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The United States Legation estimates that at least 50,000 Americans visited the Paris Exposition.

Between irrigation and drainage the desert places and the lagoons will be before many years have disappeared from the United States of America.

It is a remarkable fact that nearly ninety per cent. of the professional gardeners in this country are of foreign birth. The majority are from Germany, but England is a good second.

The French are building houses of steel which are claimed to be strong and durable and admit of any variety of architectural ornamentation as well as the most perfect sanitary arrangement.

The year 1890 will be an interesting one in the staff departments of the army, for the Paymaster-General, the Quartermaster-General, the Commissary-General and the Surgeon-General will all be retired for age.

The latest example of the folly of the reckless destruction of forests is afforded by Serbia, where droughts in summer and floods in winter afflicted large districts which have been denuded of timber within the last five years.

Very few people are aware how many more people have visited the Paris Exposition than were admitted to the Centennial at Philadelphia in 1876. This had 9,867,625 visitors, and the Paris Exhibition has had about 35,000,000.

One of the greatest drains from the forests of this country would be checked if the railroads could find a satisfactory substitute for the wooden tie. There are 200,000 miles of single track in the United States resting on wooden ties, which average 2500 to the mile.

There is a family at Roseoff, France, in which there are five generations now living. The oldest member is a great-great-grandmother of ninety-three, and the youngest a small descendant, aged one month. They all went to church the other day when the newest was christened.

The students of John Hopkins University have adopted the Oxford cap and gown, but it is not likely that they will retain the costume for any great length of time. There is hardly a college in the country which has not at some period been afflicted with the cap-and-gown craze and has given it up.

The bountiful crops in this country have inspired the farmers with the belief that farming can be made to pay, and it is quite probable, says Dins, that more agricultural machinery will be purchased during the ensuing winter and more improvements in farming processes to be adopted than has been known before.

Naval authorities in England are panic-stricken by the collapse of both the 111-ton guns of the warship Victoria while they were being proved. They cost \$95,000 apiece, exclusive of \$150,000 for carriages, mountings and machinery necessary to work them, and throw a projectile weighing 1800 pounds. The result has somewhat dampened the ardor of the advocates of big guns.

There are between five hundred and six hundred Chinamen in Sunday-schools and missions in New York city. They are there chiefly to learn to talk English, for there are only fifty-three of the number who are out-and-out Christians; that is, members of the churches. A religious worker among the Mongolians says the church people have got to realize that the Chinaman is a pretty hard subject to christianize.

The idea of the Eiffel Tower, according to the *Engineering and Building Record*, is acknowledged by M. Eiffel to have originated in this country at the time of the Philadelphia Centennial, in 1876. The circular tower then proposed was to have been 1000 feet high, 150 feet in diameter at the base, and thirty feet at the top. It was designed by Clark, Reeves & Co., of Phoenixville, Penn., and was expected to cost \$1,000,000.

An American hotel, run on purely American lines, with colored cooks and waiters, Boston beans, green corn, terrapin soup, canvas-back ducks and all the other modern improvements, will be opened next year in London. Waterloo House is to be the site of the new enterprise, and already the deposit money for securing the option of the lease from the Crown has been secured, and many powerful American and English capitalists have promised their support to the venture. The hotel is destined to eventually pass into the hands of a company, but it will not be offered to the public until the structure is complete and all the other arrangements attended to. The site is Crown land, and cannot be purchased in fee simple; but the projectors have already been conditionally promised an eighty years' lease.

WHAT THE VIOLETS SAID.

"We're all for love," the violet said. — Sidney Lanier. Do I love you? Do I love you? Ask the heavens that bend above you, To find language and to prove you If they love the living sun. Ask the burning, blinding meadows If they love the falling shadows— If they hold the happy shadows— When the fervid day is done. Ask the blue-bells and anemones, Lost amid the hot field-mazes, Lifting up their thirsty faces— If they love the summer rains. Ask the linnets and the plovers, In the nest-life made for lovers— Ask the bees and ask the clover— Will they tell you for your pains? Do I, darling, do I love you? What I pray, can that behoove you? How, in Love's names, can I move you? When for Love's sake I am dumb? If I told you, if I told you, Would that keep you, would that hold you Here at last when I enfold you? If it would—Hush! darling, come! — E. S. Phelps, in Daughters of America.

