ESTABLISHED 1873.

The Weekly Monitor

IS PUBLISHED

Every Wednesday at Bridgetown.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—$1.50 per annum, in advance; if not paid within six months, $2.00

Communications solicited on all matters of public interest, to be accompanied with the writers name, which will be held, if so desired, strictly confidential. Anonymous communications go to the waste basket.

H. S. PIPER,
Editor and Proprietor.

Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 9. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, MAY 11, 1881. NO. 4.

Job Work.

The MONITOR office is fitted out with one of the best job-presses in this province, and a large assortment of type in both plain and ornamental faces, together with every facility for doing all description for first-class work. We make a speciality of fine work—either plain, or in colors and, in this line we flatter ourselves we can compete with any office in the Province.

Orders for Posters, Dodgers, Catalogues, Bill-heads, Circulars Cards of all kinds, Pamphlets, will receive prompt attention.

We endeavour by closest attention and careful execution of all orders to ensure satisfaction to our patrons.

Lawyers and Magistrates blanks kept constantly on hand and for sale.

Weekly Monitor

Advertising Rates.

ONE INCH.—First insertion, 50 cents; every after insertion, 12½ cents; one month, $1.00; two months, $1.50; three months, $2.00; six months, $3.50.

ONE SQUARE, (two inches).—First insertion $1.00; each continuation, 25 cents; three months, $3.50; six months, $6.00; twelve months $10.00.

HALF COLUMN.—First insertion, $5.50; each continuation, $1.25; one month, $8.00; two months, $12.00; three months, 15.00; six months, $22.00; twelve months, $40.00.

A COLUMN—First insertion, $10.00; each continuation, $3.00; one month, $14.00 two months, $20.00; three months, $28.00; six months $40.00; twelve months, $80.00.

Yearly advertisements changed oftener than once a month, will be charged 25 cents extra per square for each additional alteration

THE BEST REMEDY

FOR

Diseases of the Throat and Lungs.

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL.

In diseases of the pulmonary organs a safe and reliable remedy is invaluable. AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL is such a remedy, and no other so eminently merits the confidence of the public. It is a scientific combination of the medicinal principles and curative virtues of the finest drugs, chemically united, of such power as to insure the greatest possible efficiency and uniformity of results. It strikes at the foundation of all pulmonary diseases, affording prompt relief and rapid cures, and is adapted to patients of any age or either sex. Being very palatable, the youngest children take it readily. In ordinary Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Influenza, Clergyman's Sore Throat, Asthma, Croup, and Catarrh, the effects of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL are magical, and multitudes are annually preserved from serious illness by its timely and faithful use. It should be kept at hand in every household for the protection it affords in sudden attacks. In Whooping-cough and Consumption there is no other remedy so efficacious, soothing, and helpful.

Low prices are inducements to try some of the many mixtures, or syrups, made of cheap and ineffective ingredients, now offered, which, as they contain no curative qualities, can afford only temporary relief, and are sure to deceive and disappoint the patient. Diseases of the throat and lungs demand active and effective treatment; and it is dangerous experimenting with unknown and cheap medicines, from the great liability that these diseases may, while so trifled with, become deeply seated or incurable. Use AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, and you may confidently expect the best results. It is a standard medical preparation, of known and acknowledged curative power, and is as cheap as its careful preparation and fine ingredients will allow. Eminent physicians, knowing its composition, prescribe it in their practice. The test of half a century has proven its absolute certainty to cure all pulmonary complaints not already beyond the reach of human aid.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co.,
Practical and Analytical Chemists,
Lowell, Mass.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

NEW EDITION.

WEBSTER'S UNABRIDGED DICTIONARY NEW EDITION WITH SUPPLEMENT

Published by G. & C. MERRIAM, Springfield, Mass.

LATEST--LARGEST--BEST.

Contains over 118,000 Words,
1928 Pages, 3000 Engravings,
4600 NEW WORDS and Meanings,
Biographical Dictionary
of over 9700 Names.

From The Canada Educational Monthly, *Toronto.*—And just here comes in the contrast of the position of the Englishman with that of his kinsman on this side of the Atlantic. He has no "Webster;" no book of an all-satisfying requirement, no one reference work in which he will find all that he may be in quest of, no single quarry that will yield him every ore his demands require the inspection of—such as he may find in the mammoth "Unabridged Webster." Having regard to its issues, its thoroughness, its compactness, and its price, it is an amazing product of literary skill and mechanical workmanship.

