

DON'T MIND IT.

Don't mind trouble, for the world rolls on—
Rollin' an' rollin'!
The day dawns bright, but the light's soon gone—
Rollin' an' rollin'!
Don't mind trouble, for the time soon flies—
Flyin' an' flyin'!
The storm soon pass from round blue skies—
Flyin' an' flyin'!
Don't mind trouble, for a life ain't long—
Goin' an' goin'!
Just swap your sorrow for a glad, sweet song—
Goin' an' goin'!

—[Atlanta Constitution.]

The Silver Siren.

(BY FRANCIS LEEDS.)

I was walking along Regent street, London, in the autumn of '92, with an eye indifferent to the charm of that gay precinct, when suddenly in spite of my preoccupation I noticed, in a brilliant shop window, a sign bearing this announcement, "Latest Novelty—Silver Sirens."

It was in direct consequence of the delusive glamor of a Silver Siren that my spirits were, at present, so depressed, that my luck seemed to be a traitor and my whole destiny thwarted. Hence as I read this sign I paused. Being an engineer by profession, I had gone to Nevada some months previously, to superintend a pumping process in some silver mines, and while there my interest in the science of the babblings of those sirens of the West who whispered their alluring deliriums into my ear. At their behest I laid aside my professional work and launched into the vortex of speculation, with disastrous results to myself, my family and my friends. The briefest mention of the fluctuating hope and annihilating despair of that undertaking must suffice. My telegrams to my "governor" were daily paradoxes, the buoyant optimism of one day defying the predestined pessimism of the next.

Defeated, disgusted, heavily in debt, my father seriously handicapped by mortgages and forced sales on his property, I had come to England to see what could be done, and it was in the morning of my first meeting with my creditors in the city, as I was returning from my club, that I noticed the sign of "silver sirens" in the shop windows. I glanced with grim curiosity upon that confused mass of burning gems and burnished gold in the jeweler's window, and as I did so a shopman advanced to the light of the door attending a young girl. He held in his hand a silver whistle which I soon found was the very object of my interest. I overheard the man say, with subservient blandness:

"These are whistles, my lady, made on the principle of our fog-horn sirens or semaphores. They are the latest novelty and are much used by the yachting clubs this season at Cowes."

He placed the thing to his lips and breathed upon it. Although the act was quite gently done, a low, crooning noise which rose and fell with such a penetrative quality that several people on the sidewalk paused and glanced into the shop. I determined under one of those sudden impulses which seem, sometimes, to make of us irresponsible factors in our own destinies, to buy the bauble, and a few minutes later it was dangling from my watch chain. In a short time, however, under the pressure of grave cares, I had forgotten all about it.

I soon began to seek some means of modifying the distressing condition to which my absence of caution and reliance on chance had brought me. Fortunately for me a company in London whose confidence in my capacity as an engineer had not been shaken by my lack of judgment in the West engaged me to conduct a large engineering scheme in some salt mines in Russia in which much capital had been invested.

I need not say I was glad of the chance this offered me. I was glad also to get away from London, where I found a subtle condemnation of my acts in even the glances of my friends. I was very sore and sensitive, and when a man who had always been one of my favorite friends and relatives called out to me from the pier at Calais, in one of those attempts at pleasantry which so often contain a sting: "I say! Francis, don't go and buy a salt mine in Russia!" I felt that the time had come for me to cancel such speeches by some new line of action.

I was confident about my mission. Several engineers had failed, it is true, but the many fail, the one succeeds. These mines could not be worked owing to the percolation of water into them. To check this flow of water and redirect its channel was my task.

I hurried across the continent, and had made good time. Haste was imperative for winter was closing upon the heels of autumn and the deep snows would delay my progress. All went well with me as I crossed those lonely versts, over which there seems ever to dwell a brooding melancholy. My kibitka, or hooded sledge, was very comfortable. It was drawn by sturdy Finn ponies, which were exchanged at the different stations along the route.

When about two days from the end of my journey my yamschik, or driver, fell seriously ill. When these strong and intrepid sons of toil yield to the influence of disease the on-

slaught is usually sudden and violent, like a wind which falls, with crashing fury, the oak which has long swayed to the storm's rough lashing. I wrapped the poor fellow in my rugs and placed him in the easiest part of the kibitka. As the lights of Woleki twinkled in the distance, while I guided the Finn ponies as dexterously as I could over the roads, I knew from Varika's terrible delirium and fever that the poor yamschik was making his last life struggle.

