

DELHI.

Another of India's Great Cities Visited.

Sights and scenes by the Way—A Hobby Turnout—Commerce and Trade—Worship in the Mosque—A Sharp Deal in Kalvas.

Have we reached it at last? Yes! This is "Delhi the Beautiful!"

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soon become accustomed to it, and a day would pass by very monotonously indeed if you did not kneel down half a dozen times and kiss as many more, until the crystal of their watch was in danger. In the evening we drove out to the Shalimar gardens, a place of wonderful beauty. Retaining, we left the carriage and examined the battered wall around the Cashmere gate, a spot where every one visits who goes to Delhi. Here when the 60,000 mutineers had killed all the British inhabitants and had strongly fortified themselves within the Fort, the British, numbering about seven thousand worked night and day for nearly four months to effect a breach. It cost the English over 4,000 men, but Delhi was taken and the traitorous ruler and his two sons were shot. The wall near the gate is a mass of battered stone work testifying to the vigor and duration of the siege. On our way to the hotel we met a marriage procession. The boy is eight years old and his bride five. The marriage has been arranged by the parents, and it is not a necessary matter that the young people should be in love with each other. Such a foolish impractical sentiment is unknown. At six or eight years old the marriage ceremony is performed with great pomp and splendor, the young couple must not have seen each other before; and in many cases do not again until they are 12 or 15 when they are old enough to set up house for themselves. Should the husband unfortunately die, the wife must remain a widow for the remainder of her life. It is estimated that there are over a hundred thousand widows in Bengal Presidency whose husbands died when they were still in their teens, and who by the strange religious laws of the land, have to drag through a weary, lonely existence for the rest of their natural life.

Next morning we pass out through the Lahore gate, and soon are amidst the ruins of the earliest known Delhi, for there have been many Delhis, the modern one being small in extent in comparison with the ancient ones. This one, of which we view some trace of the ruins, existed two thousand years before Christ, and covered an area of thirty square miles, the modern Delhi was begun only 250 years ago, and its present walls are seven miles in circuit. We visit in turn the Emperor Humayun's tomb, the Kumba or 64 pillared hall, the poet Khusroo's tomb, who it is said was the author of the Arabian Nights Entertainment, the tomb of Jehangir, a prince who killed himself about 50 years ago by drinking cherry brandy; and the tomb of the great poet and writer Nizami-Oodien who died 550 years ago, and who it is believed was the originator of the murderous sect the Thugs, who climb the golden stairs by strangling off all the unfortunate they can who do not belong to their sect. While wandering among the strange sights a sight stranger still attracted our attention. A half dozen naked natives had climbed to the top of an old mosque standing beside a deep pond or tank of dirty thick green water. They wanted to jump from the top of the mosque, feet foremost in this case, not for the consideration of a few rupees, but not wishing to be accessory before the fact or aiders or abettors in self destruction even of a "nigger," we declined peremptorily. Nothing daunted at the backsheesh refusal, they ran rapidly down the rounded surface of the dome, and springing far out with their legs wide apart, and then bringing them quickly together again, they shot down into the tank with a dull thud, the green water closing over them one after the other, but they soon emerged and scrambled up surrounding us for backsheesh, which could not be refused. The height from the top of the mosque to the water level had been sixty or seventy feet, for the tank was deep and the water low, but the jump was repeated several times to our astonished eyes. A few miles farther out of the city is the celebrated Kootab-Minar, the highest pillar in the world—no one knows when it was built, why, or by whom. On Friday, the Mahomedan Sanammas, or the day we repaired to the great Jamma Masjid to see the faithful coming to prayers. This beautiful mosque was built 250 years ago, and is as celebrated as the famous mosque of Hassan in Cairo, St. Sophia in Constantinople, or Omar in Jerusalem. Entering at one of the wide gateways opening into the marble paved quadrangle we saw...

the quadrangle were obliged to stop every few yards and put their cotton head cloths or turbans on the hot marble flags to prevent the soles of their feet from burning. Next day we did the orthodox thing for tourists who visit Delhi, we invested in a Cashmere shawl for our better half, who, like her sex in general, has a weakness for fine rainment. A number of murderous sheath knives two feet long, said to have been made in Damascus for one of the late Rajahs, attracted our attention too, and by judicious bargaining we purchased for one fourth the original price asked. The charm, however, has worn off them since we found they were made in Birmingham, and could be purchased there for one fourth what we paid in Delhi.

