

THE SLAVES OF BORNEO.

Horrible Traffic in Human Flesh Among
Borneo's Tobacco Planters.

"I can assure you that the former slaves of the South were in Paradise when compared with the Borneo slave of today."

The speaker was Mr. Challinor, of the Ceylon Tea Company who has just landed, after having lived twenty years in Indian Archipelago, a large part of which period was spent on the Island of Borneo.

"Words are not adequate to express the horror of the traffic in human souls that goes on in that Archipelago Region. The only means of realizing the full force of the pernicious system is to see it in operation. I now refer to the tobacco States of Borneo by the slave traders of Hong Kong and Singapore, where we find these brutish 'labor agents' they style themselves—in all of their detestable power."

"To the 'labor agent,' if you please, the Borneo tobacco planter goes saying that he is in need of 300 coolies. There is no native labor in Borneo, you know, hence the draft is made upon the slave dealer, who promises the planter that the men shall be forthcoming, and that they will cost him \$100 per man—in this Mexican money, which, by the way, is in almost universal use down there."

"Out of this \$100 the slave dealer agrees to pay to each coolie about \$30—which sum the tobacco planter, if he is a 'just and wise man,' is expected in turn to deduct from each coolie's wages, and, of course, put into his own pocket. Thus, you see, the poor slave is paying the first installment on his own hire. The slave dealer, or 'labor agent,' begins operations by sending his agents up into the highlands and byways of China, to scour the country and spread sensational tales of newly discovered gold fields in a beautiful Eldorado. 'Little work and big pay,' says the agent, and by this and other false enchantment he induces the requisite number of ignorant half-starved Chinamen, to join the expedition."

"All men" was asked. "Yes, Women are never found on a Borneo tobacco estate. The agents having got their men together compel them to sign an agreement that each slave will pay the planter \$30 and work on the plantation a twelfth-month—265 days, for bear in mind there are no Sundays, holidays, or days of rest of a tobacco plantation. It is hardly necessary to say that not one of these poor wretches knows the purport of a document to which he has put his mark, for the can't read or write. The agents next proceed to have each coolie photographed. Then each one is branded across his breast or on the small of his back with the initials of the owner of the estate under whom he is bought into bondage. This marking process is done with caustic and leaves an ugly, deep-burned, indelible scar about five inches in length. The brand serves to identify the coolie should he attempt to run away, an act which he is certain to attempt when he finds out the sort of life to which he is doomed."

"And there is no Governmental interference in these cases?" "Only one case has ever been brought to my knowledge. It happened on my last voyage from Singapore. There were 180 of the unfortunate, doomed devils on board of our boat. They had all been brought down from the country and taken on board totally unaware of their destination until they were two days out, when one of the slaves gleaned the fact during a conversation with a Chinaman, who was one of our crew. Then, for the first time, the appalling truth dawned upon them. They learned that they were in the wake of hosts of their fellow-countrymen who had fallen victims to the slave traders and sold their liberty for a mess of pottage."

"Thereupon these fellows took matters into their own hands at a lively pace. Mutiny followed, and as a result the skipper was obliged to put back to Singapore. Here Governor Douglas was appealed to and after hearing the complaint made by the coolies he compelled the captain of the vessel to release them. But, bless you, this one case brought to official notice is only one out of the hundreds that go unhindered. As a usual thing there is no opportunity to put into port at the instigation of mutineers, because they are cowed and thrown into irons before they have time to organize, and thus they are carried on against protest."

"And finally?" "They arrive at Sandakan, where they are unloaded like so many sheep and sent to the estate to which they are bound."

"Hunted for his head." "What about the natives of North Borneo?" "A mere handful in North Borneo, and it is this locality of which I speak. They comprise the Malays, who are the Dyaks of Borneo; the Battas, or Bataks, and other wild tribes of Sumatra, and the Aborigines of Northern Celebes and of the Sula Islands. It is necessary here to diverge for a moment from the personage of the slave in order that I may give you a better understanding of the people into whose hands these poor slaves fall. They are undoubtedly signs of Borneo having had at one period a dense population all along its river banks. There are the remains of finely tiled gardens and grand old trees, while even great numbers of piles remain, which again go to prove former habitation, for we know that all of the Malay houses are built upon piles. Therefore, when we are confronted by these evidences of former settlements, it is a question as to what has become of the people."

