

JEYPOOR.

Visit to the Chief City of Rajpootana.

Theological Discussion With a Brahmin—The Cities of Amber and Jeypoor—The Great "Welfare"—An Elephant Race—Monkey Worship—A Dilemma.

On the way from Delhi to Jeypoor on the train we had as a fellow passenger, a very intelligent, well educated, gentlemanly Hindoo. He was a lawyer by profession, and was on his way to a neighboring town to plead a client's case before an English judge. He explained many teachings and peculiarities of the Hindoos in the few hours we were together, and evinced no little interest in all we told him of Canada and Australia, and expressed strongly his desire to see England, but that was a pleasure he could not have, for he was a Hindoo—a Brahmin, in fact, the highest caste of the Hindoo—and a true Brahmin can never leave his country.

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action of the weather this assurance of kindly reception and hospitality is the first thing to attract attention on approaching the city. We put up at the Kaiser-I-Hind bungalow, a moderately comfortable hotel situated outside the walls of the city and kept by natives. The next day being Sunday we attended the only Christian church in this large city. The service was conducted by the English surgeon of the place, Dr. Hendly; about twenty persons were present, one-fourth only being English, the remainder were a mixture of all shades of color. Monday morning early we were astir, for the messenger had arrived from the king's palace granting us the privilege of visiting the palace and royal stables, and informing us that one of His Majesty's state elephants was ready to accompany us to the city of Amber, three miles distant. We had taken the precaution to write to the king's secretary of State for permission to visit these places, without which it is impossible to see them. We entered the city through the masonry crenellated wall by

THE GATE OF THE SUN. The gateway had a massive door studded with iron knobs and spikes, which in former days of war were useful in preventing the enemies' elephants beating in the door. The city is spacious and the wide streets are lined with houses of tolerably regular form. The mathematical plan of the city deserves attention: It is two miles in length and one and a half wide; two wide streets cross the central one dividing the city into six blocks. The main streets are 111 feet wide, the secondary ones 55 and the next 27; the king's palace occupies the centre of the city; and the business houses and main temples are on the three principal streets. The cupolas, the overhanging hills, and frowning forts, the gaily dressed people, and above all the bright, clear blue sky combined to form a most pleasing impression as we wandered through the busy, thronged streets. Passing through out by

THE GATE OF THE MOON, we are on the road to Delhi which leads through the deserted city of Amber. On either side of the highway for the first mile or two we notice innumerable kiosks, gardens, summer residences, temples and rest-houses, but the strangest sight was the eastern panoply of a varied multitude of natives going into the city. In the short distance of three miles we passed at least fifteen thousand people; most of these were pilgrims returning from a peculiarly sacred temple, fourteen miles away from the city; many of them were the ryots or agricultural people from the neighboring villages. The women all carried heavy burdens on their heads, besides the uncomfortable weight of a child astride the hip in the peculiar Indian style. The women here literally wear the breeches, and are only known from the men by the luxuriant mass of black hair, and the adornment of their person with finger rings, bracelets, armlets, anklets, nose-rings, ear-rings and all the other barbarous display for which here, as elsewhere, the fair sex is characteristic. Now a drove of six or eight camels pass us loaded with stone, wood, and other articles of commerce. The women all carried heavy burdens on their heads, besides the uncomfortable weight of a child astride the hip in the peculiar Indian style. The women here literally wear the breeches, and are only known from the men by the luxuriant mass of black hair, and the adornment of their person with finger rings, bracelets, armlets, anklets, nose-rings, ear-rings and all the other barbarous display for which here, as elsewhere, the fair sex is characteristic.

