ORIGINAL DEFECTIVE

BRITISH HIGH LIFE.

Every Day Life of the British Gentry and Nobility.

The Most Ancient, Best Acknowledged and Most Picturesque Bump on the National Log—An Irritating Social Misfit.

[Special Correspondence of the RECORD-UNION. Copyright, 1891.]

LONDON, June 22, 1891.

English literature, or rather that portion comprised in English fiction, has certainly done injustice to British nobility in at least one respect. It has totally misinformed all of us who are plebian, and rather like remaining so, as to the everyday life of the British aristocracy.

Nobody loves this class. Nobody believes in its hereditary rights and privileges, save those clergy who hold "livings" under them, and the other lackeys that serve them. Nobody has any manly sympathy whatever with its semi-regal pretensions and prerogatives. Nobody has the slightest confidence that a century hence any such class will continue to exist in Great Britain. And yet every one of us, notwithstanding our floutings and scoffings, has the keenest interest in glimpses of its members' daily lives.

Your British lord really believes in himself. That is worth something to character, and builds up on the lines of equable living and true dignity with anybody. Your American lordero knows he is an accident, a pretender, an irritating social misfit. The former's real pleasures are found in relaxation from social duties which centuries of custom have rendered obligatory. The latter's pleasures are solely attainable through the arrogant and offensive insistence of endless recognition of his money power. The one is a splendid nation's permanent excrescence. The other is another splendid nation's first growth of fungus. Both are interesting studies. But the British noble has rather the advantage from a scenic standpoint, because, speaking in uncouth simile, he is the most ancient, best acknowledged and the most picturesque bump on the national log.

Many of the British nobility occupy their establishments the year round. These would scorn to do else. Their ethics are exclusively evolved from their loudest dreams to which they cling, that they are feudal lords. For such to reside in town would be to descend to the utter debasement of burghers. With a great majority, the London "season" largely controls their residence and its period at castle, seat or hall, and elsewhere. The "season" is controlled by Parliament, the annual closing of which practically depends on sport. The aristocratic fashionable world is formed and its movements controlled almost exclusively by those connected with the Houses of Lords and Commons; these comprising largely the nobility. In other words, the intangible, awful formulated thing known as the great fashionable world centering in London, is after all simply the country nobility and aristocracy congregated for a brief season in London. London does not make this fashionable world. Those of the country make it in London. Their town-houses, for the entree to which fashionable toadies will resort to inconceivable humiliations, are the merest temperary lodging-houses of hated city life. This exclusive class, not far exceeding a 1,000 heads of houses, practically own and derive the revenues from the entire landed possessions of Great Britain.

In the main, British castle life begins with the grouse shooting season in August, and lasts until the following May. With those "in the world" the period is much reduced. Many forsake the estates in February for the "first swim" in the metropolis. There is a delightful though quiet social period in London preceding Easter. But just immediately before Easter, Parliament adjourns, when back come the lords and ladies; or a trip to the continent is taken. After Easter the full London tide sets in. The Park is thronged; Rotten Row is filled with magnificent horsewomen and gallants; luncheons, dinners and balls are innumerable; and the Queen's drawing-rooms command the nobility's presence. Then comes Whitsuntide, when Parliament again takes a short recess, and London is again deserted by the aristocracy. But all the nobility of England, Scotland and Ireland that make any pretensions whatever to correct form are back in London by the latter part of May.

From this time late dinners and later balls follow in bewildering succession. The stifling air of Parliament and court is continually breathed. Fashionable event and affair, originated by the aristocracy, and to which the aristocracy are truly slaves, compel the limit of physical and financial endurance. Derby day, for which Parliament always adjourns, is followed by commencement at Eaton, and these by the great cricket matches between Lords and Commons, Rugby, Harrow and Eaton, and Cambridge and Oxford. Then come the wonderful garden parties of Cheswick, the two great breakfasts of the Prince of Wales, and the distinguished parties by earls, dukes and duchesses, followed by Ascot week, and the court balls and great balls and banquets of foreign embassies, with the splendid afternoon teas by the Queen in the gardens of Buckingham Palace; until the military fetes and the last fete champetre at Wimbledon have arrived; and the "done" and jaded aristocracy seek the spas of the Continent in atonement for their sins. The "season" is at an end. The guns of the titled sportsmen commence ringing in the North, and the home-life at the castles of Britain begins.

