

# THE PORTENT.

A Story of the Inner Vision of the Highlanders, Commonly Called the Second Sight.

By GEORGE MACDONALD.

## CHAPTER IV. LADY ALICE.

When the bell rang for dinner, I managed to find my way to the drawing-room, where were assembled Lady Hilton, her only daughter, a girl of about 13, and the two boys, my pupils. Lady Hilton would have been pleasant, could she have been as natural as she wished to appear. She received me with some degree of kindness; but the half-cordiality of her manner toward me was evidently founded on the impassibility of the gulf between us. I knew at once that we should never be friends; that she would never come down from the lofty table-land upon which she walked; and that if, after being years in the house, I should happen to be dying, she would send the housekeeper to see me. All right, no doubt; I only say that it was so. She introduced me to my pupils—fine open-eyed, manly English boys, with something a little overbearing in their manner, which speedily disappeared in their relation to me. Lord Hilton was not at home. Lady Hilton led the way to the dining room; the elder boy gave his arm to his sister, and I was about to follow with the younger, when from one of the deep bay windows glistened still in white, the same figure which had passed me upon the lawn. I started, and drew back. With a slight bow, she preceded me, and followed the others down the great staircase. Seated at table, I had leisure to make my observations upon them all, but most of my glances found their way to the lady, who, twice that day had affected me like an apparition.

She was about twenty years of age; rather above the middle height, and rather slight in form; her complexion white rather than pale, her face being only less white than the deep marly whiteness of her arms. Her eyes were large, and full of liquid light—a light throbbing with the light of invisible stars. Her hair seemed raven black, and in quantity profuse. The expression of her face, however, generally partook more of vagueness than any other characteristic. Lady Hilton called her Lady Alice; and she never addressed Lady Hilton but in the same ceremonious style.

Afterward I learned, from the old housekeeper, that Lady Alice's position in the family was a very peculiar one. Distantly connected with Lord Hilton's family on the mother's side, she was the daughter of the late Lord Glenardoch, and step-daughter to Lady Hilton, who had become Lady Hilton within a year after Lord Glenardoch's death. Lady Alice, then quite a child, had accompanied her stepmother, to whom she was moderately attached, and who had been allowed to retain undisputed possession of her. She had no near relatives, else the fortune I afterward found to be at her disposal would have aroused contenting claims to the right of guardianship.

Although she was in many respects kindly treated by her stepmother, certain peculiarities tended to her isolation from the family pursuits and pleasures. Lady Alice had no accomplishments. She could neither spell her own language, nor even read it aloud. Yet she delighted in reading to herself; though for the most part books which Mrs. Wilson characterized as very odd. Her voice when she spoke had a quite indescribable music in it; yet she neither sang nor played. Her habitual motion was more like a rhythmic gliding than an ordinary walk, yet she could not dance. Mrs. Wilson hinted at other and more serious peculiarities, which she either could not or would not describe; always shaking her head gravely and sadly, and becoming quite silent, when I pressed for further explanation; so that, at last, I gave up all attempts to arrive at an understanding of the mystery by her means.

There was something to me exceedingly touching in the solitariness of this girl; for no one spoke to her as if she were like other people, or if any heartiness were possible between them. Perhaps no one could have felt quite at home with her but a mother, whose heart had been one with hers from a season long anterior to the development of any repulsive oddity. But her position was one of peculiar isolation, for no one really approached her individual being; and that she should be unaware of this loneliness seemed to me saddest of all.

After making arrangements for commencing work in the morning, I took my leave, and retired to my own room, intent upon carrying out with more minuteness the survey I had already commenced; several cupboards in the wall, and one or two doors, apparently of closets, had especially attracted my attention. Strange was the look as I entered—as of a room hollowed out of the past, for a memorial of dead times. The fire had sunk low, and lay smoldering beneath the white ashes, like the life of the world beneath the snow, or the heart of a man beneath cold and gray thoughts. I lighted the candle which stood upon the table, but the room, instead of being brightened, looked blacker than before, for the light revealed its essential blackness.

