not tasted. Among the first of Europe I had penetrated to the desolate shores of Lake Tananyika; and I had twice made my way to those unvisited and impenetrable jungles which skirt the great tableland of the Roraima. As a soldier of fortune, I had served under many flags; I was with Jackson in the Shenandoah Valley; and I fought with Chanzy in the army of the Loire. It may well seem strange that, after a life so exciting, I could give myself up to the dull routine and trivial interests of the West Riding hamlet.

And yet there are excitements of the mind to which mere bodily peril or the exaltation of travel is mean and commonplace. For years I had devoted myself to the study of the mystic and hermetic philosophies, Egyptian, Indian, Grecian, and mediæval, until out of the vast chaos there had dimly dawned upon me a huge symmetrical design, and I seemed to grasp the key of that symbolism which was used by those learned men to screen their precious knowledge from the vulgar and the wicked. Gnostics and Neo-platonists, Chaldeans, Rosicrucians, and Indian Mystics, I saw and understood in which each played a part. To me the jargon of Paracelsus, the mysteries of the alchemists, and the visions of Swedenborg were all pregnant with meaning. I had deciphered the mysterious inscriptions of El Biram; and I knew the import of those strange characters which have been engraved by an unknown race upon the cliffs of Southern Turkestan. Immersed in these great and engrossing studies, I asked nothing from life save a garret for myself and for my books, where I might pursue my studies without interference or interruption.

But even in the little moor-side village I found that it was impossible to shake off the censorship of one's fellow-mortals. When I went forth, the rustics would eye me askance, and mothers would whip up their children as I passed down the village street. At night, I have glanced out through my diamond-paned lattice to find that a group of foolish staring peasants had been craning their necks in an ecstasy of fear and curiosity to watch me at my solitary task. My landlady, too, became garrulous with a clatter of questions under every small pretext, and a hundred small ruses and wiles by which to tempt me to speak to her of myself and of my plans. All this was ill to bear; but when at last I heard that a lady, a stranger, had engaged the other room, I felt that indeed it was time for one who sought the quiet and the peace of study to seek some more tranquil surrounding.

In my frequent walks I had learnt to know well the wild and desolate region where Yorkshire borders on both Lancashire and Westmorland. From Kirkby-Malhouse I had frequently made my way to this lone and wilderness, and had traversed it from end to end. In the gloomy majesty of its scenery, and the appalling stillness and loneliness of its rock-strewn melancholy solitudes, it seemed to offer me a secure asylum from espionage and criticism. As it chanced, I had in my rambles come upon an isolated dwelling in the very heart of these lonely moors, which I at once determined should be my own. It was a two-roomed cottage, which had once belonged to some shepherd, but which had long been deserted, and was crumbling rapidly to ruin. In the winter fells, the Gaster Beck, which runs down Gaster Fell, where the little sheiling stood, had overstepped its bank and torn away a portion of the wall. The roof, too, was in ill case, and the scattered slates lay thick amongst the grass. Yet the main shell of the house stood firm and true; and it was no great task for me to have all that was amiss set right. Though not rich, I could yet afford to carry out so modest a whim in a lordly way. There came slaters and masons from Kirkby-Malhouse, and soon the lonely cottage upon Gaster Fell was as strong and weather-tight as ever.

The two rooms I laid out in a widely different manner—my own tastes are of a Spartan turn, and the outer chamber was so planned as to accord with them. An oil-stove by Ripplingdale of Birmingham furnished me with the means of cooking; while two great bags; the one of flour, and the other of potatoes, made me independent of all supplies from without. In diet I had long been a Pythagorean, so that the scraggy long-limbed sheep which browsed upon the wiry grass by the Gaster Beck had little to fear from their new companion. A nine-gallon cask of oil served me as a sideboard; while a square table, a deal chair, and a truckle-bed completed the list of my domestic fittings. At the head of my couch hung two unpainted shelves—the lower for my dishes and cooking utensils, the upper for the few portraits which took me back to the little that was pleasant in the long weary some toiling for wealth and for pleasure which had marked the life I had left behind.

