## INDIA'S DEADLY SNAKES.

### Where There are 1,000 Cobras to the Square Mile—A Remedy Worse Than the Bite.

[Times of India.]

The statistics show that during the last year the amount of rewards paid for the destruction of wild beasts and venomous snakes in British India was 99,189 rupees. As far as regards the destruction of wild beasts, the money was, no doubt, well spent, though the rewards are sometimes too easily earned. We have, for instance, heard of a young wolf, which had been brought up domestically until it was as tame as a lady's lapdog, falling a victim to a greedy servant in the cook-room for the sake of the head money. But, after all, wolves are not very pleasant pets, and there can be little doubt that the offer of rewards for the destruction of really dangerous animals is in the main useful. Tempted by this, the village shikaree, though he may have no baby of his own, will sit up for the wolf that prowls about the precincts of the village at night thirsting for infants' blood.

In reality, only three species of snakes dangerous to human life are to be met with in the Bombay presidency, viz., the cobra, the chain viper, and a small black snake, banded with white, which is known to the naturalists as *Bungarus arenatus*. There is another prettily-marked little viper, which is common enough, but, as it is barely a foot in length, its bite is very rarely fatal. To these popular Anglo-Indian tradition adds several most deadly species, the carpet snake, the whip snake, the eye snake, &c. The last owes its name, according to Dr. E. Nicholson, to an idea prevalent among otherwise sane Englishmen that it is in the habit of hanging by the tail from a branch of a tree for the purpose of hitting passers by in the eye. Of the three species mentioned above the *Bungarus* is very inoffensive, and not common, while the chain viper is extremely lazy, and generally gives warning of its presence by hissing furiously when any one approaches, so that accidents from these two species are probably rare.

The cobra, on the other hand, is one of the commonest snakes in India, as it is one of the most fatal in the world. Dr. Nicholson, who was appointed in 1873 to superintend the distribution of the rewards in Bangalore, estimates the cobra population of that region at 1,000 per square mile. This calculation, if correct, will perhaps serve equally for any station in the Deccan, as, for instance, Poona, where the cobra finds both board and lodging on easy terms in the holes of the field rats, and probably does man more service in a year than all the mischief it does him in a century. Throughout Bombay itself the cobra swarms, especially on places like Malabar Hill and Cambalia Hill and Parel. That the cobra is so rarely seen is only another proof of its extremely timid and wary disposition. But snakes, indeed, shun man far more than man shuns them. Their first impulse on hearing his dreaded footsteps is to run, and among Europeans who wear boots the possibility of being bitten is small.

Natives, walking noiselessly, with bare feet, are, of course, much more liable to accidents, yet the statistics we have, already referred to give the total number of persons killed by venomous snakes during the year 1878 at 16,812, or less than one in 10,000 of the population. And it is not unlikely that we should be nearer the truth if we cut down that number by half; not only because snake-bite has been, since the days of Hamlet's father, a most convenient explanation of doubtful deaths, but because in hundreds of cases, where the bite of the snake would not have sufficed to kill the man, native methods of cure complete the work and put an end to his life.

A correspondent, in calling attention to the danger, sends us an example very much to the point that came under his notice. A strong young Mussulman, an energetic and vigorous man, was turning over some rubbish when a speckled snake, about two feet long, bit him above the ankle. No one else saw the creature. He himself did not stop to look at it, but rushed headlong home, implored his friends to look after his children, and rolled over on the floor. In a few moments the whole neighborhood had gathered together, determined not to let him perish without an attempt at rescue. A dozen chickens were at once procured, and the remedy was put into vigorous operation. It is, by the way, one of the commonest native specifics. Then some jungle men passing by were called in. They were practical men, and at once sucked the wound. They sucked and chewed the man in half a dozen other places besides, but this might have been designed to act on his faith and cheer him up, and by this time he needed cheering. Next some local savants suggested that the poison should be got out of the man's stomach, and a good handful of salt was given him, with an immediate result. After this a decoction of *neem* leaves was administered, both internally and externally, plenty of it being rubbed on the crown of his head. Some other decoction was smeared under the roof of his tongue. Two men well versed in charms then came on the scene, and cutting some twigs from a tree of very great potency in such cases, belabored the man for an hour or two over the head and face, muttering charms the while.

All this was, we are told, only the beginning of sorrows. For four or five hours the wretched man was piled with drugs and decoctions and charms, every new comer putting some fresh abomination down his throat. At the end of that time he was quite sensible, and not a symptom of snake poison had shown itself. There was no pain in the bitten part, nor any swelling, as far as could be ascertained, considering how the place had been plastered and blistered and bandaged. Two or three hours later, however, some fresh dose, prescribed by a new arrival, gave the coup de grace. The man succumbed, became insensible, and soon died. There was a government dispensary in the neighborhood, with an apothecary in charge, but no one ever dreamt of consulting him until it was too late. In this case there was not a particle of evidence to show that the snake was poisonous, and in all probability the man was simply cured to death. The victim was unfortunately a popular man, and much respected, and had he had fewer friends he might have been permitted to recover. If the blame of half the snake-bite cases in the government returns is laid to the snake account the reptile has probably had its due, and after all the annual returns give one death only in each 10,000 of the population.