American artists, in gold, silver, silk and wool are rivaling those of the Old World, none more successfully than the carpet makers. The Glenham Wilton carpets abandon set designs. They are simply beds of flowers in graceful relief on grounds of mellow ivory, cream color or gray, olive or intense blue. Nodding white lilies, golden rod, white alder and leafage of the darkest shaded greens trail over the soft, velvety surface; or there are green branches, like plumes, brown-orange blooms of wallflower, feathered grasses, and a tangled mass of varied fine foliage on a black ground. Large, dull-red Oriental flowers, with red and green foliage, closely cover a mustard-colored ground. There are naturally, to please all tastes, some block-shaped set designs in cashmere colors on dark blue, olive and citron grounds. These Wilton carpets in color and design are equal, if not superior, to the English Axminster.

A celadon blue ground is seen in glimpses between the graceful branches of the Mimosa trees and some blossoms of white, and the pink of apple blossoms; and a delicate mastic ground is a wilderness of the golden pathos of plain flowers exquisitely shaded and colored and "lush and lusty" grasses. Other styles are in light olive, with Indian pink and flowers and huge leaves. A light fawn ground is covered with tropical plants and flowers and trailing branches; and there are glimpses of a bit of helle work.

The body of Brussels carpets are also in brilliant contrasts of ground and design, a blue gu ro ground shows dark golden arabesques in lights and shadows contrasted with others of a lighter tint, mingled with acanthus leafage and pomegranate blossoms. Shaded citron color Mauresque designs on a white ground, in seeded golden dots, look like finest embossed work with blue stitches set in here and there. Japanese designs in quiet colors cover an ecrú ground. Some other elaborate styles closely resemble the intricacies of a camel's hair shawl; the general effect is rich and mellow, having almost the appearance of work by hand. All of these carpets are accompanied by wide and beautiful borders, embodying all the colors and smaller designs with additions of corner scroll work or medallions with realistic flowers of blackberry vines and golden rays radiating from the centre.

The present ingrain carpets offer the strongest possible contrast to those of a few years ago, of hideous colors and styles. These copy the more costly productions of the loom. For instance: A creamy ground seems sown and bunched with feathery ferns and catkins, and a mixed ground of olive and white is covered with red branches of flowers and sprays. There are set designs on other grounds of gold color, dull reds and Oriental red and black shaded arabesques. Pretty chintz patterns show pale rose with gray in quaint little design, and the Mauresque effects are also copied. The ingrain is not by any means to be despised.

The late Dr. Guthrie was very diligent in visiting, and quite equal to any emergency. One day he came to the door of an Irishman who was determined that the doctor should never enter his house. "You cannot come in here," said he, "you're not needed or wanted." "My friend," said the doctor, "I'm only visiting round my parish to become acquainted with my people, and have called on you only as a parishoner." "It don't matter," says Paddy, "you shan't come in here," and with that, lifting the poker, he said, "if you come in here I'll knock you down." Most of men would have retired or tried to reason; but the doctor did neither, but drawing himself up to his full height, and looking the Irishman fair in the face, he said, "Come now, that's too bad; would you strike a man unarmed? Hand me the togs, then we shall be on equal terms." The man looked upon him in great amazement, and said, "Och sure, yer a quare man for a minister, come inside," and feeling rather ashamed of his conduct, he laid down the poker. The doctor entered and talked, as he could so well do, in a way both so entertaining and so instructive as to win the admiration of the man, so that when he rose to go, Paddy shook his hand warmly, and said, "Be shure, sir, don't pass my door without giving me a call."

Wheeling, gasping sufferers from Asthma receive quick and permanent relief by using Southern Asthma Cure. Sold by druggists or by mail on receipt of price.

Poverty and dirt.

