

India's Great Famine.

Multitudes Perishing in the Present Appalling Calamity—Its Death Roll Unknown.

If it were not for the war in South Africa all the world would be watching another tragedy, less dramatic, less picturesque, but the most terrible of modern times—the famine in India. Its death roll is unknown. I have not seen even an estimate of the numbers who have perished—and one reads only an occasional official paragraph stating that another half million or so have been added to those who depend for subsistence upon the handful of rice which the Government supplies daily to people who are actually starving. England is too much absorbed in watching the extension of her dominion in South Africa to pay much attention to the perishing multitudes in the most populous part of her Empire. It happens, therefore, that India's appalling calamity is watched with keener interest by America than by the country which rules this far-off dependency. And so it will be, probably, as long as India consents to suffer in silence.

I do not mean to accuse the British authorities of neglect of duty in the terrible emergency. On the contrary, all information tends to confirm the belief that no great public disaster was ever before coped with so energetically and so efficiently by the official resources at command. Lord Curzon has borne the test of an enormous responsibility with credit and honor. Not alone with the famine has he had to deal during this trying year. The plague maintains its grip on the afflicted land and cholera has recently been added to its miseries. Political dangers have further complicated the situation. The country has been almost stripped of white troops, which, in the early months of the war the danger of a Russian invasion seriously alarmed the British Government. Through all this crisis the Viceroy has succeeded in maintaining absolute tranquility, an accomplishment creditable alike to him and to the suffering millions over whom he presides.

No civilized people, it is safe to say, would suffer and perish thus unresistingly, even uncomplainingly. Never before has the philosophy of the East, the fatalism, which the wisdom of the West condemns, furnished so amazing an object lesson. A great nation which submits to suffering and death by hunger without a struggle, however impotent struggling might be, is a spectacle which the Western mind cannot understand. The silence of India is the marvel of the world to-day. Not a cry has been heard, not even a protest. The world's assistance has been received with a thankfulness none the less deep because it also is silent.

And day by day the situation grows worse. Six millions is now the number of human beings who perform the allotted task of stone breaking or reservoir building in order to receive from the Government the means to keep body and soul together. Thousands perish because they are unable to work and their Eastern pride prevents their accepting a tiny dole of food as pure charity. I refrain from reproducing any of the famine stories from the English press and they are too painful. Most of the papers neglect, almost ignore, the subject, but the Standard this week gives an interesting summary of the situation as it existed in the early part of the present month. The following extracts give a fair idea of it:

"In Madras, which has hitherto been regarded as outside the afflicted area, things are rapidly becoming worse. The number of people on relief works has more than doubled in the space of a fortnight. There has been a little rain, but this came too late materially to benefit the crops on unirrigated lands, which are now in many places given up for lost. Irrigation supplies are generally scanty, and the wells very low in parts. The standing crops are now practically confined to irrigated lands. Pasture is almost everywhere dried up, and the general aspect of the country especially the Deccan districts, is dreary in the extreme."

"Going from Madras to Bombay, the traveller does not see one single patch of green, no even so much as a blade of grass, for hundreds of miles on end. The whole of the Madras and Bombay Deccan is simply one vast expanse of scorched up, waterless upland. In many places hamlets have been completely deserted for months past, simply because there is no water within many miles of them. Springs and rivers, which have never been known to fail before, are now absolutely dry. The Nizam's dominions largely lie in this Deccan country, and it is, consequently, not

surprising to learn that the intensity of the famine in his territory is rapidly increasing.

"Passing to the Bombay Presidency we come to the part of India which, in the opinion of the Central authorities, is the most severely afflicted of all. In other parts, notable in the native States of Rajputana, the mortality from starvation may be greater, mainly because the system of famine relief and the organization generally in such States is not so good as in British territory; but it is now generally admitted that certain parts of Bombay present the worst famine features in all India at the present time. The latest official reports show that there has been no change in the conditions, except for the worse. There is no abatement of the famine; things are merely getting slowly and surely more disastrous than before.

"One of the most remarkable features of the present famine is that certain districts in the Bombay Presidency, hitherto reputed to be the most fertile, perhaps, in all India, are now the most afflicted. In ordinary times the country around Baroda and Ahmedabad presents an aspect of extraordinary fertility. At the present moment it is in this very tract that the worst features of the present famine are to be found. The people are literally dying of starvation. The greater portion of the cattle, the celebrated breed of Gujarat, are already dead. Everything that human agency can do is being done to keep the people alive, but they have been for so many months past in a low and unenriched state that the mortality in many parts has more than quadrupled. As for the cattle, the government is trying to keep the remnants alive in cattle camps, but the mortality has been terrible, more than 1,000,000 having died in the district of Gujarat alone.