My Russian vocabulary was put to the test, as I pulled the ponies up at the door of the station-house. I managed to explain, however, that the sick man was the yamschik and that I was the passenger. As the stable boys held the lights high, to enable them to draw poor Varika from the sledge I saw that all was nearly over.

"O' hi!" moaned the host, as he showed me into the contracted and smoky sitting-room, "O' hi, the little father's prayers are more necessary now for Varika than are the doctor's drugs. The poor lad is called to drive the white horse into the presence of St. Peter to-night and give him his reckoning." To my great annoyance, I found that I could not procure another yamschik at that station to drive me on that night. I made bold promises of a vedro of vodka, if one could be found, but no one seemed willing to take Varika's place. The mystery of death had for the moment checked the interests of life in those superstitious hearts.

While I was employing useless arguments with a knot of men in the room, there was a noise of horse's feet and the shrill cries which announced the arrival of a sleigh. A fat Russian maid was in the act of placing a steaming samovar before me when, with much stamping of feet outside, the door of the room opened and a man of very noble bearing came in. He saluted me with dignity and then withdrew, immediately returning with a young girl upon his arm. Her face seemed to make a sudden summer spring into the wintry place.

My experience had evidently been told them, for, as the girl glanced at me, I heard her say: "The poor yamschik! Dear father, how awful is sudden death!"

With a little hesitation the man advanced to me and said in good English: "I beg pardon, can this be, by chance, Mr. Francis Adams, the engineer of the salt mines in —?" Then promptly followed a pleasant solution of my problem. Count Bariatinski, the owner of these salt mines, was himself on the way thither, hoping to reach the place by the time of my arrival, and this crossing of our paths had hastened our meeting.

The count, of course, introduced me to his daughter, the Countess Stephanie, explaining that she had long wished for an experience of crossing Russia in a sleigh, and added that, as the cold had increased very much, he feared he had lent a too fond ear to her entreaties, in consenting to bring her. An hour later found me very much at my ease in the luxurious sleigh of the Count Bariatinski, the young Countess Stephanie's face glowing with loveliness just opposite me.

As I watched her,—watched that startled look, with which the unknown mysteries of a winter night on the plains of Russia spoke to her, I tried to analyze the quality of her beauty. The word "elusive" constantly came to me, as expressive of the character of her charm. Beauty seemed to animate the face from the depths of her blue-grey eyes, and then when I had fixed the home of her attraction there, some witching movement of the mouth—a smile which chased from their hiding in the soft contour of her cheeks and lips a rippling gambol of dimples, would change my mind, and then I would give to the mouth the definite note of beauty which struck the first harmony of the whole.

Thus I watched her, while the old count twaddled on about mints and mines, and the liveried yamschik and footmen of his excellency pierced the night, every row and then, with their strident Russian cries of exclamation to the fleet horses that carried us swiftly over the snow. Presently the old count began to nod, but the young countess kept an alert eye upon the passing interests of the night.

The road grew more irregular now, and was broken up in great ukhabs or deep furrows, causing us to sway, every now and then, like a sloop at sea. It was during these tortuous movements that I began to watch for the radiating smile of the Countess Stephanie, while the Count, rudely jostled from his dozing dreams, would scold his yamschik in a volley of expressive Russian. When this attack became violent, the Countess Stephanie would slip her hand from her sable muff, and caress her father's arm, till the vituperative anger of the Count would cease, or merge into some qualifying correction. It was sweet to see the silent influence of the girl, and one felt that she took the part of that poor servant, whose cringing phrases showed how cruel his training had been, enabling him to accept with patience reprimands which he did not deserve.

The snow had ceased. It had only lasted long enough to veil the trees and decorate with a soft, cloud-like delicacy the panorama of the night. The intense stillness recalled to one dreams of a primeval age. The very heart-beats of Pan seemed suspended. The sounds which we associate with man's inheritance of the earth seemed a strange suggestion in that hour. So far have we become removed from the actual reserve of nature that the

natural seemed supernatural, and the hush which pervaded all was like a palpable incantation breathed upon the earth by some mighty spirit of the air, which held the night subservient to her will.

We had entered a thick pine forest. The trees, those voiceless children of the woods, were held in an icy calm. If architecture be indeed frozen music, the brush seemed put in abstract form before us. The branches and vertical lines made cathedral and vista-aisles under their moulding of ice and snow. Sometimes whole processions of cowed monks seemed to be lining our route, or spectral arms, stretched outward from the gloom, beckoned us to the murky mystery of the dark forest. Those soft thuds of snow which fell when the top of our kibitka touched the edge of some protruding pine branch, fell behind us like ghostly steps trying to escape their thralldom to the midnight by following our lead to life and light.