With the candle in my hand, I proceeded to open the various cupboards and closets. At first I found nothing remarkable about any of them. The latter were quite empty, except the last I came to, which was a place of very old elaborate tapestry hanging at the back of it. Lifting this up I saw what seemed at first to be panels, corresponding to those which formed the room; but, on looking more closely, I discovered that this back of the closet was or had been a door. There was nothing unusual in this, especially in such an old house, but the discovery roused in me a strong desire to know what lay behind the old door. I found that it was secured only by an ordinary bolt, from which the handle had been removed. Soothing my conscience with the reflection that I had a right to know what sort of a place had communication with my room, I succeeded by the help of my deer knife,

In forcing back the rusty bolt; and though, from the stiffness of the hinges I dreaded a crack, they yielded at last with only a creak.

The opening door revealed a large hall empty utterly, save of dust and cobwebs, which rested on it in all quarters, and gave it an appearance of unutterable desolation. The now familiar feeling that I had seen the place before, filled my mind the first moment, and passed away the next. A broad right-angled staircase, with massive balusters, rose from the middle of the hall. The staircase could not have originally belonged to the ancient wing which I had observed on my first approach, being much more modern; but I was convinced, from the observations I had made as to the situation of the room, that I was bordering upon, if not within, the oldest portion of the pile. In sudden horror lest I should hear a light footfall upon the awful stair, I withdrew hurriedly, and, having secured both the doors, betook myself to my bed-room, in whose dingy four-post bed, with its carving and plumes reminding me of a hearse, I was soon ensconced among the snow-laden linen, with the sweet and clean odor of lavender.

I made no use of my discovered door although I always intended doing so, especially after, in talking about the building with Lady Hilton, I found that I was at perfect liberty to make what excursions I pleased into the deserted portions.

My pupils turned out to be teachable, and therefore my occupation was pleasant. Their sister frequently came to me for help, as there happened to be just then an interregnum of governesses; soon she settled into a regular pupil.

After a few weeks Lord Hilton returned. Though my room was so far from the great hall, I heard the clank of his spurs on the pavement. He received me with some appearance of interest, which immediately stiffened and froze. Beginning to shake hands with me as if he meant it he instantly dropped my hand as if it had stung him. His nobility was of that sort which stands in constant need of repair. Like a weakly constitution it required keeping up, and his lordship could not be said to neglect it; for he seemed to find his principal employment in administering continuous doses of obsequiousness to his own pride.

## CHAPTER V. THE LIBRARY.

One day, a week after his arrival, Lord Hilton gave a dinner party to some of his neighbors and tenants. I entered the drawing-room rather late, and saw that, though there were many guests not one was talking to Lady Alice. She appeared, however, altogether unconscious of neglect. Presently dinner was announced, and the company marshaled themselves, and took their way to the dining room. Lady Alice was left unattended, and guests taking their cue from the behavior of their entertainers. I ventured to go up to her, and offer her my arm. She made me a haughty bow and passed on before me unaccompanied. I could not help feeling hurt at this, and I think she saw it; but it made no difference in her behavior, except that she avoided everything that might occasion me the chance of offering my services.

Nor did I get any further with Lady Hilton. Her manner and smile remained precisely the same as on our first interview. She did not even show any interest in the fact that her daughter, Lady Lucy, had joined her brothers in the school-room. I had an uncomfortable feeling that the latter was like her mother, and was not to be trusted.

The neglected library was open to me at all hours; and in it I often took refuge from the dreariness of unsympathetic society. I was never admitted within the magic circle of the family interests and enjoyments. If there was such a circle, Lady Alice and I certainly stood outside of it; but whether even then it had any real inside to it, I doubted much.

In the library I found companions more to my need. But even there they were not easy to find; for the books were in great confusion. I heard of no catalogue, nor could I discover the existence of such a useless luxury. One morning at breakfast, therefore, I asked Lord Hilton if I might arrange and catalogue the books during my leisure hours. He replied:—

"Do anything you like with them, Mr. Campbell, except destroy them."