"To add to the embarrassment of the local officials, a severe epidemic of cholera has now broken out at some of the relief works in the Godhra district; and the people, weakened by many weeks and months of low diet, are succumbing to this terrible scourge at a startling rate. In the Bombay Presidency as a whole there are no fewer than two millions of people on famine relief, and the population affected is more than twenty millions.

"To the north and northeast of Gujarat we come to another portion of India almost equally afflicted. The greater portion of the land in Rajputana is of extremely light character and in many parts is hard to distinguish from desert. In States such as Jodhpur and Bikanir much of it is actual desert. Railways are few and far between and vast tracts are almost completely out of the reach of relief operations. These semi-desert tracts are so sparsely populated and the country itself is utterly hopeless that it is impossible to establish relief works. The inhabitants eke out a mere existence on quarter rations as long as they can and then when physically quite unequal to the strain of a long journey over the sun baked waterless wastes of sand, they try to make their way to the relief works or the big towns, perhaps a hundred miles or more away.

"There is every reason to believe that a very large proportion of these people never reach their destination, but die in the desert, where their emaciated corpses are soon picked clean by the jackals and vultures which hang on their track. Numbers reach their journey's end only to die. In some parts of Rajputana, it is said, scarce a day passes without a number of people of all ages and both sexes being found dead by the roadside. Their bodies are mere skeletons, with skin stretched tightly over them, and for months past they must have suffered the acutest pangs of hunger. Yet nothing can be done for them. Those who thus die almost invariably prove to be residents of the remotest portions of the western desert who have delayed too long their attempt to reach the famine relief works.

"It would almost seem that in many instances the people have no wish to live, no desire to continue the apparently hopeless struggle for existence. With that fatalistic tendency which is so marked a characteristic of all Orientals, they argue among themselves that it is their kismet, their destiny and that, an inscrutable Providence having willed them to die of famine, it would be idle to struggle against the inexorable decree.

"The next most afflicted portion of India is the central provinces, which had hardly got over the scarcity of a few years ago before this new and terrible disaster came

upon them. There has been no change for the better in this region. There are now about one and three quarter million of people on famine relief, and the population directly affected by the famine is some twelve millions. Fodder is scarce, and water exceptionally so. The rivers, indeed, are now at a lower level than has ever been known, as are also the various tanks and reservoirs which form the water supply of large cities.

Watch the Skin and Eyes!

They Are Unfailing Thermometers of Health.

The skin and eyes are two unfailing thermometers of health. If the skin has spots, eruptions, an unhealthy pallor or a yellow appearance, and the eyes a glazed look, with yellowish whites, it is high time to purify and cleanse the blood, and regulate the liver and kidneys. Paine's Celery Compound makes pure, bright red blood and relieves the liver and kidneys of the strain that is brought upon them, whenever impure blood is pouring through their substance.

It has been fully proved by eminent medical men that Paine's Celery Compound supplies that needed and appropriate food that overworked nerves are too feeble to extract from ordinary food taken into the stomach. Paine's Celery Compound increases the appetite and puts the digestive organs into shape to pass the food over to the blood in such a perfectly prepared condition that the change into nerve, brain and tissue substance is easily and fully brought about without waste of nervous energy or wear upon the liver, kidneys or stomach.

In a word, Paine's Celery Compound builds up the weak, wasting and diseased body; it gives all the conditions of health that guarantee a long and happy life. No other remedy in the world has ever done such a true and noble work for suffering humanity.

Make trial of one bottle, dear reader; it will convince you that you have found what you most need to make you well and strong.

Canada's First Boy Baby.

How many people know the name of the first white baby born within the limits of what now comprises the Dominion of Canada, or can give the date of his birth? According to the chief Statistician of Canada, Mr. George Johnson of Ottawa, the first white baby born in the territory that now composes the Dominion was neither French nor English. He was born of Icelandic parents who had settled at the base of Greenland's icy mountains and had sailed to the shores of what is now Nova Scotia, to form a settlement in what they called Vinland. The baby, who was named Snorro, was born about the year 1,007, and became the progenitor of a long line of eminent men. Mr. Johnson, to whom we are indebted for our facts, says of Snorro, in the course of an admirable article in the initial number of North American Notes and Queries, just issued at Quebec: "Any Canadian, who visits Lucerne in Switzerland will be all the more enthusiastic over the colossal lion carved out of the living rock there to be seen, if he recalls the fact that Thorvaldson, the great sculptor whose work it is, was a descendant of Snorro, the first boy baby born of European parents in what is now Canada.—North American Notes and Queries.