If this dwelling-room of mine were plain

even to squalor, its poverty was more than atoned for by the luxury of the chamber which was destined to serve me as my study. I had ever held that it was best for the mind to be surrounded by such objects as would be in harmony with the studies which occupied it, and that the loftiest and most ethereal conditions of thought are only possible amid surroundings which please the eye and gratify the senses. The room which I had set apart for my mystic studies was set forth in a style as gloomy and majestic as the thoughts and aspirations with which it was to harmonize. Both walls and ceilings were covered with a paper of the richest and glossiest black, on which was traced a lurid and arabesque pattern of dead gold. A black velvet curtain covered the single diamond-paned window; while a thick yielding carpet of the same material prevented the sound of my own footfall, as I paced backwards and forwards, from breaking the current of my thoughts. Along the cornice ran gold rods, from which depended six pictures, all of the sombre and imaginative caste, which chimed best with my fancy. Two, as I remember, were from the brush of Fuseli; one from Noel Paton; one from Gustave Doré; two from Martin; with a little water-colour by the incomparable Blake. From the centre of the ceiling hung a single gold thread, so thin as to be scarce visible, but of great toughness. From this swung a dove of the same metal, with wings outstretched. The bird was hollow, and contained perfumed oil; while a slyph-like figure, curiously fashioned from pink crystal, hovered over the lamp, and imparted a riot and soft glow to its light. A brazen fireplace backed with malachite, two tiger skins upon the carpet, a buhl table, and two reclining chairs in amber plush and ebony, completed the furniture of my bijou study, save only that under the window stretched the long book-shelves, which contained the choicest works of those who have busied themselves with the mystery of life.

Boehme, Swedenborg, Damton, Berto, Laoci, Sinnett, Hardinge, Britten, Dunlop, Amberley, Winwood Read, Des Mousseux, Alan Kardec, Lepsius, Sopher, Toldo, and the Abbe Dubois—these were some of those who stood marshalled between my oaken shelves. When the lamp was lit of a night and the lurid flickering light played over the sombre and bizarre surroundings, the effect was all that I could wish. Nor was it lessened by the howling of the wind as it swept over the melancholy waste around me. Here at last, I thought, is a back-eddy in life's hurried stream, where I may lie in peace, forgetting and forgotten.

And yet it was destined that ere ever I reached this quiet harbour I should learn that I was still one of humankind; and that it is an ill thing to break the bond which binds us to our fellows. It was but two nights before the date I fixed upon for my change of dwelling, when I was conscious of a bustle in the house beneath, with the boisterous and heavy burdens up the creaking stair, and the harsh voice of my landlady, loud in welcome and protestations of joy. From time to time, amid her whirl of words, I could hear a gentle and softly modulated voice, which struck pleasantly upon my ear after the long weeks during which I had listened only to the rude dialect of the dalesmen. For an hour I could hear the dialogue beneath—the high voice and the low, with clatter of cup and clink of spoon, until, at last, a light quick step passed my study door, and I knew fellow-lodger had sought her room. Already my fears had been filled, and my studies the worse for her coming. I vowed in my mind that the second sunset should find me installed, safe from all such petty influences; in my sanctuary at Gaster Fell.

On the morning after the incident I was up betimes, as is my wont; but I was surprised, on glancing from my window, to see that our new inmate was earlier still. She was walking down the narrow pathway which zigzags over the fell—a tall woman, slender, her head sunk upon her breast, her arms filled with a bristle of wild-flowers, which she had gathered in her morning rambles. The white and pink of her dress, and the touch of deep-red ribbon in her broad drooping hat, formed a pleasant dash of colour against the dun-tinted landscape. She was some distance off when I first set eyes on her, yet I knew that this wandering woman could be none other than our arrival of last night, for there was a grace and refinement in her bearing which marked her from the dwellers of the fells. Even as I watched, she passed swiftly and lightly down the pathway, and turning through the wicket gate, at the latter end of the cottage garden, she seated herself upon a green bank which faced my window, and strewing her flowers in front of her, set herself to arrange them.