One day I had sent a servant to ask Mrs. Wilson to come to me. I had taken down all the books from a hitherto undisturbed corner, and had seated myself on a heap of them, no doubt a very impertinent of the genius of the place; for while I waited for the housekeeper, I was consulting a morsel of an ancient metric romance. After waiting for some time I glanced toward the door, for I had begun to get impatient for the entrance of my helper. To my surprise, there stood Lady Alice, her eyes fixed upon me with an expression I could not understand. Her face instantly altered to its usual look of indifference, dashed with the least possible degree of scorn, as she turned and walked slowly away. I rose involuntarily. An old cavalry sword, which I had just taken down from the wall, and had placed leaning against the books from which I now rose, fell with a clash to the floor. I started; for it was a sound that always startled me; and, stooping, I lifted the weapon. But what was my surprise when I raised my head, to see once more the face of Lady Alice staring in at the door! yet not the same face, for it had changed in the moment that had passed. It was pale with fear—not fright; and her great black eyes were staring beyond me as if she saw something through the wall of the room. Once more her face altered to the former scornful indifference and she vanished. Keen of hearing as I was, I had never yet heard the footsteps of Lady Alice.

One night I was sitting in my room, devouring an old romance which I had brought from the library. It was late. The fire blazed brightly, but the candles were nearly burned out, and I grew sleepy over the volume, romance as it was. Suddenly I found myself on my feet, listening with an agony of attention. Whether I heard anything, I could not tell; but I felt as if I had. Yes; I was sure of it. Far away, somewhere

In the labyrinthine pile, I heard a faint cry. Driven by some secret impulse, I flew, without a moment's reflection, to the closet door, lifted the tapestry within, unfastened the second door, and stood in the great waste echoing hall, amid the touches, light and ghostly, of the cobwebs set afloat in the eddies occasioned by my sudden entrance.

I started, and my heart swelled; for I saw a movement somewhere—I could neither tell where nor of what; I was only aware of motion. I stood in the first shadow, and gazed, but saw nothing. I sped across the light to the next shadow, and stood again, looking with fearful fixity of gaze toward the far end of the corridor. Suddenly a white form glimmered and vanished. I crossed to the next shadow. Again a glimmer and vanishing, but nearer. Nerving myself to the utmost, I ceased the stealthiness of my movements, and went forward slowly and steadily. A tall form, apparently of a woman, dressed in a long white robe, appeared in one of the streams of light, threw its arms over its head, gave a wild cry—which, notwithstanding its wildness and force, had a muffled sound, as if many folds, either of matter or space intervened—and fell at full length along the moonlight. Amidst the thrill of agony which shook me at the cry, I rushed forward, and, kneeling beside the prostrate figure, discovered that unearthly as was the scream which had preceded her fall, it was the Lady Alice. I saw the fact, in a moment; the Lady Alice was a somnambulist. Startled by the noise of my advance, she had awaked; and the usual terror and fainting had followed.

She was cold and motionless as death. What was to be done? If I called the probability was that no one would hear me; or if any one should hear—but I need not follow the course of my thought, as I tried in vain to revive the poor girl. Suffice it to say, that both for her sake and my own, I could not face the chance of being found in the dead of night, by common minded domestics, in such a situation. I was kneeling by her side, not knowing what to do, when a horror, as from the presence of death suddenly recognized, fell upon me. I thought she must be dead. But at the same moment I heard, or seemed to hear (How should I know which?) the rapid gallop of a horse, and the clank of a loose shoe.

In the agony of fear I caught her up in my arms, and, carrying her on my arms, as one carries a sleeping child, hurried back through the corridor. Her hair, which was loose, trailed on the ground; and as I fled I trampled on it and stumbled. She moaned; and in that instant the gallop ceased. I lifted her up across my shoulder, and carried her more easily. How I found my way to the stairs I cannot tell; I know that I groped about for some time, like one in a dream with a ghost in his arms. At last I reached it, and, descending, crossed the hall, and entered my room. There I placed Lady Alice upon an old couch, secured the doors and began to breathe—and think. The first thing was to get her warm, for she was cold as the dead. I covered her with my plaid and my dressing gown, pulled the couch before the fire, and considered what to do next.