There should not be a school in the Dominion, where access cannot readily and constantly be had to it. No teacher, and we might add, no reader of the language, can afford to be without it, for it is a monumental work, a noble tribute to our grand old mother-tongue.

From London Quarterly Review.—On the whole, as it stands, it is most respectable, and certainly THE BEST PRACTICAL ENGLISH DICTIONARY EXTANT.

"A necessity to every educated man."—*Lord Brougham.*

"Every scholar knows its value."—*W. H. Prescott, the Historian.*

"The book has become indispensable to every student of the English language."—*Morrison R. Waite, Chief Justice U. S.*

Subscribe for

The Monitor

KEEP YOUR MONEY AT HOME, BY PATRONIZING A LOCAL INDUSTRY, AND STOP TAKING DOLLAR WEEKLIES THAT CONTAIN ONLY GENERAL MATTER, WHILE THE MONITOR LABORS FOR YOUR BENEFIT IN EVERY WAY.

ONLY $1.50 PER YEAR.

FOR SALE.

Iron and Steel, asstd. Sizes,
Hoop Iron and Rivets;
Horse Shoe Nails;
Nails and Spikes—Asstd. Sizes,
Sleigh Shoe Bolts, &c.;
Slate Roofing Paint, Various Colors, Ready Mixed;
Planed Clapboards, and Sawn Shingles;
A number of Abrams & Kerr's Patent Root Pulpers, in hand for Sal

AGENT FOR

New England Boston Paint Co.'s Paints;
Walter Wilson, Saw Manufacturer, St. John, N. B.
Honey's Patent Fanning Mill,

M. FRASER.

Encyclopedia Britannica.

Subscriptions will be taken at this office. Payments are made very easy and extend over a period of five or six years, enabling a person of very moderate means to secure this invaluable work.

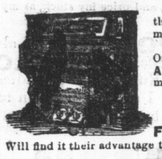
THE ANNAPOLIS ORGAN COMPANY,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Parlor and Church Organs.

—(0:0)—

For Power and Quality of Tone, Rapidity of Action, and Promptness to Response, they are Unsurpassed.



A careful examination of the insuruments will convince the public that both interior and exterior are honestly made.

In beauty and elegance of case they far exceed any Organ manufactured in the Maritime Provinces. They are AS LOW IN PRICE as is consistent with first-class workmanship, and are

FULLY WARRANTED.

Parties Desiring a

FIRST-CLASS INSTRUMENT.

Will find it their advantage to Correspond with

THE ANNAPOLIS ORGAN COMPANY,

Or visit their Warerooms, George St., Annapolis.

A Great Cause of Human Misery

Is the Loss of

MANHOOD

We have recently published a new edition of **Dr. Culverwell's Celebrated Essay** on the radical and permanent cure (without medicine) of Nervous Debility, Mental and Physical Incapacity, Impediments to Marriage, etc., resulting from excesses.

☞ Price, in a sealed envelope, only 6 cents, or two postage stamps.

The celebrated author, in this admirable Essay, clearly demonstrates, from thirty years' successful practise, that alarming consequences may be radically cured without the dangerous use of internal medicines or the use of the knife; pointing out a mode of cure at once simple, certain and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and radically.

☞ This lecture should be in the hands every youth and every man in the land.

Address,

The Culverwell Medical Co.,
41 Ann St., New York.
Post Office Box 4586.

DENTAL NOTICE

Dr. S. F. Whitman, Dentist,

WOULD respectfully informs his friends in Annapolis County, that he has just returned from Kings County, and will be at his office in

BRIDGETOWN

for a few weeks. FRIENDS, PLEASE NOT DELAY.

Nov. 19th, 1879. a31tf

MONCTON

Refined Sugar.

The First in this Market.

10 lbs. for $1!

TRY IT.

For sale by

B. STARRATT.

Paradise, Jan. 31st, 1881.

Books, - - Stationery.

Buckley & Allen,

OFFER during the Autumn Season, at low prises a large stock of STAPLE STATIONERY, and School supplies. Fancy Stationery, and Stationers' Sundries. Novelties in Ink Stands and Paper Knives. Special inducements to purchasers of Photograph, Autograph and Scrap Albums. An immense variety of Bibles, Church Services and Prayer Books. All the Seaside, Franklin Square and Standard Libraries. Complete supply of the cheap, large assortment of Miscellaneous and Standard Books. Call and inspect for yourselves. Don't forget the address

BUCKLEY & ALLEN.
124 Granville St., Halifax.