"The only answer comes from the chiefs, who tell us that the races have in times past so continually made war upon one another that the end came in extermination. To be sure, there are villages to be found along the banks of these beautiful rivers—for poetically beautiful they are today. But even these settlements are situated wide apart. And thus it is that the old custom of head hunting has very nearly died out because the few people and the prohibitory law combine to defeat any attempts at head hunting, although it must be admitted that one village is only too glad to rob its neighbor of as many heads as possible as trophies of bravery and daring."

"Were you ever hunted for your head?" "I asked, half in jest, not counting upon as serious an answer."

"Yes, once—only once," the Englishman answered promptly, "and to my dying day I shall never forget it. A band of Dyaks chased me around the foot of a mountain. Away I flew, the savage Dyaks after me, until I reached a fallen tree, where I discharged my rifle, and thus they were back I gained or camp. And these Malays are the very fellows who at length become the galling yoke around the necks of the slaves. What a Malay will not do for money is not to be classified in the category of crime. They are a standing and ever-ready aid to the tobacco planters, who offer a reward of \$5 per head for every runaway Chinese slave they capture and return to their alive. Thus menaced upon every side, freedom is an absolute impossibility."

THE "CRAZY WEED."

A Strange Plant Found on the Southern Prairies—Its Peculiar and Fatal Effect on Animals Which Eat It.

The enterprising Englishman who emigrates to the south-western prairies of North America with a view to ranching, has many trials awaiting him of which he little dreams in Old England; but to my mind the worst evil of all is to find one's self unwittingly the purchaser of a ranch on which loco is found. Few people who have not been out West know anything about this plant, which is so much dreaded by cattle ranchmen, and therefore I think a few remarks about it may not prove uninteresting to some readers."

This loco is a pretty plant, something like a witch in appearance, with white, purple, and red flowers. The leaves are alternately pinnate, and the leaflet lanceolate. It is the first green herbage that springs up after the long winter, and perhaps that is the reason it seems irresistible to some cattle early in the spring. It takes its name from a Mexican word meaning "mad," and it is often called the "Crazy Weed," from the direful effect it has upon cattle or horses if eaten in any quantity. At the commencement, the animal seems only in showing itself; the first symptom usually being a dull glassy look in the eyes, which gradually seem to dilate and become

WILD AND WESTERN. "To an experienced 'Western' this is sufficient warning, and if he is wise, he will remove the animal at once to some distant pasture free from the weed, for if left to graze on the dangerous herb, the symptoms will become more pronounced, the vision becoming impaired, and the victim developing an aptitude for indulging in grotesque antics, sometimes rushing madly about as if demented. When horses are affected, they generally show it first by being troublesome in harness, balking, backing, and often rearing and hurling themselves backward. A "locoed" horse has the greatest objection to having its head touched in any way, and consequently is difficult to harness."

The last stage of the disease is a gradual wasting away of the animal; and this ends fatally. I once saw a cow that was badly "locoed"; the poison had got thoroughly into her system and she was as thin as a rail. Her ribs showed plainly through the skin, and she was so weak she could hardly stand. Her owner had kept her shut in a corral away from the fatal loco, and fed her up well; but she was too far gone, and got so wretched at last that a bullet put an end to her sufferings."

Strange to say, cattle born on the prairies seem instinctively to avoid the plant; and it is chiefly imported animals, often valuable big game beasts, that fall victims to their partiality for it. It is very difficult to eradicate loco once it has got a firm hold on a pasture, and I believe the best thing is to plough up the land. It grows in big patches, and in the "fall" the large pods containing the seeds burst and are carried on by the winds to spread elsewhere. I was for some time on a ranch where loco flourished very wonderfully, in spite of the owner's efforts to get rid of it. He was advised to drown it first with water from the irrigation ditches, and then let the hot sun scorch it up. Note that under this treatment it thrives and spreads! Again he was