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A WHOLE FAMILY OF FIVE on his back—father, mother and three children. The principal mode of transport is by the numerous ox-carts. Hundreds of these crowd along the road, each containing a dozen or twenty men, women and children huddled together as close as they can be packed. About midway on the journey our carriage was stopped at a well by a howling mob of about a thousand people, who were the charge of six of the king's horsemasters attract our attention just before reaching the outer wall. Here the carriage is left with an attendant, and we "change cars." If we had to travel from New York to San Francisco, and had to walk or ride an elephant, we'd take shank's mare every time. Crouched down on his knees fore and aft was

OUR STATEDLY CONVEYANCE, trapped and equipped in princely style. We had three attendants and the guide to assist us. Ladders were unhitched from the side, and let down for us to mount. The howdah, a great ornate platform capable of enclosing eight or ten persons, was firmly fixed on the back, and here we took up our quarters on soft cushions provided for sitting or reclining on. The guide warned us that the huge beast was about to rise, and we instinctively caught the rails of the howdah, or we might have been thrown to the ground. The mount, or driver, sits astride the neck, just at the back of the head, and puts his big toes in string stirrups suspended from the elephant's neck. An iron prod with a hook on one end, is hung on the great beast's ear when not in use. Away we go along the winding dusty road, through the broken down gate of the old city, past temples, pagodas, rest-houses, scattering natives, camels, horses, oxen, everything we meet steps to one side and gives us a wide berth; here on our left is the sacred lake of M. M., reflecting back the hills, the forts and the ancient glowy castle once inhabited by the kings; now we come to the houses of the city, narrow streets, lofty minarets, temple spires and ramparts, and just before turning up the winding road to the ancient palace we have on our left

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A TEMPLE DEVOTED TO MONKEY WORSHIP.

A dozen of these chattering deities can be seen at any time in this building, and the trees about it, laughing at their more intelligent worshippers, who pamper them with all the delicacies of the season. Passing through these embowered gates we are now at the end of a road. At a word the elephant is on his knees, our ladders are put down, and we have a sigh of relief as we find ourselves on firm ground again. It would be simply a repetition of former descriptions of Indian palaces if we were to describe this. The same style of zenana, the same magnificent dewan-i-am, or audience hall, the same beautiful carved pillars, brackets and capitals and the same wonderful latticed chambers, foiled archways and cunningly inlaid marble works are all here as beautiful as in Lucknow, Delhi or Agra. And, like the palaces in these latter cities, this is empty and deserted, but guarded with a jealous eye by the natives. In a small temple within the palace we were shown the altar, on which a goat is sacrificed every morning to the goddess Shiva. In former days a human victim was the daily sacrifice to

THE DARK GODDESS OF THE AZURE FLOOD. Beneath us is the pretty little lake Manu, but made ugly to thought and sight by countless slimy alligators wallowing about on its banks. They like the monkeys, are sacred and cannot be harmed. Again the ladder is put down, and we are seated aloft in our cushioned pen; the driver puts his foot on the elephant's trunk and one hand grasping the ear to steady him, he is lifted into his seat by the prostrate animal. A heavy blow on the forehead with the iron hook, which sounded like an empty barrel, a strongly expressed command from the mahout, and the huge beast is up and away again. The pace is a fast walk equal to six miles an hour, and if the gentle reader has ever been addicted to writing spring poetry and such like effusions, we recommend a ride on an elephant as an infallible remedy for knocking out this superfluous sentiment, the only fear is that instead he may take to writing obituary verses, an equally harmful weakness. The rough jolting we underwent was not calculated to put us in the frame of mind to appreciate all the peculiar sights and surroundings, and once or twice when the elephant became stubborn, and savagely trumpeted and threw up her trunk, as seen in the picture books of our youth, and had to be prodded and hammered about the head with the iron hook by her driver, we felt as we often have felt at sea—we would give all we own to be in the bosom of our family sea on land. Once more in the city, we visited the