As she sat there, with the rising sun at her back, and the glow of morning spreading like an arctic round her stately and well-poised head, I could see that she was a woman of extraordinary personal beauty. Her face was Spanish rather than English in its type—oval, olive, with black sparkling eyes, and a sweetly sensitive mouth. From under the broad straw hat, two thick coils of blue-black hair curved down on either side of her graceful queenly neck. I was surprised, as I watched her, to see that her shoes and skirt bore witness to a journey rather than to a mere morning ramble. Her light dress was stained, wet, and bedraggled; while her boots were thick with the yellow soil of the fells. Her face, too, wore a weary expression, and her young beauty seemed to be clouded over by the shadow of inward trouble. Even as I watched her, she burst suddenly into wild weeping, and throwing down her bundle of flowers, ran swiftly into the house.

Distrust as I was, and weary of the ways of the world, I was conscious of a sudden pang of sympathy and grief as I looked upon the spasm of despair which seemed to convulse this strange and beautiful woman. I bent to my books, and yet my thoughts would ever turn to her proud clear-cut face, her weather-stained dress, her drooping head, and the sorrow which lay in each line and feature of her passive face. Again and again I found myself standing at my case-ment, and glancing out to see if there were signs of her return. There on the green bank washed with golden foam and purple marsh-mallow where she had left them; but through the whole morning I neither saw nor heard anything from her who had so suddenly aroused my curiosity and stirred my long-slumbering emotions.

Mrs. Adams, my landlady, was wont to carry up my frugal breakfast; yet it was very rarely that I allowed her to break the current of my thoughts, or to draw my mind by her idle chatter from weightier things. This morning, however, for once she found me in a listening mood, and with little prompting, proceeded to pour into my ears all that she knew of our beautiful visitor.

"Miss Eva Cameron be her name, sir," she said; "but who she be, or where she come fra, I know little more than yourself. Maybe it was the same reason that brought her to Kirkby-Malhouse as fetched you there yourself, sir."

"Possibly," said I, ignoring the covert question; "but I should hardly have thought that Kirkby-Malhouse was a place which offered any great attractions to a young lady."

"It's a gay place when the fair is on," said Mrs. Adams; "yet maybe it's just health and rest as the young lady is seeking."

"Very likely," said I, stirring my coffee; "and no doubt some friend of yours has advised her to seek it in your very comfortable apartments."

"Heh, sir!" she cried, "there's the wonder of it! The lady has just come fra France; and how her folk came to learn of me is just a wonder. A week ago, up comes a man to my door—a fine man, sir, and a gentleman, as one could see with had an eye. 'You are Mrs. Adams,' says he, 'I engage your rooms for Miss Cameron,' says he. 'She will be here in a week,' says he; and then off without a word of terms. Last night there comes the young lady herself—soft-spoken and downcast, with a touch of the French in her speech. 'But my sakes, for all I feel lonesome-like, poor lamb, when she wakes under a strange roof.'"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Abusing the Missioners.

Notwithstanding the presumption of the Governor of Manila, the capital of the Philippine islands, that if any disturbance had been taking place in the neighboring islands he would have been informed of it, it can no longer be doubted that the Spaniards have been conducting themselves in a high-handed manner towards the American Missionaries stationed on the Caroline Islands. Letters received from several of the missionaries give accounts of the shelling of the mission and of other circumstances by which the station was entirely broken up, and of other restrictions which have practically brought about a suspension of all missionary operations. A despatch from Boston to the New York Tribune states that in view of the information received the American Commissioners for Foreign Missions have laid the matter before Secretary Blaine, who, supplied with copies of the letters relating to the general wreck of the mission property, has brought the matter before the attention of the Spanish Government and given notice that reparation would be asked for the destruction of the property and for the interruption of the work of the missionaries. There can be no doubt that the case is one of gross violation of the terms of the treaty made three years ago, by which in lieu of the sovereignty of Spain in the Caroline islands the Spanish Government guaranteed to protect the American Missionaries and to allow them to continue their religious work uninterrupted and unhindered. For over forty years American Missionaries have been laboring on these islands, during which time they have acquired important property rights as well as developed a strong religious cause. To deprive them of the fruits of their toil without good reasons would be an injustice which it is not likely the United States will tamely allow.

