

gave one supreme groan : the paddles floated off, the framework fell ; the soul of the mill had passed away.

Then the French made an assault. The fight raged furiously, hemmed in by the forest, like the walls of an amphitheatre around the combatants.

Francoise remained motionless, bent over the dead body of Dominique. Father Merlier lay dead, struck by a wandering ball. Then the Prussians were exterminated and the mill in flames, the French captain once more entered the court. It was his first success. Flushed with excitement, his tall height seemed to increase, he laughed with the pleasant air of a gay cavalier, and seeing Francoise demoted between the bodies of her lover and her father, lying among the smoking ruins of the mill, he saluted her gallily with his sword, crying :
'Victory, victory !'

EGYPTIAN WOMEN.

MADAME ROMERO, wife of the Mexican Minister at Washington, makes the following remarks on Egypt :—

'Nature intended the Egyptian woman to be one of the noblest of her sex and she is said to be beautiful. Beauty, however, does no good in Egypt, for the veil covers the face, and you see nothing but the eyes peeping out between two veils fastened together by little round gilt tubes which rest just over the bridge of the nose. I was in Cairo during the warm weather, and I found it dangerous to venture out between the hours of ten o'clock in the morning and four in the afternoon, and we had a taste of one of those terrible winds which come from the desert laden with heat. The pyramids are simply grand. Mr Romero went up the highest with the assistance of five Bedouins as guides, but I had not the courage to try the climb. The stones are laid one on top of the other in great steps, many of which are as high as a table, and the feat is by no means an easy one.' Speaking of the Bedouins, she said : 'I found that those about the pyramids had a smattering of as many as twelve different tongues. Even the donkey-boys speak English fluently, and everyone rides on donkeys in Egypt, and you get to like it very much. The donkey-boys of Egypt are like no other youth I have ever seen. Many of them are Bedouins, and they possess a wonderful influence over their animals, whom they make to a large extent, their companions. They have a language of their own, which the donkeys seem to understand. I remember how I laughed at seeing Mr Romero's donkey once start wildly out of an innocent dog trot into a raging gallop without a moment's notice. He had the reins in his hands, but he was helpless after the word of the donkey-boy, and he was out of sight in a short time.

'The Mohammedans have many strange customs, and none was more strange to me than those relating to woman. If a man grows tired of his wife or wants to get rid of her he simply presents her with a certain written parchment and the deed is done. I heard at Cairo of an incident which had just occurred. Though divorces are easy, a re-marriage is not possible unless the woman who has been divorced has in the meantime married again and again been divorced either by law or by death. The man in this case saw a pretty young girl whom he thought would suit him much better than the wife he had and he divorced her. After a short time he tired of his second choice and wanted to get his old wife back again. There was no trouble of getting rid of his new one, but the first had not been married again and he had to get her to marry another man, who contracted before the marriage to divorce her after they had been married a day and a night. This was done and the man got his wife back again. In going from Alexandria to Cairo we saw a wedding procession. As we looked at them our Bedouin guide remarked : "It is different in Egypt than in Europe. Here the men buy their wives. In Europe the bride's parents buy the groom by giving a marriage *dor*. Here if a man sees a girl he wants to marry he goes directly to her parents and asks for the hand of the maiden, offering, perhaps, to give sixty sheep, three or four camels, six or seven buffaloes, and money if he has it. If his offer is accepted he gets the woman and the father gets the money." I find that the Mohammedans have as fine churches as the Christians. Many of the interiors of the mosques are ornamented with columns of malachite, of lapis lazuli and jasper brought from Siberian mines. We were never allowed to enter a mosque without first putting our feet into loose cloth or felt slippers. We saw magnificent mosques at Constantinople, and we visited the famous ruins of Greece and found the Athens of to-day a magnificent city with wonderfully beautiful buildings. In our trip through Russia we saw many fine buildings.'

TWO HYPOCRITES.

I.