THE THOUSANTH SLAVE.

BY JAMES HARVEY SMITH. "An extremely sorry, Jack, but—"

"But you don't love me!" "Now, Jack, that's unkind."

"But it's true." "No, it isn't true; not one bit of it, and you know it. Haven't I engaged myself to you in spite of papa's coldness and mamma's positive hatred?"

"Haven't I stood by you in spite of everything people said about you?" "All lies!" cried Jack, hotly.

"I know it," said Adele, laying a loving hand on his coat collar. "I have always said that you did love me, and were not careless and idle and imprudent and—"

"Jack shook off her hand quite rudely. "And yet when I ask you to marry me you say 'no.' Do you call that love?"

"I call it common sense, Jack. Why, you know you haven't anything but your salary of fifteen hundred a year."

"Love in a cottage with a crust," began Jack. "You know," she cried, "you detest suburban life and like anything better than crusts. Oh, Jack, do be reasonable! Papa is not unreasonable and he loves me dearly. Mamma will come around in time and then we can have a decent wedding."

"That's enough," said Jack, calmly, taking his hat. "We will not discuss this matter any further."

"You are not going?" "Yes, I am. And when you see me again—"

"Oh, Jack!" "Good morning, Miss Aylesford."

Jack Ashton passed out very haughtily. There is no more exquisite pleasure than feeling that one has a genuine grievance.

It was ten o'clock and Mr. Ashton should have been at his desk in the banking house a full hour before, but he was not troubled with scribbles and Kewpon & Co. knew his ways. He was a very clever accountant, a man who knew the market and could on a pinch do the work of three men.

"A cunning chap," said old Kewpon to the Co., "and will make his fortune when he buckles down to it. We will keep him until he knows his worth."

It was also September and Jack was due for a week's vacation, so his absence did not cause comment.

"There isn't much for a fellow like me to do," he said to himself elaborating this idea, "and I suppose I'll have to enlist as a soldier. Still, that wouldn't do. Precious little soldiering and plenty of wood chopping and road making. If there was only a war!"

By this time he was on the docks and the shipping diverted the current of his thoughts. He would be a sailor and go away never to return. Perhaps when she read of his perishing in a gale off Zanzibar or somewhere, or knew that he had been tossing for days and days in an open boat with a daily ration of a spoonful of water and an ounce of raw pork!

But these things rarely got into the papers and when they did the record generally read "Captain Jones and four seamen," and as he would be one of the seamen, how would he know?

That he would do something desperate, it was, however, quite resolved. It was absurd to think that he could go on living.

It was the afternoon of the third day. He had been to the Park in the morning and had walked back. There was a strange dizziness in his head, his knees knocked together more than once, and twice his eyesight seemed to be leaving him. He was hungry; he had not eaten for nearly three days, but he thought he was dying.

It gave him a certain sort of grim satisfaction. He would not have taken his own life, but if death would come without his direct aid—

And then he looked at his reflection in a plate glass shop window and shuddered.

It would never do to die in such a plight. His clothes were dusty, his boots grimy and scuffed, and he had not been shaved for three days. Come! he might as well die like a gentleman. The boot-black fell to work at once as he sank into the chair and Jack was dimly conscious that the boy was making a good job.

A bye street ran off the thoroughfare and half way down a slender red and white-striped pole protruded from a door. Jack sauntered down to the shop and paused on the sidewalk to make a survey. Reckless as he was, he had no notion of a five-cent shave or one at unclean hands. The survey was eminently satisfactory. It was a very cabin of a place, so small and snug. Jack thought that the barber looked like a German professor—not of music; theology, perhaps, or maybe ethnology or physics. A well-built, brown-bearded man, with his hair combed smoothly back from a

high forehead and eyes of limpid blue, calm and reflective.