Usually a large portion of the family plate, some pictures, and much bric-a-brac have done duty at the town-house during the "season." Every other movable article of value has been left at the castle under the housekeeper's direct charge, and the general charge of the steward, agent or factor of the estate, who resides near. The housekeeper, and possibly a half-dozen under-servants have remained at the castle on "board wages," that is, reduced wages, and a certain weekly allowance with which to provide their own food. They lead no life of ease under these circumstances. Every habitable portion of the place is inspected, dusted and aired daily. Every floor is waxed once each week. At stated intervals every piece of furniture is uncovered and attended to, the books in the library opened, dusted and aired, and the plate and cutlery kept in constant readiness for immediate use. For, while the probabilities are that milord and milady will remain absent during the entire season, they may return at any moment.

After arrival, two or more weeks are devoted to absolute rest and quiet family reunion. This period is the children's heaven of the year. If they are young and the governess and the tutor (often the village curate) have had them in hand during their parents' absence in London, it is a season of genuine jollity and love-making between the old and young. If they are along in years, the daughters are returned from the fashionable school where they are being "formed" and the sons, covered over with football and cricket scars, dash down from Eaton and Harrow; and as simple and jolly a time all around is had at this castle home as may ever be found in the well-ordered homes of our own country.

But directly this is over, milord and lady are slaves to a social system which demands nearly every moment of their lives. The remaining seven months of home life is a ceaseless round of entertainment of titled and other guests. The selection of these guests is of course occasionally with a view to, and in the anticipation of, pleasure to be obtained from congenial society. As a rule it is merely in repayment of similar entertainment received in London and in all parts of the world, from the Shetland Islands to British India. Whether guests are invited for a day, or a month, the invitations are for a period absolutely limited in duration; and no social law of the British aristocracy is more inviolate than this.

The etiquette of reception of guests is most simple. Indeed there is less formality shown in the actual relation of host to guest in a British nobleman's home than will be at any time confronted in the house of a Hoboken brewer or a Kansas City merchant in hogs. The first coachman, with the family close carriage, if rainy, and with the wagonette, if in fine weather, brings the titled guests from the station, traps following after with the luggage; and the groom, with another carriage, attends to the guests' servants. Milord's valet and milady's maid meet the arriving guests at the castle entrance and conduct them at once to the drawing-room, where the host and hostess receive and welcome them; but they are not delayed in being shown to their apartments. Meantime the housekeeper is attending to the guests' servants. Every gentleman brings his valet and every lady her maid, and often her own footman, unless an express request to the contrary has been made in the invitations. The visiting valet is assigned to a room in the servants' hall, and ladies' maids are provided with separate rooms, usually ensuite with their mistresses' apartments. There are few of the British castles or country seats that are not able to house from forty to 100 guests, with a separate apartments for each, and equal accommodations in the servants' hall for the guests' servants. The service in all respects does not materially differ from that in our best class semi-private hotels; save that each occupant of the castle has the exclusive attention of his or her own servant, in addition to the general service of the castle, always on call at any hour of the day or night.

Whatever number of guests may be found at any one time at these great establishments—and except on special occasions they will not exceed a dozen or twenty—in provision for the cuisine, in complete staffs of servants, and in the number of servants employed, they are at all times, during the occupancy of milord and milady, or either, as well prepared for entertainment of the highest as the least number. That is one of the penalties of being a nobleman. But to illustrate details of the ordinary regime, we will suppose that a dozen or a score of guests are already gathered at the castle, and the invitations read for "a week."

The usual hours for meals are: Breakfast at 9 to 10; luncheon at 2; tea at 5; dinner at 8; and supper at from 11 o'clock until midnight. Whether guests have arrived before luncheon or before dinner, etiquette requires that all shall gather in the drawing-room for introduction. This is absolutely the first and last of formality among these titled people during their sojourn. Whatever their difference in rank, none whatever is thereafter recognized. The story-books do not put it this way, but the fact remains. It is the unwritten and inviolable law of such occasions that, while mere distinction in rank, in form of address, is adhered to, for the time-being the offensive distinction of precedence is wholly abolished. Socially and ethically while you are his lordship's guest you are neither his superior nor inferior. Otherwise you would not be there. Not only is this true, but there can be only two possible occasions for extreme dressing. Those are at dinner, where of late years everything savoring of full dress has been tabooed, and in the event of a ball being given to which neighboring nobility are invited.