SHE sat in her cosy chamber
With the curtains all drawn tight,
Curled up in a great big rocker,
Fair and sweet in the soft lamplight.
A boudoir box on the table
With choicest of sweets was filled,
Which she daintily nibbled while writing
The words that her lover thrilled :—

'Oh, I long for you now, my darling!
Without you my life seems drear,
There is never a bit of comfort
For me unless you are near !'

II.

And her lover read the letter
As he sat in his bachelor's den,
With his feet cocked up on the mantel,
In the usual way of men,
With a box of cigars at his elbow,
And a pipe and a glass near by,
And the smoke clouds wreathed above him
As he echoed her lonely cry :

'Oh, I long for you now, my darling!
Without you my life seems drear,
There is never a bit of comfort
For me unless you are near !'

DONE BY A DUDE.

At the foot of the street a policeman found a young man sitting on a barrel with both eyes closed up, his nose knocked out of shape, and a mouth full of loose teeth. It was all over before he got there, but some of the crowd still lingered, and a boy undertook to explain matters.

'We was all a-sitting here,' he began, 'when that feller there, whose name is Jim, and who is bad, got hungry to fight some one. He got so hungry that he almost cried.'

'Wanted to fight, did he?' queried the officer.
'Yes, the awfulest way. He checked about six men, but they wouldn't stop. He actually wept because two great big stevedores wouldn't pitch into him and let him throw himself. By and bye a dude of a chap came along. He was little and he was pretty, and you orter have seen his bewtiful pants! He was a-looking for the ferry boat, you know.'

'Yes. What happened?'
'Why, Jim begins to smile as soon as he sees the little dude, and who we know Jim knows that something was up. Chappie comes up, rests one of his wee little patent leathers on that there box and says : "Fellahs, I'm a-lookin' for the ferry boat, ye know." With that Jim jumps up and wants to know who dares call him a fella.'

'Wanted to pick a fuss, I suppose?' observed the officer.
'He did. He wanted to provoke a mortal combat. He intended to break that little dude right in two and use the pieces for fish bait. The little chappie looks at Jim in a weary way, puts up an eyeglass and says : "Aw, me deah fellah, it's custom ye know, and I hope ye won't take on offense, ye see." He looked mighty frightened, and that encouraged Jim, and Jim begins to cuss and blow.'

'Still anxious, eh?'
'The anxiousest kind of anxious. He feels that he has got to tackle somebody or have a long fit of sickness. And all of a sudden he spit tobacco-juice on the little one's shiny shoe. Maybe he expects the dude to run away, but he didn't. He stands right there and looks Jim all over, and smiles and says : "Me deah fellah, will you kindly take your pocket-handkerchief and remove the saliva?"'
'But Jim didn't.'

'Of course not. Jim looks all around to see if there is a bobby in sight, and then reaches out and tries to poke his finger into the little one's eye. He doesn't get there, however. Chappie jumps back and says :

"Weally, me deah boy, I can't put up with such familiarity, doncher know—cawn't possibly do it. If you go to frolic with me I shall be obliged to hurt ye, doncher see."

'And then Jim sailed into him !'
'Yes; Jim spit on his hands and sailed in to wreck chappie's future, but sumthin' happened. The little feller drops his cane, puts up his fists and in one blessed minute Jim was a licked man. He skips around him, and climbs over him, and fights two-handed, and by and bye he swings for the jaw and Jim goes over that box and falls asleep like a summer evening, and it wasn't two minutes ago that he opened his eyes.'

'And the dude?'
'He stops a moment to pick up his cane and shake a wrinkle out of his pants, and then goes off saying :
"Sorry to do it, ye know, but I had to. Wanted to poke me in the eye, doncher see, and I nevah allow it—nevah! Fellahs, *aveurroil!*"'

THE WORK OF RUDYARD KIPLING.

