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The London *Lancet*, a prominent English medical journal, awaits with somewhat languid interest the result of the discussion of the new scientific proposition that it is just as well to bolt one's food as not. It advises people who are desirous of avoiding dyspepsia in its worst forms to continue in the meantime to chew their food in the old-fashioned way.

It is not generally known that President Lincoln was an inventor, but the first instalment of the Lincoln Life, in the *Century*, contains reduced fac-similes of the drawings in the Patent-Office, on which was obtained a patent for "A. Lincoln's improved manner of buoying vessels." A drawing is also given from the model of the invention. The patent is dated the 22d of May, 1849.

An expert Pittsburg chemist has discovered that a cigar contains acetic, formic, butyric, valeric, proprionic, prussic and carbolic acids; also, creosote, ammonia, viridine, picoline and sulphureted hydrogen. As there is no report as to tobacco it is left to be inferred that the chemist found none. But, then, it is not every day that one can buy a drug-store outfit, except the bottles, for five cents.

In 1883 the navy of Great Britain consisted of 246 vessels; the German navy consisted of 97 vessels; the French had 56 vessels; Russia in 1885 had a navy of 389 men-of-war, and in 1885 the navy of the United States comprised eighty-seven vessels as follows: Forty-one naval steam vessels, of which but four are not screw propellers; 12 wooden sailing vessels, 19 ironclad vessels, 2 torpedo rams and 13 tugs.

Church-goers in many Maine towns fifty years or more ago, both male and female, used to walk barefoot to church, carrying with them their shoes and stockings which they would put on before going into church. The Lewiston (Me.) *Journal* remarks: "A stern economy was observed by the men and women who laid the foundation of Maine's prosperity. That is why we are not obliged to go barefoot now."

A calf was killed and the hide taken off in Zionsville, Penn., in the morning. The skin was taken to Charles Burkhalters's tannery at noon. By evening of the same day Mr. Burkhalter had it all tanned and promptly handed to a shoemaker. By next morning a pair of boots was completed and put on by the owner, so that what was on living flesh of a calf one day was a pair of boots the next. It was, without doubt the quickest tanning on record. Mr. B. is able to tan any sheep skin in fifteen minutes, leaving the wool all on. This is his own invention, and he says there is no other man living that knows how to do it.

Few persons have an idea of the enormous consumption of twine in this country. One of the greatest demands for the article comes from the farmers, who consume thirty-five thousand tons annually upon the self-binding harvesters. Allowing five pounds to the mile, this would be equal to a string long enough to go more than six times around the earth. It takes a length of about three feet of twine to tie a bundle of straw. The farmer sits on his machine, drives alone through the grain field, and without any assistance cuts, bundles, and ties twelve acres of wheat grain per day. The twine must be carefully made, free from swells or nots, or it will not run smoothly through the knotting device of the binder. The average consumption of twine on a binder harvester is two pounds per acre. About twelve hundred feet of twine per acre are required. It costs the farmer about twenty-five cents an acre for his twine.

There is a new gem in the market, the violane du cap, manufactured in Paris. It seems rather odd that a gem should be manufactured, though imitations are familiar enough, and though modern alchemists have experimented from time to time with carbon and other materials in the hope of making diamonds; but this, albeit an artificial product, is not an imitation. It is unique. Possibly somewhere in the earth, the elements that compose it—silica, aluminum, iron and certain other matters—may exist in the same proportions and in crystallic form, in which case art will have been but a copyist; its natural counterpart, if it exists, has not been discovered, however. An Eastern jeweler showed one the other day of perhaps sixteen carats. It was clear and lustrous and of a deep purple color, stronger than the amethyst, but in a room lighted only one gas its hue was that of carbuncle, a deep and vivid red. In hardness it is seven in the scale that registers the sapphire at nine and the diamond at ten. Its discovery may lead to other experiments in chemical combinations and the development of other gems of equal beauty.