KING'S PALACE AND GROUNDS. It is impossible for us to see him, for he is in his private apartments and surrounded by a band of musicians and nautch or dancing girls. It is said that the present King of Rajpootana is the most dissipated man in the country he ever had. He is nominally free from British rule, but virtually he is subject to the viceroy at Calcutta, and the State though styled a free State, is under the protection of the English. The palace is a great rambling building with many fanciful architectural freaks, the principal of which is the Palace of the Winds. The apartments we saw were richly and elegantly furnished with the best of English furniture. The throne is a great canopied seat, large enough to allow three or four persons to occupy it, the pillars, canopy seat, and all seemingly made of gold, but we doubt their solidity. Then the Moz Mundar comes next—the room in which the astrologers and pundits meet daily to discuss the signs of the times; next are seen the observatory and gun foundry, places of interest, showing by what simple instruments these earnest men can read the heavens and make powerful weapons of war. On the day of our departure from this city

AN AWKWARD CIRCUMSTANCE happened, showing that even the Bank of England in an English dependency may not be accepted as a legal tender. We were advised to leave leaving home to always carry Bank of England notes or gold. Our gold having all too soon gone down beautifully, we were obliged to call on our notes. What was our astonishment when on presenting a "tenner" it was handed back as useless. We had neither gold nor notes, we knew no one to borrow from, and we were 850 miles from Calcutta and 550 from Bombay; our steamer is to leave the latter port in a few days, and here we are without money to pay our way. We were advised to go to the resident, an officer corresponding to a consul; we could not see him; he was too busy to speak with; the railway officials were tried, but they would not accept any money but the legal tender of the state. The train was due at 3 p. m., and it had reached 2, and we were no nearer a solution of the difficulty. It was finally decided that we would trust to the probability of the incoming train having some English gentlemen who would assist us out of the difficulty by giving us gold for our paper; this failing we had made up our mind to skip our hotel bill and board the train, satisfying the landlord by a remittance from Bombay. Shortly before the train was due, our companion in a frenzy of excitement, seized us by the arm and rushed us into a gharry and directed the driver to Dr. Hendly's. Arriving there he appeared well acquainted with the good Doctor's lady, a mysterious fact considering she had been only two or three days in this part of India. Very soon however, to our astonishment, a bag of jingling rupees was brought out for which we were gladly parted with our useless paper. We found on investigation that the acquaintance had been made between our friend and the kind lady the Sunday previous; while we were taking our afternoon siesta, with a couple of niggers pulling a punkah over us, our companion had wandered off to Sunday school, and by that dutiful observance saved us a world of trouble. Moral—Boys go to Sunday school every chance you get.

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THOSE DECEITFUL MEN.

"What's the matter Huldry?" said Miss Pinkerton, a little impatiently. Miss Pinkerton had been making damson jelly all the morning, and had just done up the false curls on each side of her temples, pinned a fresh lace frill into her dress, and sat down to write in her journal, for Miss Pinkerton was "literary," and kept a journal wherein she indited divers and sundry original thoughts and aspirations. Miss Pinkerton's life, albeit she resided in a lonely new England farmhouse, with mullen stalks and blackberry pastures around, has not been entirely void of romance. She had been "disappointed" twice. "Men are deceitful ever," said Miss Pinkerton, "and I'll put no more faith in them."

But the farm was no small charge for a "lone woman." Tramps and rumors of tramps terrified her feminine soul; hired men proved unworthy of trust, and marauding thieves stole her cherries and robbed her apple orchards, and the long summer twilights and winter evenings became almost unbearable. And when old Mrs. Mudge, of the Hill house, recommended her cousin Mr. Pickett, Miss Pinkerton listened with a not unfavorable ear. "He ain't young, you know," said Mrs. Mudge. "Well," said Miss Pinkerton, bridling a little, "I ain't very young myself, and suitability is a great thing where one is thinking of matrimony."

"But he's very pious," added the old lady, "and travels for a book publishing company." "Oh," said Miss Pinkerton, remembering with some remorse the unceremonious manner in which she had hustled a book agent out of her house that morning. "And I think," solemnly enunciated Mrs. Mudge, polishing her spectacle glasses as she spoke, "that he'd make a suitable partner for any woman. And, if he's agreeable, I'll tell him to call on you the next time he comes this way."