GREAT BARGAIN!

THE Subscriber offers for SALE or RENT or private Contract,

His Beautiful Residence
at
FLOWER MIDDLETON.

The House contains 11 rooms all in thorough repair, Good Stabling for 3 or 4 Horses, Carriage House and Wood House. The grounds consists of 2 acres in a high state of cultivation with a very fine orchard of 160 or more superior trees, (choice varieties of fruit) nearly all which are in bearing, some trees producing yearly 3 Barrels or more. The Guarden is also well stocked with a good variety of Fruit trees. The situation is convenient to Railway Station, Post Office, and within 5 minutes walk of three places of worship. Location desirable, and very healthy.

ALSO, Small Farm, situate in NORTH WILLIAMSTON, about two miles from Lawrencetown Railway Station. The House contains 6 Rooms, the ground flat only being finished. Good Barn, and a number of useful and necessary outbuildings. The Farm consists of about 70 acres, 30 of which are in hay and under cultivation. A good Orchard, in bearing, producing yearly 25 to 30 barrels, and with care will soon increase to 100 or more barrals. Cuts about 14 tons Hay yearly, with a superior chance to increase largely at a very small outlay. Location public, healthy, convenient and desirable particularly to a person with moderate means. Possession at once if desired.

Terms for both places easy.

EDWARD H. PHINNEY.

Middleton, Annapolis County, May 1st, 1880.

Ready - Made CLOTHING!

BUFFALO ROBES, &c.

JUST RECEIVED from Montreal, a large and well assorted stock of

Ready Made Clothing & Buffalo Robes.

consisting of

Men's Ulsters, Youths' Ulsters, Men's Over Coats, Reefers.

All a

Splendid Assortment
of
FALL SUITS

Pants and Vests. Also,

1 Doz. Very Fine Buffalo Robes, Horse Blankets.

All the above will be sold very LOW FOR CASH,

BEALES & DODGE.

Middleton, Nov., '78

THREE TRIPS A WEEK.

Saint John to Halifax and Yarmouth, via Steamer and Rail

Steamer "EMPRESS."

For Digby and Annapolis.

Connecting at Digby with the Western Counties Railway for and from YARMOUTH, &c., and at Annapolis with the Windsor and Annapolis Railway, for and from

KENTVILLE, WINDSOR, HALIFAX, and intermediate stations; also, with the Stage for Liverpool.

SPRING ARRANGEMENT.

COMMENCING SATURDAY, April 2nd, and until further notice, the splendid, fast, and staunch sea-going Steamer EMPRESS, will leave her wharf, Reed's Point, on MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY mornings, at EIGHT O'CLOCK, and return same days.

This popular Steamer has been put in thorough good order for the ensuing season's service, having had extensive repairs effected to her hull and machinery, and having had her Saloons altered and refurnished in a very comfortable and elegant manner.

Fare—St. John to Digby	$1.50
" " Annapolis	2.00
Fare St. John to Halifax	5.00
" " and return	7.50
Fare—St. John to Yarmouth	$3.50
" " and return	6.50
Round Trip Tickets to Halifax via this route good to return by Intercolonial Railway,	9.00

Tickets may be obtained on board Steamer, and at H. CHUBB & Co.'s Ticket Agency, Prince Wm. street, and of

R. B. HUMPHREY, AGENT
Union Line Office,
45 Dock St.

F. PHEASANT
Freight agent,
Empress Warehouse,
Reed's Point. Dec17

O. R. O.

COLLAR!

Best Now in Use, Largest Stock in Town, All Sizes.

New Jewellery—Rings, Brooches, Ladies Sets, Cuff Buttons and Shirt Studs, Fancy Goods, &c.

I will from this date to Sep. 30th sell for CASH at SMALL ADVANCES ON COST balance of Summer and Spring Goods.

EXPECT BARGAINS—As a special inducement I offer ten per cent. discount on all bill paid in full with CASH before 30th inst.

J. W. TOMLINSON

Lawrencetown, July 15th, 1880.

Poetry.

The Little Woman.

Don't talk to me of Olympus' maids,
Divinely tall and fair—
Of Cleopatra's imperial form,
Of Juno's stately air.
Those mighty dames with redoubted names,
May erst have held their sway;
'Tis the little woman—bless her heart!
Who rules the world to-day.