### DOWNHEARTED.

Downhearted! Pshaw! there's seldom seen
A lane without a turning!
Each desert has a spot of green,
In spite of bright Sol's burning.
Your friends have failed you? Well, what then?
Remember changing Peter;
Sorrow has tried the best of men,
And life is all the sweeter.

What adds a zest to summer's joy?
Is it not a winter weary?
Peace would be tame without alloy,
Past grief makes solace cheery.
All cannot win though all must run
When once life's race is started:
Yet all may hear the words: "Well done,"
So never be downhearted.

## CLEM'S CURE.

BY PAUL DRAYTON

What's the matter? What's the matter, my boy? Sit down. Sit down and quiet yourself and then tell me what's the matter?"

That's the way I talked to Clem—short for Clemence—Alburtis as I took him by the arm one day when he rushed wild-eyed and thick speeched into my office, and seated him on the lounge.

"Doc," he said in a helpless tone—my profession is that of a physician—"I'm crazy. I can't collect my thoughts, and the pain in my head drives me mad."

"I know it." I said. "I've told you it would be so many times. You have a buzzing in the ears, black specks floating before the eyes, and——"

"Yes! Yes! that's it. Nervous twitches of the muscles of the face and numbness of the limbs, and——"

"Depression of mind and melancholia," I went on.

"A disposition to suicide," he almost shouted. "I feel it almost necessary to commit suicide. Doc, what'll I do? How'll I stop it? Eh? How'll I keep from blowing out my brains?"

"Nonsense!" I said, angrily. "Don't talk to me about brains. If you go on the way you're going now, you won't have any brains to blow out in a few days. You'll be in the lunatic asylum, as brainless as a born idiot."

"I know it! I know it!" and Clem wrung his hands wildly, and endeavored to spring from the lounge, but I forced him back into his seat.

"And so I am determined to put an end to my life at once. God bless you! Good by! I can't endure this agony any longer!" And once more he made an effort to rise.

"Sit still!" I thundered out, now almost angry myself, "or I'll send for a policeman and have you committed to the Charities and Corrections, to be examined as a lunatic. Now, do you really want to be cured of this attack of teezeeweezees you've got?"

"Yes," he said, a little more calmly, finding he had a superior power to contend with.

"Very well, then, give up all book work. Lay aside pens, ink and paper, go into the country, fish, walk into the woods, feed the chickens, do anything, but don't read anything but trash for two months, and, above all, don't think of anything scientific until next winter without my permission."

"But what's to become of my paper on 'The Origin of the Megatherium?' I'm to read it before the Fe Fi Fo Fum Society on the 15th of next month, you know, and it isn't half done yet."

"Confound your Megatheriums!" I exclaimed, angrily. "If you want to barter your life, or what you have left of your senses, for a Megatherium, why take your Megatheriums and do it, but don't come bothering me about your symptoms. I tell you that you must have a complete mental and physical diversion, or you'll be a lunatic or a dead man in a month."

"And drop my book on 'The Puerility of Prehistoric Power?'" said Clem, mournfully.

"Drop every book, written and unwritten, and write not a line but an occassional letter until I tell you that you may."

The poor fellow buried his face in his hands, and sat the picture of despair, but I knew I was right. Clem had graduated from college with high honors, and gone to the bar with high hopes, when suddenly his mind had, somehow, become diverted to science, in which, unfortunately, he could afford to indulge, from the fact that he possessed a small but comfortable income, left him by his grandmother, so that law could be made only an ornamental part of his life.

More than this, he was a remarkably handsome fellow, and, outside of his scientific studies, possessed more than ordinary common sense. The fact was he had overdone the matter, and he was suffering accordingly, from insomnia and over brain-work. Entire and complete cessation from study was his only hope. Just as I had told him this there came a gentle tap at my door, and to my summons of it "Come," it opened, and two ladies entered—one, Miss Martha Megrims, an old maid of sixty-five, my patient, with nothing at all the matter with her but the want of exercise and employment, and who would not wait for me to call on her, but hunted me down with her moans and troubles daily. Her companion was her niece Lillian, and "airy, fairy Lillian" she was. A more beautiful little creature I never saw, and never expect to see again, and as good as she was pretty.