There is probably no other place in the world where a guest for a week is so much the master of his or her own inclinations. Etiquette and form make no demands whatever upon you. You are as free to follow your own whims, either for rest or activity, as though quartered in a glen-side cabin. Remain up all night; sleep all day; never appear at a meal save the first luncheon or dinner; and there is none to wonder, question or criticise. The entire *motif* of the hospitality of the British nobility is, in short, the dignified but complete indulgence of the guest in rational activities, simple pleasures or complete rest.

There are many sources of amusement. There is certain to be one or more grand "meets," where the ladies join in the exciting hunt across country to the music of the yelping hounds. Often the occupants of near castles join in these. Then there will be return sport of like nature, and delicious "hunt breakfasts" are given. For the gentlemen exclusively, there will perhaps be a "pheasant shoot" on the grounds, or the more sportsmanlike pleasure of grouse-shooting on the moors. The ladies often join in fishing parties to some distant stream, when lunch is served in the open wood beside some spring. Even when there is no riding after the hounds, the pleasant roads and lanes swarm with merry cavalcades of horsewomen and men, distant bits of scenery, castle ruins or historic abbeys being thus visited. The drives are the finest in the world, and most brilliant intercourse is had between castle and castle. Within and without the great establishment itself there is always provision for almost every imaginable sport. Billiards and ten-pins are as great favorites with ladies as with gentlemen.

There is always a superb cricket field. Frequently football matches are gotten up between the lordly old boys. The tennis courts are nowhere excelled. Nearly every castle demesne has its well-stocked streams of trout and its reaches of natural or artificial lakes for sailing and rowing. But in every feature of this high-class life at the British nobleman's home there is an utter absence of theatric show, so insufferable in the American lordero's home. As before stated, save at dinner and at balls, you will find lordly frames almost exclusively hung with old clothes. Whatever is cumfortable is in form. The baggy pajama for room lounging; the ancient slipper, cap and jacket for the lawn, the lake and the tennis court; the loosest and most ancient of toggery for the breakfast-table, and, among real noblemen, the most faded, spotted and ragged old pink jackets for "the meet," are the rule rather than the exception, despite those whose pen cannot but run riot in portrayal of British high life. The truth is that, despite the immense establishments, the great retinues and the enormous general outlay as penance to rank and station, the real home life of the British nobility is in accusative contrast, in all essentials to comfort and sterling entertainment, to the hot-house home life and grotesque social writhings of many of our own people of equal wealth.

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

Struck the Wrong Town.

A paper cannot live where the Town Council sticks a notice on a tree and the merchants do all their advertising on paper sacks. Some of them say it does not pay to advertise. Why the devil didn't they say so before we planted the *Banner* in this cursed one-horse town? Here we are with $600 worth of fine printing material, and not enough business to furnish grub for a grasshopper. Guess we will never settle at another water tank with a lot of ignorant people. Unless we get some new advertisements this week the paper goes up the spout and we will leave this God-forsaken, measley town and open a bar at Drunkard's Gulch and get rich.—Billtown (Ga.) Banner.

A Foreign Invasion.

Terrible winters throughout Europe brought forth bitter fruits that ripened in America. "La Grippe" with varying violence broke forth here, and the mortality lists show its shocking ravages in aggravated cases. An alcoholic principle embodied as a medicated stimulant in the form of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters has and will ever prove the best specific. Leading continental and American physicians declare that a medicine with a spirituous basis, such as this, affords the surest guaranty against the tremendous inroads of this shocking malady. When we consider that a slight change of weather is apt to renew it, that it attacks those easily vulnerable organs, the lungs, that its progress is tremendously swift and destructive, we must admit the necessity of repelling it at the outset with a sure preventive. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is also a safeguard against malaria, dyspepsia, rheumatism, liver and kidney complaints.

Most people will be surprised to know that the Southern States furnished 501,500 troops to the Federal armies during the late unpleasantness. Only one-fourth of these soldiers were colored.

HOFFMAN IN VENTURA.

The Founders of the Mission of San Buenaventura.

Description of the Old Mission Church—From 1782 to 1891—The First Marriage Ceremony and the First Baptism—Our Correspondent in a Barley Field.