With her wilful, winsome ways,
Her artful, artless smiles—
Her airy grace, her fairy face—
Her wisdom, wit and wiles,
She mocks the pride and she sways the strength,
She bends the will of man,
As only such a despotic elf—
A little woman—can.

Though her pathway may lead through the darkest ways,
She always finds a light;
Though her eyes be dazzled by fortune's rays,
She's sure to see aright;
Though her wisdom be of no special school,
Her logic 'just because'—
The first has settled a kingdom's fate,
The last has made its laws.

'Tis the little woman that goes ahead
When the man would lag behind,
The little woman who sees her chance,
And always knows her mind—
Who can slyly smile as she takes the oath
To honor, love, obey,
And mentally add the saving clause
'In a little woman's way!'

Would the diamond seem such a perfect gem
If it measured one foot around?
Would the rose-leaf yield such a sweet perfume
If it covered yards of ground?
Would the dew-drops seem so clear and pure
If dew like rain should fall?
Or the little woman be half so great
If she were six feet tall?

'Tis the hand as soft, as the nestling bird
That grips the grip of steel;
'Tis the voice as low as the summer wind
That rules with out appeal;
And the warrior, scholar, the saint and sage,
May fight and plan and pray,
The world will wag till the end of time
In the little woman's way.

Select Literature.

Apparent Death.

A Wonderful Feat Performed by Fakirs in Persia and Hindustan.

SIR CLAUDE M. WADE'S NARRATIVE OF A CASE WITNESSED BY HIM—A MAN BURIED ALIVE FOR FORTY DAYS RESUSCITATED IN HALF AN HOUR—THE SYSTEM OF DISCIPLINE ESSENTIAL TO PROFICIENCY IN THE ART OF DEATH-SIMULATION.

Scribner for December.]

To persons unaquainted with the wonderful feats of imitation-death practised by the fakirs of Persia and Hindustan, and by Oriental mystics in general, many of the stories related by English officers resident in India will appear incredible. There is no reason, however, to doubt the authenticity of the observations published within the last half century, whatever, may be the fate of the hypothesis that traces many of the mysteries of transmigration and metamorphosis, prevalent among the ancient races of Europe, to the antiquity of this practice. In addition to the testimony of the Acting Secretary of the British Government of the Dunjab, Mr Lepel H. Griffin, who has given considerable attention to the subject, numerous high officials, beside officers and physicians, with eyes trained to the careful observation have witnessed the phenomena under test conditions, and any person willing to pay the sum demanded may witness them.

Several sects in Persia and Hindustan regard

THE ART OF APPARENT DEATH

as a part of their religion ritual, and practice it with the assiduity of devotees. In the ancient books of the Hindus, particularly in the 'Shastras' and the 'Sikh Growth,' it is mentioned and described as 'puranayam,' or 'stopping the breath.' The Persian designation is 'habs-i-dom,' which frequently occures in the 'Dabistan' (manual of manners), and, literally translated, means 'hold the breath.' This volume is numbered among the translations executed under auspices of the Royal Asiatic Translation Fund, and includes many curious notes as to the physiological regimen necessary to perfection in so strange an art; and from legends handed down in classic lore, such is the story of Epimenides, who lay long in mystic trance, it is evident that the Greeks carried the art with them, as an element of the mysteries when they occupied the Hellenic peninsula, and that it fell into desuetude with the decay of religious ritual that had made considerable progress when Pindar lived, and was the lion of the festivals in the fifth century B C.

Again, this art crops out in many an ancient Gothic and Celtic legend, and in many a German tale of transformation, as a kind of border land between sleep and death, peopled with visions and trances. How important the investigation of its facts and their literature as now existing in India, the parent-land of the European races, is to the study of mythology from the critical point of view, may be described without explanation. This, however, is not the only aspect from which the subject is important. On the contrary, in its physiological relations it bears upon the phenomena associated with modern mesmerism. Finally, as a species of morbid sleep, the investigation of the facts may possibly conduce to a better understanding of the nature of sleep as a normal function and a perpetual habit of the nervous system.

ONE OF THE MOST WONDERFUL CASES

of imitation death on record occurred at Lahore, in 1837, while Sir Claude M Wade, who tells the story, was Political Resident at Ludianah and agent of the British Government at the Court of Runjit Singh. The fakir was buried alive for forty days, then disentombed and resuscitated.