But no weird influences of the night seemed to approach the consciousness of the young countess. As I looked at her that song of Heine's seemed written for her, "Thou art like a lovely flower!" All but peace and purity seemed separated from her.

The count moved uneasily in his seat. The sledge made a sudden lunge, as it heaved through one of the deep transverse ruts, and our near horse (we were driving three abreast) gave an ugly tug at the traces, as he swayed outward from his place. The count, now fully awake, cried out: "Ivan Ivanovitch, are you forgetting whom you are driving?"

"No, gracious excellency," the man replied, "but his lordship's horse, Petrovitch, is restive."

Almost at the instant, the horse gave a second pull, which was so violent that the whole kibitka was jerked aslant.

"Something is out of gear with the harness!" called the count, "let one of the grooms see to it."

The two footmen were half asleep, and I could hear Ivan muttering to them, while he was bringing the sledge to a less rapid motion.

Suddenly there was a cry, piercing and petulant, like a peevish child's—a cry which made my blood curdle in my veins. I glanced at the Countess Stephanie and saw her face blanch, as she shrank into the corner of the sledge. The count sprang to his feet and the awful word was spoken: "Wolves!"

In an instant, the horses having heard that cry, felt some subtle sense of fright, which hastened their speed. The count unlocked his pistol case. I noticed that he was calm, and that he fitted the key into the lock with accuracy.

"Are you armed?" he asked me. I drew my pistol from my pocket, as he spoke.

"I have never heard of the brutes coming so far south at this season," he said. Then he turned to the countess. "Be very calm, my daughter," he said, "your father will defend you."

"I'm not afraid," was the proud reply, though her voice was thick and her lips trembled. The count turned quickly, and cut the straps which held the closed opening at the back of the sleigh.

"Crouch down, my child," he said to the Countess Stephanie; "crouch down in the bottom of the sledge and cover your head with this rug. May heaven shield thee!"

All the concentrated love of paternity was in his voice.

"It's all right, you—are your pistols ready?" he said next.

"Ready, excellency," was the reply.

The count and I peered into the darkness through the opening of the sleigh. Behind us there appeared a movement like a rolling cloud, resembling dust at night.

"They are upon us!" the count exclaimed, and fired. As I imitated him I heard the countess give a little stifled scream. On came that moving column, and the cries of angry, ravenous mouths filled the air with a deep and ominous rumble.

How they were gaining on us! Ivan Ivanovitch was yelling to his horses, and they, brave creatures, strained every nerve and muscle to obey his commands. A sudden awful thought passed through me. What if there were something really wrong with the harness! How long could any mal-adjustment stand the strain?

Somewhere from the recesses of memory came the recollection of a story I had once read, of hunting wolves in a battue in Russia, and that it was stated there that unaccustomed and peculiar sounds had a terrifying effect upon these beasts—even that a clattering of pans could accomplish what pistols failed to do. Again I fired into the approaching mass of yelping horror. As my hand resumed its position after doing so, it touched the cold surface of the little silver siren which hung upon my watch chain.

Instantly it flashed upon me to try its effect upon this pack of hungry wolves. I put it to my lips, and with all the strength of my lungs forced that weird crescendo note into the key night. A writhing serpent of the air was that python of sound, which struck its piercing sting into the frightened hearts of those wild beasts.

The young countess fainted dead away. The horses gained electric fear from what they thought was some new terror in pursuit, but, best of all—miracle as it has ever seemed—that pack of angry wolves, with a howling howl of fear, tumbled pell-mell into the black depths of the forest and disappeared like a column of smoke whose force is spent!

As they did so, Ivan Ivanovitch cried out that the lights of Riga were in sight, and we were saved!

A year later I was again in Regent street, but not alone nor defeated nor depressed, for Stephanie was there!

I was showing her the shop where I had bought the silver siren! "Now take me, dearest, to the place where you bought my wedding ring," she said. "Did you not say that that was near Bond street?" "Yes, near Bond, Stephanie," I began, but this has nothing to do with the story of the silver siren, which has now been told.

CHIEF OF ARMY SCOUTS.

Frank Guard was Reared by the Sioux and Shot Sitting Bull.