To Abolish Breach of Promise Cases.

A bill of more than ordinary general interest is spoken of as likely to be introduced into the British Parliament during the coming session. This is a measure for the abolition of action for breach of promise of marriage. For nearly two hundred and fifty years the ground of wounded feelings, which has been the ground of verbal proof of breach of promise, has been considered sufficient. The case with which the existing law can be converted into an instrument of blackmail and extortion, and the conviction that it has in many instances been so employed, have created, it is stated, to a very general feeling among members of the government and leading lawyers on both sides of the House, that a radical change in the law is necessary. England, including the colonies, Germany and the United States are the only countries which permit of action on these grounds. In Germany the damages are fixed at one-fifth of the dowry agreed upon, which considering the proverbially small bride-dowers among the Germans, does not equal the average amount which English and American brides generally award. In Italy, Austria, Holland and France, the defaulting lover is liable only in so far as his or her fault has caused actual pecuniary damage. That it would be in the interest of society to have the law completely annulled may be doubted. All young persons are not honorable in these matters, and it may be presumed that the fear of legal process has deterred many from a wicked attempt to arouse feelings which they had no intention of reciprocating. The boast of conquests in this field is not unheard of. If, therefore, jilted lovers had no legal redress it may be concluded that wounded hearts would be greatly multiplied. On the other hand there is force in the objections of a contemporary that the present law is neither logical nor equitable. "For a young and pretty plaintiff," says he, "will always be able to secure larger damages than a middle-aged and homely woman, although it is obviously the latter who suffers most by the breach of an engagement, since she may never have another chance of marriage."

His four years experience in administering the law and dispensing justice has not unfavorably disposed justice McGuire of Prince Albert, N. W. T. towards the people over whom he has presided. On the contrary he testifies that they are most law-abiding, and that during his term of office he has not had a single serious case to come before him—for example, not one case of violence to the person. This is not slight praise, and according to the judgment of one whose profound wisdom has never been disputed is more valuable to these frontiersmen than any riches they may succeed in gathering in their new home.

Cost of the British Army.

Does England pay too much for her military resources? is the question which the paper of Sir Charles Dilke recently read before the Royal Statistical society on the army cost of England as compared with Germany and France, is leading many English figures the annual cost of the British army, including the forces at home and abroad, is \$177,500,000, while that of Germany is about \$167,500,000 and of France a little over \$140,000,000. Representing this outlay of \$177,500,000 is an army 785,000 strong, made up as follows: 211,000 regular soldiers scattered throughout the empire, 124,000 native troops in India, 55,000 of the first class army reserve, 2,000 of the second-class army reserve, 117,000 militia, 11,000 yeomanry, 224,000 volunteers, and 21,000 described as odds and ends. These figures comprise every thing from the battalions of the Helem Militia, and the native policemen in Ireland. In the matter of equipment England has 12,000 horses and nominally 600 guns of which it is calculated that not more than 320 could be placed in the field. As against this showing it is claimed that either Germany or France can put in the field on the twenty-first day of mobilization over 2,000,000 soldiers of uniform quality with between 3,000 and 4,000 guns while behind this stupendous force would be held in reserve a vast garrison and territorial army. In this view the odds are greatly against England. The picture is not without relief however. On the one hand it must be borne in mind that England has to pay the market rate for soldiers, whereas on the Continent these are recruited by conscription. Then, too, the great extent of the British empire, with its sessions in every quarter of the globe requiring defence, involves an expenditure in connection with the transporting of troops from place to place which is unknown to Germany and France with their compact and relatively small territories. On the other hand the continental countries suffer great loss from emigration of those who seek to avoid conscription, and from the withdrawal from agriculture and manufactures of hundreds of thousands of young men during the time that they are serving from the colors. Sir John A. Dalrymple has shown from a careful analysis of emigration statistics that in a single twelve-month over 200,000 men were lost to the whole contingent of the rear, were lost to Germany through the desire to avoid compulsory military service. What is saved to England by her system of recruitment is doubtless a vast sum, but a sum so indefinite and which different persons are sure to estimate so differently that it is not possible to arrive at an unanimous judgment one way or the other. Opinions upon the subject will always remain divided. But whatever may be said concerning the relative cost and efficiency of the three armies in question, this will hardly be denied that the expenditure of \$485,000,000 every year in instructing men how to kill their fellow men and in holding them in readiness for that purpose is an evidence that much of the savage still remains in our civilization, and shows how far the nations are from realizing the divine truth, in so many ways emphasized, that all men are brethren.

