

THE TEA INDUSTRY IN CEYLON.

Our illustrations, which were published first in the *Graphic*, are from sketches taken by Mr. John L. K. Van Dord, at the Blackstone Estate, Ambegamowa District, and represent some of the chief processes of preparing the tea for the market. When the plants arrive at maturity they are pruned and almost denuded of leaves. From the shoots which follow only the tender leaves are plucked—the bud with the half-developed leaf, and the one next it. These are called “flush” and after manufacture are known as Orange Pekoe, Broken Pekoe, Pekoe, Pekoe Souchong, and Souchong, according to the quality of the leaf. Women and children pick the leaves, which are withered in lofts, and then rolled by machinery—the rolling breaking the shells and twisting the leaves. They are now left to ferment in trays and then fired and dried in a “sirocco” or dryer. This is the last process, the tea being finally packed, and despatched to the railway station in bullock carts. The laborers on tea estates, with the exception of a few Sinhalese carpenters are Tamils from Southern India. In the sketch of the roll-call the managers’ dwelling-house and the factory are shown, with Adam’s Peak in the distance. The monkish looking figures in cowls are laborers, with their blankets folded over their heads as a protection against the cold of the morning. The itinerant tea vendor is a Tamil, and his customers Sinhalese.

THE LIFE OF A SAVAGE.

It is often said, “Why not leave the savages alone in their primitive state? They only are truly happy.” How little do those who thus speak know what that life really is. A savage seldom sleeps well at night. He is in constant fear of attacks from neighboring tribes, as well as the more insidious foes created by his superstitious mind. Ghosts and hobgoblins, those midnight wanderers, cause him much alarm, as their movements are heard in the sighing of the wind, in falling leaves, lizards chirping, or disturbed birds singing. If midnight is the favorite time for spirit movements, there is another hour when he has good cause to fear the first-mentioned enemies. It is the uncanny hour between the morning star and the glimmering light of approaching day—the hour of yawning and armstretching, when the awakening pipe is sighted, and the first smoke of the day enjoyed. The following will show what I mean:

Some six years ago, the people of the large district of Saroa came in strong battle array, and in the early morning ascended the Manukolo hills, surrounded the villages, and surprised and killed men, women, and children, from the poor grey-

headed sire to the infant in arms. About forty escaped to Kalo, but were soon compelled to leave, as Saroa threatened to burn Kalo if it harbored the fugitives. They pleaded for peace, but without avail. Saroa said, “Every soul must die.” The quarrel began about a pig.

Ah! savage life is not the joyous hilarity some writers depict. It is not always the happy laugh, the feast, and the dance. Like life in civilized communities, it is varied and many-sided. There are often

of God’s Word, they mean to keep to it. This is significant, coming from those who not long since were the most noted pirates, robbers, and murderers, along the whole coast of the peninsula.—*Rev. James Chalmers, of New Guinea.*

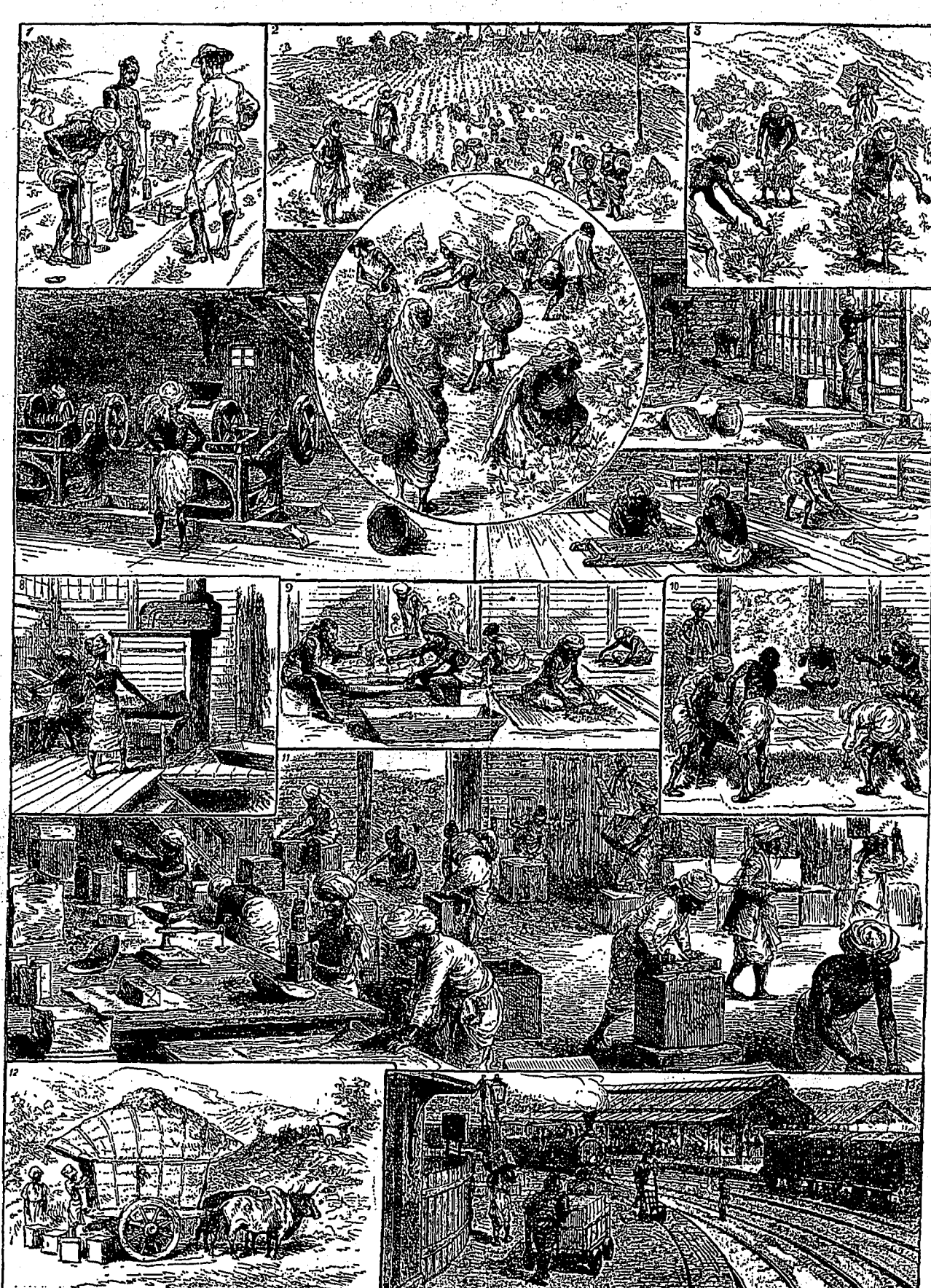
A WORD TO THE BOYS.