## CHAPTER VI. THE FIRST WAKING.

While I hesitated, Nature had her own way, and, with a deep-drawn sigh, Lady Alice opened her eyes. Never shall I forget the look of mingled bewilderment, alarm and shame, with which her great eyes met mine. But, in a moment, this expression changed to that of anger. Her dark eyes flashed with light; and a cloud of rosette wrath grew in her face, till it glowed with the opaque red of a camellia. She had almost started from the couch, when, apparently discovering the unsuitableness of her dress, she checked her impetuosity, and remained leaning on her elbow. Overcome by her anger, her beauty, and my own confusion, I knelt before her, unable to speak or to withdraw my eyes from hers. After a moment's pause, she began to question me like a queen, and I to reply like a culprit.

"How did I come here?"  
"I carried you."  
"Where did you find me, pray?"  
"Her lip curled with ten times the usual scorn."  
"In the old house, in a long corridor."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## MANNA EATERS.

The People of Arabia and Persia Make It From Tamarisk Branches.

In some of the eastern countries, notably Arabia and Persia, a manna answering closely to that mentioned in the scriptures is still naturally produced in considerable quantity, says Good Housekeeping. It comes from the tender branches of the tamarisk, and is known to the Persians by the name of "tamarisk honey." It consists of tear-like drops, which exude in consequence of the puncture of an insect during the months of June and July. In the cool of the morning it is found solidified, and the congealed tears may be shaken from the limbs. That, in fact, is one of the methods of gathering manna. Herodotus alludes to the same nutritious product, so that there is no doubt it has been known in those regions from the earliest ages. It is easy to see how it might be produced in wonderful quantities without any special manifestation of the supernatural. It is a sweetish substance, pleasant to the taste and highly nutritious.

Some students of the Bible have supposed the manna there mentioned to have been a fungous growth; but while the explanation would be a natural one, the modification which it would require is an unnecessary one. There are numerous interesting things, nevertheless, about the various kinds of fungi, which modern experimentation has decided to be edible and not only that, but highly palatable and nutritious. What country boy of an imaginative nature but has frolicked in mimic warfare with imaginary foes, getting the smoke for his artillery and infantry from the numerous puff-balls which a convenient pasture afforded, while his own lung power furnished the "crash and roar and cheer" for the inspiring contest? Yet science has demonstrated that those very puff-balls were once good to eat—in fact, capable of furnishing the most dainty refreshment.

## "PALACES OF INDIA."

DR. TALMAGE ON THE THEORIES OF MOHAMMED.

Gen. Nicholson's Siege of the Walled City Filled with Devils—The Unequal Struggle Between Britain and Sepoy—Spread of God's Truth.



ROOKLYN, Dec. 30.—Continuing his series of "round the world" sermons, through the press, Rev. Dr. Talmage to-day chose for his subject, "Palaces of India," the text being: Amos 3:2, "Who store up violence and robbery in their palace."

In this day when vast sums of money are being given for the redemption of India, I hope to increase the interest in that great country, and at the same time draw for all classes of our people practical lessons, and so I present this fifth sermon in the "round the world" series. We step into the ancient capital of India, the mere pronunciation of its name sending a thrill through the body, mind and soul of all those who have ever read its stories of splendor, and disaster, and prowess—Delhi.

Before the first historian impressed his first word in clay, or cut his first word on marble, or wrote his first word on papyrus, Delhi stood in India, a contemporary of Babylon and Nineveh. We know that Delhi existed longer before Christ's time than we live after his time. Delhi is built on the ruins of seven cities, which ruins cover forty miles with wrecked temples, broken fortresses, split tombs, tumble-down palaces, and the debris of centuries. An archaeologist could profitably spend his life here talking with the past through its lips of venerable masonry.