[Special correspondence of RECORD-UNION.]

San Buenaventura is one of the very old towns of California which have not progressed to any very great extent, even while other towns, not far away from them, have been busy selling bogus lots, and in other ways making themselves exceedingly famous. But San Buenaventura, the county seat of Ventura County, is not to blame.

If Father Junipero, the President of all the Missions of California, who founded the place March 31, 1782, had chosen a spot where the climate was not so healthy that it created a state of chronic sleepiness from the beginning, the old town might now be noted for something better.

It is really the sleepiest town I ever saw. The people are not lazy out of pure indolence. There is something in the air which makes one feel averse to exertion of any sort. No sooner do I get out of bed than I am anxious to get back into it again, not because I have had a bad night of it—for everybody sleeps soundly here—but because drowsiness is the natural condition of all things animate in and about the old mission. It is the climate which is to blame. However, I am not sure but that San Buenaventura is better off for being in a continual and perpetual state of somnolence. The people are happy and prosperous. It is not necessary for them to get up booms and sell bogus lots for a living. The land is rich, and olives, walnuts, oranges and beans, to say nothing of such old resources as wheat and grapes, grow so abundantly and bring such good prices, that all the people have to do is give them "a ghost of a show," and the result is a fortune for each "speculator."

But all the residents of the town are not rich. A town made up of millionaires would die of its own thrift. There must be a certain percentage of thews and sinews. Even a King cannot keep house properly without his scullion, and San Buenaventura has a large percentage of the laboring element which does not grow oranges, lemons, olives, grapes or beans, but keeps the cogwheels going. There is never any push and hurry and jumble, though. The rich folks take things easy, and "like master like man." I know no place on the face of the earth to which a man, with a shattered nervous system might go and receive more benefit in a short time, than San Buenaventura.

The old adobe buildings, which were so conspicuous a few years ago, have been nearly all removed, and the vacancies filled with neat cottages. During the Los Angeles boom the town grew rapidly in the western suburbs, and a few lots were sold at fabulous prices, but it was only a short infliction of the fever, and it soon collapsed.

The Santa Clara Valley, from which the county seat of Ventura County derived its support, was rapidly and thoroughly developed, and is now a great and prolific garden, but as it advanced half a dozen little towns sprang into prominence, and Santa Paula, Saticoy, New Jerusalem, Montalvo, Fillmore, Sespe and other places received the benefits of the development. San Buenaventura was forced to take a back seat and watch the other towns grow up with the country. But in spite of all the drawbacks the population, which, in 1878, numbered about 1,500 souls, has increased to about 2,500, and the town is gradually reaching a higher state of prosperity. One noticeable feature is the thorough cultivation of the land in and about the town. The sagebrush has been removed from the tops of the mountains above the mission, and good crops of barley are raised where once only the cactus and the Spanish bayonet flourished. Every little flat is now a garden, and the old town is shadowed by towering and aromatic blue gums, spicy pepper trees, walnuts and fragrant orange groves.

The old church, erected in 1782 by Junipero Serra, President of all the Missions of California, has changed very little within the last century. I was not present when the first bricks were laid, nor at the dedication, September 9, 1809, business having detained me somewhere on the road, but several very prominent real estate men of Ventura have told me that the church looks only a little dingier than it did 100 years ago.

The walls of this old building are of brick, topped out with adobe, and are six feet in thickness. The tile roof was damaged by the earthquake of 1857, and was replaced by one of shingle.

The tower on the southeast corner of the building, which has served as a home for countless generations of swallows, has two arches. In the lower arch hang four iron bells, the largest dated 1825, and the smaller ones 1812, 1781, 1781. The upper arch contains four wooden bells. These bells were lashed to their beams with green rawhide thongs, and these thongs have never broken, although more than a century has passed since they were cut. Until a recent date the iron bells pealed forth a weird and mysterious chime at morning, noon and night, but now the old bell-ringer, who climed up the tower stairs daily for many years, is dead, his hands are stilled and the bells are silent. Only on Saints' days, and on great occasions, is the chime produced. The wooden bells, I think, were used in early times, when the padres wished to call the people to arms without letting the besieging Indians know that their plans were known. The faithful followers heard the dumb show, but the unholy Diggers, who were waiting for a chance to jab their spears into the stomachs of the faithful, didn't hear it.