I have made up my mind to speak to you about a little matter, for I believe you want to do what is fair. Now, when the

get in the great, splendid outdoors, just as much? Are you not physically stronger, and better able to bear the heat of the kitchen, and the breathed-over-and-over air of in-the-house, than they? Ought you not, then, in your big, hearty, good-natured fashion, to “give them a lift,” every time, when the work presses on them, and to take care of your own room, if they do of theirs? It seems to me that is just a “fair divide.” Let me tell you about three splendid boys I knew once on a time. Their father died and their dear mother was left to bring them up and to earn the money with which to do it. So these young fellows set in to help her. By taking a few boarders, doing the work herself and practising economy, this blessed woman kept out of debt, and gave each of her sons a thorough college education. But if they hadn’t worked like beavers to help her she never could have done it. Her eldest boy—only fourteen—treated his mother as if she were the girl he loved best. He took the heavy jobs of housework off her hands, put on his big apron and went to work with a will; washed the potatoes, pounded the clothes, ground the coffee, waited on table—did anything and everything that he could coax her to let him do, and the two younger ones followed his example right along. Those boys never wasted their mother’s money on tobacco, beer or cards. They kept at work, and found any amount of pleasure in it. They were happy, jolly boys, too, full of fun, and everybody not only liked, but respected and admired them. All the girls in town praised them, and I don’t know any better fortune for a boy than to be praised by good girls, nor anything boys like better. They all married noble and true women, and today one of those boys is president of a college, goes to Europe every year almost, and is in demand for every good word and work; another lives in one of the most elegant houses in Evanston, and is my “beloved physician,” while the third is a well-to-do wholesale grocer in Pueblo, Colorado, and a member of the city council. I tell you, boys who are good to their mothers and to their sisters in the house always grow up to be nice men. Now

I’m not blaming you boys, nor anybody else. I know that any number of you are good and generous as you can be, and I know, too, that you haven’t been taught to think about these things.—*Miss Willard, in Union Signal.*

AS WELL MIGHT we expect vegetation to spring from the earth without the sunshine or the dew, as the Christian to unfold his graces and advance in his course without patient, persevering, ardent prayer.—*Abbott.*



1. Planter and Transplanter. 2. Roll Call at Blackstone Estate, Ambegamowa District. 3. Pruning. 4. Picking Flush. 5. Rolling. 6. Withering. 7. Fermenting. 8. Drying. 9. Sifting and Sorting. 10. Bulking. 11. Packing. 12. Despatching by Cart. 13. At the Railway Station.

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seasons when tribes are scattered, hiding in large trees, in caves, and in other villages far away from their homes. Not long ago, inland from Port Moresby, a large hunting party, camping in a cave, were smoked out by their enemies and all killed but one. Once, when travelling inland, I found the Makabili tribe in terrible weather living in the bush, under shelving rocks, among the long grass, and in hollow trees. The people at Port Moresby say that now for the first time they all sleep in peace, and that as they can trust the peace

girls study just the same books you do, and often go far ahead of you at school; when so many of them study stenography, telegraphing, and other kinds of business, become teachers, doctors, missionaries, etc., as they are doing more and more each year, what right have you to sit about, as lazy as a cat, and let these girls work and tug till they are tired out, for your comfort, and to do things which you should attend to yourselves? Don't they like to run and play as well as you do? Don't they need the exercise and fun that you