"For the past fifteen years," said a mechanic, "I have had a lively 'rattle' with poverty and disease, and during that time I've naturally learned some things that I did not know before, and I have most decidedly changed my opinions on several matters that have come under my observation. One of the things that I've learned is, that if a person is poor, needs aid, assistance or charity, if you please, it is a great deal better for him to be dirty and ragged than it is to keep himself clean, neat and respectable looking."

"One Monday morning on going to my shop I met a man, a stranger, who was in search of some one to do a job of work for him in my line of business as a mechanic. I took the job and did the work. When he was paying me he expressed himself greatly pleased with the way in which the work was done. 'Now,' said he, 'do you know that I am very agreeably disappointed in you? When I met you that Monday morning I was of great mind not to employ you, for I thought that a man that was around Monday morning dressed up as you were could not be worth much.' It was summer time, and I had on a blue flannel suit that cost me \$4. I bought it second hand of a friend that I did not fit. My boots were blacked, and I had on a paper collar that cost a cent—I think all the clothes that I had on did not cost over \$10. So much for being 'dressed up.' But I was neat and clean."

"On another occasion, a mechanic in a similar line of business to mine, which is quite a dirty one, said to me: 'How can you afford to go around dressed up all the time as you do? 'Well, now,' said I, 'how much did you pay for those pants you have on? Eight dollars.' 'Well, mine cost me \$2.' 'Oh, well,' said he, 'you always have a clean collar on, and have your boots blacked.' 'Well,' said I, 'paper collars don't cost but a cent, and a little exertion will keep your boots blacked.' That was just the difference between him and me. His clothes cost him four or five times what mine did, but he looked slouchy and dirty, while I looked neat and clean."

"In talking to a slayer of my acquaintance," my informant went on, "about the time, and how hard it was to make both ends meet, he expressed surprise and said: 'Why, you always look neat and clean and respectable.' That's it exactly. He instinctively associated poverty with squalor and dirt, and couldn't imagine that a person who was poor and in distress could keep himself clean."

"I find that many charities are conducted in a manner calculated to foster just this feeling, and destroy the self-respect and ambition in the recipients of their charity. Some time ago my hearing began to fail, and it became evident that I must have an operation performed on my ears. I was advised to go to the Eye and Ear infirmary, and was told that it would cost me nothing. So one morning I dressed myself in the best I had, washed, shaved, blacked my boots, put on a clean shirt and a new paper collar—fatal mistake! On entering the reception room I found quite a collection of people waiting to be operated on, and although the window was open for ventilation, the air had that close, fetid smell that always comes from a collection of people who are not particular about keeping their clothes and persons as clean as they might."

"After waiting quite a while my turn came, and I was ushered into the operating room. On taking my seat in the revolving chair before the operating doctor, he whirled me round two or three times and then said, 'You have no business here.' 'Why not?' I asked. 'This charitable institution, and you can afford to pay,' said he. I suppose I did not pretty nice, but all I had on, overcoat and all, didn't cost over \$20. Not caring to enlighten him as to the details of the petty economies that a poor man has to practice, I simply asked him what I should do. He said he would give me the card of a doctor that I could go to, who would not charge me much. Consequently I went to him. He charged me \$5. Now that \$5, in the state of my finances at the time, hurt more than it tickled, and I have come to the conclusion that if I have anything more to be done in that line, I shall go in my working clothes, with a dirty shirt unshaved, boots unblackened, and without any collar on. I haven't any doubt that my wants will be promptly attended to without a word."—Boston Transcript.

"More Trouble May be Expected. If you do not heed the warnings of nature and at once pay attention to the maintenance of your health. How often we see a person put off from day to day the purchase of a medicine which if procured at the outset of a disease would have remedied it almost immediately. Now if Johnson's Tonic Liver Pills had been taken when the first uneasiness made its appearance the illness would have been nipped in the bud. Johnson's Tonic Bitters and Liver Pills are decidedly the best medicine on the market for general tonic and invigorating properties. Pills 25c. per bottle. Bitters 50c. and \$1.00 per bottle, sold by Goode the druggist, Albion block, sole agent."