Miss Pinkerton smiled, but did not forbid. And here, upon this golden afternoon, just when her jelly was put up in glasses and neatly labelled, and her baking for the week done, and her false curls newly roiled, up rushed Huldry, the hired girl, to say "that there was a gentleman coming up the path."

"He's short and stout, mem," she said. "And I don't believe his hair's his own, cause it don't match in the back. And he's got a package of books under his arm, and—"

"Oh!" cried Miss Pinkerton, a sudden flash of daylight seeming to irradiate her mental vision. "I know now! It's Mr. Mudge's third cousin from New York. Run, Huldry, put on a clean table cloth and the cold chicken, Huldry, and the iced sponge cake, and some white bread, and a bowl of quince marmalade, and set over the coffee pot right away, Huldry. And tell him I'll be down stairs in a minute."

Presently Miss Pinkerton descended, rustling in her best black silk dress, mildly majestic and perfumed with home made cologne. Stiff and straight in one of the parlor chairs, sat her guest with his pile of books on the floor beside him, and his clasped hands resting over the knob of his cane. A short, stout elderly gentleman, in a suit of pepper and salt, and a most undentable wig, he rose up and nodded. Miss Pinkerton had expected a Sir Charles Grandison sort of a bow, but he courted just as low as if her expectations had been fulfilled.

"Plain," she said to herself, "but most undeniably genteel." And then she added aloud: "Very happy to meet you, I am sure. Mrs. Mudge told me you were coming this way." "Ah!" said the stranger, in a deep, oleaginous voice. "I was there yesterday." "It's a warm day, isn't it?" said Miss Pinkerton, determined to deserve any eulogies which her friend might have lavished upon her.

"As hot as blazes," said the stout man. Miss Pinkerton was a little taken back by the force of this comparison; but, after all, there was no absolute profanity about the word "blazes." "And dusty," she said with a smile. "Powerful dusty," assented the man. Miss Pinkerton fanned herself. The stranger blew his nose sonorously. "Well, we might as well get to business," said he, "I've no time to lose, and—"

picked the chicken bones, ate several slices of pink boiled ham, garnished with parsley; drank three cups of coffee, and showed an active appreciation of Miss Pinkerton's bread and butter and quince marmalade. And finally wiped his mouth on the corner of the table cloth, smiled a greasy smile, and said: "Much obliged ma'am. I wish everybody was as civil as you are."

"I always try to be polite," said Miss Pinkerton, retreating behind her fan. "Don't be scared," said the man reassuringly. "A lady naturally feels nervous," said Miss Pinkerton, "and where such a topic is concerned—"

"It's all over in a few minutes," said the man. "Ladies don't always like it, I know, but—"

Here Miss Pinkerton pricked up her ears, wondering how often he had proposed before. Or perhaps he was only speaking theoretically. But, while the subject agitated her mind, the inauspicious stranger leaned forward, and in a low confidential tone, asked: "What is your name, now? Real, full name—Christian and surname?" "Louisa Lillias Pinkerton," smilingly answered she.

"How old are you?" "At this she drew herself up. "Really," said she, "you are particular. But of course I have no object in concealing my age." "Of course not," said the gentleman, patiently scratching his nose with the butt end of his pencil. "I think you said you were—"

"Seven and thirty on my last birthday," answered the lady. "What are you going to write it down?" "I always do," said the stranger. "When a man asks the question as many times over in the same day as I do—"

"What!" cried Miss Pinkerton. "Who are you? What is your business?" "My name is Jonas Jackson," said the short stout individual, "and I am the census man."—Tableau.