"Shave? Yes, sir," said the barber, in a voice quite in keeping with his looks.

"A pleasant day," said Jack, drearily, as the barber lathered him deftly.

"Exceedingly pleasant," said the barber. "The weather is one of the few things we can enjoy without price."

The idea struck Jack as original, and he smiled for the first time in three days.

"In this world," pursued the barber, "where a man has but one life, and that of humble origin, he has to fight for what others more favored can have for asking."

"A Socialist," said Jack to himself, with the natural contempt of a bank clerk.

"Therefore," continued the barber, beginning on Jack's chin, "it is fortunate that this life is but one of a cycle; that the Karma of to-day is but a preparation for another life; or perhaps Nirvana, who knows?"

"By Heavens! a Buddhist!" exclaimed Jack, to himself.

The barber turned his limpid eyes full upon him. "Not exactly," he said, gravely. "I am a Theosophist."

Jack gave a little start and then a cry of pain.

"I have cut you, or, rather," said the barber, apologetically, "you have cut yourself. It is nothing—a mere scratch. No, sir, theosophy, I conceive to be a civilized Buddhism, with none of its faults and all of its virtues. You understand the doctrines of Buddha? Ignorance, according to Buddha, is the cause of our existence; our existence is hopelessly miserable, misery is its very essence. To be sure there is another life, life upon life, but who can regulate the succession?"

"Who, indeed?" said Jack, closing his eyes. He was getting weary.

"Our future condition is determined by the blind and unconscious concatenation of cause and effect. At the reincarnation a man may become either a god or the vilest imaginable object. That canary in the cage may have once been a sycamore, a trifier."

Jack opened his eyes in amused contemplation. "Do you really believe such rubbish?" he asked, with a smile on his face.

"Certainly," replied the barber, gravely. "I have already traveled part of the way to Nirvana. I have twice achieved Dhyana, during which I saw my past stages of existence. I was a Cathagenian General once, and ages ago I was a tiger. I have prepared myself for Nirvana by contemplation and thought. I have banished desire, love, hate, all the human passions. I am a negation with no attachment for existence."

"Yet you exist!" ventured Jack, feeling that he must say something.

"I have disposed of my business," said the barber, quietly. "I have sold everything, except the bird; I shall give him his liberty before I go. You are the last man I shall shave."

"Ah, indeed," said Jack, making an effort to rise.

The barber gently but powerfully restrained him.

"Pardon me—I have use for you," he said, "you are necessary for my entrance to Nirvana."

"I had a fancy," pursued the barber, running his thumb along the edge of the razor and smiling gravely, "to round out some perfect number and leave to it the determination of the sacrifice to Buddha, and equitable plan. The third of last July was my birthday, and from that day I began to keep count of the number of slaves. I set apart the number of one thousand and marked the thousandth for sacrifice. You have the luck to be the thousandth shave, sir."

"But," said Jack, and his tongue seemed to thicken in his mouth.

"Oh, there can be no mistake," said the barber, cheerfully. "That would not have done at all. See now, it is the fourth of September—nine weeks to a day. The count, by weeks, runs as follows: 102, 92, 79 (a bad week), 109, 140, 121, 142, 101, 114. I had a very good run of custom yesterday or I should not have been able to make up the number. Just nine weeks—I regard that as significant."

Was it Jack Ashton who only a few hours before had been contemplating death with steeled resignation? Here it was now—a quick, almost painless death. What made his head buzz so and the canary's pipe seem like a clarion trumpet?

A chill like ice passed down his spine and then a hot flush like a fever. His voice was steady as a parson's as he said:

"There is only one drawback to your plan. You have made a mistake in your calculations—this is not the thousandth shave!"

For the first time the barber's eyes showed a gleam of anger.