## "Hazing" in the British Army.

[London Society.]

A few years ago a man named Royd joined a regiment, and on his first evening among his new comrades was "drawn." That is to say, he was visited in his room during the small hours of the morning and ordered to go down into the ante-room for court-martial, the charge against him being that he had risen from the dinner-table while an officer senior to him remained sitting. Royd, being of huge stature and gigantic strength, stoutly resisted, and eventually picked up the largest man in the room, carried him out to the landing, and dropped him over the baluster on to the flagged passage below. The effect was magical; in an instant all the hubbub was hushed, and the injured man was raised. Fortunately the result was nothing worse than a sprained ankle and a severely bruised hip. He took it very quietly and merely looked up at Royd, who was standing near, and said, coolly, "I'll have you out for this." Very possibly the newcomer did not think much of the threat, but his career was virtually over; at every hour of the day and night did he have cause to repent that hasty action, and during the autumn manœuvers of that year the climax came. It was in this wise: On a pouring wet day, or night rather, he had to visit the pickets, and as, for some reason, he had no horse, was compelled to do the rounds on foot. On coming in after a tramp of some miles, thoroughly soaked and tired out, he was ordered to visit yet another outlying picket six or seven miles away. Then was his tormentor's opportunity; he would not permit him to take a troop horse, though he himself was riding. Tired, cold and wet, this young subaltern reached the picket; something went wrong, as did his temper, and he swore at one of the men. His fate was sealed. His senior immediately put him under arrest, and he was told by the colonel that he must send in his papers, or undergo trial by court martial. Of course, he left the regiment.

## An Old Maid.

In girlish wonder, "It is strange,"
You say, "to hear a laugh so bright;
To see such lovely rounded cheeks,
Such smiling lips and eyes so bright;
Such pretty hair, unmarked with gray,
A brow where thoughts taught of cares,
And know that she who owns them all
Is an old maid."

Those eyes ne'er lost their gentle gleam,
Because they are the home of truth;
And thoughts of charity and love
Have stamp'd the brow and lips with youth,
And if the cheeks are still as round
As when they dimpled long ago,
'Tis children's kisses on them pressed
Have kept them so.

—*Madge Elliott, in Baldwin's Monthly.*

TALL SOLDIERS NEEDED TO TAKE HOLLAND.—"A good story is current," says *Galignani*, "of Prince Alexander of Holland. The prince, a young man of rather staid and literary tastes, paid a visit to Berlin last summer, and a review was given in his honor by the imperial court. Military pageants, as our readers are aware, form an integral part of every grand reception in the Prussian capital, but prince Alexander, with little inclination for soldiery, sat in silent contemplation while the troops were defiling before him. All at once the crown prince drew his guest's attention to a Uhlan regiment, with the remark that they were 'a fine body of men.' 'Yes,' replied Prince Alexander, 'but they are not tall enough.' This reply, delivered with the traditional Dutch phlegm, a little surprised his interlocutor, who, however, merely observed, 'Very well; then you must see my cuirassiers.' The cuirassiers, erect in their saddles like men-at-arms of the Middle Ages, went by in breastplates and plumes. 'Well, what do you think of them?' asked Prince Fritz. 'Splendid men, but not tall enough.' Still more piqued than astonished at this unexpected response, the heir to the crown of Germany exclaimed, 'Indeed; then wait till you see the regiments of the guard.' In due time these magnificent six-footers made their appearance, and the same query fell from the lips of the crown prince. 'They are not tall enough,' very quietly returned Prince Alexander, adding gently, but meaningly, 'we can flood our country, when we choose, 12 feet deep.'"

## The Edison Light—Pro and Con.

[Penn Monthly.]

The critics of Mr. Edison's new electric light have shown some ingenuity in their attacks upon it. The only one of these, however, which is incapable of answer at this point is the assertion that the apparatus cannot be made to pay. It is claimed that the production of a light equalling 120 candles to a horse power is not remunerative, as it involves the loss of nineteen twentieths of the power in the production of heat, etc. The other electro-illuminating apparatuses do yield 1,200 candles, involving a loss of one-half the power; but they are surpassed by Mr. Edison's in other important respects, which more than compensates this advantage. Especially they are incapable of being adjusted, as is Mr. Edison's, to the amount of work to be done. To keep a single lamp at work, they must be as active as though the whole multitude to be supplied were at work. And it is hoped that, by further study of the problem, the proportion of electricity converted into light will be greatly increased. Even as it is, the ratio of the light produced to the force employed is four times more favorable in the case of Edison's lamp than in that of a gas-burner.