Kerens Was Plucky.

In connection with the marriage last Saturday of Miss Jane Henry of New York to Vincent Kerens of St. Louis a Washington special says:—

Mr. Kerens is the second son of R. C. Kerens, one of the multi-millionaires of the west, and from infancy has been accustomed to a liberal allowance. When he announced to his father last fall that he intended to marry Miss Henry he was as

tounded by the words:—

"All right, but what are you going to marry on?"

Young Kerens paced the floor in silence for several moments, and then facing his father, said:—

"I'll go to work."

Again the older Kerens said "All right," and the young man, without the influence of his father, secured a position in St. Louis at a salary of \$125 a month. Out of this he was laying up more than he had ever saved out of his large allowance.

Promptly at 9 a. m. he was at his desk where he worked faithfully all day.

When Mr. Kerens returned to St. Louis he found his son working, and was so pleased with his pluck that he bought out the whole corporation and made Vincent a present of it. Besides this he decided to

him the Kerens mansion in Vandeventer pl., in St. Louis, one of the handsomest homes in that city.

Kerens senior says with great pride:—

"Vincent does not go to work at 9 a. m. He is in his office at 8. It is the same spirit which helped me to make my fortune."

MARY O'GRADY AND THE CENSUS MAN.

Divvill a Wan Did She Ever Hear Ask Sich Questions but the Doctor.

One of the census enumerators appointed to count the people of East Orange, N. J., is above all things an amiable man. He strives to please and is pained when others suffer. He felt that a heavy trial was about to be laid upon him yesterday afternoon when he confronted a robust mature person who had kindly consented to act temporarily as maid of all work for a family in Mulford street.

"Mary," said the mistress of the house, who was sitting on the front porch, "this is the census man. He wants to ask you a few questions."

Mary placed her hands firmly on her hips, gave her fiery tresses a menacing toss and fixed the census man with a look of defiance. She responded with reasonable promptness to the questions as to her name and birthplace and the names and birthplaces of her parents. Then the census man knew it was time to brace himself. He grasped the piazza rail firmly as he asked:—

"How old are you?"

All the wrath that lay so close to the surface blazed forth instantly.

"Sure 'n I'd like to know what business that is o' yours. How old am I? Th' impudence! Fer two pins I'd—"

"Mary! Mary!" interposed the woman of the house. "You don't understand. This man is taking the census. You must answer him or you may be sent to jail. Now tell him how old you are."

"Oh, well, it ye must know ye kin put down fer 23."

The census man who is a good Methodist, breathed a prayer for the ungodly and set down the lie that was to endure as long as the census should stand.

"Married or single?"

There were further signs of agitation among the unruly auburn locks, but the goaded spinster managed to restrain her inclination to do personal violence as she snapped out:

"Single of course. I'd like to see the man who could make me anything else."

"So should I," responded the census man, eager to fall in with her views. "Are you a maiden or—"

"Am I maiden?" she screamed. "Am I a maiden? Look here, young man, I'll stand no more of this."

She was advancing upon him with full intent to avenge her heaped-up wrongs, but he eluded her and pleaded for an opportunity to explain.

"Don't mistake my meaning. Don't think I intended anything wrong," he gasped, imploringly. "I wouldn't insult a lady, indeed I wouldn't. I was just going to ask were you a maiden or a widow."

"Well, why didn't ye say so, then?" said the woman, now somewhat appeased. "I sh'd think ye could judge fer yerself. Of course, I'm not a widow."

"Now, as to your employment; are you generally busy?"

"Busy? Well, I guess if ye'll come in 'most any time o' day ye'll find me so."

The census man, deeming it best not to elucidate his meaning shut up his book and made his escape. Mary O'Grady gazed at him intently till he disappeared in the next house. Then turning with a snort, she started for her pots and pans.

"Th' nerve of th' divvie!" she exclaimed. "I never heard any one but a doctor ask sich questions. It's a wonder he didn't want to take my pulse and temperature."

A Veteran Senator.

The speaker, his subject and what he said conspired to make highly impressive the address of Mr. Vest, of Missouri, when the Senate recently accepted the statues of Thomas H. Benton and Francis P. Blair. The House of Representatives held similar exercises earlier in the session.