"Impossible!" he said, sharply. "I have gone over the sum too often to make a mistake, although I am not an expert at figures."

"I am," said Jack, calmly. "I am a bank clerk and never make a mistake. I tell you, your count is wrongly—it is nine hundred and ninety-nine. What! do you still doubt me? Give me a piece of paper and I will convince you in a minute."

"It is very strange," muttered the barber, as he laid down the razor, and opened a drawer in search of a piece of paper.

The cloth that the barber had tucked under his chin was of cotton but it answered Jack's purpose. With a bound he was out of the chair and had flung the cloth over the barber's head. Then with all the strength of fear, horror and rage he struck with his fist the muffled figure, and it fell against the cup rack with a great crash.

His knees gave way as he dashed across the street, but his voice had strength to cry "Help! Murder!" before he fell upon the pavement.

Quickly a crowd collected.

"Save me—a madman!" he gasped.

A policeman elbowed his way through Jack's jostled body and shudderingly

across the way, where the barber stood calmly by his chair.

The policeman shook his head doubtfully as he crossed the threshold to investigate.

"I've been told," said he, with a smile. "The smile died upon his lips.

"The thousandth shave!" cried the barber, as he sprang at him with an open razor.

The policeman had just time to strike up the arm with one blow and the next he brought down with killing force on the man's head.

"Adele!" "Adele!" "Oh, I knew you'd come back! And, oh, Jack, I don't know why, but I think papa is more inclined to like you, and I heard mother say—"

"No matter, Adele. Tell me you forgive me." "Forgive you, Jack! Why? What makes you look so pale! Have you been ill?"

"I've been nearly dead," said Jack. And then he told her all.—New York Epoch.

Lizards That Love Music.

As is well known, lizards of all colors and sizes abound in Italy, says a writer in *Leisure Hour*. They lie basking on all the stones, they run along all the walls, they peep out at every chink and crevice; but as soon as they hear the faintest noise they disappear with lightning speed, and it is hard to see them near and to observe them closely. Walking carelessly, and noticing the dear little animals darting now here, now there, I remembered the Greek statue of Apollo Saurkotonos, who is always represented as busied with a lizard—Apollo, god of the sun and of music.

"Suppose I try," I thought, and softly, quite softly, I began to whistle a dreamy old German air, and behold! a lizard lies still as though rooted to the spot, raising its little head in a listening attitude and looking at me with his sharp little eyes. Without stirring I continued my melody. The lizard came nearer, and at last approached quite close, always listening and forgetting all its fears. As soon, however, as the whistler made the slightest movement it vanished into some crevice, but to peep forth again a moment after and to listen once more, as though entirely entranced.

A delightful discovery truly, and one of which I extended the field of observation daily. At last as many as eight or nine of these little music lovers would sit around me in the most comic attitudes. Nay, two of them, a mother and its young one, would sit awaiting me as I arrived whistling at the same hour of day, sitting on a large stone, under which was probably their home. With these, too, I made some further experiments. After having made music to them for awhile I cautiously went a few steps further, whistling on in soft, drawing tones, such as I had found they best loved to hear, and see, verily, they followed me!

Watching them with intense interest, I continued to whistle as I walked on slowly, halting every few paces and being silent while I halted, and truly the little creatures followed, slowly, it is true; but in a straight line, at a distance of about fifteen steps, until at last, unhappily, the heavy tread of a peasant put them to flight. But my experience had lasted long enough to make me understand the Apollo Saurkotonos, and I once more renewed the keen and patient observation of these old Hellenes. Besides this, the legend of the "Ratcatcher of Hamelin" suddenly became much more credible.

Fortunes in a City's Refuse.