TOLD BY AN "OLD TIMER" that the only thing was to cut it down just before it seeded and burn it. He did so; and the next year his hay patch was thick with loco blossom. Although there is a prevalent idea that loco hay is harmless, my friend would not run the risk of giving it to his horses, and lost the crop. I once helped to drive a cow from a loco patch to a corral; the distance was not a mile, and yet with the help of another rider it took us two hours and a half to succeed. The cow ran as over the place. In a silly dazed way, until we got our two horses close along each side of her, so that she could not turn easily, and with difficulty kept her moving on straight ahead. Her sight seemed peculiarly defective; on her way, she fell clumsily into an irrigation ditch that she could easily have crossed, and we got her out with no end of trouble. Again, coming to a fence, she lay on the ground, she stopped abruptly and commenced dancing and plunging about in front of it for some minutes; then, with a great bound, she jumped over it as if it was two or three feet high! A "locoed" horse of mine while feeding quietly in the stable one morning was

SEIZED WITH A SPASM; it reared suddenly, threw itself backward and broke its neck before two men who were standing by could do a thing to try and save it. A few years before I went to the southern part of Colorado, where I first came across loco, the Government offered a bounty for every ton of it dug up by the roots, which was to be destroyed after being weighed. This wise measure for battling with the evil was frustrated by the greed of some of the Mexicans and lower stamp of ranchmen, who, tempted by the reward, actually cultivated the plant as a profitable speculation, until their unscrupulous business was exposed, and it was deemed expedient to take off the bounty, as the amount of loco that was produced seemed incredible.

There are many theories afloat about loco among Westerners. Some maintain that it is not the plant at all that does the mischief, but a tiny red worm that is found only in its roots, and that animals that are affected must first eat the root and swallow the worm. One man will believe that this worm attacks only the intestines, and another will declare that it finds its way at once to the brain. In defence of this worm theory it is urged that botanical experts have failed to discover anything supposed to be injurious to cattle or horses in the specimens of the plant sent to them for analysis. One of our ranchmen I knew actually tasted the leaves, and said they had a strong flavour of salt about them, which would doubtless be acceptable to bovine palates.

I was once talking to an owner of a large horse ranch, and having noticed that loco grew abundantly on the land, but that his horses looked none the worse of it, I asked the reason. He told me he had lost many until he heard accidentally that salt and copper-pear together made an effectual antidote to the poison; for by the way he maintained that the plant was injurious in itself, and quite repudiated the worm theory. He said that since he had left the remedy where the animals could always get at it, he had not lost one. It seemed

HARD TO BELIEVE in this somewhat homoeopathic treatment of the disease, but this horse-owner had the greatest faith in its efficiency. I never met any one else who had tried the daring experiment. I was much interested in the noxious plant, and watched all loco cases that came under my notice most care-

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FACTS AND FANCIES.

