

strides made in recent years by the tea industry has been the cause of high wages and labor fast enough to keep pace with the development.

The result is that the tea districts of India and Ceylon, formerly so remote from the thickly populated tracts that their names even were unknown, are fast being peopled by a most heterogeneous collection of peoples. India's vast population is divided into many races, speaking different tongues, and as widely dissimilar to each other as are the different nations of Europe. The group on the first page, taken in a tea garden, illustrates this in a forcible manner. The most casual observer could not fail to notice the distinct types of three races, and an ethnologist would readily place them. The three women standing in the background, on the left as one looks at the picture, belong to the Kolarian group of races, and are thus the descendants of one of the aboriginal peoples of India. The woman crouched in the corner with a babe in her arms is one of the mixed races resulting from a marriage between Aryan and aboriginal tribes in early times. The rest of the women are specimens of some Tibeto-Burman tribes. Mongolians, dwellers mostly of the Himalayan regions.

The system of tea manufacture finds work for whole families, so that the sight of a mother, daughter and young grandchild picking the delicate leaves side by side is not uncommon. The men are employed at the harder field tasks or in attending to the numerous machines, where the leaf passes through the different processes of manufacture, untouched by hand—an important point to the consumer of tea who remembers that the work is all done in a tropical climate, in heated rooms, and the filth which is communicated to the leaf in China and Japan has no chance of contaminating the tea which comes from India and Ceylon.

The work of the women and children is light indeed. The half dozen leaves shown in cut 2, is what the planter calls a 'flush,'



A FLUSH.

and of these they are expected to pick only the three topmost ones, consisting of two leaves and a leaf-bud. As none of the coarser teas are made on modern gardens, such as 'stem tea' and 'brick tea,' which are peculiarly Chinese products, care is taken that none of the coarse leaves are plucked. The green leaf is plucked about every ten days—the tender bud and two soft leaves only being taken—and carried three times a day to the factory in baskets. It is then spread thinly on tats (shelves made of Jute hessian) and left to wither until it becomes soft and flexible to the touch like an old kid glove. This it does in from twenty-four



SOME TEA-PICKERS.

to thirty-six hours in fine weather, though in wet weather the process takes longer. It is then put into large rolling machines and rolled once or twice for from half an hour to an hour each time (the process varying in different factories), the machines being carefully washed after each day's work is finished.

The 'roll,' as the green sticky mass is now called, is then put into shallow trays or baskets to oxidize for from one to six hours, according to weather and temperature, at the end of which time it assumes a more or less bright copper color, and the oxidation is complete. The oxidized roll is next put into large firing machines, through which it is passed at a temperature of from 180 degrees to 240 degrees Fahr., and in from fourteen to eighteen minutes comes out as made tea.

The bulk, as it is now called, is then put into bins to cool, and on the following day is passed through a series of sifters with meshes of different sizes, which separate the finer from the coarser leaves, and produce the teas of commerce known as Broken (or Orange) Pekoe, Pekoe, and Pekoe Souchong, with a small residuum of Souchong fannings and dust. These are put away in separate bins; and when enough tea has been made to allow of a shipment being despatched, the teas are once more final-fired, at a low temperature of about 150 degrees to 160 degrees Fahr., and packed hot in lead-lined chests and carefully soldered down to exclude the air, and are then sent from the factory in bullock carts and by rail to Calcutta, the port of shipment.

It will be seen from this description of the methods pursued in Ceylon and India that the plans of the ancestor-worshipping Chinaman, who follows ancient methods on the ground that he cannot improve on the ways of his father, have all been changed, and the 'ways that are dark and the tricks that are vain,' have given place to light, cleanliness

and decency, that machines which are clean and not subject to skin disease have taken the place of the dirty, oily, greasy, hands, or feet of the Chinese methods. It is not that the Hindoo in his untutored state is very much cleaner than the Mongolian, but the system allows of no handling of the leaf.

The Miser's Money Bag.

An old man in his last illness was admitted into one of the London hospitals. He was without relatives, friends, or apparent means of subsistence; but when undressed and put into bed a bag of money was found suspended by a string round his neck. To this he clung with tenacity, refusing to part with it to any one, and wearing it about him by day and night.

As his end approached the treasure became a matter of anxiety to those attending him; for the sum was evidently large, and it was feared that it might offer temptation to some patient in case the moment of his death should be unobserved.

At length the hour arrived, and when death had apparently claimed him, a nurse gently unfastened the string, and removed the bag. At the same moment the old man opened his eyes, and felt instinctively for his treasure, which was no longer in its place. He uttered the word 'Gone!' and died.

The money, which was found to amount to £174, was handed over to the hospital authorities, till it could be ascertained whether he had any relatives.

'He uttered the word "Gone!" and died. Nothing left! Nothing which could be got back! The feeble hand of death could not regasp that bag; the feeble voice of death could not reclaim it; the hand could only feel that all was gone; the voice could only utter the one word 'Gone!' Then the hand that had hoarded dropped empty on the breast; and the tongue was silent for ever.—'Friendly Greetings.'