It seems to one who looks into the subject as though literally nothing is thrown away in New York, except the garbage, and the very act of throwing that away is the means of maintenance to hundreds of laborers and to scores of boatmen, engineers, clerks, and others in the pay of the Department of Street Cleaning. The street sweepings are a commercial staple, and corporations thrive by dealing in that debris which the city will not remove—the refuse of carpenters and builders who build or alter houses. It would puzzle the average citizen what to do with the refuse plaster, the stone, the broken brick, and the odds and ends of lumber that he finds himself possessed of after the mechanics have done a piece of building work. But while he wonders, there steps up to him a man who says he is the agent of a company owning wagons, scoops, and fireboats, that will take away the refuse for a price. At the same time other agents of the company are seeking men who wish to have filled and redeemed the sunken or low lands that they own along the shores of our harbor of the East or North River. From such men these companies get pay over again for the refuse they have already been paid to take away. Sometimes there is a higher grade of builders' refuse to be disposed of. This interests those New Yorkers who deal in second-hand buildings. It seems strange, but there are such. They contract to take a church, or a dwelling, or whatever sort of building it may be that is fated to make way for one of the towering structures of to-day. Taking the old building apart very carefully, they save the lathes, mauls, doors, window frames, stairs, and the rest, clean the old bricks carefully, and put all the parts on exhibition in their yards upstairs, precisely as other merchants display their wares in store windows.—Harper's Weekly.

A Simple Remedy for Hiccough.

Dr. Loeb reports, in a Vienna medical journal, the case of a man, aged fifty-four, who suffered for five days and nights from a most obstinate hiccough.

After trying all the ordinary measures without avail, he fell back upon a house- hold remedy as a last resort, and ordered a tablespoonful of pulverized sugar wet with an equal volume of wine vinegar; it was taken at one dose. The hiccough stopped immediately and did not return for six hours, and then ceased again upon a second dose of the remedy.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

TO CARVE A CHICKEN.

To cut up a chicken for any purpose, make with a sharp knife an incision in the skin around the leg, press slightly away from the body which will disjoint the member, and separate with a clean, sharp cut; treat the wings in the same manner, and then sever leg and wing from the other side of the body. Leave no unsightly, ragged edges, to betray your lack of skill. Cut the membrane down between the breast and tail to the backbone, and separate just below the ribs; find the joint in the neck by moving it back and forth until it is unjoined, then cut close to the body; cut the wishbone in a slanting direction from the breastbone, down toward the neck. Find the joint in the shoulder blade and separate; divide the breast from the back by cutting through the cartilage connecting the ribs; the breast should be left whole, except for boiling or frying. Remove all fat from the fowl that can be done with ease, and substitute butter in its preparation; where slices of salt pork can be used it lessens the amount of butter needed. The fat taken from the fowl can be fried out, and added to the food dripping used for the many purposes of the kitchen, but never put it with the lard used for pastry; for the chicken flavor will readily be detected.

In serving broiled or roast fowl, be sure that your platter is large enough to save the carver the annoyance of having his slices fall on your cloth. There should be a generous allowance of room for the meat to lie in order around the carved fowl, without hanging over the edge of the dish. Before announcing the dinner be sure and see that the thin blade of the carving knife is bright and sharp; the fork should be strong, with long tines and a guard. The work may be done either standing or sitting, the main point being to do it neatly, without scattering crumbs or gravy, and to slice and divide the meat in such a manner that each may be served equally well. The wings and breast meat are considered the choicest portions, and where there are ladies at the table, it is courteous to help them of this portion. Ease may be acquired in carving if one will study the anatomy of an uncooked fowl in the kitchen department, by dissecting one for a fricassee, according to the direction just given. Learn to hold the knife and fork easily, as strength is not required so much as knowledge of fowl anatomy. It is best to make your first efforts in the presence of the family circle alone.—Good Housekeeping.

RECIPES.

Soft Gingerbread—One cup of molasses, one cup of sugar, three-fourths cup of shortening, one cup of sour milk, two teaspoonfuls of soda, two teaspoonfuls of flour (a little more may be required).

French Toast—Break and beat an egg well, add a pinch of salt and one gill of milk; dip some neat slices of bread on both sides, have your frying-pan with some hot dripping ready, then fry the bread a light brown.