A second objection is that the exhaustion of the Edison globe being imperfect, even the small amount of air which is left is sufficient to consume the delicate carbon horse-shoe, and to make the lamp burn dim and go out. Let us suppose that the capacity of the globe is eight cubic inches. The weight of the air in such a globe is less than two and a-half grains, of which one-fifth, or less than half a grain, is oxygen. Mr. Edison's apparatus will exhaust all but the millionth part of this. This he ascertains, not by a loose estimate, but by a mathematical measurement made during the process of exhaustion. Now oxygen combines with carbon in the ratio of about three to one. The one-millionth of half a grain of oxygen will therefore consume one-sixth millionth part of a grain of the arc,—an entirely inappreciable quantity. It is true that, while some of Mr. Edison's lamps have burnt for months with no diminution of their brilliancy, the greater number have gone out through the breakage of the delicate horse-shoe of baked paper. But this is owing to imperfect adjustment creating a resistance to the flow of the electric current, and not to the consuming effect of the oxygen.

A third objection comes from London. It is that the electric light is ghastly and unpleasant, and that unless some modification of the coloring of the glass in the globe is possible, no one will endure it. This is true enough of the other electric lights, but not of Edison's. They are produced by a current passing between two points of carbon; his by the incandescence of a continuous arc of carbon. For reasons which every student of the theory of light will appreciate, the effect is very different. When the Albert Hall in London was lighted by the Siemens' electric lamp, the English ladies, after one experiment, refused to expose their beauty to a light in which every complexion became hideous. It was found necessary, for this reason, to put salt into the carbons, so as to impart a reddish tinge to the light. But the effect of the Edison light is so similar to that of gas, that unless attention were called to it, a person might suppose the rooms of Mr. Edison's house to be lighted by gas-light. The older electric lights are open to other serious objections which do not apply to the new one. The rustling noise made by the fluid in passing from point to point was one of these. The liability of the lamp to be affected by draughts of air was another.

There will be some great collateral gains with the introduction of electric lighting into our homes. The supply of a cheap motive power to run sewing-machines and the like, will be one of these. Howe's great invention has been the ruin of the health of thousands of women through its employment of the lower limbs in working the machine. A machine to furnish a supply of electro-magnetic force at a cheap rate, and to register just the amount of that force which has been used, will meet the difficulty, as it has not been met by machines whose cost the household had to pay in the first instance.

Another collateral advantage will be the almost or quite complete disuse of matches. The number of lives, especially children's lives, lost through the abuse of the little conveniences, and the number of conflagrations caused by them, are so great as to make one wish that mankind had never got beyond the flint and steel apparatus of our forefathers; and it is not improbable that our fire insurance companies will find it worth their while to offer special rates to homes into which the electric light is introduced, especially if it be accompanied by an electric apparatus—there is a very simple and safe one—for lighting fires.

Still another advantage will be the saving of book bindings in libraries. At present our valuable Russia, morocco and calf bindings steadily deteriorate in value, if kept in rooms where gas is burned. This is one reason why some of our most important public libraries are always closed at sundown, while in some private libraries candles are used to the exclusion of gas. The electric light gives off no heat, and no chemical substances. It is as cool in summer as even Philadelphia or St. Louis would wish.

## THE PESSIMIST PRIG.

*Whitehall Review.*

Since to manhood I've grown
Many prigs I have known;
Prigs youthful, prigs senile, prigs little and big;
But the prigs I detest
Far beyond all the rest
Is the languid, dissatisfied Pessimist Prig.

If the glories of night
His attention invite,
For the "stars in their course" he don't care a fig.
Looking up at the sky
With his glass at his eye
"They're too many by half," says the Pessimist Prig.

If you mention the spoil
You may get from the soil,
He replies, "But forget it, you know, you must die!"
If you show him the sea,
Blue, bounding, and free,
"Ah! it makes me so sick!" says the Pessimist Prig.

If he happens to sit,
At a farce, in the pit,
With each neighbor as merry as "sand boy" or "grig;"
With his sneer, and his frown,
He soon pulls them all down:
"They are frivolous fools," says the Pessimist Prig.

If you point out the charms
Of a woman's white arms,
He strokes his false whiskers and settles his wig:
"She's not my ideal;
She's vastly too real;
Give me soul! Give me soul!" says the Pessimist Prig.

"Life and death are the same,"
He will often explain;
"And life's not worth having, and man is a pig!"
"Then why don't you die?"
Is my frequent reply.
"Why! Because they're the same," says the Pessimist Prig.

Then I shriek, and I tear
What remains of my hair,
And I send for a curricle, buggy, or gig,
And I cry, "Let me fly
To the wilds, ere I die,
Of this languid, dissatisfied Pessimist Prig!"

## Papa's Sheep Story.

["Letter-Box" in St. Nicholas for February.

Dear St Nicholas: I send you a story which I lately told to my three little ones. They often ask for it, and seem to like it so much that I thought some of your young readers might like to read it. My children call it "Papa's Sheep Story," and here it is:—

"When I was 12 years of age, my parents lived on a large farm in Ohio, near Cleveland, and in the winter my father used to haul a load of hay or wood or apples into the city nearly every day, when the weather was fine. One day, he started long after the usual time, and told me that, as he could not return until a late hour at night, I must do all the chores, and be 'very particular to feed and count the sheep in the south brush-lot.' During the day a heavy snow-storm set in, and it began to grow dark soon after I got home from school. While I was doing the chores, the driving storm and gathering darkness tempted me to think it wouldn't matter much if the sheep went without their supper for once, and that father would never know I hadn't counted them. Well, just as I was starting to go to the house, my father unexpectedly drove into the great barn, and at once asked me, "Did you feed the sheep, Edward?"