Some persons' conceptions of Christian conduct are as absurd as that of a very peevish old woman who was invited to tea at the home of a family with whom a very worthy and dearly beloved clergyman was staying. He was a man of remarkable purity of character and gentleness of manner, and was universally loved and respected. After tea he excused himself on account of a headache, and went to his own room. "Were you not greatly pleased with him?" asked the lady of the house of this old lady, after the minister had retired. "Oh, party well," was the doubtful reply. "I knew you would be," said the lady, warmly; "he is one of the loveliest Christian characters I ever met." "But he ain't perfect," was the cold reply. "Oh, no, perhaps not; none of us are absolutely perfect, but I really think Mr. B.—comes nearer perfection than any man I ever met in my life." "Well, that may be, yet he has his faults," "He has never revealed them here," said the lady, a little irritated; "and I am sure he would try very hard to overcome them if pointed out." "Well," said the discoverer of faults, "everybody has their own way of thinkin', but when I see a man, as I saw that man to-night, put two heapin' teaspoons of sugar in one cup of tea, why, I've got my own ideas 'bout his Christianity, now that's what I have." "That is not a great fault," said the host. But the old lady shook her cap solemnly.—Arkansas Traveler.

Belights of a Rose Scent Jar. Gather the rose petals in the morning, let them stand in a cool place, tossed up lightly for one hour to dry off, then put them in layers with salt sprinkled over each layer into a large covered dish—a glass berry dish is a convenient receptacle. You can add to this for several mornings till you have enough stock—from one pint to a quart, according to the size of the jar—stir every morning and let the whole stand for ten days. Then transfer it to a glass fruit jar, in the bottom of which you have placed two ounces of allspice, coarsely ground, and as much stick cinnamon, broken coarsely. This may stand now for six weeks, closely covered, when it is ready for the permanent jar, which may be as pretty as your ingenuity can devise or your means purchase. Have ready one ounce each of cloves, allspice, cinnamon and mace, all ground (not fine), one ounce oforris root bruised and shredded, two ounces of lavender flowers and a small quantity of any other sweet scented dried flowers or herbs; mix together and put into the jar in alternate layers with the rose stock; and a few drops of oil of rose geranium or violet, and pour over the whole one-quarter pint of good cologne. This will last for years, though from time to time you may add a little lavender or orange flower water, or any nice perfume, and some seasons a few fresh rose petals. You will derive a satisfaction from the labor only to be estimated by the happy owners of similar jars.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Poultry Notes.

Feed turkeys daily enough to induce them to return home regularly at night. Leg weakness in fowls is the result of rapid growth, and is best met with animal food and tonic. A little mustard or worm should be added to the food every day, and a little tincture of iron dropped in the drinking water. Fowls are easily rid of lice by dusting them with Persian insect powder, or dry air-slaked lime strongly flavored with kerosene oil. But if the house is kept clean, well washed with hot lime wash and the perches thoroughly soaked with kerosene oil, the fowls will then keep themselves free from all kinds of vermin.

An experienced poultry-raiser advises people to reduce the stock of fowls as soon as the year's hatch is well provided for, but hold on to old turkeys and old geese; they get used to the ways of the farm and are worth much more as breeders than young ones. Ducks are also good until three years old. A turkey is in her prime at five, a goose at twenty years of age. Has the farm yielded you any profit within the past year? You know it has at least furnished you a good living—which is more than some other kinds of business have done for their operators—but has it not in that time, despite discouragements of season and circumstances, yielded you a return besides? Can you tell, in fact, whether you have made or lost money in the last twelve months? And if you are in doubt about it, is there any good reason for your uncertainty? Or do you not know positively to know whether you have advanced or retrograded in the matter of business success? If you do not know it not your management open to at least severe criticism? Is there any more tenable ground for your ignorance of what you have done in the year than for a similar ignorance on the part of the merchant or manufacturer respecting the outcome of his business? If you do not know how your work has turned out, and are convinced that you have been losing, you are satisfied that the loss is wholly attributed to dull times and adverse financial conditions? And do you not seek explanations for a failure to gain on the work of the preceding year?