Four priests are buried in this old church. Father Vincente de Santa Maria, who died July 16, 1806, and whose remains were removed to the church on the day of its dedication; Father Jose Senan, who died August 24, 1823; Father Francisco Suner, who died January 17, 1831, and a priest whose name is unknown.

West of the building is a little lot about 100 feet square, in which the remains of the faithful were for many years interred, without coffins, until it contained the bones of 3,850 people.

The records of the church, which are still preserved, show that the first marriage ceremony was performed within its walls August 8, 1782, by Father Francisco Dumet. The contracting parties were Alexander Sotomayor of Fuerto, Mexico, and Maria Concepcion Martiel of Alamos, Sonora, Mexico. The first baptism was that of Jose Cucencio Valdez, son of Eugenio Valdez Espanal, April 27, 1782.

History does not give the measurements of this church, but it is about 100 feet long, 40 feet wide and 40 feet from the ground to the apex of the roof. The heavy timbers used for the support of the roof were dragged by Indian hands from the mountains fifty miles away.

The interior of the church has been somewhat changed within the last few years, but the ancient paintings and images of the Virgin and the crucifixion, yet remain as of yore, dimmed and stained, and made more precious by the ruthless hand of time.

When the priests founded the Mission of San Buenaventura they planted many olive, pear and other trees, and laid out an extensive garden.

Local enterprise and modern thrift have cut away and destroyed the old orchard, and only a few of the olives, planted in the days of Junipero Serra, remain. They stand in front of the Court-house. Two date palm trees are still growing in a lot back of the Santa Clara Hotel. Originally there were three palms, but about fifteen years ago one was blown down, and was carried away, piecemeal, by tourists. Tradition says that these palms bore until the male palm at Santa Barbara was destroyed, many years ago, but have never borne fruit since.

So much for the Old Mission.

I have been sojourning in the Valley of the Sespe, and the climate in the Valley of the Sespe is confounded hot. But heat is nothing when one gets used to it, and my erstwhile pallid and sallow mug is taking on a beautiful mahogany tint, not unlike the color of a rare old meerschaum pipe, or a ripe carbuncle.

I have spent the greater part of my time looking for petrified shells and fish in the hills, and have collected enough rubbish to stock a museum. I have snails from the pliocene, miocene, tirtiary and other periods; fish from the kerosene comma, and mollusks from the grycorine semicolon, not to say anything about my collection of ossified sea serpents from the benzine colon. I have petrified sharks' teeth for sale cheap for cash, and the skeleton of a petrified jelly fish, which I will let out on easy terms.

Since I came here I have made only one mistake. I thought I needed exercise, and I persuaded a friend to let me take his place for one day and haul barley hay.

If there is one thing in the world which I shall always curse with a deep, husky, passionate, gurgling curse and look at askance forever and more, it is barley hay. It would do me a great deal of good to write out a list of the most horrible and extraordinary cuss words I used while monkeying with the pitchfork on the top of a stack of barley hay in the Valley of the Sespe, June 22, 1891, but if I did they would totally lay out and ruin, and blast the eyes of every printer in the composing-rooms of the RECORD-UNION. I am not sure but they would even make the editor of the New York *Sun* so ashamed of himself that he would never allude to ex-President Cleveland again without tears of discouragement.

Barley hay is the most insidious, penetrating stuff that grows. The man who cuts it should be not only damned after death, but damned thoroughly and vigorously every hour before death; hung, drawn and quartered; beaten to death with a clothes-ringer; kicked to death by cripples and inoculated with a fresh mess of hydrophobia every morning of his life. Barley hay won't stay on a pitchfork, on a wagon, nor on a stack. It won't stay anywhere but under your shirt, next to the skin. As soon as you get in the field it begins to crawl up your legs, under your interior raiment, up your back and around your neck. It dallies with your armpits and saws a few licks on your ribs. It works into your ears, eyes, mouth and nose, and goes exploring on the inside of your body, and works out through the hide for a month or two after you have left the field. It perforates your body until you are so full of holes that you can't take a drink or keep anything in your stomach, and you get so thin that your bones cut holes in the bedclothes at night. Excuse me while I go out behind the barn and express myself a little more vigorously.