"It was no time to falter; so, fearing to be sent to the south brush-lot,—which was nearly half a mile distant and bounded on three sides by a dense forest, which we boys thought was filled with bears as large as elephants,—I promptly replied 'yes sir.'

"At this point, I see knowing looks exchanged among my children.

"'Where did you find them?' was the next question. I felt I had done wrong in telling this story, but thought it would not do to back out then, so I answered, 'In the little grove, just beyond the hollow.'

"'Did you count them?' he asked after a pause.

"'Yes sir, there were 56. I counted them over three or four times, and I'm sure they're all right,' said I.

"As my father said no more for a few moments, I felt sure that my straightforward answers had convinced him.

"Presently he said: 'Edward, go open the cow-shed door, and then come and tell me what you see there.' I did as he said, and—what do you think I saw?

"My father had forgotten to turn the sheep out in the morning, and they had been in that cow-shed all day!

"'Oh! oh! oh!' cry the three little ones perched on my knee.

"'Come here to me,' said my father, 'and I will teach you to be more truthful in future.' I went to him, and he taught me.

"Now, children, do you really think that papa deserved to be punished?"

Triumphal chorus from all three: "Yes! yes! yes!"

INSANE FROM JEALOUSY.—At Pittsburg, Pa., a woman named Boyle is lying at death's door from the effect of poison taken because of her grief on account of her daughter's feelings for her husband. The daughter was married a short time ago, and became so attached to her husband that her mother grew almost insane with jealousy, and last night, it is said, she took poison to end her life.

## THE JEWELLED TOMB.

### The Wonderful Taje Mahal, Described for Children.

[Mrs. T. W. Curwen in February Wide Awake.]

Shah-Jehan, the Mogul emperor, built the Jeweled Tomb. His name means king of the world, because he ruled over so many people. Jewels were like the sand of the sea to him, he owned so many. The Koh-i-noor, "the mountain of light," was his, and there is but one larger diamond in the world. The Brahmins say that the owner of the Koh-i-noor will always be ruler of India. This monarch loved power and splendor, but more than all he loved his wife Moomtazee. She was the niece of the famous Noor Mahal, and was called the most beautiful woman in the world, and was good as she was beautiful. "Light of the World," "Pearl of Women," "Crown of Delight," were some of the names her husband gave her. For hours he would sit by her side in his palace garden, on seats made soft by cashmere shawls, finer than any that ever crossed the ocean. They listened to the murmur of the river; they watched the pink lillies, as large as christening cups, that floated on its waves. Great leaves and wonderful flowers, such as we see only in conservatories, bent their heads beneath the spray of the fountains. There are few singing birds in that land, but from musicians, hidden behind the trees, came melodies which mingled with the sound of rippling waters.

All this was real, and not a story from the Arabian Nights.

One evening when the glow-worms had lit their lamps under every bush, the Mogul and his empress were in the garden. Their eldest daughter, best beloved of his children because she most resembled her mother, was playing at their feet.

"Dearest queen," exclaimed Shah-Jehan, "here are some flowers that I have just plucked. How happy should I be if you could not die! You are lovely as these roses, and I fear some day you will fade as they do. Allah allows a little worm to destroy a shawl that it has taken a life-time to make—if some unseen enemy should take your life, there would be nothing left me but a kingdom whose sun had set."

The queen replied, "I will never leave this earth as long as Allah will let me stay."

"Jehanara," she continued to her daughter, "if the Angel of Death should take me from your father, comfort and watch over him, and be all that your mother is to the great and good emperor."

"Promise, my lord," she said, "if I should die, never to marry again; and place a tomb over my grave, grand as a palace and beautiful as these flowers covered with diamond dew, that the whole world may know how the greatest of earthly monarchs loved his Moomtazee Mahal."

"I promise," said her husband, with trembling voice, "if you should leave me, no one shall ever fill your place, and the world has never seen so grand a monument as I will raise over the loveliest of women."

Soon after the queen became ill. The emperor was distracted when she said to him, "Remember my two requests; now I must leave you."