Women in Church Councils.

Surely the women of the present generation must feel flattered with the attention the so-called lords of creation are bestowing upon them. Not to mention their respect and homage which individual men have paid to individual women—for in this there is nothing new—the spectacle of large bodies of men gravely considering the question of woman's relation to the church and the state, and trying to fix the bounds of her activity and influence is certainly a feature peculiar to these latter days. This novel sight was witnessed when at the last session of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States more than a day was spent in discussing the question whether women should be admitted as delegates to that body. And now all eyes are turning to the Presbyterian Church of that country which, as if feeling the influence of the agitation in the Methodist body, is seriously debating whether that historic church shall revive the primitive order of deaconesses. The first gun in the coming battle was fired in the New York presbytery the other day when the report of the committee to whom the matter had been referred was taken into consideration. In support of the majority report, which was adverse to the revival of the order, it was argued that the order was without scriptural warrant, that it owed its origin in the ism who had been used to goddesses and deaconesses, and that if women could be deaconesses, they could, logically, be elders and ministers. On the other hand those who favored the institution of the order, while admitting the silence of the Scriptures for and against, wanted to express in this manner their recognition of the religious work now done by women. One testified that a Congregational minister of Brooklyn had told him that each of his deaconesses was equal to nine deacons. No conclusion was reached. This question is to be brought before all the presbyteries of the church. Considering the victory gained by the women in the Methodist Church, it would not be surprising if the cause of the deaconesses would win.

Suicides at Monte Carlo.

A recent despatch from Monte Carlo, that fashionable European resort whose name reeks with the odor of gambling-hells and suicides, states that a Russian, whose name is withheld by the authorities, has committed suicide by blowing out his brains. A letter found upon the dead man's body contained information to the effect that the writer had lost 800,000 roubles at the Monte Carlo gambling tables, and that being utterly ruined, there was nothing left for him to do but to take his own life. This is the latest of a series of suicides which have increased to an alarming extent during the last few months. No tongue can tell the amount of sorrow and disgrace which have been caused during the thirty-five years since the gambling tables were first set up in this now famous place, and which alone remains of all the gambling resorts which once flourished in Europe. It is to be hoped that the opinion expressed in the despatch touching the popular sentiment is correct, and that this suicide, following upon so many others within the last few months, will bring about the long-talked-of suppression of the gambling palaces at this place.

The Revolution in Chili.

Advices from the Southern Hemisphere state that a revolution is on in Chili and that the navy have revolted against the Government. Whether the army is involved is not certainly known. The uprising is not wholly unexpected. For some time an agitation has been going on in favor of a change in the election law, especially the law relating to the election of president. According to the prevailing system the candidate for the presidency has no primaries and without the intervention and sanction of a convention simply announces himself. He is choosing delegates by ballot and the delegates electing the president. To him belongs the power of appointing the mayors of cities and of appointing the mayors of provinces which practically enables him to dictate his successor, thus making the party once in power in a measure self-perpetuating. The present incumbent of the presidential office, Balmaceda, is opposed to any change, while the party and power which represents the majority of the people are as strongly in favor of amending the law. The past year has been one of perpetual conflict between the legislative and executive branches of the government. Two cabinets have been formed and have resigned, the one because Congress refused to vote them any supplies, the other because the President refused to dismiss certain Mayors and Governors who were considered to be acting in violation of their oath of office. The present uprising is therefore the natural outcome of these troubles. And yet, though President Balmaceda is unwilling to grant the wish of the people in this matter, he has in other respects shown himself to be a wise and energetic ruler. One, speaking of his administration says, that "he has been very progressive." He has with great wisdom and patriotism turned the immense revenue of \$23,000,000 derived from the rich nitrate of soda mines, acquired in the late war with Peru, to internal improvements and to the equipment of a large navy. The result is that Chili is at present enjoying a remarkable period of prosperity; that she counts in her navy some of the best ironclads and gunboats afloat; and that a network of railroads is being spread over the country which is bringing all parts, even the most distant, into communication with her principal centres and ports. Those acquainted with the Chilians do not think that the revolt, if it is a revolution in the general sense, will be of long duration, the people being too thoroughly patriotic in spirit and having too great a fund of hard, practical commonsense to permit them to engage in an internal strife which would involve not only great sacrifice of property but much loss of valuable life.