The speed of a wild duck is ninety miles an hour. In battle only one ball out of eighty-five takes effect. Japanese children are taught to write with both hands. Many ladies are employed as bank cashiers in Finland. Nearly 7,000 Russian convicts have been sent to Siberia since April last. One London firm annually exports to the Continent 240,000 worth of tripe. Since 1865 there have been twenty-six internments in Westminster Abbey. There are 200,000 men employed upon the 23,000 papers published in America. In the United States there are 673,643 Free-asons and 617,471 Oddfellows. Iron bedsteads are about the only kind of hardware exported from England to Damascus. Niagara Falls are to be illuminated by electricity, so as to display their beauty at night. The Duke of Portland is the largest subscriber to newspapers and periodicals in England. Stocking made of human hair are worn by Chinese fishermen as a preventive against wet feet. Mr. Irving is said to have found Henry VIII. one of the most profitable of his productions. Mrs. Gladstone is said to make it a point to be different to feminine fashions and styles. Finland has just been celebrating the 250th anniversary of the establishment of printing in that country. One large horse-owning company in London lost over 300 horses from glanders and farcy alone last year. The death penalty has just been resumed in Switzerland. For twenty-five years it had been abolished. There are two places in London where clergymen can buy sermons printed. They cover all subjects and can be had for every season. France has one drink shop for every eighty-seven of her population. In Paris alone there are 27,000 places for the sale of intoxicants. Paper quilts are becoming popular in Europe. They are cheap and warm. They are composed of sheets of perforated white paper sewn together. All the railways in Japan are owned and operated by the government, and the revenue from them is large, while the rates of travelling are not high. A study of a German map, on which is plotted the stations of the troops in their huge army, shows that the majority are so placed as to be conveniently moved in sections to the French frontier. The cellular prison system in Holland, where the offenders are completely isolated, is asserted to be most effectual in repressing crime, and reforming the criminals. A tax on street organ-grinders is proposed by two London Yeas. They suggest that the holder of the license should deposit a number on his organ for purposes of identification. The Australian free labourers have invented the term "union slave," which they apply to the unionists as a set-off against the title "black-leg," which is invariably used by unionists when speaking of the free labourers. The new flagstaff which is to bear the Royal Standard at Windsor Castle, weighs 24 tons. Four Maudslayi coils obtained from the Mint—silver pieces, two-penny, three-penny, and four-penny pieces—were deposited under the butt before it was lowered into its position. In Rome there is much talk about an old beggar who used to frequent the doors of the Church of the Minerva, and who dying lately, was found to be possessed of 100,000 francs (£4,000), which he had left by a properly drawn-up will to his three children, who were completely ignorant of their father's wealth. The best insect destroyer known is hot alum water. Put alum into hot water and boil until dissolved, then apply the water with a brush to all cracks, closets, bedsteads, and other places where insects may be found. Ants, cockroaches, fleas, and other creeping things are killed. There is a fresh water-spring, which covers an area of two acres, in the Atlantic Ocean, two miles from the Florida shore, and ten miles south of St. Augustine. The spring is defined by the silver gleaming white caps trying to force themselves over the powerful boiling spring. A powerful lamp, which distinctly illuminates objects over half a mile distant, by means of a great reflector, is to be adopted in the French army. It is carried on a light wagon, behind the soldiers, and they will be in obscurity while the enemy and all objects in front will be made conspicuous. A very sympathetic gentleman, who had the welfare of the ladies at heart, delivered a lecture on "The Duties of Husbands," to a provincial audience. In impressive sentences he urged the gentlemen to treat their wives kindly, and had not completed his advice when an officer appeared upon the stage and arrested him for bigamy. A splendid specimen of the file-back sun-fish, which is said to be very rarely seen in English waters, has just been captured on the Lincolnshire Coast, between Gibraltar Point and Skegness. It measured 7 feet 3 inches in length, and 5 feet 6 inches in depth, and weighed close upon three-quarters of a ton. The fish has been sent to London for preservation. Mr. Whymper, in a paper upon Greenland in the "Alpine Journal," characterises the Esquimaux language as "sententious." A single word, he says, is made to convey an idea which in English would require a full sentence. Of such words he offers one example—a word meaning, "You must try to get a good knife." Here it is: Savenearreatoreosaratlaromaronatetok. Mr. Whymper does not indicate how this precious polysyllable is to be pronounced, and we must leave our readers to exercise their own discretion upon that point. Pagnier—the first French soldier killed in the war of 1870—has now a handsome monument erected to his memory in the Cemetery of Niederbronn, near Strasbourg, called the "Souvenir Français." On July 25, 1870, Pagnier met with his death in the reconnaissance effected at Schillinghof by the 12th Chasseurs, in which cavalry regiment he was a non-commissioned officer. On the same occasion the colonel of the regiment—M. de Chabut—killed a German officer. All the officers and non-commissioned officers of the 12th Chasseurs contributed towards the erection of the memorial.

Bound in the Bundle of Life.

"And Abigail said unto David, the soul of my Lord shall be bound in the bundle of life with the Lord thy God." 1 Samuel XXV. 29.

Herald it forth to His praise! Jesus, my Lord can be found. I shall be bound At the end of the days In a bundle of life with Thee! Life will be Thine! Pure love will be mine And love, as a guide, will our life entwine

Land! I the infinite grace Lifting me up to Thy side! Granting my soul In Thy presence a place, Not a groaning favor denied, Life like Thine own. As pure as Thy Throne And as chaste as Eternity ever hath known.

Bound in a bundle with God; What a translation and gain! Now I am under His Grace and His rod, In weakness and peril and pain,— He'll be so faithful— In bondage to duty, looked in a breath. And life a lent mystery, looked in a breath.

Then (Thrill with rapture my heart!) I—once a sinner—shall be Like Thee and know Thee And have life in its fulness, with Thee: Death shall have run His race and be done Thy dying such living for mortals hath won

Bound in a bundle of life; Soul of mine, thou saith his word! When thou art done With mortality's strife, Thou shalt be bound up with the Lord: Joyfully prove In bondage above The limitless freedom of Infinite love. —[J. Lowell] A. Morrison. "The Elms," Toronto.