All the doctors and wise men in the kingdom were summoned, but they were so afraid their heads would be cut off, they did not know what to do; they suggested so many things that, of course, the poor queen stood very little chance. All the love and power of her husband could not save her any more than if she had been the wife of her meanest slave. She died—the palace was dumb with grief. No official dared to speak to the emperor, no one could tell him of his loss. Jehanara put her arms softly around her father's neck and sobbed into his ear, "The light of the world has gone out." The funeral was scarcely over, when Shah-Jehan began to build the tomb of his wife. In our country when we think of a monument, it is a granite shaft or a marble block; we place it in a cemetery and plant vines and trees around it. In commemoration of many great and good men we sometimes build a high monument—like that on Bunker Hill—where we can climb to the top and look over the country, telling each other how grand the nation has become because of the patriots beneath us who gave their lives for our liberty. But in India diamonds are dug out of the earth; precious stones filtered from streams and pearls fished from the seas. Every thought of nature is a jewel that glitters in the sunshine. The beetles are living gems; the orange lizards that peep from under the stones show necklaces of brilliants. It is the land of peacocks, whose gorgeous eyes repeat in the sunlight all the wonders underground. No goldsmith can make such dazzling colors as the butterflies carry through the air. So, when the emperor would build a mausoleum to the pearl of women, he adorned it with the most splendid gems that ever shone, even in that land of jewels. Shah-Jehan had been collecting precious stones all his life; but though he already had a greater number than any one else in the world, he ransacked all countries for more and finer gems to adorn his work. He brought the most skillful architects from France and Italy. The chief of them was Austin de Bordeaux, named the Jewel-handed. Seeds planted in the garden round the edifice grew to be tall trees, and children who had watched the leveling of the great platform became middle-aged men and women before the dome was finished. Twenty thousand workmen went home every night, year after year, always telling their families how particular the emperor was that every stone should be placed right, till at last they grew gray-headed—for it took 22 years of hard work to build the tomb. I cannot tell you how many millions it cost, there are so many different estimates given, but all agree that it cost an enormous sum.

Nothing interested Shah-Jehan but this tomb of his beautiful wife. It stood on the river Jumna in a garden two-thirds as large as Boston common, and was surrounded by a red sand-stone wall high as the roof of most houses. The emperor used to sit in one of the arcades on the inner side of this wall and watch the progress of the building. Careless of the terraced garden with its paths of variegated marble and its so fountains throwing diamonds into the air, regardless of the two mosques where Mussulmen go to pray, his eye was always fastened upon the dazzling structure which rose above all and gleamed like a mountain of snow against the blue sky. At length the Taje Mahal, the "Crown of Edifices," was completed. Let us visit it. On the side opposite the river we pass the wall through the grand red gate-way. It seems to be ornamented with garlands, but looking closer you observe that what we mistook for flowers are texts from the Koran, the Bible of the Mohammedans. These texts are inlaid in the stone, arranged in graceful lines, and illuminated with colored marbles. Passing through the garden, an avenue of Italian cypresses shuts us in like a pall, while a voice from the attendant comes out of the darkness, saying: "Close your eyes for a moment; you will not die, but you shall see heaven." Emerging from between the trees, we mount to the platform which is raised 18 feet above the highest garden terrace, and is a square of over three hundred feet, glittering and polished as ice. At each corner and separate from the main building rises a tall slender minaret, through whose open carving appears the circular stairs leading to the top. In the midst we behold the octagonal mausoleum, surmounted by four small cupolas around the central dome, which towers as high as Bunker Hill monument.

Where we stand above the world, everything beneath our feet and around us is made of white marble. There is no tinge of color on the four minarets, but within them the central pile is covered with delicate tracories that look like flowering vines. They are verses from the Koran; every letter is black marble inlaid in the white, and ornamented with jasper, agate, cornelian and lapis lazuli. When we are told that the whole sacred book is written in this way upon the Taje Mahal, we understand why the work took 20 years.

There is an entrance north, south, east and west. Crossing the threshold of either, we see that the vast interior is divided into several apartments. Beneath each of the four small domes is a separate inclosure. Under the central dome an octagonal space is shut in by colonnades rooted with arches. High above you, in the very center of this great dome, flashes a golden ornament like a constellation of stars. The floor, the walls, the columns, the ceiling, all are of glistening white marble. About 75 feet from the floor a carved trellis-work around the base of the dome lights the place, and shows the whole interior to be a mosaic of texts. They are made of black letters; not straight like those in a printed book, but twisted like the tendrils of a vine; and in this central and more sacred chamber, precious stones of every color gleam and sparkle around the words as if from a thorny stem gay flowers had sprung on every side. The buds and leaves look so natural as to deceive the eye. You wonder if the whole building has been decorated for a victory; if those are garlands of evergreens and flowers that cross the arches, drip over the freizes, interlace each other and almost wave in the breeze. You seem to look at banks of snow overspread with wreaths of flowers which the sun, streaming through the high trellised windows, transforms into foaming cataracts falling from the sky, while braided rainbows flash and dance on their waves. On the floor, under the dome, is an octagonal screen, higher than a tall man, and made of marble as delicately wrought as a veil of lace. It is bordered with lilies, tulips and roses, made of precious stones. Within this screen, beneath the center of the dome, is a slab of marble six feet in length. The poor mother covers her darling's grave with flowers—all she can give; they fade, and she still keeps fresh tokens there. The flowers the Great Mogul placed on the grave of his queen were made of the most costly jewels. The finest rubies that he had searched the world to procure, glowed in a rose near the head, close by an emerald lotus leaf covered with diamond spray. Texts from the Koran, always in black letters, form an inlaid back-ground of thorns for the flowers. Mohammedans believe these texts make the grave more sacred, and are a charm to preserve it from injury. On the end of the slab next the door are conspicuous the words: "Deliver us from the tribe of unbelievers." No royal lady's brooch was ever of more delicate workmanship than this casket of jewels. It glitters in the marble hall like a cluster of diamonds on a robe of white satin. Sparks of light dart on the screen, kindle the tracery into fire; tongues of flame speak on the floor; points of vivid light live all over the building and transfigure it into glory. In a vault below this great hall, and just under the precious slab, Queen Moomtazee is buried. A lamp is always burning over her tomb, and a priest, whose white beard falls below his waist, chants from the Koran. A strange echo repeats his voice back and forth in the church above, till it seems to linger in the lofty dome, where an invisible choir whisper his words before they take flight to heaven.

