

## In the Jungle.

The rainy season was well advanced when we started on our return journey from the beautiful little hill station of P— in the Central Provinces. A steady downpour of rain had been falling for days, shrouding the mountain tops in an impenetrable curtain of fog and drenching everything. Many of the bungalows in the station were closed and tenantless, as the first rainfall was the signal for the English officers and their families to return to the plains. Therefore, the neat, well-kept little sanatorium presented somewhat of the aspect of Goldsmith's "Deserted Village."

Our travelling conveyance was of the ordinary kind in use in India—a large covered wagon drawn by a pair of stout Indian bullocks. Our driver, who was perched on his seat in front, wrapped in his coarse blanket, was a stolid-looking Hindoo, who occasionally spoke to his oxen in a tone of brotherly admonition; but when we urged him to mend their slow pace he relapsed into the most provoking indifference. We had to cross a shallow river on our route, and we were anxious to reach the stream before nightfall, but the more vehemently we urged him to hasten the more sullen he became, until we were fain to desist and let him have his own way entirely.

As we slowly descended the spiral mountain road, the rain ceased, and we caught glimpses through the trees of what seemed like some terrestrial paradise, or a fairy scene in the panorama of cloudland. The magnificent landscape was partially veiled by the blue curtain of mist, but this slowly lifted, and we obtained a momentary glimpse of distant, lofty mountain peaks, bathed in golden sunlight. A narrow, shining thread like a silver riband, showed the course of the river, as it wound through the valley; while the mountain slopes were covered with the richest, softest verdure. Sometimes our road wound through the thicket where gigantic creepers twined around the forest giants, and tree ferns in abundance covered the branches. Wild flowers perfumed the air, and mountain brooklets trickled musically over dainty velvet mosses and delicate ferns. Far away the shrill clarion of the hillcock, or the song of the mountaineer, awoke the woodland solitude and echoed from range to range with strange distinctness in the still, clear air.

The shadows were beginning to lengthen when we left the small wayside bungalow at the foot of the hill, where we had halted, and there were still five miles to traverse ere we reached the river, so that the short day was closing in the darkness of night when we came within sight of the stream, where the native boatmen were waiting to take us across. It was as we feared, however. The Hindoos informed us that the river was so shallow it would be impossible to cross that night. Here was a dilemma. We entreated them to make the effort, and they complied so far as to shove the boat out into the river. We hoped that we still might be able to cross, when, to our dismay, the little craft grated upon the sand, and finally stuck fast, notwithstanding the efforts of the boatmen. Night in an Indian jungle, on a frail river boat, while at any moment the rain might pour down in torrents! To make the matter worse, our boatmen were deserting us and returning to the shore. We expostulated with them on such conduct, and the offer of extra pay for their services brought them back. The oxen had been allowed to swim to the other side, and it was suggested that they should be brought back, and, our conveyance being made ready, we could ride across the shallow stream. This was done, but when we had taken our seats preparatory to a fresh start, the tired oxen, wearied with their already long journey, utterly refused to stir. Were ever unfortunate travellers in a worse plight? We had about given up in despair when a bright thought occurred to our boatmen. They could carry us over one by one. We were ready to grasp at a straw, and we consented to this novel mode of transit.

Wet and weary, we were landed safely on the opposite bank, but we had still many miles of lonely road to traverse ere we reached the nearest railway station, and we must journey on or pass the night in the jungle.

After waiting about an hour, and having procured a fresh team, we again started on our journey. The full moon had now risen, and we jogged slowly along, little dreaming of the dangers yet in store for us. The creaking of the ox-cart or the voice of the driver speaking to his team, were all the sounds we heard for many miles, as the road skirted the jungle all the way. We were drowsy with fatigue and little inclined for conversation with each other, but we were suddenly roused by the oxen coming to a dead halt, and before we could inquire the cause of the stoppage the driver put his face close to the little window and said in a stage whisper to one of my travelling companions: "A tiger, Mem Sahib." The horrors of that night had culminated in a new danger; for, crouching on the roadside, within a few feet of the oxen was a full-grown tiger, plainly discernible in the moonlight. No sound escaped us. We were dumb with terror, especially as the driver was in a most perilous position on his seat outside, and any instant the tiger might spring upon the oxen, while the poor animals stood trembling in every limb.

At length, with the graceful movements peculiar to the tiger he bounded across the little nullah on the roadside and again crouched, eyeing us suspiciously, while we watched his every movement with breathless interest. After alternately running and crouching for some distance, he gave one more look towards us, then cantered gracefully away into the jungle, leaving us to breathe freely, thanking God for our deliverance from the ferocious beast. We scarcely knew how the remainder of the journey passed

until we found ourselves safely lodged in the travellers' bungalow, whence we were to start next morning by rail for our station up country.

