

"I should think so!" said Bellingham; and a talk of common interest and mutual reminiscence sprang up between them. Bellingham graphically depicted his meeting with Colonel Frobisher the last time he was out on the Plains, and Mrs. Frobisher and Miss Wrayne discovered to their great satisfaction that he was the brother of Mrs. Stephen Blake, of Omaha, who had come out to the fort once with her husband, and captured the garrison, as they said. Mrs. Frobisher accounted for her present separation from her husband, and said she had come on for a while to be with her father and sister, who both needed more looking after than the Indians. Her father had left the army, and was building railroads.

Miss Wrayne, when she was not appealed to for confirmation or recollection by her sister, was having a lively talk with Corey and Mrs. Brinkley; she seemed to enter into their humor; and no one paid much attention to Dan Maverick. He hung upon the outskirts of the little group, proffering unrequited sympathy and applause; and at last he murmured something about having to go back to some friends, and took himself off. Mrs. Frobisher and Miss Wrayne let him go with a certain shade—the lightest, and yet evident—of not wholly satisfied pique: women know how to accept a reparation on account, and without giving a receipt in full.

Mrs. Brinkley gave him her hand with an effort of compassionate intelligence and appreciation of the sacrifice he must have made in leaving Alice. "May I congratulate you?" she murmured.

"Oh yes, indeed; thank you, Mrs. Brinkley," he gushed, tremulously; and he pressed her hand hard, and clung to it, as if he would like to take her with him.

Neither of the older men noticed his going. They were both taken in their elderly way with these two handsome young women, and they professed regret—Bellingham that his mother was not there, and Corey, that neither his wife nor daughters had come, whom they might otherwise have introduced. They did not offer to share their acquaintance with any one else, but they made the most of it themselves, as if knowing a good thing when they had it. Their devotion to Mrs. Frobisher and her sister heightened the curiosity of such people as noticed it, but it would be wrong to say that it moved any in that self-limited company with a strong wish to know the ladies. The time comes to every man, no matter how great a power he may be in society, when the general social opinion retires him for senility, and this time had come for Bromfield Corey. He could no longer make or mar any success; and Charles Bellingham was so notoriously amiable, so deeply compromised by his inveterate habit of liking nearly every one, that his notice could not distinguish or advantage a newcomer.

He and Corey took the ladies down to supper. Mrs. Brinkley saw them there together, and a little later she saw old Corey wander off, forgetful of Miss Wrayne. She saw Dan Maverick, but not the Pasmers, and then, when Corey forgot Miss Wrayne, she saw Dan, forlorn and bewildered-looking, approach the girl, and offer her his arm for the return to the drawing-room; she took it with a bright, cold smile, making white rings of ironical deprecation around the pupils of her eyes.

"What is that poor boy doing, I wonder?" said Mrs. Brinkley to herself.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## A NATIVE PUBLISHING HOUSE IN INDIA.

BY THE REV. JOHN F. HURST, D.D.

THE natives of India are rapidly adopting Western methods. In no respect is that fact more apparent than in the publication of books and serials. From the time when Carey landed in Calcutta, in the last decade of the eighteenth century, and set up his printing-press in the little Danish suburb of Serampore, down to the present year, no Christian mission-

ary has exhibited more energy and thrift than the Mohammedan and Hindu natives are now displaying for the propagation of their faiths.

The most striking illustration of this remarkable departure for strengthening the trembling fabric of the old religion of India is the great publishing house of Munshi Newal Kishore, in Lucknow. This



is the fourth city in size in India, and is well situated, as a distributing centre, not only for the whole valley of the Ganges, but for the entire Indian peninsula. Kishore is, first of all, a school-book publisher. He seems to have the favor of the British government to a remarkable degree, and fills contracts for supplying books in the Indian tongues to schools in large portions of the Punjab. He is a Mohammedan, and makes no secret of it. But with the publisher's instinct he keeps his religion in the background. He never puts his faith at the top of his bill-heads. He is a broad man—broad in everything except Christianity, and it is not likely that the Gospel has a more vigorous hater in the whole Gangetic Valley than this wily man. But he is no bigoted professional. Bitter hater as he is of Hinduism and of all the numerous non-Mohammedan faiths, he seems as ready to publish books for the promotion of Brahminism and of its rival faith, Buddhism, as to issue apologies and text-books in behalf of Islam.