Shah-Jehan never married again. The tomb for his wife so occupied his thoughts that he did not know that the great test empire in the world was slipping away from him. The Princess Jehanara kept her promise to her mother. Father and daughter daily laid fresh flowers on the jewelled slab in the Taje Mahal, and the starry roses watched the frail, living ones close their eyes and droop, while their own petals never faded. The kingly mourner was dethroned by his crafty, cruel son, Aurengzebe, who became emperor, and imprisoned his father in the very palace from which he used to watch the elephant fights. He had no solace in confinement but his faithful daughter. Every day he looked with infinite longing at the minarets of the mausoleum. He could see the dome which rose high above the grave of his queen, but he could never lay a flower there. For eight years he could see the outside of his master-piece of architecture, but never again did his eyes behold the jeweled grave, which is the central thought, the heart of the Taje Mahal.

The Moguls no longer rule in the East. The Koh-i-nor, the ransom of a royal captive, belongs to Queen Victoria, the empress of India. The different conquerors of that country have destroyed many a marble palace, burnt many a a beautiful city; but all of them, even the furious Sepoys, have left unharmed the Taje Mahal—the jeweled wonder—and it stands today in its perfect glory—the monument raised by the love of an eastern despot to his beautiful wife.

EAGER to see, she pressed the sash,
The slight frame broke with a sudden crash,
And fell into the street.
A splinter struck a gallant knight,
He upward glanced; there met his sight
The little maiden sweet.
She smiled; he smiled; you know the rest—
My tale you have already guessed,
The end, of course, is plain;
The maid confessed, drew back from view.
The knight passed on amid his crew—
They never met again.

## THE FROZEN TRUTH.

### Terrible Destruction of Jack Rabbits by Cold.

[Carson (Nev.) Appeal, January 7.]

Ever since the cold snap the Washoe and Piute Indians have been selling jack rabbits in astonishing quantities at figures which have ruled considerably below their usual market prices. Bill Jackson, who has been out hunting and prospecting for a week or ten days past, tells a remarkable story in connection with the bountiful supply of rabbits which the Indians are at present furnishing. A few days ago he visited King's Cañon, and there he asserts he found acres of jack rabbits frozen stiff on the ground. Rather than shoulder the responsibility of the remarkable statement, the *Appeal* gives the yarn in Jackson's own words:

"You see the cold snap drove the rabbits into the cañon out of the wind. One moon-light night I came across a drove of over five hundred making for the cañon. They were all huddled together, getting as much warmth as possible from each other's bodies. The drove were packed together as close as the threads of a three-ply carpet, and as they moved along they looked like a big army blanket drawn over the ground. They passed close by me, and when I fired into the drove with a shot-gun, eight or ten dropped, but the balance closed right up and passed on as before. This drove were making for Ash Cañon. I didn't think at the time exactly what was up, but a few days ago I was up to King's Cañon, and there I saw a sight which was the most uncommon nest thing I ever glued my eyes to. There were the rabbits—acres of 'em—all huddled together in a bunch, and packed like sardines, and every blasted one of 'em froze stiff as a wedge. I turned up the edge of the mass with my gun, and broke off a slice with a dozen in all stuck together. Presently some Indians came along and began to yell. They concluded they'd struck a meat bonanza, and they've been luggin' off the rabbits ever since. That's the reason rabbits are so cheap around the town. Why, out in the brush you can find whole gangs of 'em standin' on their hind legs, and frozen stiff. I shot a single one the other day, 'sposin' he was alive."

Other hunters report thousands of frozen jack rabbits in Carson Valley, although none have as yet viewed the astonishing sights described by Jackson. Hank Monk corroborates Jackson's yarn, but says that the present crisis in the affairs of jack rabbits isn't to be compared with the general destruction of the animals in 1869. He asserts that "every darned rabbit on earth was frozen stiff." Yesterday morning Hank had more about rabbits: "That's all true what Jackson says, but he hasn't told half. Yesterday I seed hundreds of them rabbits thawin' out. It is a fact. Whenever the sun hit 'em hard they'd limber up, give themselves a shake and skip away for the sage-brush. Little sugar and gin? Guess I will."