Frank Guard, chief of scouts in the United States army, is esteemed by the people of Wyoming as more than a rival of Buffalo Bill. Guard comes of mixed French and Kanaka parentage. His parents were slain by the Sioux in crossing the plains, and the lad fell into the hands of the savages. He was a manly youngster, and he so pleased Sitting Bull that the chief adopted him and brought him up. The youth in due time went through the tortures of the Sun Dance, was declared a brave, and became in all things save race, a savage of the plains.

Knowing the hopelessness of the Indian outbreak that brought about the Custer desert to the whites, he was detected and pursued. The Indians shot his horse as Guard swam a river, and lodged four bullets in the fugitive's body. Believing that he was slain they ceased his pursuit, but Guard reached the shore, and, wounded as he was, continued his journey to Crook's camp. On the way he read afar the Indian signal fires announcing the massacre of Custer and his men. He brought the news to Crook's camp, and the latter asked whether Guard could lead to the scene of the battle. Guard said he could if Crook would have his wounds dressed and let him have a good horse. The bullets were extracted, and Guard, mounted on Crook's favorite horse, rode away.

He reached the battlefield to find Custer and his men lying stiff in their blood. As Guard, his Indian blanket about him and his hand to his forehead, Indian fashion, at watching the scene, an Indian approached and asked who he was. He replied Sitting Bull's brother. The Indian asked half a dozen other questions, and finally asked Guard how it was that he rode a grain-fed horse. Guard replied that he stole it from a white man. Finally the Indian demanded his name. Guard, seeing that the Indian was unarmed, unblinded his face and looked him in the eyes.

"Ugh, Frank!" said the Indian, starting back and turning to run. Guard permitted him to get within ten feet of the shelter of a tree and then shot him dead.

From that time to this Guard has been true to the whites. Sitting Bull once offered 1,000 ponies for his scalp, and Guard always knew should he ever fall into the hands of the savages, death in its cruellest guise would be his fate. He escaped from the savages after hearing them debate as to the most unpleasant method of death for the prisoner. Upon one occasion Guard, then out as a scout, became convinced that he and the command, under a Lieutenant, must certainly fall into the hands of the Crows unless the troops slew their horses, and crept away in the darkness. The officer was unwilling to slay the horses, but Guard said that he meant to escape at once. This convinced the officer, and all the horses save one were killed. That one was left by a fire to attract the savages, and the men crept for miles and escaped. On that night Guard, with tears in his eyes, killed the horse that Crook gave him. According to tradition, that is the only time that any man ever saw Guard cry.

Guard was the man who finally killed Sitting Bull, when the old savage refused to give up his arms. Sitting Bull made ready to shoot as Guard, his foster son, approached, but Guard, with characteristic quickness, shot him dead. When there is a dangerous duty to be done up about Fort McKinney, Guard is the man to do it. He went after a noted desperado with a warrant not long since, and was met with a bullet from a Winchester. Guard dismounted in leisurely fashion, took aim, and sent a bullet through the desperado's forehead.

Guard is now forty-four years old, and if his apprehensions are well-founded he is likely to have a chance for further distinction. He believes that the Government has not had the last of its Indian wars, and that another uprising at Pine Ridge is inevitable. That would be accompanied by uprisings at other agencies and a good deal of trouble. Guard has been constantly warning his superiors on this head.—[New York Sun.]

Vegetable Dropsy.

Some recent experiments at Cornell University, Ithaca, have aroused much interest on account of the development of what appears to be a form of plant dropsy. Tomatoes grown in the warm, moist air of the forcing-houses had leaves that were swollen and semi-transparent. The swelling continued until the veins of the leaves burst and a considerable liquid flowed out. This was caused by too much water at the roots and an over-supply in the air. The leaves were not able to give off the water supplied from the roots and stalks, and the congested condition of the leaves and subsequent bursting of the veins was a true type of a dropsical condition.—[New York Ledger.]

TRAVELING IN PERSIA.

It Means Much Hard Work and Great Discomfort.

The Shah's Empire Is Entirely Without Always, Steamboats or Good Roads—How Wealthy Women Journey from Place to Place.

(Special Ispahan (Persia) Letter.)