'I was present,' commences Sir Claude 'at the Court of Runjit Singh, at Lahore, in 1873, when the fakir mentioned by the Hon. Capt. Osborne was buried alive for six weeks; and, though I arrived a few hours after he was interred, I had the testimony of Runjit Singh himself, and others, the most credible witnesses at his Court, to the truth of the fakir having been so buried before them; and, from having been present myself when he was disinterred and restored to a state of perfect vitality, in a position so close to him as to render deception impossible, it is my firm belief that there was no collusion in producing the extraordinary fact that I have related.'

When the forty days was ended, by invitation of Runjit Singh, Sir Claude accompanied the Rajah and his suite to the spot where the fakir was buried. It was a square building, styled a 'bara durri,' in the midst of one of the gardens adjoining the palace at Lahore. An open veranda encircled the structure, of which an enclosed room occupied the centre. On arriving at the 'barra durri,' Runjit Singh, who was attended by a retinue of Court officials, dismounted from his elephant, and requested Sir Claude to join him in the examination of the building, to satisfy himself that it was

EXACTLY AS HE HAD LEFT IT FORTY DAYS BEFORE.

Sir Claude acceded. Of the four doors looking to the four points of the compass three had been hermetically sealed with brick and mortar, while the fourth was furnished with a strong door, plastered with mud up to the padlock, which was sealed with the Rajah's private seal, in his own presence, at the date when fakir was entombed. Thus the exterior of the building presented no aperature whatever by which one could possibly be admitted, any communication held, or any food conveyed to the torpid experimentalist. The walls and doorways bore no marks of having been disturbed.

Runjit Sing identified the impression of his stal as the one he had affixed; and, as he was personally somewhat skeptical as to the result of the fakir's experiment, he had during the forty days kept two companies of his personal escort stationed near the building, from which 4 sentinels were furnished and relieved every two hours, night and day, to protect the fakir from intrusion. One of his principal officers was also detailed to visit the spot regularly, and report the result of his inspection. While he himself kept the seal that closed the hole of the padlock, the Minister of State received the reports of his officers of the guard morning and evening, and duly communicated them to his master.

On the door being thrown open, nothing was visible except a dark room. Runjit Sing and Sir Claude entered, the servant of the buried fakir accompanying them. A light was brought and they descended into a cellar about three feet below the floor of the square apartment. In this cell was a wooden box, four feet in length by three in width, with a square, sloping roof. It stood upright; its door was locked and sealed in the same manner as the door of the 'barra durri.' This box was

THE COFFIN OF THE FAKIR.

Upon opening the box, the body was exhibited, enclosed in a white linen bag, drawn together at the top, and securely fastened with a string. The grand salute now shook the garden-air, and the hovering multitude came crowding to the door to witness the spectacle. The servant first removed the body of his master from the box, and placed it against the closed door of the receptacle, in a squatting posture. Runjit Singh and Sir Claude then descended into the cell, which was so small that, that when they tried to sit down on the ground in front of the box, their hands and knees came in contact with the person of the seeming corpse.

The servant now commenced to pour warm water over the body of his master; but as it was the purpose of Sir Claude to detect any fraudulent practice, he objected to this, and proposed to Runjit Singh to have the bag torn open, so as to inspect the person of the fakir before the process of resuscitation was initiated. This was accordingly done,—the bag being so considerably mildewed as to render it but the work of a moment.

The legs and arms of the fakir were shrivelled and stiff; but the face was full as in life, the head reclining on the shoulder, like that of a corpse. Sir Claude called to the medical gentleman who was in attendance to descend into the cellar and inspect the body, which he did, but could discover no pulsation in the heart, temples or wrist. There was however,

A HEAT ABOUT THE CORONAL REGION OF THE BRAIN,

which no other part of the person exhibited. This is one of the facts which establish a resemblance between the imitation death of the Hindu fakirs and catalepsy. In this disease flushing at the face has often been noticed, while the trunk and extremities remained cold. In perhaps the majority of cases, however, the face is pale, and at least as cool as the rest of the body.