Their coming just then embarrassed me exceedingly. I could not dismiss Miss Megrims, and I must bear with her usual half hour of groans and grunts, for which I was so well remunerated, and at the same time I did not dare to let Clem go, for I knew he was in a dangerous condition of mind, and might carry out his threat. Introducing him and bringing him into our conference was out of the question, and there was but one way for it, which was to stuff him into my little back room, from whence there was no escape but by a skylight or the door which led into the office.

This I turned on him to do when I saw that he had risen from the lounge, and was standing as one entranced, gazing on Miss Lillian Brown with a most unmistakable look of admiration, which I fancied was returned shyly by the young lady.

"Clem, you'll oblige me if you'll step into the next room for a few minutes," I said, "I'll soon be disengaged."

"Certainly! certainly!" he said, moving slowly across the office, bowing to the two ladies as he went, but not shutting the door after him on his disappearance, so that he could hear all that might be said. This was not much that could entertain or instruct him, consisting only of the old woman's usual recounting of the maladies which she could not have possibly had if she had been poor and obliged to walk instead of ride, and the occasional musical tones of Lillian, answering my questions, or encouraging her aunt. Over a quarter of an hour was passed in this way, which would have been longer had not Lillian, knowing that I had Clem in another room waiting for me, hurried Miss Megrims away.

"Who is that, Doc?" said Clem, eagerly, as he rushed back into the room as soon as the office door had closed on the ladies.

"That's the rich Miss Megrims," I said. "She's got more money than she's got time to spend it in, and so plays sick."

"Oh, pshaw!" he said petulantly, "I don't mean the old one.

"Ah! that's her niece and supposable heiress, Miss Lillian Brown!" I replied, carelessly. "She's rather pretty!"

"Rather pretty!" he almost shouted. "By the great ichthyosaurus, sir, she's lovely; simply lovely. I never saw anything more beautiful in my entire existence."

"Gone!" I thought to myself. "His brain has given way," and I took poor Clem by the hand and felt his pulse.

"Oh, I'm all right, Doc," he said, laughing, and then resuming his seat upon the lounge and becoming quite calm. "But really she is very handsome, and I don't know that I've ever seen any one that has made such an impression on me. Can't you introduce me, doctor!"

"Oh, you're too much mixed up with Megatheriums and Prehistoric Power to even talk sensibly to a lady, and Miss Brown is a very sensible and practical girl."

"Oh! bother the megatheriums and prehistorics. I'm not thinking of them just now. I want an introduction to Miss Brown," said Clem, earnestly.

"I'll give it to you to-morrow," I answered, "if you'll promise to do just what I tell you until then."

"Certainly, I will," he exclaimed eagerly.

"Very well. I am to call on Miss Megrims to-morrow at 3 P. M. Promise me that you won't open a book, touch a pen, or think of megatheriums or prehistorics until then, and that you will go to the theatre with me to-night, and I will take you with me to-morrow."

"Done!" he said, enthusiastically.

"Then we'll go and take a walk in the Park," and I shook hands with Clem on the bargain, and we marched away for a smoke and a talk all about Lillian Brown.

That night I took Clem to see an exceedingly funny burlesque, and was gratified at his appreciation of it in hearty bursts of laughter, and the following day he made his appearance at the office faultlessly dressed, something I had not known him to be since he embraced science, and looking so much handsomer and better than the day before that it hardly seemed he was the same man. Of course I carried out my promise, and of course Miss Megrims looked surprised at my bringing Clem, but I did not care for that, for at the same time I saw Miss Lillian was gratified.