How to Vote! Let every man who has a vote, Vote for "Progress!" Not for "Fame or pleasure, Not for favor, fame or treasure, Vote for every honest measure,— Vote for "Progress!"

Vote as if your vote might carry— Vote for "Progress!" Franchise is a gift from Heaven, Sacred trust to manhood given,— Be not, like dumb cattle driven,— Vote for "Progress!"

Vote for men above suspicion— Vote for "Progress!" Not to wire-pullers' lure, forsooth! But men who from their early youth, Lov'd Justice, Honor, God and Truth,— Fought for "Progress!"

That man who sells his vote for gold, Should be a slave! What! sell thy birthright for a bribe, And kinship claim with Esau's tribe, Such meaner sales scarce on us describe,— Both foul and knave!

Vote for your country, God and home, And for "Progress!" Don't say—"Let well enough alone!" But kick aside the balancing stone; As if this land were all your own,— Vote for "Progress!" —[John Mirel.]

Old Joe. When the "melancholy days," With their soft and mellow haze, Settle home, An' the rippling ripples an' brown, Flutter softly, gentle down, Dead and dry; Or, as else, the nipplin' breeze Goes rampantin' through the trees In a gust, Yorks 'em from the ol' home twig, Whirls 'em in a giddy jig, With the dust;

When I think of recreation— A spot on the plantation, Warm and bright, An' I fill my ol' clay pipe, With tobacco-yeer-ripe, Strike a light. As I set ther puff'n, thinkin', A-blinkin' and a-winkin' Of my eyes, A soft and wistful feelin', Upon my heart comes stealin', Easywise.

You see, I'm growin' feeble, An' soon will leave the people Here around; An' when the leaves, frost-bitten, By gamin' winds are smitten, To the ground. Then it somehow 'pears to me I'm a 'ot' leaf on Life's tree, Sere an' light, Which a blastin', blighthin' breath From the cracked lips of Death Soon will smite.

An' when the leaves are fallin' I'm 'most' hear 'em callin' 'Home on the shore' 'Where my 'write an' little Joe, In an autumn long ago, Went before.

'Tis Ol' Joe's sun's declinin'— Where sunbeams once was shinin'— Shadows lie; But, thank God, comes the dawnin' A lit-with-gory mornin'— Up on high!

The Sad Story of Elder Jones. Where never was a better man Than Elder Simon Jones. He reeked with goodness even to the marrow in his bones; And he'd have been beatified Long years ago, I know. But for his fatal tendency, To say: "I told you so."

No matter what might come to pass, No shadow of surprise Was ever seen by any one In Elder Jones' eyes. He'd simply listen to the tale Of gladness or of woe, And when it all was shed he'd Remark: "I told you so."

A more exasperating man, The neighbors all agreed, They never knew, however good He was in word and deed; For when the most unlooked-for things Had set them in a glow, The stolid Jones would only nod And say: "I told you so."

Well, finally, the older died, As over good men should, His mortal frame was laid away To mingle with the dust. But to his soul no judgment came, Its course was turned below, And all the angels shook their heads And said: "I told you so."

JERUSALEM MODERNIZED.

The Holy City Undergoing a Remarkable Transformation.

"Jerusalem, the railroad centre of Palestine. The words have an unusual sound to most people, as with the mention of Jerusalem and Palestine is generally associated some fact of sacred history or the events of the crusades in the middle ages. But since Baron Rothschild has begun to carry out his gigantic colonization schemes Palestine has experienced an awakening, the Holy City has found itself moved by the mighty machine of progress and the destiny once predicted for Jerusalem by Napoleon seems not impossible of accomplishment. The 'Oriental' prediction was that Jerusalem would one day be the capital of the world. The last few months have worked a great change in the city so long regarded as having few attractions beyond its religious and historical associations. A letter just received by Professor A. J. Marks, of Chicago, from the Rev. A. E. Davis, a woman missionary who has spent eleven years of her life in Jerusalem, gives a striking picture of the changes now under way."

"Palestine," says the writer, under date of August 16, "will soon assume an appearance truly European. Its principal cities are fast being connected by modern railroads, and before long the foot of the locomotive whistle so familiar to your readers' ears, and yet so novel to the native Syrian, will be heard every hour in Jerusalem, which will be the railroad centre. Our Joppa railway is about finished, connecting us directly with the Mediterranean coast. A branch line is contemplated to Haifa and one to the Jordan. The passenger station has JUST BEEN COMPLETED."