The servant now commenced bathing his master in hot water,—the arms and legs gradually relaxing from the rigid state in which they were contracted. Runjit Singh assisted the servant by rubbing the legs and arms of the dead man, while the latter put a hot wheaten cake on the top of the fakir's head,—a process which was twice or thrice repeated before any result was apparent

He next removed from the nostrils and ears of his master the wax and cotton plugs with which they had been sealed, then opened the rigid jaws by inserting the point of his knife between the teeth and prying them apart. Then holding the jaws open with his left hand, he drew the tongue forward with the forefinger of his right,—that usual flexible member flying back to its curved position, so that its tip closed the gullet repeatedly during the process. He now rubbed the fakir's eyelids with clarified butter (ghi) for some seconds, until he succeeded in opening one of them. The eyeball was still glazed and motionless.

The next process was to renew the hot wheaten cake on the top of the head At this instance the body heaved convulsively, the nostrils became violently inflated,

RESPIRATION WAS RESUMED,

and the limbs began to assume their natural fullness. The servant, at this stage, placed some clarified butter on the tongue of the fakir, and made him swallow it. A few minutes afterward the eyeballs began to dilate slowly, recovered their natural color by insensible gradations, and gleamed with intelligence; and, recognizing Runjit Singh, who sat facing him, the fakir commenced to articulate in scarcely audible tones, inquiring whether he was now convinced.

Runjit Sigh answered in the affirmative, and then began the ceremony of investing the daring experimentalist with a pearl necklace, a pair of superb gold bracelets, shawls, and pieces of silk and muslin, forming a full "kuilet," or regalia.

The period that elapses between the opening of the box and the recovery of the voice was about half an hour; and in half an hour more the fakir was able to talk freely, though feebly, with those about him,

Sir Claude remarks in concluding his narrative, that he now took some pains to investigate the manner in which the result was effected, and was informed that the rationale of the process rested on the view of the Hindu physiologists, that the heat constitutes the self existent principle of life, and that, if the functions even be so far interrupted as to leave this one in perfect purity, life can be continued for long periods without air, food, or other means of sustenance.

The tale of Phul, who was Rajah of Puttiali in Punjab, terminates more tragically, and might be wrought into

A HINDU SOCIETY DRAMA.

Previous to his succession to the Rajahship, he had been the pupil of one Samerpuri, a celebrated takir, who taught him the art of imitating death. Phul lived for some years the life of an exemplary vassal of the British authorities, taking care to be on good terms with all Rajahs mightier than he, and with those whose possessions were not worth fighting for; but, in other respects, like an excellent business man, losing no opportunity to improve his financial condition. At last he came to the conclusion that he would not pay tribute, and as the Government of Punjab was a little punctilious on that point, Phul was arrested and incarcerated. Having no confidence in the justice of his cause, he died very suddenly; and his people in grand procession came clamoring for his body, that they might burn it according to the ritual of their religion. As it was impracticable to sell the body, and not worth the trouble to keep it, the remains of the defunct Rajah was delivered to Rajji Bali, his wife, who carried it back to Ruttiali.

Now, Rajji Bali was a woman of penetration, and knew that Phuli had once been a pupil of Samerpuri, the most famous fakir in Punjab. Knowing also that her husband was by no means lacking finesse, and must have learned that art of feigning death from its celebrated master, she suspected a trick on the authorities in this sudden demise of a Rajah afflicted with no hereditary predisposition. Besides, Bali was mistress of the art of restoration.

The consequences was, that, within an hour after his arrival at Puttiali,

PHUL WAS A LIVING MAN AGAIN;

and, having no mind for further intractability, like a good business man he made good the irregularities in his account, and the proceedings against him were amicably discontinued.

But by-and-by arose another Governor of Punjab, whom Phul knew not, and he deemed it advisable to forget the stated remittance of tribute money, which, since his former arrest, he had religiously regarded as necessary to his happiness; and no man can make a virtue of necessity more cleverly than a Hindu, whose necessities are in the main responsible for his virtues. So, having paid tribute without intermission for ten years, it occurred to the business-like Rajah of Puttiali that it would be very comfortable to omit the stipend for one year and try the metal of the new Governor. Besides, Phul was of haughty spirit,—that quality running in the family with hereditary Hindu Princes, and, as on this occasion it was an excellent business venture to demonstrate his royalty of race, and might save money, he concluded to venture the experiment.

But, alas, the vanity of princeliness of spirit when not supported by the necessary regiments! The new Governor was obdurate, and the adventurous Rajah was again arrested and imprisoned.

Again he died suddenly, confident that, under the circumstances, it was the very best way of securing his liberation. But the new Governor, who had heard of his former trick, to make sure of his demise kept his body for ten days under guard before delivering it to his anxious people.