The Spanish Navy.

When the ships now in process of building are completed Spain will have 10 ironclads with a gross tonnage of 72,075 tons and collectively carrying 130 guns, and 35 unarmored vessels with a total tonnage of 55,199 tons and carrying in all 195 guns. Ten years ago the vessels of the Spanish navy were mostly of obsolete type, her so-called armored vessels being unable to resist modern high-powered guns and her unarmored ships having neither sufficient power to fight nor sufficient speed to elude an enemy. To-day she has 45 armored and unarmored vessels some of which for strength and speed will compare very favorably with ships of the foremost navies afloat. Five years ago Spain was wholly dependent on foreign ship-yards. To-day three Spanish yards are in running order and are constantly adding to their plant. During the first half of the decade Spanish warship construction was confined almost entirely to small vessels of slight power and speed. To-day the home ship-yards are equal to any work and are given the contract for the best ships as soon as authorized by the Ministry. In 1890 Spain had six sea-going torpedo boats of the Arctico type. This class of boat measures 135 feet in length and 105 tons displacement. Its prototype has developed a speed of 26 1/2 knots per hour over the measured mile. Spain has also two torpedo boats of the Falke type, 108 tons displacement, 135 feet in length, and 23 knots speed, and six other first-class boats. She has several side-wheel steamers, training ships, and transports. This rehabilitation of the Spanish navy is largely due to the popular enthusiasm. In fact Spain's new navy is a navy of the people, who thoroughly sympathize with the Ministry in their action of issuing heavy credits from year to year. It is expected that if peace continues for several years more Spain will have placed her navy in a rank next to that of Russia which at present occupies the fifth place among the navies of the world. Great Britain, France, Germany and Italy alone having stronger naval armaments.

The possible value of a marriage certificate, which is frequently made the subject of jest at the time of its reception, is strikingly illustrated in the case of a German family living in New Haven, to whom an uncle who has lately died in the Fatherland left by will some \$25,000. Through the forgetfulness or carelessness of the officiating clergyman who has since deceased, no record of the marriage was placed upon the books of the parish, where the ceremony was performed, and through the misfortune of the young husband who had his pockets picked of the papers they contained, the marriage certificate among the rest, no evidence can be produced that the marriage ever took place. But as the laws of Germany forbid the payment of money willed to relatives until the relationship is conclusively proved, it looks at present as though the kind intentions of the dead uncle are not to be carried out. The moral of the incident is obvious—preserve your marriage certificate.

Looking at the salaries received by the sheriffs and registrars of the Maritime provinces one is led to wonder whether these eastern officials ever cast covetous eyes upon the fat places filled by their more fortunate fellows in Ontario. The records show that the registrar in Halifax received last year \$2,750; while the registrars receipts in the various counties were as follows: Pictou, \$1,597; Colchester, \$1,489; Kings, \$1,360; Yarmouth, \$1,213; Annapolis, \$1,140. The registrars of the other counties netted less than \$800. In Halifax the sheriff gets about \$3,700, and in no other shrievalty is so much as \$1,500 earned. These are different figures from \$92,000 divided among seventeen officials. Either Ontario is liberal to extravagance in rewarding her servants, or the eastern provinces are close even to mean-