## What They Say About Alexander.

[N. Y. Times.]

After two or three years of rumor and gossip most of which has got into print, about the Czar Alexander's *liaison* with a young and beautiful lady of the Russian Court, she is now said to be the Princess Dolgorouky. There seems to be no rational doubt of the truth of the report, and that from the unhappy connection has sprung at least one child, a son, whom the Czar has been anxious to rear in his own family as one of his legitimate offspring. Naturally, this has made great discord in the imperial household, causing the Czarina to quit the country, it is said, on the plea of ill-health, and the Czarevitch to absent himself from court. Even more than this, the influence of Alexander's mistress is declared to be so hostile to all political reforms in the empire that he has kept locked up in his private cabinet the liberal constitution which it was thought he would promulgate last autumn. The Czar is, according to all accounts, absolutely infatuated by the Princess, whom he wanted to marry after procuring a divorce from his legal wife; and he would have taken this rash step had it not demanded his abdication. As Alexander is near 62, it might be supposed that he would be beyond the time—if there be any such time—when men make fools of themselves about women. His folly is, under the circumstances, really criminal, for it involves the gravest political consequences, and affects the happiness of his million of subjects. Surely, Russia has troubles enough of her own without any effort of her sovereign to increase them. Wars, pestilence, failure of crops, enormous debts, wide-spread discontent, the whole realm veined with the most formidable conspiracy, the entire fabric of government in jeopardy, would seem to have been sufficient to occupy the attention of the autocratic ruler, and to prevent him from yielding, in old age, to a mad passion of which his youngest son should be ashamed. We wonder here at the daring, desperation, and immense force of the nihilists; but they are encouraged and strengthened by the acts, personal and political, of the Czar, whose extraordinary conduct of late years can only be explained by his weakness and selfishness. The almost universal spirit of insubordination, of open aggressive enmity to the government, could hardly have been what it is to-day had not Alexander continually aided it by a fatuity and obstinacy as inexplicable as they are ruinous.

## The Tattooed Princes.

[London Vanity Fair, Jan. 17.]

Prince Edward and Prince George of Wales have been relieving the monotony of their cruise in the Bacchante by a strange freak. It seems that on their appearing one days short time since on the quarterdeck of the vessel the captain noticed something peculiar about their appearance, and on closer inspection discovered that both the princes had been tattooed on the side of the nose. The tattoo marks, though plainly to be seen, were small, not being above and eighth of an inch in diameter, and are intended to represent an anchor. Somewhat alarmed and not a little vexed by this discovery, the captain questioned the young princes as to how the tattooing had been done and who had done it. They, like spirited and honorable boys, absolutely declined to say more than that it had been done with their own consent, and it then transpired that the youngsters of the vessel had all been similarly tattooed for a memorial of their cruise in the vessel, and in order, as they said, that one Bacchante might know another whenever and wherever he might hereafter see him. The notion is an amusing one; yet it is rather absurd to think that we shall have a King of England with an anchor tattooed on his nose. There is no truth in the statement that has been made that the Princess of Wales has been in great distress of mind with regard to this little incident. On the contrary, the princess treats it as a boyish freak, and on hearing of it for the first time only expressed her surprise that her sons had not themselves written to her anything about it. Lord Napier, of Magdala, who had himself seen the tattoo marks, was able to inform the princess that they were not in any degree a disfigurement. The prince take the matter much less calmly.

SINGING AS HE DIED.—Rarely out of prison but when in it always cheerful and willing to work, old Anthony Thomas, the veteran white washer, considered himself as a regular attache of the city prison. Yesterday Warden Finlay noticed that he acted strangely. Early yesterday morning the old man sat in his cell, brush in hand, and his pail of whitewash in front of him. He complained of being sick, but declined to lay off. He was humming an old camp meeting hymn when he suddenly sprang to his feet, lifted his brush in the air, and dropped dead.—*N. Y. Sun, 6th.*

A MAN KILLED BY AN ELECTRIC LIGHT BATTERY.—A musician named Bruno was killed last night by an electric shock received from the apparatus for producing the electric light at the Holte Theater, Aston, Birmingham. A single powerful battery supplies all the lights of the theater and its adjoining grounds, and the wires conveying the current pass over the orchestra of the theater. On leaving the orchestra Mr. Bruno placed his hand on the wire, and received the full shock of the electric current. He was rendered insensible by the shock, and died in a very short time.—*Pall Mall Gazette, Jan. 22.*

## CONGRESSMEN AND THEIR RESIDENCES.

LIST OF SENATORS.