Another thing which acts in harmony with barley hay in the Valley of the Sespe is a little gnat. This gnat is about the size of the tenth part of a grain of mustard seed, but it has a bill as long as your leg, and distills a poison so virulent that when two gnats take a bite from the same part of your person that part of your person swells up until all the other parts of your person look like little fixtures to the part of your person the gnats bit. These gnats travel in gangs and swoop down unexpectedly when one is not prepared, and while he is trying to get his claws on a wisp of barley that has wisped into the hide between his shoulder blades. They gather in vast numbers in his ears, and if he kills one a whole squad rushes into the deadly breach and goes scurrying down his back until he throws up the sponge, gives forth a wild, sad, plaintive yell, tears off his pants and flees to the woods in his shirt, a raving, ranting, gibbering lunatic!

A. V. HOFFMAN.

Mistaken Doctors.

The following anecdote, related by the *Arkansas Traveller*, reminds us of the old sailor who fell sick and died; or, at least, the ship's surgeon said he was dead. So he was rolled in a shroud, a shot was tied to his feet, and he was being elevated to the vessel's side, when he sat up with an interested air, tore the covering from his face and inquired what was going on. They told him he was dead, and they were about to bury him. He maintained that he was not dead. "But the doctor says you are," exclaimed an old salt, with an air of scorn; "and who knows best, you or he?"

Doctor Ike was called to see old Ned's son, and, after several visits, the doctor said to the anxious father:

"Ned, I doan wanter to distress yer, but dat boy can't git well. De conglomeration ob de membrens hab dun sot in."

"Wall, I reckon dat will kill him," Ned replied. "I doan see how a chile wid his weak constitution an' convention can git ober such a oneaseness ob de flesh. So you gins him up, doctor?"

"Yes, I issue my decrement right heah. Dat boy can't live five hours."

About two weeks after Ned met the doctor and said:

"I thought you gin that boy up?"

"I did. Ain't he dead yit?"

"Dead!" repeated Ned contemptuously. "Why, he's choppin' wood this mornin'."

The doctor reflected for a moment and said: "Dat's a nice way to fool wid medical science. How does yer expeck folks to hab confidence in de advancement of medical diskiveries when a boy acts dat way. Dat boy, sah, lifts hisself up to dispute de 'stablished rules ob de school ob physicians. I'se done wid him."

"I'se glad ob it, sah; but you yo'sef must hab made a mistake."

"No, I didn't, kase I understan's my business."

"I means dat yer mout hab lef' too soon. Ef yer'd stayed dar awhile longer yer might hab 'stablished de proof ob yer proclamation."

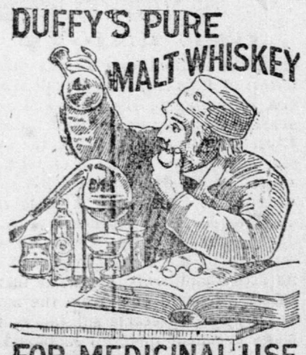
"Look heah, Ned, yer'd better let me go an' see dat boy agin."

"No, I'se much obleeged ter yer. I'se got a heap ob work to do an' I need de chile. Go off somewhar and pizen a cat."

The Population of India.

From the census taken this year we learn that the population of British India foots up 220,500,000 souls. In all India there were found to be 286,000,000; that is, in the region dominated by the representatives of Great Britain, the localities where the Indian Government exercises direct sovereignty, there are 220,500,000 people, while in those parts under feudatory rule, subject to British influence, there are 65,500,000 more. One million enumerators were engaged in the work of enumerating the inhabitants of that country. In one district (Bengal) the staff exceeded 399,000.

DUFFY'S PURE MALT WHISKEY



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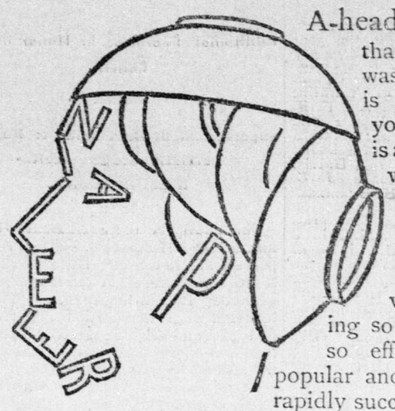
Miscellaneous.