Senator Vest, who is almost seventy years old, has for many months been in failing health. His step is faltering, his face deeply pale, and his form shrunken to a mere shadow. He has read in the newspapers at times speculations as to the effect of his death in closely contested legislative battles; for it had fallen to his lot, since his health has been so frail, to hold almost the decisive vote at such important junctures as the ratification of the treaty of peace with Spain, and the dispute over Mr. Quay's right to a seat in the Senate.

In spite of his feebleness Mr. Vest spoke for nearly an hour, standing at his desk, leaning slightly upon it by his finger-tips, but otherwise unsupported. He spoke from memory, and in a surprisingly strong strong voice. What he said of these two Unionists is noteworthy, for he was him-

self a member of both House and Senate of the Confederate Congress.

"No state in the Union suffered more from internecine strife and neighborhood war," declared Mr. Vest, "than Missouri. The wounds inflicted were deep and cruel, but today Missouri sends to Statuary Hall the marble images of two men whose public lives were given to the cause of free soil and against the further extension of African slavery."

After a graphic recital of the stirring events in the lives of Benton and Blair, he closed with these words: "Mr. President, these men sleep together in Missouri soil almost side by side; and so long as this Capitol shall stand or this nation exist, their statues will be eloquent though silent pledges of Missouri's eternal allegiance to an eternal Union."

MISSIONARIES IN NORTH CHINA.

Constant Cause of Trouble With Natives—Swedes Obnoxious to Russia as Well.

It is a remarkable coincidence that the part of China in which the "Boxer" organization has its rise is that in which foreign missions and railway construction are most active. The American missions in northern China where the Boxer agitation is strongest have many stations with a numerous personnel which is composed of Americans. There is another society, however, whose stations are scattered all over the country north of the Sikiang or river of Canton, a large proportion of whose missionaries are of Swedish nationality and from Finland. It is called the China Inland Mission and has its headquarters in London in England. Its stations are most numerous in the provinces of Kiang-Si and Che-Kiang south of the Yang-tse-Kiang, and in the provinces of Shansi and Shensi, west of Chih-li in which Peking is situated, and there are stations in the far western province of Kansuh, bordering on the frontier of Tibet and along the great wall toward the Mongolian Desert.

For many reasons, mostly of a political nature, missionary work in China is regarded unfavorably by the population in general, but especially so by the official classes who are intensely conservative of old institutions, more particularly the religious. Now that they seem to have much to fear on the score of the number of converts made by the missionaries, for the average number of converts admitted in the reports of the China Inland Mission is few in relation to the number of missionaries employed and the cost of maintaining the numerous stations. As examples: In the reports for 1890, Kansuh has forty nine missionaries and native helpers and reckons only sixty communicants. Shensi has 107 missionaries and native helpers, with 324 communicants. Shansi returns 210 missionaries and native helpers to 1,218 communicants, and so on in proportions, varying from one and two to five and six converts per missionary and native helper throughout the length and breadth of China. The total number of stations established by the China Inland Mission in January, 1899, was 318, with 713 missionaries and 605 native helpers with 7,147 communicants. As will be seen, these figures do not appear calculated to alarm the Administration; but it is privileged status enjoyed by the missionaries who openly work for the overthrow of the national religion that causes most of the difficulties with which the Chinese authorities have to contend in their relations with foreign powers. But perhaps being obnoxious to the Chinese people and Government on general principles, the Swedish and Finnish element in the China Inland Mission so widely scattered over the north of China, which Russia regards as more particularly within her sphere of influence, is offensive to the Government of the Czar. There is no reason to suppose that the Boxers are acting under foreign instigation of any kind, but if their action tended to the withdrawal of the missionaries and their propaganda from northern China it is not probable there would be any regret at the closing of their establishments. From the nature of their work their acquaintance with the language of the country and the freedom of travel enjoyed by them and their native assistants, they are in a position to become intimately acquainted with the condition of the country and public sentiment, and so indirectly to render very valuable service to the Government of the country whose missionary societies employ them. In the present state of affairs in northern China this would be preeminently the case and for this reason it can be understood that the closing of the English missions in particular in northern China would be agreeable to both the Chinese and Russian governments, whether brought about by the Boxers or other agencies.

PAIN KILLER is the best, safest and surest remedy for cramps, colic and diarrhoea. As a liniment for wounds and sprains it is unequalled. Avoid substitutes, there's but one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis'. 25c. and 50c.