The Kishore publishing house is situated on the Hazrat Gunge, the main street of Lucknow. The buildings are numerous, but low, mostly of one story, after the native fashion, and exceedingly plain. Many of them are mere sheds, where the work is done in full view of others on the premises. The roofs are of brick tiling. These buildings cover a vast space, which is divided into many alleys and nondescript passageways, running at all angles with each other, and describing such curves as one can find in the denser parts of Lübeck or Nuremberg. I entered the premises by a long lane running at right angles from the main street. No one in passing along the street would suspect, unless he should turn into the lane, the number of men hard at work at the farther end, or the wonderful magnitude of their operations. The orders are constantly coming in from all India, and even from Afghanistan, Arabia, and Turkey in Europe. The many people engaged in carrying on this business have all they can do to fill the orders, and prepare for new ones on the way. Were the buildings covering such an area as this in Europe, and four or five stories high, yet turning out no more work than these primitive huts and sheds, their value could not be less than a half million dollars. But the Rev. Dr. B. H. Badley, who has been kind enough to supplement

by correspondence the notes which I made on the spot, informs me that in Lucknow value those many buildings and the ground covered by them would not sell for more than about forty thousand dollars. The huts have no wooden floors. Mother Earth is the common resting-place. The men and boys in great numbers sit on the earthen floor in all possible positions, and carry on their work. They set type, read proof, and bind the sheets while sitting squat on the ground.

There is a great disproportion between the amount of type and the volumes printed. While there is an immense quantity of type used in Kishore's house, the lithographing of a whole book is a favorite procedure. I have a copy of the Koran, bought upon the premises, which is one foot long and eight inches broad, and I am quite sure that not a type was used in the printing of it. The plates are lithographs, and of excellent finish. As this particular volume was intended to be illustrated in colors, the difficulty was to supply the cuts. This, of course, could have been met by a separate impression. But that is not Kishore's method. All these blanks are filled by colored illustrations applied by hand. These are quite rudely done, and yet the pictures are striking, and to an Oriental eye must be attractive. For the Koran which I bought, having three hundred and seventeen pages, with numerous manual illustrations, bound in full leather, the price was only two dollars and a half.

But while a large portion of the work in this Mohammedan publishing house is done upon stone instead of type, there is also an immense amount of the usual type-setting and casting. The Arabic and some of the Hindu tongues are very favorable for engraving on stone. The whole alphabet, in several cases, consists of curves which can be easily executed by sharp tools. But when it comes to the Roman letters—and Kishore has his abundant uses for printing even English books—this shrewd publisher uses type, and his capable artisans know how to prepare plates from it quite as well as the English or American foundries.

There are several press-rooms. In one of them I counted twenty-one presses, all worked by hand. It was almost impossible to turn around in this crowded, stifling place. But each man knew his place and his work, and perfect order prevailed.



There is one department where engraving alone is carried on. This is on both stone and hard wood. The engraving stone is brought from Germany, is precisely the same as that used by the Leipsic engravers, and is constantly imported in large quantities.

Nothing, however, is imported which can be produced in India. One would suppose that it would be safer and better to get the type from London. But Kishore has caught the trick of casting his own type, and here, in a special building, is the foundry where all his type is cast. One thing greatly surprised me—the absence of power-presses. The presses are all of English make, but down to 1884 they were still of primitive contrivance. I imagine that the cheapness of labor is the real solution of the question. In Lucknow skilled labor can be secured for about twenty cents a day. Where such a state of things exists there is little motive for labor-saving machinery. I have learned, however, since leaving India, through the Rev. John Craven, the superintendent of the Methodist Episcopal publishing house in Calcutta, that Kishore is now making a new departure in the matter of power-presses. He is just now getting from England the most improved machinery, and it is most likely that while I am writing his establishment is being operated by steam.

Much of even the literary department of the Kishore house is done within the premises. The only parallel to it I had ever seen was the Abbé Migne's establishment in Paris, where even the editors of the complete editions of the Fathers prepared all their matter beneath the same roof under which the compositors did their work, the pressmen completed it, and the packers sent off the great folios into every land. The only building in Kishore's house through which I was conducted that had a second story was the literary workshop. Here, by a not over-secure stairway, leading up from the outside, I found a group of quiet, grave, and steady workers. They were the editors and revisers. They, like all Indians, sat upon the floor, and I must confess that they were the most dignified squatters whom it has ever been my privilege to meet.