There are a hundred things here you ought to see in this city of Delhi, but three things you must see. The first thing that I wanted to see was the Cashmere gate, for that was the point at which the most wonderful deed of daring which the world has ever seen was done. That was the turning point of the mutiny of 1857. A lady at Delhi put into my hand an oil painting of about eighteen inches square, a picture well executed, but chiefly valuable for what it represented. It was a scene from the time of mutiny; two horses at full run, harnessed to a carriage in which were four persons. She said: "Those persons on the front side are my father and mother. The young lady on the back seat holding in her arms a baby of a year was my eldest sister and the baby was myself. My mother, who is down with a fever in the next room, painted that years ago. The horses are in full run because we are fleeing for our lives. My mother is driving, for the reason that father, standing up in the front of his carriage, had to defend us with his gun, as you there see. He fought our way out and on for many a mile, shooting down the Sepoys as we went. We had somewhat suspected trouble and become suspicious of our servants. A prince had requested a private interview with my father, who was editor of the Delhi Gazette. The prince proposed to come veiled, so that no one might recognize him, but my mother insisted on being present, and the interview did not take place. A large fish had been sent to our family, and four other families, the present an offering of thanks for the king's recovery from a recent sickness. But we suspected poison and did not eat the fish. One day all our servants came up and said they must go and see what was the matter. We saw what was intended and knew that if the servants returned they would murder all of us. Things grew worse and worse until this scene of flight shown you in the picture took place. You see the horses were wild with fright. This was not only because of the discharge of guns, but the horses were struck and wounded by Sepoys, and ropes were tied across the way, and the savage halloo, and the shout of revenge made all the way of our flight a horror."

The books have fully recorded the heroism displayed at Delhi and approximate regions, but make no mention of this family of Wagentreibers whose flight I am mentioning. But the Madras "Atheneum" printed this: "And now! Are not the deeds of the Wagentreibers, though he wore a round hat and she a corset, as worthy of imperishable verse as those of the heroic pair whose nuptials graced the court of Charlemagne? A more touching picture than that of brave men contending with well-nerved arm against the black and threatening fate impending over his wife and child, we have never seen. Here was no strife for the glory of physical prowess, or the spoil of shining arms, but a conquest of the human mind, an assertion of the powers of intellect over the most appalling array of circumstances that could assail a human being. Men have become gray in front of sudden and unexpected peril, and in ancient days so much was courage a matter of heroics and mere instinct that we read in immortal verse of heroes struck with panic and fleeing before the enemy. But the savage Sepoys, with their hoarse war cry, and swarming like wasps around the brave man's heart. His heroism was not the mere ebullition of despair, but, like that of his wife, calm and wise; standing upright that he might use his arms better."

As an incident will sometimes more impress one than a generality of statement, I present the flight of this one family from Delhi merely to illustrate the desperations of the times. The fact was that the Sepoys had taken

possession of the city of Delhi, and they were, with all their artillery, fighting back the Europeans, who were on the outside. The city of Delhi has a crenulated wall on three sides, a wall five and one-half miles long, and the fourth side of the city is defended by the River Jumna. In addition to these two defenses of wall and water, there were 40,000 Sepoys, all armed. Twelve hundred British soldiers were to take that city. Nicholson, the immortal general, commanded them, and you must visit his grave before you leave Delhi. He fell leading his troops. He commanded them even after being mortally wounded. You will read this inscription on his tomb: "John Nicholson, who led the assault of Delhi, but fell in the hour of victory, mortally wounded, and died 23d September, 1857. Aged 35 years."