TARA.

## Traveling in Ceylon.

At five o'clock my equipage was announced—a native two-wheeled cart without springs, built of the wood of the cocoarut palm, the broad leaves interlaced forming a roof, excellent for shade, but unreliable as a protection from the rain. Within strewn leaves made a seat by day, a couch by night.

A quantity of necessary impedimenta were slung beneath the cart. Item: a large bag of rice and some loaves of bread. Item: two coops containing a number of live fowls. Item: a great pot, a couple of chatties, and a few cooking utensils. Besides these provisions I carried a small private hoard—a flask of brandy, a bottle of doubtful port wine, a tin of cocoa, a pot of jam. The cart was drawn by two bullocks, yoked together, the reins passing through their nostrils.

Of my two servants the driver was the more distinguished, as became his maturer years. The cook did not lean to the side of extravagance in dress—it consisted only of an ancient strip of cloth round his loins—whereas his elder wore in addition a venerable wisp of ragged fringed shawl over his shoulders, and a dirty cloth wound about his head added importance to his stature. Both wore gold earrings, and the liberal use of oil, with which their black skins shone, amply compensated for the dirt beneath.

In point of linguistic accomplishments my driver was first, I second, and the cook a bad third, as he—poor fellow!—knew only his own language. I stood firmly by one word of the greatest usefulness, viz., *shurika*—make haste—while the driver proudly addressed me as "sare," and could say "yes" and "no." With regard to two words we met on common ground—the one "currie," the other "cheroot," for our word comes from the Tamil verb "cherooto"—to roll, together—referring to the manipulation of the tobacco leaf.

Dressed in a flannel shirt and trousers, with a light helmet on my head and white umbrella in my hand to protect me from the sun, I led the van on foot. Kangaroo leggings served me as a protection against land leeches, whose terrible attack on the traveller through the jungle is only made known by the blood trickling down his legs. So small as to be unnoticed, these little pests scent the wayfarer afar off, and, springing upon him in dozens, crawl up his extremities and fasten on his flesh. Any attempt to pull them off makes them cling the tighter, but they are amenable to tobacco smoke.—*The Gentleman's Magazine*.

## A Paddle Up Shadow River, Muskoka.

The entrance to Shadow River is very unobtrusive. The eye searching round that part of the lakeshore might easily overlook it altogether, and when in answer to the question "Where is it?" a modest strip of green rushes is pointed out, not far from the little settlement of Rousseau, one is conscious of a feeling of disappointment. What! that Shadow River, so praised by tourists, one of the notable features of Muskoka scenery! Why, seen from the outside, it seems scarcely to deserve the name of river, but looks much more like a stream or even a marshy cut into the country. I started on my exploring trip while the sun was still high, as I had been told a little sunlight on the water helped the reflections greatly, and paddling my way leisurely through the rushes, I found myself in a mouth calm as a lily pond and a good deal overgrown with water-plants of various kinds. Just at first there are no trees worth speaking of, and the banks are flat and insignificant, which is, perhaps, a ruse of the cunning little river to allay expectation and make the coming surprise all the greater. Presently trees begin to make their appearance on either side, now a cedar, or maple, or birch, or tall, ragged-looking pine, one of the kind that clothe with dark foliage so many of the shores and islands of Muskoka, and a few seconds after I seemed to be magically suspended between two worlds, the one around and about me, and the other beneath. There, far under the canoe, was the blue sky, crossed by bars and streaks of soft, white cirrus cloud, the delicate markings clearly visible; while flying across (was it very high up or deep, deep down?), I saw the dark form of some kind of bird thrown out against the paler sky. Nearer, tall trees leaned their branches towards me, leaves, twigs and boughs so marvellously distinct that it seemed as if a downward grasp would certainly reach them, and not only trees, but inverted lily patches lay just under the still, smooth water, and downward growing clumps of ferns and water-flags, so minute and perfect that the eye travelled back amazedly to the surface, as if to make sure that everything had not got topsyturvy in some funny fashion. Moved by an irresistible impulse, I dipped my paddle into the water and set this shadow world in strange quivering motion. The branches moved tremulously up and down, while logs, leafless boughs and exposed roots twisted, crawled and writhed in a weird alive way, suggestive, somehow, of Dore's tree pictures. I paddled on, thoroughly fascinated by the scene beneath me, which had the inexplicable charm of a wonderfully real illusion. The water was so still as to have almost an arrested, spell-bound look, and the banks could hardly be prettier. Low, and for the most part thickly wooded with overhanging trees and anchorages of yellow lilies and blue and white flowers growing close in, they wound hither and thither,