It is difficult for the average American to imagine a whole big country entirely devoid of railroads, steamers and all other means of locomotion save those which were already in vogue in Biblical days, i. e., on foot or on the back of horse, mule, donkey or camel. That, however, is still the actual condition of things in Persia, as in some other oriental countries. Added to this is the further difficulty of the absence of good roads, navigable rivers, or bridges, etc., so that traveling in Persia is, indeed, not a pleasure, but a piece of very hard work. It may be hard to believe, but it is an absolute fact that the roads—or what goes by that name—in the Persia of to-day are, for the greater part, the same which were trodden by the armed hosts of Cyrus, of Darius Hystaspis, of Chosroes and other great conquerors of ancient times, and even the route taken by Zenophon in his return to Greece may, in part, be followed to this day by travelers similarly situated—day's journey after day's journey you can walk over the same ground which he describes in his "Anabasis," but with this difference: In his time, more than 2,000 years ago, there were shady groves to shield the wayfarer from the fiery darts of the sun, and there were purring brooks and many villages and hostleries by the wayside, whereas now all this is mostly done away with, and with the exception of the vermin-infested postal stations, the so-called "chappar Khanis," and the infrequent "caravan serais," there is nothing wherein to look for shelter from rain, sun, wild beasts and robbers.

It had been the intention to build railroads in Persia. Baron Reuter, of London, had obtained a charter to construct one from Teheran to the Persian gulf, and a Russian syndicate had planned a road from the shores of the Caspian to the capital, but both schemes fell to pieces, due to the rapacity and faithlessness of the Persian government—or rather some of its high officials. The last attempt I know of to build a good railroad—likewise from the Caspian or from Tabreez to Teheran—was made by the American minister—whose secretary I was at the time, in 1886—Mr. F. H. Winston, of Chicago, but it did not even get beyond the initial point, because the Persian authorities were still as eager to be bribed and to impose on the stranger capitalists who wished to benefit this country—and incidentally themselves, of course—as they had been before. Thus it is that this whole wide land—altogether comprising territory equal to the whole of our eastern and middle states in size—is still innocent of railroads and centuries behind the times.

Women the world over represent the lovable half of humanity, and climate, religion, race, form but minor modifications to the general rule. That was what Goethe meant with his "Eternal Womanly." To me the supreme proof that woman in Persia is also lovable, amiable and long-suffering has always been the fact that she has smilingly, uncomplainingly stood the awful modes of travel which they have to submit to throughout Persia. I would like to see in American woman, for instance, traveling in a "kadjavay" for a week or a fortnight. But the mere idea is preposterous. Seriously, I wouldn't blame the Persian women if they, some night, would arise in their might and kill every mother's son of them—just out of revenge for this diabolical contrivance, the "kadjavay."

Imagine a horse or a mule carrying on its back a sort of hooded box, with curtains on the one side where fresh air could be admitted, this box strapped tightly to the animal. The whole kadjavay—for this little box, about two feet high, is a kadjavay—is constructed so that the woman inmate of it can neither lie down in it, nor sit straight or upright, but is forced to keep her body in a half crouching position, with her limbs crossed. How she manages to escape out of these awful torture chambers comparatively unscathed is a miracle. But there they sit, for days and weeks and months even, while performing journeys of some distance, like graven images, with not a syllable in accusation of those who make them undergo this horrible ordeal; and not only that, but they must, forsooth, be closely veiled as well, and whenever a stranger draws nigh must pull down the curtains of their kadjavay. It must be the force of inheritance and habit from early youth up, for to me it always seemed as if they must die the double death of suffocation and of paralysis. The chaddar—or Persian veil—is much worse than the Turkish yashmak, for it falls far down over face, bosom and torso, and is so closely fitting that almost no air reaches the mouth and nose of the hapless wearer. The small piece of looser web inserted over the eyes allows but a mere glimpse of light, and barely permits the wearers to distinguish the objects outside. In a word, of all the barbarous and brutal outrages which custom allows the Persians to practice on their women folk, this, I think, is the worst. But I must add that even these restrictions are not proof against woman's wit and cunning, for it happens frequently enough, despite it all, that love intrigues are arranged by the Persian women while traveling just in this way. I have seen myself—and given them credit for doing it—how at the critical moment they understand to lift that cumbersome "chaddar" of theirs, just for a moment. Of course that was because they had to arrange something about it. But that moment was all they needed to tell with their eloquent eyes what they wished to say.

Perhaps an even more villainous way for Persian women to travel is by basket. For this donkeys are nearly always used. Two big baskets of even size are attached to the back of the patient beast—hanging down one on either side—and in each of these baskets is a woman, huddled there in a heap, with just the head protruding. This method is in general vogue among the wives and daughters of the peasants, artisans and all other poorer classes.