A-head of everything that can be used for washing and cleaning, is PEARLINE. If your work is heavy, it is a necessity; if your work is light, it is a luxury. It lessens the labor of washing, and helps everywhere in the housework. There's nothing so harmless—nothing so effective—nothing so popular and yet so new—it is rapidly succeeding soap. Try it for washing dishes—try it for washing anything—everything; only try it—for your own sake and ours. A house without Pearline is "behind the times."

Beware Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearline, do the honest thing—*send it back*.

183 JAMES PYLE, New York.

A HINDOO MAGICIAN.

A Defender of Lucknow Tells of the Marvels of Necromancy in India.

Ex-Sergeant-Major Wm. Farrell, formerly of the British army, who spent about seventeen years in India, is now in San Francisco, and has talked upon the subject of necromancy and Hindoo conjurers. Farrell wears upon his breast a "Defense of Lucknow" medal and a "long service and good conduct" medal, which is proof that he was not a Mulvaney, and didn't "put his hut through the tin commandments twice a day" when in the service of the widow. He was Color-sergeant of the Eighty-fourth when that regiment was cooped up in Lucknow.

Farrell declares that one might be in India for years and never get a sight of a high caste conjurer. "I had been there a long time before I saw one. It was in April, 1859, about a year after the siege, when I was one of a large military force then stationed at Lucknow. A conjurer gave a performance in a mess ante-room, and Colonel Fielding of the Royal Artillery invited a large number of officers and a few non-cons, including myself, to be present. Some of the officers who were there are still alive, among them General A. Herbert, Sir H. Havelock Allen, General Thomas Lightfoot, General Barton and Dennis Donahue, now British Consul in San Francisco, all of whom will vouch for what I say.

"The performer was a tall, handsome man, about 35 years of age, and he had the most lustrous, penetrating dark eyes that ever were seen in the human face. He entered the room accompanied by one attendant, who carried only a little flat box about ten inches long. The attendant took from the box a white cashmere shawl and spread it upon the floor, and the performer seated himself upon it. He directed his gaze slowly upon each one of the audience in turn, and then said to Colonel Lightfoot: 'Will you hand to Colonel Cooper the sovereign you have in your vest pocket?'

"Colonel Lightfoot said he carried a sovereign as a pocket piece, but he wondered how the conjurer knew that. As ne spoke he felt in his pocket; a look of surprise came over his face The sovereign was not there. The performer smiled and asked Colonel Cooper to feel his pocket. Cooper did so, and to his own astonishment found Colonel Lightfoot's sovereign, which he returned to the latter. Holding the coin in his hand, Colonel Lightfoot asked the performer how he managed it.

"'Manage what?' asked the man.

"'How did you manage to get that coin from my pocket to Cooper's?'

"'I did not. It has not been out of your own pocket.'

"But here it is," said Colonel Lightfoot, opening his hand. A look of blank amazement came into his face, for the coin which he had just taken in his hand was not there. The conjurer told him to feel in his pocket, and the sovereign was there.

"Before we recovered from our surprise the performer borrowed a marked rupee of Colonel Montgomery and laid it upon the shawl. He raised his forefinger and the rupee stood upon its edge and at a sign rolled half way across the room and then stood still. At another sign it rolled back, and when opposite the former it spun rapidly like a top for a moment and then disappeared.

"When asked how he did it the man quietly replied that he had done absolutely nothing, and that we only imagined we saw the coin spin round. The marked coin was found in Colonel Montgomery's pocket.

"Then the basket trick was done. A basket four feet in diameter and three feet high was taken out of the attendant's little box before our eyes. The cook's daughter was called in and placed under the basket, and the next we knew the conjurer stood beside it with a spear in his hand. Nobody could tell where that spear came from. The man jabbed the spear down through the basket, the child shrieked and the blood flowed out upon the floor. Several officers sprang forward with drawn swords terribly excited, but the Hindoo calmly said: 'Nothing has happened,' and tipped the basket over with his bloody spear.

"Nothing was under the basket. The child came into the room through the door, and when we turned again to look at the conjurer he was seated upon the floor, and the basket, spear and blood stains were gone.

"He then took a short bamboo stick in his hand, threw the shawl over his arms so as to conceal the stick, and instantly he seemed to be seated cross-legged in the air about two feet above the floor, supported by nothing but the cane under his hand. Lieutenant Burns, an artillery man, stepped quickly forward, seized the shawl and twitched it away. No rod was there, and the man was seated upon the floor, although no movement of his body had been seen by anybody.