Bread for Soup—Cut slices of stale bread in small squares, throw them in boiling lard and fry till brown. Skim out, drain and put in a soup tureen before serving the soup. For oyster soup, crackers crisped in the oven are nice.

For Lunch—Cold beef cut in slices and laid in vinegar over night, and then dipped in beaten egg, seasoned with salt and nutmeg, and rolled in dried bread crumbs, and fried in butter a delicate brown, is an appetizing entree for lunch.

Ham Croquettes—Chop ham fine; add sliced onions, salt and pepper to taste, and half of the quantity of soaked bread or cooked rice; mix together with two beaten eggs; make into small cakes; sprinkle with flour, and fry or bake in one pan with butter on top.

Scalloped Potatoes—Pare the potatoes, cover the bottom of a baking dish with bread crumbs, then add a layer of sliced potatoes, then bits of butter, salt and pepper; fill the dish with alternate layers, wet the whole with milk and bake the whole for one and one-half hours.

Pressed Beef—Boil three or four pounds of beef such as you would use for a stew, with some fat on it, until tender, with as little water as you can safely use. Chop fine while hot, season with salt, pepper and sage, moisten with some of the liquor, then put in a square pan and press.

Quick Pudding—Two tablespoonfuls of corn starch, yolks of four eggs, one-half cup of sugar. Mix and pour over one quart of boiling milk, stir quickly, take off from the fire and pour into a pudding dish; beat the whites of the eggs to a froth, and pour on the top; brown in the oven.

Sweet Potato Pie—Boil potatoes till quite soft, peel and press through a sieve or colander. To one pint potatoes add one pint of milk, three eggs well beaten and 1½ cupfuls of sugar; flavor with ginger or lemon. This resembles the old-time pumpkin pie. It is baked with one crust only.

Cinnamon Rolls—One pint of sweet milk, one cup of melted butter, one teaspoon of salt, one-half cup of yeast, two quarts of flour; let stand over night; in the morning add two eggs and one-half cup of sugar; roll out, cut in a shape and sprinkle with a little butter, sugar and cinnamon; let stand one hour before baking.

Fruit Spice Cake—One and two-thirds cups of molasses, one cup of shortening, one cup of sugar, one whole egg and the yolks of three, one cup of sour milk, one teaspoonful each of allspice and nutmeg, four cups of sifted flour, one teaspoonful of soda. Add as much or as little fruit as you like. Flavor with lemon. Two large loaves.

Spanish Fritters—Trim the crust from some stale bread, baker's, or, if homemade, it should be very light. Cut in any pretty, fanciful shapes, and soak in a mixture of beaten egg, one cup of cream or milk, two tablespoonfuls of sugar and a little nutmeg and cinnamon. Fry a light brown, and eat with stewed fruit or sweet sauce.

THE HOMES OF THE MOORS.

A VISIT TO THE HOSPITABLE ABODE OF AN ALGERIAN.

Received and Entertained by His Wives—Their Quaint Curiosity—Beautiful, Dark-Joyed Children.

Describing in the New York Observer a visit to a Moorish family in Algiers, Fannie C. N. Bourhour, says: Our hostess stood at the top of the stairs to receive us, and as she had been notified of our intended visit, was richly attired. She was a tall, handsome woman, who looked to be about forty years of age, although she may not have been more than thirty, for the Moorish women always look older than they are, owing to the climate and their mode of life. She received us with an easy grace, and led the way into a room at one side of the square balcony. Outside the door, in the corridor, we stumbled over a row of slippers of all sizes, from the tiny three-year-old to the larger foot-covering of the women. A Moorish woman never steps upon a carpet or rug without removing her shoes, as they are considered too sacred to tread upon. We hesitated a moment, desiring to do the polite thing, whatever it might be; but our friend said no, and we entered with our shoes on. The room was furnished in a curious manner, the tiled floor being thickly covered with the softest and most charming of antique rugs.