In comparison with these methods of travel in general use among the men are vastly to be preferred, though they, too, are extremely primitive. To ride on the back of a camel, be it only for a couple of days, is anything but a pleasure, and it isn't the fastest way, either. Four "farsakh"—about sixteen miles—is considered a good day's journey in Persia, although on a pinch one can get as much as forty miles out of a camel in good condition, and the "racing dromedaries" in use in southern Persia for the business of the crowd have even been known to make as much as sixty or seventy miles, but in a sort of abominable jog trot which lands one all but dead at the end of one's trip. These racing dromedaries are especially bred and trained in studs which are the monopoly of the shah. Only persons authorized by the shah are permitted to own or ride one of these beasts. Priests and all other persons, as well as the pilgrims who go to Mecca, Kerbelah or Meshed, must only ride on donkeys, they being the slower and the more lowly quadrupeds, and hence to ride on them is considered a proof of humility and piety. Mules are much in use among the poorer classes, but of the donkeys there is one breed, the Bagdads, which are high in price, much larger and handsomer than the ordinary kind, and which, therefore, are preferred for travel by the ladies of the court. These donkeys, a breed originally hailing from Bagdad, are of a beautiful iron gray, quite lively and very enduring, and I have seen some which sold as high as \$500 of our money—double the price at which a fine Arab steed can be purchased.

As to horses, they form the means of conveyance for most of the men in Persia, and are by far to be preferred to any other animal. The common, cheap "yaboo," are the best for long-distance journeys, as they are very hardy, sure of foot, satisfied with a little oat straw and barley and whatever else they can pick up, and seem never to tire. I have myself covered sixty odd miles from dawn till four p. m., on the back of one of these wiry little beasts, in appearance not unlike frindle ponies. The mail carriers of the Persian government make incredible distances in a short time—of course, in relays—on the back of these "yaboo." The 200 miles from the Caspian sea at Enzeli to Teheran are often done by these post riders inside of thirty-six hours, riding with almost no break, of course, and mounted on fresh horses at intervals of sixteen to twenty miles. These very serviceable native horses, however, are not showy—quite the reverse—and hence the Persian rides them only on long journeys, while for short distances and when out on pleasure he prefers either the Arab horse or, better still, the Turcoman, a stately, fine-looking beast of enormous height, but insecure of foot and absolutely useless in the mountains.

WOLF VON SCHIEBRAND.

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WOLF VON SCHIEBRAND.

CHIEF GERONIMO.

The Bloodthirsty Apache Soon to Be Located as a Farmer.

Uncle Sam has determined to give the worst Indian that ever stood in moccasins a chance to mend his ways, be a good redskin and own a farm. Geronimo, the chief of the Chiricauva Apaches, the most treacherous, brutal and warlike of the southwestern tribes, who has been confined in military prisons in Florida and Alabama for nearly eight years, has behaved himself so well and has set such a good example to his little band of followers who have shared his captivity that the officials of the war department have concluded that it will be safe to give them all lands near some military reservations and let them go to raising crops. It is not proposed to take the Apache chief back to the scene of his early triumphs and turn him loose to cultivate the soil or the heart of water, as suits his fancy. He and his followers will be scattered, and scattered widely, too, in an unfamiliar country, where the only things to fight will be the seven-year-old locust and the potato-bug and where the government ration of the idle Indian will be so small as not to be worth a trip to the agency. Some of them will go to Fort Sill, Indian territory, and others to Fort Reno, Oklahoma, while a few of the children will be sent to the Indian school at Carlisle. Just what will be done with Geronimo has not been decided.

At the last session of congress \$15,000 was set aside to defray the cost of fifty houses, barbed wire for fencing, agricultural implements, wagons, seeds, etc., to be used in setting up Geronimo and his band as farmers, and the war department is now looking about for desirable locations.

Geronimo possessed all the characteristic attributes of the Apache—the threewadness, the bloodthirstiness, the treachery and the dash and daring of the tribe on the warpath. For years he kept some of the best Indian fighters of the United States army hunting him across the arid plains and in the mountain fastnesses of Arizona until he was finally captured and exiled to Fort Marion, St. Augustine, Fla., whence he was subsequently removed to Mount Vernon barracks, Alabama.

Mexican Humming Bird Eggs.

Immediately after being hatched it is possible to place four living Mexican humming birds in an ordinary thimble. At maturity a dozen of them may be put in a teaspoon. The eggs are about twice the size of pinheads.

Queen Transfer Companies.

Transfer companies in England are ready to pay for all the baggage they smash.

Brazilian aborigines eat the flesh of the boa constrictor.