For the first time within my memory Miss Megrims seemed to forget her ailments, and devoted herself to Clem, who had corralled Lillian on the opposite side of the room and appeared to be making the best use possible of his time, which, I had warned him, could not be more than fifteen minutes. She eyed him with a look that amounted almost to a glare, and poured in broadside after broadside of questions about him that would have taken the skill of a diplomat to answer, though of course I did it as favorably as I could for Clem, but I came out of the encounter strongly impressed with the idea that Miss Megrims did not want her niece to marry at all, or have gentlemen friends, and that she considered her too young—she was twenty—to think of such a thing at all. When Clem got into the street he was in raptures. Lillian was an angel; her beauty was almost beyond the earth, and her voice music itself. He was in love, and Lillian had asked him to call again—which, by the way, I had noticed was more than Miss Megrims did.

Well, time sped on, and I saw plainly that Clem had dropped everything but Lillian. I saw him every day, and heard all about it. He had called again and had been rebuffed by Miss Megrims. He had called several times more, but Miss Megrims never left the room. Clem did not intend to be rebuffed, but Miss Megrims finally denied him the house or an opportunity of seeing Lillian. Then I stepped in and carried a formal proposal to Miss Megrims, which I backed up with my best efforts, but received a formal refusal. Miss Megrims did not intend that her niece should marry for some years to come.

My reply to this selfishness was my becoming letter bearer between the lovers, and a few days afterward they met in Central Park, although it must have been a hard job for Lillian to have gotten the chance. From the meeting Clem rushed into the office, exclaiming:

"It's all right, Doc. We're engaged. Lillie's going to try and soften the old hippogriff, and, if she can't, we'll get married anyhow and go abroad."

Clem had carried the war into Africa, and meant to stay there all the time, he said. He had forgotten all about megatheriums and prehistorics, and had no more symptoms and tendencies to suicide. In fact he was completely cured, and, stranger still, Miss Megrims had become as robust as a prize-fighter, and not a word ever came out of her mouth about pains or aches, though she would not give up daily calls, but always filled them up with denunciations of Clem and declarations that if Lillian married him, she should never touch a cent of her money.

"Doctor," she said one day, "I never knew a runaway marriage to turn out well in my life."

"Oh! that's a mistake, Miss Megrims," I said. "I have known many, Mr. Albertis's own parents were a runaway match. She was a great belle, a Miss Ellis Clark, and——"

"What!" screamed Miss Megrims," jumping to her feet. "His mother my Ellice, my darling Ellice! It can't be! Why didn't you say so before, doctor? The dearest girl friend I ever had in my life, and I've treated her son so badly. It's shameful in you, doctor. Go and bring the dear fellow here directly."

I did, and when he came she scripturally fell upon his neck and wept, and then they fell to talking about Clem's mother until Clem cried in concert.

Well, they did not have a runaway, but did up the affair in style, and all went to Europe together, and the last letter I have from Clem declares the hippogriff to be one of the most charming old maids the world ever produced.
—*New York Star.*

### Japanese Marriages.

A marriage in Japan is preceded by the ceremony of betrothal, at which all the members of the two families are present. It often happens that the parties concerned then for the first time are informed of the intentions of their parents with regard to them. From this time the couple are allowed to see each other on every opportunity. Visits, invitations, presents, preparations for furnishing their future home, and the betrothed are soon satisfied with their approaching future. The wedding generally takes place when the bridegroom is over twenty years old, and the bride in her seventeenth year or over. The morning of the appointed day the groom dresses, and the toilet articles of the bride are carried to the bridegroom's house and arranged in the room appointed for the ceremony. Among many decorations the small table supports figures representing long life, such as the stork and turtle, supposed to live longer than any other creatures.