To look at it one hardly realizes that he is still in Jerusalem—it is so thoroughly modern. The freight house is in course of erection. In seven days from now a train will be run from Joppa, and we are arranging for a celebration of the event, which is of no small import to us. The Akko-Damascus railway is progressing rapidly. Starting at the great fortress of Akko it will run down the plain of Akko along the coast of the Mediterranean and branch out to Haifa. Thence along the famed plain of Esdraelon, with the hills of Galilee to the north and passing near Nazareth the road reaches the Jordan by way of Shunem or Jezreel. At this point the banks of the Jordan are of solid rock, and in the centre of the stream stands a natural pier of the same material. From this pier east and west will be erected suspension spans, connecting the west bank of the river with the slopes of the Jordan plateau on the east. The road will extend from the Jordan over the slope of this plateau and along the crest overlooking and inclosing the eastern shore of the Sea of Galilee. Reaching the plateau proper near El'ail and thence north to Damascus direct it passes through the most fertile and beautiful plains of Palestine. An English company has mapped out a road to connect Damascus on the north with Gaza in the extreme southwestern portion of Palestine, in the plain of Philistia. The distance is almost 200 miles. It will be seen that ere long our little country will be covered with a network of railways. In the last few months a wonderful change has been wrought in the city of Jerusalem. Several hundred new buildings have been erected, including residences, shops, hotels and hospitals. The old

RESIDENTS ARE ALL SURPRISED and know not what to think of it, because there does not seem business enough to warrant all this expense. The reason of this outlay and building activity is to be found in Baron Rothschild's purchase lately of a large tract of land comprising some thousands of acres east of the River Jordan and near the Damascus Railway. This year he will send 1000 of his Jewish families to the tract. Near Akko he has purchased a large tract, on which will be located three large colonies. About three weeks ago the Baron gained control of this land by paying what he calls 'hand money' to the owner of the plain of Esdraelon. By this he has bound himself never to sell the plain to any one but Jews. At present the Turkish Government refuses to all the Jews a deed of the plain. However, it is expected the government's consent will soon be gained to the transaction. It is only recently that the restrictions preventing the Jews coming to Palestine have been removed. A number of his colonists will be located in the houses being built for them in a contract. A Mr. Scheick has been given a contract to build houses along the line of the Joppa road for miles. A large institution is under construction, which will be dedicated for the use of the Jews having no one to care for them. Houses for the accommodation of 100 families will be built on the Bethlehem road, near the station."

TO HARNESS MONTMORENCI. Sale of the Old Hall Estate to the Quebec and Levis Electric Light Company. The famous falls of Montmorenci and all the surrounding property, belonging to late the Hall estate, has been sold for \$230,000 to the Quebec and Levis Electric Light Company. The old sawmills worked for so many decades back by the Hall firm with the water power from the falls, are to be torn down. They are not only all out of date, but their usefulness has ceased with the disappearance of the timber that used to supply them with work from the Montmorenci river. The property sold includes the old Hall mansion house overlooking the falls, that was the Duke of Kent's summer residence in Canada in the early years of the century, when he was the commander of the British forces in North America. The electric light company has acquired Montmorenci for the sake of the water power of the falls, which is to be chiefly employed in the manufacture of electricity. A new iron flume, 1,200 feet long and six feet in diameter is being constructed to conduct the water from above the cataract to the factories below, one of which is to be built half way up the side of the cliff, so that the water which supplies its power may be used over again for supplying power to another establishment. It is probable that the company will supply electric power for factories, etc., in Quebec, as well as electric light for private residences and city streets, and will manufacture probable electric light for the cars of the principal Canadian railways and motive power for a street railway and for trains upon the Montmorenci railway.

A Boston schoolboy, who evidently has a bright future awaiting him, lately began an essay with these words: "The world was formerly inhabited by immortals; but they are now all dead."

A horse-shoe was nailed over his door, by a St. Louis man, for good luck. A few days later, as the man was entering his home, lightning passed through the horse-shoe and knocked him senseless.

The heart that is nearest awake to the flowers is always the first to be located by the thorns.