Even then he might have escaped, but for a trifling domestic error he had committed ad interim—that of marrying a second wife, who made the place of Puttiali so uncomfortable for the ancient Bali that the latter returned to the huts of her fathers in Dilanisi, a town in the distant Province of Nabha. His body was according delivered into the hands of the disconsolate second wife, who knowing nothing of his former adventures in the way of dying and coming to life again under the proper manipulation, hastened, like a pious widow, to initiate the proper ceremonies and to

REDUCE HIS PERSON TO ASHES.

News travels slowly in Hindustan. But at length the loving Bali was advised of the tragic end of the husband of her youth, and hastened to Puttiali, accompanied by a retinue of the disciples of the great Samerpuri. She was too late, however, except to inform the weeping Rajji, with all a woman's bitterness no doubt, that she had burned their common husband alive. Horrified at the terrible error she had committed, the latter sought consolation in flight, and went to live with her brother-in-law, leaving Bali in possession of the beloved ashes. Thus ends the tragic tale of Phul the Rajah.

The discipline essential to the practices of the fakir, and especially to proficiency in the art of imitating death, is not of a type that would be likely to fascinate an epicure. The very first condition of success is to learn to live without eating. The incipient fakir commences by abstaining from food during the day, and taking a very light meal at night. Salt must be excluded from the diet. Meat and fish, wine and oil, mustard and onions, garlic and turnips, and all acid and pungent articles, ginger excepted, are rigorously forbidden. The permitted staples are rice, wheat, milk and sugar, honey and 'ghrta' (melted butter), and a few other dishes known to Europeans only by their Bengal names. The disciples must also abstain from drinking water, though some sects permit alcoholic beverages. The next condition of proficiency is to live underground, and in perfectly even temperature, preference being given to a subterranean cell (known as a 'gullha') with a small hole for an entrance, which is closed by an attendant as soon as the necessary standard of perfection has been attained The essentials are absolute exclusion of fresh air and light, and perfect silence. The bed must be a warm one, and is generally manufactured of cotton, wool, furs, or 'kuca.' Squatted on this cell, the Hindu mystic

REPEATS THE MYSTERIOUS 'OM,'

and waits for the final 'nirvana,' or absorption into the universe.

(*Concluded on third page*)

Original Sketches.

Bert Kendal.

No. 5.

Bert once traded horses with an old minister down in Maine. What denomination of Christians the said parson belonged to is none of anybody's business—suffice it that he was a preacher on Sundays, and anything else that he could make money out of during the week. Bert had a large bay mare,—a very good animal, but rather a slow traveller; and he made up his mind to sell or swap on the first good opportunity.

One fine morning he left the pretty little town of ——, on the Penobscot, and had not driven far before he met the parson. The latter reined up, and after talking on the state of the weather, the roads &c., said:

'That's a good stout beast you have.'

'Yes,' said Bert, 'she is a good mare.'

'Better for the plow than the buggy I should say.'

'Oh well, she is good in any kind of harness.'

'Too stout for a fast traveller.'

'She is not very fast, but she is tough.'

'Why don't you get a smarter one? I should think a lighter, faster animal would suit you better.'

'Well, perhaps it would, but I have not seen one to suit me yet,' said Bert.

'My son has one that would suit you to a hair, and I think you might make a trade with him,' said Parson R. 'He lives only a stone's throw from here, I'll turn about and go along with you, and you can look at him.'

'Thanks,' said Bert; 'it will be no harm to look at the horse, although, perhaps, we can't trade.'

So the Parson led the way, and in a few minutes stopped at a small cottage with a large barn behind it. An old lady came to the door and the Parson asked 'where's Sammy?'

'Gone over the river.'

'Well, I'm goin' to show this gentleman the roan colt; Sam told me if I could get a chance to trade him for a stouter beast he would like me to do it.'

The Parson took Bert over to the barn and brought out a handsome roan horse, weighing about nine hundred, which he said could trot inside of three minutes easily, and he thought 'with proper training cou'd be made to do it in two-forty by the time he is six year old.'

'What is his age now?' asked Bert.

'Four last April,' replied the Parson.

Bert was no judge of the age of a horse, and he had to take the minister's word for it.

'Is he sound and kind?'

'Kind as a dog. Pretty ambitious at times, *but will sometimes stand so quiet that a child might swing round his legs and he would never lift a foot.*'

I rather like his look,' said Bert. 'How much boot will you give me?'