In the evening a splendid procession enters the hall, headed by the young wife, clothed and veiled in white silk, escorted by two bridemaids and followed by a crowd of relatives and neighbors; also friends in full costume, all glittering with brocaded scarlet and embroidery. The two bridesmaids and two or three young girls who are friends of the bride volunteer for the service, perform the honors of the house, arrange the guests, and flutter from one place to another to see that all are made comfortable. Among the objects displayed in the middle of the circle of guests there is a deep saucer of soft ware made for the occasion. It has a metal vase which is furnished with two spouts and elegantly adorned with artificial flowers. At a given signal one of the bridesmaids fills the vase with "shake," a queer liquid poured into the saucer. The bride drinks one-half of the liquid and the bridegroom drinks the other half. After this everybody is invited to the dining-room, where the "best man" sings the happy song and serves out the great dinner to all. With the exception of certain Buddhist sects and Christians, a priest or clergyman never takes part in the celebration. The person known as the "best man" acts as priest and performs the marriage ceremony. The next day after the marriage follows a festival given by the police officer who has given permission for the nuptials. He then places the newly-married couple on his list.

### A Destroyer of an Orchard Pest.

Robert Williamson, of Sacramento, who owns a large fruit ranch near Penryn, in this county, has been introducing the two-spotted ladybug, or scale destroyer, in the orchards of his neighborhood. They are said to be a very thorough and efficient remedy for the San Jose scale. The scale lives on the tree and the ladybug lives on the scale. It is said that whole orchards in San Jose valley have been entirely cleared of the pest that threatened their destruction by this little bug. In one case a twenty-acre orchard had been abandoned to the scale, the owner having despaired of a remedy. The ladybug came along and attacked the scale in that orchard; in one year it had much improved, and in two years every scale was annihilated, and the orchard is now as healthy and thrifty as it ever was.—*Placer (Cal.) Herald.*

### Old-Fashioned Beds.

Two hundred years and more ago the beds in England were bags filled with straw or leaves, but not upholstered or squared with modern neatness. The bag could be opened and the litter remade daily. There were few bedrooms in the houses of ancient England. The master and mistress of the Anglo-Saxon house had a chamber or shed built against the wall that inclosed the mansion and its dependencies; their daughters had the same. Young men and guests slept in the great hall, which was the only noticeable room in the house, on tables or benches. Woolen coverlids were provided for warmth; poles or hooks on which they could hang their clothes projected from the wall; perches were provided for their hawks. Attendants and servants slept upon the floor.

### Leather From Catfish Skin.

"When I was shooting on the St. Francis River in Arkansas, some years ago, I discovered that catfish skin made good leather," said Jacob Trungenwalt, the fishing-tackle maker, "and I have manufactured it ever since. I heard a story when I was there about a big catfish which had broken all the nets in the neighborhood, and I laid for him with my gun beside a pool which he frequented. I stayed there all day and was leaving at moonrise, when I threw the remnants of some canned salmon on which I had lunched into the river. Suddenly I saw a huge black-shining object roll half out of the water. My heart leaped to my mouth. I pulled myself together and held my gun in readiness. There was another splash, then bang went my gun, and floating in the pool I saw the big catfish. He was dead, the bullet having gone through his head. He weighed 160 pounds. Well, sir, I had him skinned in no time, intending to stuff the skin, but the fellow I gave the job to made a botch of it, and brought me the skin beautifully tanned instead. A happy thought struck me that I might profit by the accident, and I started and have since successfully carried out a catfish skin tannery. We make use of it for everything, from shoe laces to slippers, cabas, pocket-books and fancy pocket-case covers." The leather is light in color, very soft, and Mr. Trungenwalt says: "Tougher than the hide of a badger."—*Philadelphia Times.*

### An Alaska Forest.

Wandering around near camp, says Lieutenant Schwatka in the New York *Times*, I was struck with astonishment at the great size of the trees of the forest into which we had crept. Within twenty feet of our camp-fire were two trees, one of which measured twelve feet seven inches, and the other seventeen feet in circumference at the height of a person's arm from the ground. The latter had its thick, shaggy bark stripped off nearly to the ground, being a dead tree, and thus losing much in its measurement. About thirty yards from camp was a tree that gave twenty-one feet in circumference at about six feet from the ground. The most astonishing part was that such a forest should be found actually surrounded by ice ten to twenty miles across in every direction. Of course it is reasonable to suppose that trees were here before the ice, and that the forest probably once connected with the forests of the great flat lands. Here was undoubted evidence that this small forest was being obliterated rapidly by the advancing front of the Guyot glacier, the foot-ice grinding the huge trees into pulp and splinters as surely as a quartz-crusher grinds the rock into powder.