W. A. Wheeler, President, Riggs House.
Allison, W. B., Iowa, 1124 Vermont ave.
Anthony, H. B., R. I., 1807 H st. n.w.
Bailey, J. E., Tenn., 1209 K st.
Baldwin, H. P., Mich., Arlington Hotel.
Bayard, Thomas F., Del., 1413 Massachusetts ave
Beck, J. B., Ky., 709 13th st. n.w.
Blaine, J. G., Maine, 821 15th st. n.w.
Blair, H. W., N. H., 205 East Capitol st.
Booth, Newton, Cal., 601 13th st. n.w.
Bruce, B. K., Miss., 909 M st. n.w.
Burnside, A. E., R. I., 1823 H st. n.w.
Butler, M. C., S. C., 210 North Capitol st.
Call, Wilkinson, Fla., 1329 M st. n.w.
Cameron, Angus, Wis., 137 East Capitol st.
Cameron, J. D., Pa., 1705 K st. n.w.
Carpenter, Matt H., Wis., 822 Connecticut ave.
Cockrell, F. M., Mo., 918 14th st. n.w.
Coke, Richard, Texas, 921 G st. n.w.
Conkling, Roscoe, N. Y., Riggs House.
Davis, David, Ill., National Hotel.
Davis, H. G., W. Va., Arlington Hotel.
Dawes, H. L., Mass., 1409 K st. n.w.
Eaton, W. W., Conn., 1322 L st. n.w.
Edmunds, G. F., Vt., 1411 Massachusetts ave.
Farley, James T., Cal., Arlington Hotel.
Ferry, T. W., Mich., National Hotel.
Garland, A. H., Ark., 519 2d st. n.w.
Gordon, J. B., Ga., Willard's Hotel.
Groome, J. B., Md., 1328 I st. n.w.
Grover, L. F., Oregon, 1015 L st. n.w.
Hamlin, Hannibal, Me., Willard's Hotel.
Hampton, Wade, S. C., 9 B st. n.w.
Harris, I. G., Tenn., 515 11th st. n.w.
Hereford, Frank, W. Va., National Hotel.
Hill, Benjamin H., Ga., 1115 G st. n.w.
Hill, N. P., Col., 1407 Massachusetts ave.
Hoar, G. F., Mass., 919 I st. n.w.
Ingalls, J. J., Kansas, 611 13th st. n.w.
Johnston, J. W., Va., 606 13th st. n.w.
Jonas, B. F., La., 1329 M st. n.w.
Jones, C. W., Fla., 1116 G st. n.w.
Jones, J. P., Nev., cor. N. J. ave. and B st. s.e.
Kellogg, W. P. La., Willard's Hotel.
Kernan, Francis, N. Y., 1312 N st. n.w.
Kirkwood, S. J., Iowa, 1314 10th st. n.w.
Logan, John A., Ill., 812 12th st. n.w.
McDonald, J. E., Ind., 610 14th st. n.w.
McMillan, S. J. R., Minn., 211 North Capitol st.
McPherson, J. R., N. J., 1409 Massachusetts ave.
Maxey, S. B., Tex., 413 4th st. n.w.
Morgan, J. T., Ala., 401 G st. n.w.
Morrill, J. S., Vt., cor. Vermont ave. and M st.
Paddock, A. S., Neb., 1323 H st. n.w.
Pendleton, G. H., Ohio, 1301 K st. n.w.
Platt, O. H., Conn., Arlington Hotel.
Plumb, B. R., Kan., 1121 I st. n.w.
Pryor, Luke, Ala., 1116 G st. n.w.
Randolph, T. F., N. J., 1326 Massachusetts ave.
Ransom, Matt W., N. C., Metropolitan Hotel.
Rollins, E. H., N. H., 145 East Capitol st.
Saulsbury, Eli, Del., 606 13th st.
Saunders, A., Nebraska, National Hotel.
Sharon, William, Nevada, Arlington Hotel.
Slater, J. H., Oregon, 1117 G st. n.w.
Teller, H. M., Col., 1011 M st. n.w.
Thurman, A. G., Ohio, 1017 14th st. n.w.
Vance, Z. B., N. C., 935 K st. n.w.
Vest, G. G., Mo., 610 14th st. n.w.
Voorhees, D. W., Ind., 1827 I st. n.w.
Walker, J. D., Ark., 519 2d st. n.w.
Wallace, W. A., Pa., Willard's Hotel.
Whyte, W. P., Md., Baltimore, Maryland.
Williams, J. S., Ky., Riggs House.
Windom, William, Minn., 1116 Vermont ave.
Withers, R. E., Va., Alexandria, Va.

Senator Lamar has not been in Washington during the present session. When he comes he will stop at Willard's.

OFFICERS OF THE SENATE.

J. C. Burch, secretary, 1025 Vermont ave.
R. J. Bright, sergeant-at-arms, 201 East Cap. st
Henry E. Peyton, executive clerk, 613 13th n.w.
F. E. Shober, chief clerk, 521 12th st. n.w.
Isaac Bassett, assistant doorkeeper, 18 2d st. n.e.
W. P. McMichael, postmaster, Metropolitan.

LIST OF REPRESENTATIVES.

Samuel J. Randall, Speaker, Pa., 120 C st. s.e.
Acklen, J. H., La., 207 East Capitol st.
Aiken, D. W., S. C., 721 12th st. n.w.
Aldrich, N. W., R. I., Arlington Hotel.
Aldrich, William, Ill., Arlington Hotel.
Anderson, J. A., Kan., 615