The store-rooms are one of the marvels in the Kishore house. The books are laid away, in sheets, in such great masses that they occupy entire buildings, and reach

from the floor to the rafters. These magazines are so closely packed that it was difficult to make our way through the cat-  
acomb. Neat placing there was none. The stacks were far from geometrical lines, and the dust was everywhere. There is no weather-boarding to the magazines, and the dampness during the summer monsoons must be fatal to a great deal of it. But the worst enemies of books in India are the white ants. They burrow during all seasons, and there is nothing which to these industrious parasites is more toothsome than printed paper.

The paper used by Kishore was formerly brought in great quantities from Serampore; but latterly paper-mills have been started in Lucknow, so that the Serampore ware is no longer in use. Nearly all the paper is slightly yellow, and is no doubt made of bamboo and palm fibre. It is very tough, though not pleasing to the eye or agreeable to the touch.

In addition to Kishore's publications in books and pamphlets, I must not forget that he also supplies the natives with a daily paper. This is only one department of his house, and has its own set of compositors, pressmen, and editors. It is an easy-going affair, but pays well.

The kinds of books produced in this conglomerate establishment in the heart of Mohammedan and Hindu India are such as the millions demand. Just as I was making preparations for the translation of Kishore's Hindi catalogue into English, which I found some hesitation on the part of my attendant to furnish me with, I secured one in English through the courtesy of the Rev. Dr. Badley. This, I believe, is the first time Kishore has given full publicity to the Anglo-Indian world of the issues from his press. And a mammoth affair it is, for it is a catalogue of about twenty-five hundred works, all issued from these low sheds. It is in large octavo, and occupies eighty-eight pages in titles alone, and twenty pages in a minute alphabetical index. While the typography is not a model of the printer's art, the arrangement and general character of the work make a thorough catalogue. The scope of the issues is broad, including religious, educational, scientific, and legal books. The chief languages in which they are published are Sanscrit, Persian, Arabic, Urdu, Bbrashe, and English. But in addition to these must come many books in the subsidiary dialects.



No one can find fault with the price. Taking the Koran as an illustration, I find the editions of so varied a character that they range in price, calculated in American currency, from twenty-four cents to ten dollars. But then the shrewd Kishore has also adopted the Bible Society's method of publishing in parts. The whole Koran is divided into five sections, and four of them are sold at four and a half cents apiece, while the fifth is furnished at nine cents. The catalogue is careful to state in every case where the work is in the course of study of the government schools.

This last mention is an excellent advertising dodge. It is as much as to say: "See here. The English conquered us. They have given us great schools, and pay for their support out of the general treasury. But though our conquerors, they depend on us for supplying them with books. Now here are a great many which they use. I supply them." This argument in the eloquent lips of a voluble colporteur at a *mela*, where fifty thousand natives may be present, must have an overpowering effect.

The English department of the catalogue is most interesting. There are thirty titles. There is no qualmishness as to the propriety of certain kinds of books. Anything goes down Kishore's throat, if only it will bring money into his pocket. He publishes an *Imperial Fortune-Teller*, but lest his patrons might think this a piece of Mohammedan superstition, he tells them this is only a translation into English from the German. He publishes tales in English from the Persian and other sources; the *Arabian Nights*, in parts and also complete; English primers (four cents apiece), spelling-books, grammars (eight cents apiece), letter-writers, geographies, Cist's *History of India*, histories of Cashmere and Lucknow, school dictionaries, an almanac (four and a half cents a copy), and as a bit of choice patriotism, though nothing serious is meant by it, except to help the government use of Kishore's wares, Johnston's chromo-lithograph of her Majesty reviewing the Scotch Volunteers.

Kishore is a competitor of the English type-founders; for besides the use which he makes of his own type, he manufactures Sanscrit and Nagri type for sale. Book-work and miscellaneous printing are done by his presses in addition to the issues on

his own catalogue. On all cash payments for purchases of fifty rupees (twenty dollars) and upward to one hundred rupees, he makes a discount of five per cent., and on purchases above one hundred rupees he raises his discount to ten per cent.; in both cases he makes the transportation gratuitous. He expects parties who have no accounts to enclose stamps for replies. This enterprising publisher also makes public an offer to fill orders for goods of any kind which are for sale in Lucknow.