### An Aerial Cat Fight.

In front of my cabin, at Marble Gap, on a high mountain side of the Cheoah range, are some tall trees with thick clusters of undergrowth, in which an old brindle cat makes her habitation, and where she has raised a family of kittens. Yesterday three large hawks were seen flying over the trees, evidently looking for prey. Presently one was seen to dash suddenly to the ground, seize a kitten and make haste for her nest in the top of a tall poplar. The crying of the kitten in its aerial flight was distressing and pitiful, and the mother, now frantic with grief, watched the hawk with a vigilance that only an angry cat could command. When the hawk went to its nest with a feast for her young the cat immediately ran up the tree, which was fully forty feet to the first limb, and in her desperate rage sprang at the hawk, when a tearful fight ensued, during which the cat, hawk, kitten and young hawks were precipitated to the ground, fighting and squalling as they fell. The sudden contact with the earth caused each to break its hold, when the hawk flew up, only to be shot down by a guard on post near by, the old cat being mistress of the situation with a badly lacerated and broken-legged kitten and the young hawks on which to feast her little family.—*Raleigh (N. C.) News and Observer.*

### Farming in the Gas Region.

It is said that the man who lives on the Kagy farm in Northwestern Ohio is making arrangements to continue farming all winter, on account of the immense heat from the big natural gas well there. He is now preparing to put in spring crops. Who knows what possibilities are bound up in natural gas? With a system of pipes underlying the soil, and several wells so situated as to take advantage of the prevailing winds, and giving forth their heat to the air, why may we not have in the gas region farms that shall yield all the products of the tropics and pumpkins and oranges, white beans and spices grow together in harmony? In a word, why may we not look to see the garden of Eden renewed along the gas belt?—*Jamestown (N. Y.) Journal.*

### A Peculiar Power.

"Now, children," said the teacher of the infant natural history class after the peculiarities of the crab had been discussed, "is there any other member of the animal kingdom that posseses the power to move rapidly backward?"

"Yes," said one of the most promising of the little scholars, "the mule kin do it."—*New York Sun.*

### Condensed Tragedy.

| I | II | III |
|---|---|---|
| Dude, | Dude | Man— |
| Neat; | Flops; | Boot; |
| Girl, | Soon | Dude |
| Sweet. | Pops. | Scoot. |

—*Merchant Traveler.*

Mrs. Langtry takes a cold bath every morning, and then goes back to bed for a half hour's nap. She also practices regularly with the foils every day to keep in good form.

### FRIENDSHIP.

Like music heard on the still water,
Like pines when the wind passeth by,
Like pearls in the depth of the ocean,
Like stars that enamel the sky,
Like June and the odor of roses,
Like dew and the freshness of morn,
Like sunshine that kisses the clover,
Like tassels of silk on the corn,
Like notes of the thrush in the woodland,
Like brooks where the violets grow,
Like rainbows that arch the blue heavens,
Like clouds when the sun dippeth low,
Like dreams of Acadian pleasures,
Like colors that gratefully blend,
Like everything breathing of pureness—
Like these is the love of a friend.
—*Josephine Canning, in Good Housekeeping.*

### HUMOR OF THE DAY.

When a woman "knits her brows" it is probably because she is out of yarn.—*Lowell Courier.*

An artist once painted the picture of a gun so naturally that it went off—the Sheriff took it.—*Puck.*