"Then he placed a silk handkerchief upon the floor, and instantly it seemed to be covered with a swarm of insects—golden and irridescent beetles, flies of brilliant hue—squirming and running about. I turned to the man next me and said: 'Isn't that beautiful?'

"'Isn't what beautiful? I see nothing,' he rejoined, and when I turned my head again to look at the strange sight the handkerchief was clean and no insects were there at all.

"The man performed fourteen tricks in all, and everyone as incomprehensible as those I have described. While he was performing he never looked at the coins or other objects, but kept his eyes upon ours, his gaze ranging from one to another constantly. If a man started to leave the room the Hindoo looked at him, and the man would sit down, all purpose gone from his mind.

"When it was all over the Hindoo smilingly informed us that we had seen literally nothing, but had imagined the whole affair, and we went away thoroughly bewildered. I was so dazed that I even lost my way back to the barracks. We talked it over the next day, but could make nothing of it. We even tore up the floor of the ante-room to see if the Hindoo had prepared for the performance by concealing a confederate under the floor, but there was no space between the boards and the ground. Afterward I met the same man, but he declared that I had never seen him, and that he never was in Lucknow in his life."

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DIVIDEND NOTICE.—A DIVIDEND has been declared by the People's Savings Bank for the term ending June 30, 1891, at the rate of five and one-third (5⅓) per cent. per annum on term deposits, and four (4) per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes and payable on or after JULY 3, 1891.

GEO. W. LORENZ, Cashier.

WOLF BEATEN BY A WOMEN.

An Incident Showing the Extremely Cowardly Nature of the Beast.

It is not often that a wolf story is told in a way to show the cowardly nature of the animal. For this reason the following account, given by the author of "Twenty-seven Years in Canada West," has its own value and interest:

My wife's youngest sister had a pet sheep that she had brought up from a lamb, and to which she was very much attached.

One afternoon she was going down to the spring for a pitcher of water when she saw a large dog, as she thought, worrying her sheep, upon which she picked up a large stick and struck the beast two or three strokes with all her strength, thus compelling him to drop his prey.

This, however, he did very reluctantly, turning his head at the same time and showing his teeth with a diabolical snarl. She saw at once when he faced her, by his pricked ears, high cheeked bones, long, bushy tail and gaunt figure, that her antagonist was a wolf.

Nothing daunted, she again bravely attacked him, for he seemed determined, in spite of her valiant opposition, to save her pet lamb, which he again attacked. She boldly beat him off a second time, following him down the creek, thrashing him and calling for aid with all her might, when, fortunately, one of her brothers, attracted by her cries, ran down with the dogs and his gun. But he was too late for a shot, for when the wolf saw the reinforcement he scampered off with all his speed.

A Practical View of Education.

Sam Johnson of Austin was heard calling across the garden fence to his neighbor's son, a colored youth, who goes to the colored university:

"Look hyar, boy, yer goes to the anyvarsity, don't yer?"

"Yes, sir."

"Gettin' eddycashun, ain't yer?"

"Yes, sir."

"Learnin' 'ritmatick and figgerin' on a slate, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"Wall, it don't take two whole days to make an hour do it?"

"Of course not."

"You was gwine ter brung dat hatchet back in an hour, wasn't yer?"

"Yes, sir."

"An' it's been two hull days since you borrow hit. Now, what good's eddycashun gwine ter do you thick-skulled niggers, when you goes to school a hull year an' den can't tell how long it takes to fetch back a hatchet?"

The boy got mad and slung the hatchet over the fence and half way through the ash-barrel.—Texas Siftings.

The Red Sea.

There is a common superstition that the Red Sea took its name from the destruction of Pharoah and his army, but recent investigations have shown that the name was bestowed on this body of water even before the time of Exodus. The name is singularly appropriate, and probably arose from the fact that at certain seasons of the year vast quantities of reddish animalculæ float in the water and make the entire surface of a pinkish hue. The animalculæ are said to be peculiar to that sea, being found nowhere else. The local traditions declare that the blood of Pharoah and his host appears in the water at the time of the year when the drowning took place. Attempts have been made, but without success, to propagate the animalculæ elsewhere.

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