All the women were sitting around on the rugs when we entered, and they did not rise, but welcomed us with a pleasant "Shalam." They were quite as gaily clothed as our hostess, and sparkling with ancient jewels, their jackets beaded and women with gold thread and tinsel, their silver ornaments worn across the forehead, and many strings of pearls and beads around their throats; also numerous silver bracelets and anklets. It is only the young and middle aged women who are so decked out, for when they are old, they are dressed quite plainly, and even shabbily, and in marked contrast to their younger companions.

We were invited to occupy the sofa, where we sat in state surrounded by the curious and inquisitive group of women, who sat cross legged on the floor, gathered close around us. Our friend commenced the conversation in Arabic, but some of the younger women could speak a little French with us, which they learn from their husbands or their servants. We were introduced to the eldest woman present, who turned out to be the first wife of the master of the house. The first looking woman who had received us was his second wife. There they lived together in those crowded quarters with their two sets of children, and seemingly perfect peace and harmony prevailed.

A great many questions were asked about us. "Were we English?" and when it was explained that we were Americans, a perfectly blank expression came over their faces, as they know nothing of that far away nation, or of geography or history.

The women are very ignorant, and have no education whatever. Yet their eyes are bright and their faces intelligent, and there is a pathetic sadness about them, as if they looked out from behind the dark curtain of ignorance which enfolds them and begged us for light.

Our conversation could not be very fluent, as we knew very few Arabic words and our hostesses spoke but little French. But through our interpreter we soon became well acquainted, and answered many questions about our own homes. They were quite amazed when we informed them that our husbands had only one wife, and this was the general custom in good society in our country. They asked why this was so, and seemed surprised that our laws forbade it, for with them a good Mohammedan is allowed four wives, provided he can show that he is able to support that number. Of course there are many who only have one, but poverty is usually the reason why.

The young children were very handsome, especially the little boys. They have large dark eyes and fine heads with broad foreheads. They are always with their mothers until about five years of age, when they are sent to the Arab day-school to learn the Koran by rote, and after that they work with their fathers at his trade or in his bazaar.

Making Tin-Foil.

The tin is melted and run into blocks weighing from 205 pounds to 400 pounds each, and in this form the metal is kept for ordinary use. The old method for reducing it to the necessary thinness for foil was by hammering it by hand as the gold-beaters do gold leaf, and this process is still in vogue to a limited extent. This, however, is a very laborious process, as the sheet must be constantly beaten, without intermission, to keep up the heat generated by the continuous strokes of the hammer, and the great drawback to it was that only one surface of foil could be produced. The introduction of rolling machinery has completely revolutionized the trade, so that in place of importing we now export. In these mills the metal is given a beautiful polish on both sides; it is then cut into widths of twelve inches and fifteen inches, rolled on reels, and cut in order by cutting machines. The great advantage of machine-rolled foil over the hand-beaten foil is that while the latter is full of minute holes so small as not to be visible to the naked eye, the former is, as a rule, perfectly intact, and thus being air-tight, forms a wrapper that cannot be equaled by any other substance.—Travelsman.

The Strength of Human Hair.

Few ladies consider that they carry some forty or fifty miles of hair on their head, the fair-haired may even have to dress seventy miles of threads of gold every morning. A German experimenter has proved that a single hair will suspend four ounces without breaking, stretching under the process and contracting again. But the hair thus weighed must be dark brown, for blonde hair breaks down under two and a half ounces.

THE OLD HOME.

To-night I stood, a stranger, 'mid its quiet ways, And life seemed somewhat harsher than of yore.

A weary stretch of bare and billowing days, Dear heart, I vouch to see it never more, 'Twas weakness, just a longing once to pass Athwart the meads, knee-deep in clover grass.

To-night I passed from out its precincts dim and quaint, And all my heart grew full of yearning.

For those sweet days, I saddened was, and faint— Ay, as I have not been for many