The number of men employed as pressmen, binders, messengers, book-keepers, clerks, and in all other departments on the ground is about twelve hundred. It is a vast beehive, and yet everything moves on quietly. Evidently there are strict orders against all noisiness and wrangling, which one expects to find everywhere in India.

An important question is, How are these many publications to be brought before the public? The book-store, in the European or American sense, does not exist among the nations of India. The larger places have English shops, which receive the issues of the English press very promptly, and where orders are executed immediately. It seemed to me, however, that an undue advance was made on the London list prices in view of the close connection by steamer between England and India. A package sent from London need not be rehandled until the Peninsular and Oriental steamer drops anchor in sight of the Malabar Road, in the Bombay Crescent. But the English book-shop is altogether apart from the native stall. The Anglo-Indian does not care to handle the native books. He knows very well that his English is going to rule the world, and that in due time many of the dialects of India, and later the very languages, are going into oblivion before the triumphant march of the English speech.

Now the typical native book-shop is a booth in the bazar. It contains many elementary books, and some of the more advanced literature. But the premises are small, and usually confined to one room, a mere stall. The practical way by which the native publisher, like Kishore, gets his publications before the public and secures a large sale is by the system of colportage. The drummers circulate through the country very industriously, and know just where to go in order to secure the largest and best pat-



ronage. They are very quiet in their methods. What successful book agent the world over does not know that too much talking is likely to spoil a sale? The men who represent the Kishore house go even beyond India. They cross over the Kyber Pass into Afghanistan. They know all the paths of the Persian mountains. They go down the northern slopes of the Himalayas and thread the vales of Thibet. They gravitate down into the valley of the Tigris and Euphrates, and ply up and down the Persian Gulf. They are as much at home in Persian Teheran as in English Lucknow. They have even gone beyond the Asiatic limits, into Europe and Africa. In Cairo they are at home, while Constantinople gives them no scanty orders.

There is a broad significance in the efforts of Kishore to propagate Mohammedan literature. Here lies his sympathy. His publishing of Hindu works is pure business. He despises everything which proceeds from the old native faiths, but he wants to control all markets not Christian. There are other publishers, though not operating so largely, who are intent upon the same object of obstructing all Christian work among the natives of India by furnishing corrupt reading matter. Though divided among themselves, they are united in opposition to all Christian

literature. There are six hundred native newspapers in India, all of which, with the exception of about half a dozen, are bitterly opposed to Christianity.

Societies are now being organized for the dissemination of the skeptical writings of England and America. An important one is in operation from Lahore, as a centre, while another has its head-quarters in Benares. The pictures of the gods best known to the Hindu Pantheon are even lithographed in Germany and England and are sold in Calcutta. Native rajahs interest themselves in circulating Hindu tracts, and have adopted shrewd methods to carry on their work. The Rev. Mr. Craven informs me that he knows of one rajah alone who is printing just now, at his own expense, two million of Hindu tracts, and intends to distribute them at the larger fairs of North India.

The missionaries, however, keep close watch over these antagonistic forces. They too are enlarging their operations rapidly. But the churches and societies which they represent should adopt far more liberal measures to furnish the millions of natives to whom they are sent with sound Christian literature. The passion for reading has struck every part of India. The people will have books and newspapers. It is for the Western Christian world to say what their fibre shall be.

## BALLADE OF THE BOURNE.

BY GRAHAM R. TOMSON.

"WHAT goal remains for pilgrim feet,  
Now all our gods are banished?"

Afar, where sea and sunrise meet,  
Tall portals bathed in gold and red:

From either door a carven head  
Smiles down on men full drowsilie  
'Mid mystic forms of wings outspread  
Between the Gates of Ivorie.

Now if beyond lie town or street  
I know not, nor hath any said,  
Though tongues wag fast and winds are fleet:  
Some say that there men meet the dead,

Or filmy phantoms in their stead,  
And some, "it leads to Arcadie."

In sooth I know not, yet would tread  
Between the Gates of Ivorie.

For surely there sounds music sweet,  
With fair delights and perfumes shed,  
And all things broken made complete,  
And found again things forfeited;  
All this for him who scorned dread  
Shall read the wreathen fantasie,  
And pass, where no base soul hath sped,  
Between the Gates of Ivorie.

## ENVOY.

Ah, Princess! grasp the golden thread,  
Rise up and follow fearlesslie,  
By high desire and longing led  
Between the Gates of Ivorie.