With what guns and men Gen. Nicholson could muster he had laid siege to this walled city filled with devils. What fearful odds! Twelve hundred British troops uncovered by any military works, to take a city surrounded by firm and high masonry, on the top of which were 114 guns and defended by 40,000 foaming Sepoys. A larger percentage of troops fell here than in any great battle I happen to know of. The Crimean percentage of the fallen was 17.48, but the percentage of Delhi was 37.9. Yet that city must be taken, and it can only be taken by such courage as had never been recorded in all the annals of bloodshed. Every charge of the British regiments against the walls and gates had been beaten back. The heyaos of Hindooism and Mohammedanism howled over the walls, and the English army could do nothing but bury their own dead. But at this gate I stand and watch an exploit that makes the page of history tremble with agitation. This city has ten gates, but the most famous is the one before which we now stand, and it is called Cashmere gate. Write the words in red ink, because of the carnage! Write them in letters of light, for the illustrious deeds! Write them in letters of black, for the bereft and the dead. Will the world ever forget that Cashmere gate? Lieutenants Salkeld and Home and Sergeants Burgess, Carmichael and Smith offered to take bags of powder to the foot of that gate and set them on fire, blowing open the gate, although they must die in doing it. There they go, just after sunrise, each one carrying a sack containing twenty-four pounds of powder, and doing this under the fire of the enemy. Lieut. Home was the first to jump into the ditch, which still remains before the gate. As they go, one by one falls under the shot and shell. One of the mortally wounded, as he falls, hands his sack of powder with a box of lucifer matches to another, telling him to fire the sack; when with an explosion that shook the earth for twenty miles around, part of the Cashmere gate was blown into fragments, and the bodies of some of these heroes were so scattered that they were never gathered for funeral, or grave, or monument. The British army rushed in through the broken gate, and although six days of hard fighting were necessary before the city was in complete possession, the crisis was past. The Cashmere gate open, the capture of Delhi and all it contained of palaces, and mosques, and treasures was possible. Lord Napier of Magdala, of whom Mr. Gladstone spoke to me so affectionately when I was his guest at Hawarden, England, has lifted a monument near this Cashmere gate with the names of the men who there fell inscribed thereon. That English lord, who has seen courage on many a battlefield, visited the Cashmere gate, and felt that the men who opened it with the loss of their own lives ought to be commemorated, and hence this cenotaph. But, after all, the best monument is the gate itself, with the deep gouges in the brick wall on the left side, made by two bomb-shells, and the wall above, torn by ten bomb-shells, and the wall on the right side, defaced, and scraped, and plowed, and gullied by all styles of long reaching weaponry. Let the words "Cashmere gate," as a synonym for patriotism and fearlessness, and self-sacrifice, go into all history, all art, all literature, all time, all eternity! My friends, that kind of courage sanctified will yet take the whole earth for God. Indeed, the missionaries now at Delhi, toiling amid heathenism, and fever, and cholera, and far away from home and comfort, and staying there until they drop into their graves, are just as brave in taking Delhi for Christ as were Nicholson, and Home, and Carmichael in taking Delhi for Great Britain. Take this for the first sermon lesson.

As that night we took the railroad train from the Delhi station and rolled out through the city now living, over the vaster cities buried under this ancient capital, cities under cities, and our traveling servant had unrolled our bed, which consisted of a rug and two blankets and a pillow; and as we were worn out with the sightseeing of the day, and were roughly tossed on that uneven Indian railway, I soon fell into a troubled sleep, in which I saw and heard in a confused way the scenes and sounds of the mutiny of 1857, which at Delhi we had been recounting; and now the rattle of the train seemed to turn into the rattle of musketry; and now the light at the top of the car deluded me with the idea of a burning city; and then the loud thump of the railroad brake was in dream mistaken for a booming battery; and the voices at the different stations made me think I heard the loud cheer of the British at the taking of the Cashmere gate; and as we rolled over bridges the battles before Delhi seemed going on; and as we went through dark tunnels I seemed to see the tomb of Humayun in which the king of Delhi was hidden; and in my dreams I saw Lieut. Renny, of the artillery, throwing shells which