National Pills are a mild purgative, acting on the Stomach, Liver and Bowels, removing all obstructions. In Brief, and to the Point. Dyspepsia is dreadful. Diarrhoea and liver is misery. Indigestion is a foe to good nature. The human digestive apparatus is one of the most complicated and wonderful things in existence. It is easily put out of order. Greasy food, tough food, sloppy food, bad cookery, mental worry, late hours, irregular habits, and many other things which ought not to be, have made the American people a nation of dyspeptics. But Green's August Flower has done a wonderful work in reforming this sad business and making the American people so healthy that they can enjoy their meals and be happy.

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How cool and to take life, she have as easy a home. I who you might I the who had the day, and had child half the ri arm, but he did "I do wish you horrid old calico outlandish. The again. Seems to and night. I Lu go to the saloons "Well, it is ju I do not get dru Mrs Rolf, as child. "He fell and b sofa," said young playing with the not firm on his fe been crowded out baby," by w J. his mother comi ready for supper, nothing had happ Mr Rolf looked disatisfied air. "Why don't w more!" he said. "I thought you would like a cha I am sure you will try it; but I will "Oh, don't tak as she went into not matter what The wife, who water, brought a "But he did: ate heartily of "I saw Mrs B as she took a th handed him his s it wonderful ho looks! She does than she did ten "They say Mr of her," said Mrs least two years of met her husban minutes before. have any care of t but gets up him thing, and he do saves her in ev speak of her, the acrod her good k "Well, she is t of," said the thou tone which implic other woman hall He buttered h bread in silence, the handsome, w had left her chil Years old with t and went out ab she had not a ca delicate skin wa white hats, wi plumes, set off b tape, and the da toilet indicated s as good taste.

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BALED HAY ALWAYS KEPT ON HAND. I also manufacture APPLE BARRELS, FLOUR BARRELS, BUTTER TUBS, SOFT WATER CISTERNS, &c. APPLE DEALERS: My facilities for supplying dealers and the public generally are unequalled in the County. Storage capacity, 10,000 Barrels. Daily output (weekdays), 500 barrels. Give me a call. Satisfaction Guaranteed. CHAS. BATES, Shop and Residence, near G.T.R. Station, Goderich, Ont. July 21st, 1887. 2102-2m

DISA

Mrs Rolf's case, as was pretty much the case with all the others, she will be easy to see she thought. She had a long time since that she had a wife for the small at she had hurried walk to the gate not seem to say she might as well sit. How cool and to take life, she have as easy a home. I who you might I the who had the day, and had child half the ri arm, but he did "I do wish you horrid old calico outlandish. The again. Seems to and night. I Lu go to the saloons "Well, it is ju I do not get dru Mrs Rolf, as child. "He fell and b sofa," said young playing with the not firm on his fe been crowded out baby," by w J. his mother comi ready for supper, nothing had happ Mr Rolf looked disatisfied air. "Why don't w more!" he said. "I thought you would like a cha I am sure you will try it; but I will "Oh, don't tak as she went into not matter what The wife, who water, brought a "But he did: ate heartily of "I saw Mrs B as she took a th handed him his s it wonderful ho looks! She does than she did ten "They say Mr of her," said Mrs least two years of met her husban minutes before. have any care of t but gets up him thing, and he do saves her in ev speak of her, the acrod her good k "Well, she is t of," said the thou tone which implic other woman hall He buttered h bread in silence, the handsome, w had left her chil Years old with t and went out ab she had not a ca delicate skin wa white hats, wi plumes, set off b tape, and the da toilet indicated s as good taste. "I do wish, N more pain to fi ed to have you c "I will try an she said, as her you know, Rich difference betw cumstances and to do her work, sewing out, and while I have fo they do spoil c I do my own w ren. I do not l nice clothes, i especially as I t shopping, to afterwards pri think of buyi something from duster and go home and go t ways day, at l who does all h siderable." "Well, you fatigued when to the gate," I about gone," I sneer in his c could manage to me that wh for you and th