"I'll just give you a few points" remarked the paper of pins as the man sat on it.—*Merchant Traveler.*

Teacher—"What is the hottest place in the United States?" Pupil—"A hornet's nest."—*Penman's Journal.*

There was a time when a man thought twice before marrying. Now he thinks three times after marrying.—*Detroit Free Press.*

General Lew Wallace says that when he is traveling he "writes on the cars." Next he'll take to whittling them with his penknife.—*Philadelphia Call.*

Fogg says that when he asked the future Mrs. F. for her hand he had no idea it was going to cost him so much to keep it in gloves.—*Boston Transcript.*

Drummer (just arrived)—"Is this a real wide-awake town?" Hotel Keeper—"You bet it is! Wait till you hear the cats to-night."—*Burlington Free Press.*

Oysters have only been an article of diet for a hundred years, says an authority. We know better than that. Why, the joke about the church fair oyster is over 1,000 years old if it is a day.—*Graphic.*

"The loss of my husband completely unnerved me," said a lady to a neighbor who had been recently afflicted herself. "Yes, dear, and the loss of my husband completely un-man-ed me."—*Carl Pretzel's Weekly.*

"You know something about music, don't you, Joggins?" "A little, Snooper." "Then what does this paper mean when it speaks of the 'higher kinds of music?'" "Must mean upper-attic, I think."—*Pittsburg Telegraph.*

A magazine writer asks: "What is true joy?" True joy is what a woman feels when a committee at a country fair declares that her crazy quilt is prettier than all the assembled crazy quilts of her neighbors.—*Baltimore American.*

Military discipline at West Point is so strict that a beetle may crawl down a private's back when he is in the ranks, and he must not indulge in the slightest evidence of perturbation. He must simply hope that the beetle will crawl up again.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A contemporary says: "We consumed much more pig iron the first six months of this year than during the corresponding period of last year." Whatever may be said about our esteemed contemporary's taste, nothing can justly be urged against his digestion.—*Graphic.*

When you tell her she's the sweetest,
The prettiest and neatest
Maid you've met and that the ground she
walks on you adore,
If you hear her murmur "rats!"
Then be very sure that that's
A sign that she's no neophyte but has been
there before.
—*Boston Courier.*

### The Arab Soldier.

The Arab looks very well on horseback, though he might not altogether suit the taste of the shires. His saddle is generally red, peaked before and behind, and placed upon several colored felt saddle cloths; the stirrup broadens out so as to give a wide space for the foot to rest on; it is pointed at the corners, thereby enabling the rider to tear the horse's ribs even without the aid of a pointed stick or a steel spear-like spur which he often pushes in between his slipper and the stirrup side. The Arab soldier, with his white burnous fluttering behind him, his high red saddle and saddle cloths, his knees high and body bent forward, with his long silver-mounted gun flourishing in the air, looks, as he gallops forward in a cloud of dust, the very embodiment of the picturesque, exultant war spirit of past ages, not sobered down by scientific formulas for murder, but free to carry out his own bloodthirsty purposes with as much swagger and ostentation as possible. As a horseman, I believe the Arab to have an excellent seat but an execrable hand; he loves to keep his beast's head high in the air, and so he ceaselessly joggles at the bit, upon which he always rides, until one wonders how the wretched brute can put his feet safely down; yet he does somehow.

No one rides camels in this country, but the Sultan is said to have some very fleet dromedaries capable of doing marvelous journeys, and, of course, in those parts of Morocco which merge into the Sahara the camel is indispensable. The Barbary donkey is a short-legged, long-suffering, indispensable beast. It is easy to comprehend the ass existing without Tangier, but it is impossible to conceive Tangier existing without the ass; his patient little body bears every possible burden, from the foreign Minister's wife, for example, who sits upon the pack with great dignity, and, preceded by her Moorish soldier, pays calls upon other Ministers' wives, to the latest thing in iron bedsteads to be sold in the public market.—*Cornhill.*