were handed him, their fuses burning; and Campbell, and Reid, and Hope Grant covered with blood; and Nicholson falling while rallying his wavering troops; and I saw dead regiment fallen across dead regiment, and heard the rattaplan of the hoofs of Hodgson's horse, and the dash of the Bengal artillery, and the storming of the immortal Fourth column; and the rougher the Indian railway became, and the darker the night grew, the more the scenes that I had been studying at Delhi came on me like an incubus. But the morning began to look through the window of our jolting car, and the sunlight poured in on my pillow, and in my dream I saw the bright colors of the English flag hoisted over Delhi, where the green banner of the Moslem had waved, and the voices of the wounded and dying seemed to be exchanged for the voices that welcomed soldiers home again. And as the morning light got brighter and brighter, and in my dream I mistook the bells at a station for a church bell hanging in a minaret, where a Mohammedan priest had mumbled his call to prayer, I seemed to hear a chant, whether by human or angelic voices in my dream I could not tell, but it was a chant about "Peace and good will to men." And as the speed of the railroad slackened the motion of the car became so easy as we rolled along the track that it seemed to me that all the distress, and controversy, and jolting, and wars of the world had ceased; and in my dream I thought we had come to the time when "The ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads; and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."

Halt here at what you have never seen before, a depopulated city, the city of Amber, India.

The strange fact is that a ruler abandoned his palaces at Amber and moved to Jeypore, and all the inhabitants of the city followed. Except here and there a house in Amber occupied by a hermit, the city is as silent a population as Pompeii or Herculaneum; but those cities were emptied by volcanic disaster, while this city of Amber was vacated because Prince Joy Singh was told by a Hindoo priest that no city should be inhabited more than a thousand years, and so the ruler 170 years ago moved out himself, and all his people moved with him.

I will not go far into a description of a brazen doorway after brazen doorway, and carved room after carved room, and lead you under embellished ceiling after embellished ceiling, and through halls precious stoned into wider halls precious stoned. Why tire out your imagination with the particulars, when you may sum up all by saying that on the slopes of that hill of India are pavilions deeply dyed, tasseled and arched; the fire of colored gardens cooled by the snow of white architecture; bath rooms that refresh before your feet touch the marble; birds in arabesque so natural to life, that while you can not hear their voices, you imagine you see the flutter of their wings as you are passing; stoneware translucent; walls pictured with hunting scene, and triumphal procession, and jousting party; rooms that were called "Alcove of Light," and "Court of Honor," and "Hall of Victory;" marble, white and black, like a mixture of morning and night; alabaster, and bequer work, and mother of pearl; all that architecture, and sculpture, and painting, and horticulture can do when they put their genius together is done here in ages past, and much of their work still stands to absorb and entrance archaeologist and sight seer. But what a solemn and stupendous thing is an abandoned city. While many of the peoples of the earth have no roof for their head, here is a whole city of roofs rejected. The sand of the desert was sufficient excuse for the disappearance of Heliopolis, and the waters of the Mediterranean sea for the engulfment of Tyre, and the lava of Mount Vesuvius for the obliteration of Herculaneum; but for the sake of nothing but a superstitious whim the city of Amber is abandoned forever. O, wondrous India! The city of Amber is only one of the marvels which compel the uplifted hand of surprise from the day you enter India until you leave it. Its flora is so flamboyant; its fauna so monstrous and savage; its ruins so suggestive; its idolatry so horrible; its degradation so sickening; its mineralogy so brilliant; its splendors so uplifting; its architecture so old, so grand, so educational, so multipotent, that India will not be fully comprehended until science has made its last experiment, and exploration has ended its last journey, and the library of the world's literature has closed its last door, and Christianity has made its last achievement, and the clock of time has struck its last hour.

## Mutton in Parvo.

The foreign fashion of serving various articles of food in individual dishes is becoming so universal and taking so well that new styles are in great demand. Something new for the breakfast table combines two egg holders, a toast rack, a salt cellar and a butter dish, the whole not taking up much more room than one ordinary dish.

## The Bees of Brazil.

The bees of Brazil hang their comb, outside on the branches of trees at the very summit and at the end of the slenderest twigs, to be out of the reach of monkeys.

## Very Eccentric.

The Visitor—Who's that follow on the platform? He's nothing remarkable to look at.

The Freak Exhibitor, with pride—He isn't, eh? Why, sir, that's the man who, when he went into an art gallery, never told everybody around him that he didn't understand art, but just the same he knew what he liked. —Chicago Record.