'Boot? How much boot will *I* give? Well I'm glad Sammy ain't home, for if he heard you ask for boot you'd hear some profanity, I can tell you. Why, do you know he don't respect even me, his father, nor my cloth either, when he gets riled, but will swear like a trooper.'

'Well, what does he value the horse at?'

'Two hundred and fifty dollars, and I think him cheap at that. If Sammy were to take him to Boston he would get four hundred easily for him. He's a handsome colt, but, see here,' said the Parson, 'give me fifty dollars and your mare, and I'll trade, and take the resk.'

'No, *Sir*,' said Bert, 'not if I know it.'

'How much will you give, then?'

'Nothing.'

'Then you don't want to trade?'

'I'm not very anxious, although I must confess I like the horse.'

'He'd suit you, and I know Sam wants a heavy horse like yours. Give me thirty and its a bargain.'

'No. I would not mind giving a ten dollar bill, but that is all.'

'Say twenty.'

'No'

'Fifteen?'

'No, no more than ten.'

'Well then we can't trade. I wouldn't hev offered the horse so low, only I haven't seen a beast that could do Sam's work so well as I think your mare could do it.'

'All right then, I must jog along,' and Bert started off. He had not got ten rods away when the Parson called him back.

'Hand out your ten dollars, Mister, its a sacrifice, but Sammy must hev something strong enough to do his work. You can make a hundred dollars on this trade sure.'

The bargain was struck, Bert's horse was unharnessed and by shortening the straps the roan was hitched to the buggy and Bert drove off. After driving about fifteen miles he put up at a hotel The ostler came out to take the horse, looked at him a minute, grinned but said nothing.

'Do you know that horse,' asked Bert.

'You bet, Parson R's old roan.'

'*Old* roan, how old is he?'

'Seventeen.'

'Seventeen! you're joking.'

'Not much I ain't, ask anyone round here, everybody knows him.'

'He's a fast traveller anyhow.'

'When he is in the humor he is, but wait until you came to the first bridge, you'll see how *fast* he is.'

After dinner Bert started again, and in a half an hour came to a bridge. When he got to the middle of it the roan stopped short, and neither coaxing nor whipping would make him stir an inch. Bert tried moral suasion, and the violation of 'Cruelty to Animals Act' for half an hour when he remembered the parson's words, '*sometimes he will stand so quiet a child might swing round his legs and he would never lift a foot.*'

Bert thought a hundred thousand rattlesnakes might 'swing round his legs' with impunity, so Bert gave it up, lit a cigar, put his feet up on the dashboard, and sat for another half hour, sadly reflecting on the rascality that is sometimes concealed even under a black coat and a white choker. At last a man came along on horseback, stopped, then laughed heartily.

'How long have you been here?' he asked.

'Just one hour,' replied Bert.

'There are only two ways of getting that horse across the bridge.'

'What are they?'

'The first is, to carry him over.'

'And what is the second way?'

'If you'll stand treat I'll tell you.'

'Agreed,' said Bert.

'Well then get out, take him by the bridle, back him off the bridge, turn him round and back him over, you can't get him to the other side any other way.'

'Will he back across it?'

'Yes.'

Bert followed the advice and succeeded, but he had to repeat the operation at every bridge he came to. When he arrived at Portland he sold the whole turnout and took the first train for Boston. He never traded horses again.

SORROW AS A GUEST.—'Sorrow,' says the Christian Union, 'comes into our lives like a visitor into our dwellings. How shall we treat the visitor? Shall we pay her every attention or no attention? Shall the machinery of life be stopped altogether, and the operators stand still, making of her presence an interruption and an inquiry? Or, shall she be treated as if she were not—no room for her, no heed paid to her, no lesson learned from her? We treat no proper guest in either of these ways. We receive her and honor her, and minister to her, but home remains home, and life goes on, and we try to get good out of our friend's coming and staying. So Sorrow comes at the Heavenly Father's bidding, not to be ignored on the one hand, not to be supreme on the other, but to take up a disciplining and sanctifying abode with us. She comes not as an intruder to be driven out; not a sovereign to take possession; but as a companion whose daily intercourse is to purify and soften everything it touches.'

—A Diamond which has arrived in London from the Cape of Good Hope is attracting much attention. It weighs an ounce and is superior in water to the Koohinoor. $750,000 has been offered for a half share in it, uncut as it is, and has been refused by the lucky owner.