On the Verge of Starvation. "For three months I could not eat a full meal or do a day's work. I bought a bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters, began using it and in three days my appetite returned, in a week I felt like a new man. It was wonderful what that one bottle did for me," writes Arthur Alchin, of Huntsville, Muskoka, who suffered from Dyspepsia. There is just as much difference in feeding for eggs as there is in feeding for lean meat or fat. The farmer's wife complains that her hens don't lay, although she gives them all the corn they will eat. But here is just where the trouble comes in. The egg is composed largely of albumen, and to produce it the hen must have albuminous food. She can't make eggs without albumen any more than the children of Israel could make brick without straw. Feed the hen on fattening food, such as corn, and she lines herself with fat, takes things easy, and lays no eggs.

Major Bartlett, commander of the camp on the Arurimi, received news from Henry M. Stanley, dated July 12. Stanley was then ten days' march in the interior, and still proceeding up the Arurimi, which he found navigable above the rapids. A caravan of 480 men followed the expedition on the left bank of the river and an advance guard of 40 natives of Zanzibar, led by Lieut. Stairs, foraged for supplies. Stanley expected to arrive July 22 at the center of Mabodi District and reach Wadala by the middle of August. The advance has been so peacefully accomplished that Stanley had instructed Bartlett that he would promptly send him orders to follow the expedition by the same route.

There is no remedy known to medical science that can excel Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry as a cure for cholera morbus, diarrhoea, dysentery, or any form of summer complaint afflicting children or adults. The following facts in reference to the working of the Scott Act in Middlesex, furnished by Jas. Noble, police magistrate, will be of interest to the readers of THE SIGNAL: Number of convictions made from Jan. 1, 1887, to Sept. 1, 1887, 173; total fines collected during same period and paid to County Treasurer, \$7,000; total committals in default during the same period, 4. Of the balance of fines now remaining unpaid, nearly one-half will not be collected in the meantime, as the defendants have removed, and some have left the country; the other half will no doubt be collected by the date of the next returns.

Restored. Mrs. J. M. Phalen, of Sydney Mines, N. S., had chronic rheumatism for two years, and got no relief until she tried Burdock Blood Bitters. Two bottles cured her. "I was like a skeleton," says she, "before using Dr. B.'s, now thanks to the discovery of such a valuable remedy, I am entirely restored." Mrs. J. M. Phalen, of Sydney Mines, N. S., had chronic rheumatism for two years, and got no relief until she tried Burdock Blood Bitters. Two bottles cured her. "I was like a skeleton," says she, "before using Dr. B.'s, now thanks to the discovery of such a valuable remedy, I am entirely restored."

Our esteemed Chicago contemporary, The Western Rural, inclines to prescribe rather than prescribe, doctors for either family or animals: "We are all familiar with the development of medical science. It has become more sensible and more effective as it has become more simple, and where through exceeding ignorance a physician fears to give anything but water and bread pills, or through remarkable intelligence has learned that there are better than drugs, the practise of medicine, with him, has made signal advancement. In olden times it required a herculean constitution and a copper-lined stomach to enable a human patient to go through a course of medicinal treatment. The poor fellow was bled until he looked like a half-baked biscuit or he was fed cologne and jalap until his teeth rattled, and stuffed with quinine until his ears rang. But after a while the doctors had a gleam of common sense, and concluded that they could not cure a man by killing him. Hence they stopped bleeding, and compared with what they formerly did, now give very little medicine, though giving too much vet."

NASAL BALM. ONSABRUCK, DIXON & CO., Ont., May 11th, 1887. My wife suffered for five years with that distressing disease, catarrh. Her case was one of the worst known in these parts. She tried all of the catarrh remedies I ever saw advertised, but they were of no use. I finally procured a bottle of Nasal Balm. She has used only one half of it and now feels like a new person. I feel it my duty to say that Nasal Balm cannot be TOO HIGHLY recommended for catarrh troubles, and am pleased to have all such sufferers know through its use they will receive instant relief. ONSABRUCK, DIXON & CO., Ont., May 11th, 1887.