letting one into the prettiest watery nooks and corners. Now the river turned into a sort of green elbow where the trees were crowded together, and the canoe floated over a delicate tracery of leaves and branches, then it took a twist into more open ground and one got a glimpse of uneven country with, perhaps, a fence or house in the background. At one part some Peter Bell, indifferent to scenery, has cut the trees to the water's edge, leaving the little river nothing but a regiment of stumps to mirror. It is strange the distance back to which the banks are reflected. One sees not merely the trees and bushes growing close to the shore, but the confused thicket behind, and where there is no wood quite a long stretch of country. I remember noticing a house in the water once, and in looking up for the real Simon Pure I was astonished to find it on some rising ground a considerable distance off, certainly a couple of stonethrows. This sort of indefinite perspective adds greatly to the charm of the picture, and sets the eye and imagination roving. Magical is the word that comes oftenest to the lips as you float on and on, gazing into the shadow world below. It brings back the almost forgotten enchantments of the Arabian Nights, the tales of wonder and romance that youth delights in. We become visionaries again. Life seems to slip off some of its sober common sense, its meagre realizations, and become once more a wonderful shadow river, full of beautiful illusions, of fascinating vistas, of possibilities just beyond our reach but surely to be attained some day, and as we drift on dreaming and wondering until, perhaps, the canoe runs against a snag, one of a treacherous host lurking in this calm little river; there is a sudden jolt, almost an upset, and we paddle on the wiser and warier for our little bit of real experience. Although one naturally, if not very sensibly, expects what reflects well to be transparent, the water of Shadow River is intensely black in colour, probably owing to some peculiar formation of the bottom. I sounded a boatman of the vicinity on the subject but got nothing for my pains but a dubious shake of the head and the answer, "Some folks say it's black mud and some folks rock," and as to the depth he knew nothing at all, or thought, perhaps, a confession of its shallowness would lessen the wonder of the reflections. The river is crossed by bridges at irregular intervals, and perhaps the shadows are most beautiful between the first and second of these. I paddled under three, and there was rumour of a fourth farther up the country; but the sun had disappeared, the veritable shadows were falling, and, turning the canoe toward the mouth of the river I made my way back, more intent, let me confess it, on the sunken logs and dimly seen snags that make the danger of the little stream than even its reflections.

J. E. SMITH.

## Why Oil Calms the Sea.

The action of oil in calming the sea is now so generally recognized, says the London *Nautical Magazine*, that the new rules as to life-saving appliances, to go into effect Nov. 1, require that every boat of seagoing vessels, and all lifeboats shall carry "one gallon of oil and a vessel of approved pattern for distributing it on the water in rough weather." The potency of oil in smoothing waves was recently explained by Lord Rayleigh before the royal institution in a lucid lecture. This well known scientist's experiment's demonstrate that foam or froth is caused by impurities in liquids. Thus, on shaking up a bottle containing pure water we get no appreciable foam, but, taking a mixture of water with 5 per cent. of alcohol, there is a much greater tendency to foam. Camphor, glue and gelatine dissolved in water greatly increase its foaming qualities, and soap still more. Lord Rayleigh finds that sea water foams, not on account of its saline matter, but in consequence of the presence of something extracted by wave action from seaweeds. By simply putting his finger in water which was moving vigorously under the influence of a few camphor scrapings, the contamination of the water by the infinitesimal amount of grease sufficed to form an invisible film over it, and to neutralize the foaming action produced by the dissolved camphor.

The effect of oil on waves, as several physicists have proved, is not to subdue the huge swell, but to smooth and tone down its ripples, each of which gives the wind a point d'appui, thus increasing the force of the breaking waves. "The film of oil," says Lord Rayleigh, "may be compared to an inextensible membrane floating on the surface of the water and hampering its motion." As long as the advancing, tumultuous sea water is pure there is nothing to oppose its periodic contractions and extensions, but when its surface is covered with the oily membrane the most dangerous contractions and extensions are impossible. The scientific demonstration of the sea-quelling virtue of oil is worthy of note by all sailors. It is fortunate for them that Lord Raleigh has accomplished this at a time when ocean storms, and especially tropical hurricanes, are likely soon to tax the seaman's art to the utmost in saving his craft from destruction.

## A Duke's Vast Domain.

The Duke of Northumberland is one of the largest landed proprietors in Great Britain. To say nothing of his ownings in London, his possessions in Surrey, Middlesex and Northumberland aggregate 200,000 acres, with a rent-roll of \$875,000 a year. In Northumberland alone he owns five castles, but it is said that the largest part of his enormous income is derived from his proprietary interest in Drummond's bank. The Marquis of Salisbury, Premier at present, owns 20,000 acres, and, as much of his real estate lies in London, he is very, very rich.