MR FRANCIS ADAMS, in the *Fortnightly Review*, says :—
'It was inevitable that sooner or later someone should make a systematic effort, in the interests (say) of literature and art, to exploit India and the Anglo-Indian life. England has awakened at last to the astonishing fact of her world-wide Empire, and has now an ever-growing curiosity concerning her great possessions *outré mer*. The writer who can 'explain,' in a vivid and plausible manner, the social conditions of India, Australia, Canada, and South Africa—who can show, even approximately, how people there live, move, and have their being, is assured of at least, a remarkable vogue. Several voguees of this sort have already been won on more or less inadequate grounds; have been won and lost, and the cry is still, "They come!" From among them all, so far, one writer alone, led on to fortune on this flood-tide in the affairs of men, has consciously and deliberately aimed high; taken his work seriously, and attempted to add something to the vast store of our English literature. The spectacle of a writer of fiction who is also a man of letters, and not merely a helpless caterer for the circulating libraries and the railway book-stalls, is unfortunately as rare among us as it is frequent among our French friends. Literature and Art are organised in France, and have prestige and power. In England they are impotent and utterly at the mercy of Philistine and imperfectly educated newspaper men, who, professed caterers for the ignorant and stupid cravings of the average English person, male and female (and especially female), foist upon us painters, poets, novelists, and musicians of the most hopeless mediocrity. In France this sort of thing is impossible. Such efforts would only provoke a smile. People would say to you when you were talking seriously a poet (for instance) like Mr Lewis Morris, or Sir Edwin Arnold, or a novelist like Mr Besant or Mr Haggard, "Why, you must be joking! These gentlemen are not writers—are not artists at all. Surely you know that what they concern themselves with is the nourishment of the babes and sucklings who have to be provided with pap somehow; but serious workers, contributors to critical and creative thought—*allés!*" It seems something to be at last able to go to our French friends and say, "Well, here at any rate we have a young Englishman who has won a remarkable vogue, and for all that it is a serious worker, is a contributor to critical and creative thought, is an artist, is a writer"—to be able to go and say this, and to advance reasons for our belief in it of sufficient cogency to extort, perhaps, from our friends a genuine assent. If for this alone, we ought to be grateful to Mr Rudyard Kipling, our Anglo-Indian storyteller.'

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

A DINTANT STAR.

It is difficult to conceive that the beautiful dog star is a globe much larger than our sun; yet it is a fact that Sirius is a sun many times more mighty than our own. This splendid star, which even in our most powerful telescopes appears as a mere point of life, is, in reality, a globe emitting so enormous a quantity of light and heat that, were it to take the place of our sun, every creature on this earth would be consumed by its burning rays.

BEES AS MESSENGERS.

It does not seem likely, whatever may be said to the contrary, that bees can be trained to carry messages as easily as passenger-pigeons. An agriculturist living in the Gironde affirms, however, that he has tested the value of bees in this direction with the most satisfactory results, although, as yet, the experiments have been confined to the common garden bee, and the agriculturist who claims to have discovered this industrious insect's capacities does not pretend that it will work over more than two or three miles.

A BULLET IN HIS BRAIN TWENTY-NINE YEARS.

Charles C. Borowsky of Iowa, U.S.A., received a pistol wound in the left side of the month twenty-nine years ago while in the army, and since then has suffered intense pain in the head when lying on his right side or when stooping over. He died recently, and a post-mortem examination was held to ascertain the location of the bullet. It was traced from the mouth upward through the orb of the left eye, and then down and back through the vital part of the brain, where it was found encysted in the membranous sac in the posterior horn of the left lateral ventricle. The portions of the brain through which the ball passed are the most vital. The physicians declare the case unparalleled.

THE LABOUR PROBLEM.

Five hundred thousand persons of either sex and all ages are looking for employment in America, and there are only 460,000 places for them to fill. This is the computation of Hon. Carroll D. Wright, United States Commissioner of Labour. The figures are based upon actual returns, from the census and other sources, of the total number of persons employed at different periods, and the increase of the population, showing an average percentage added yearly to the number of persons engaged in all occupations. That is, to keep up the integrity of the work of the country—to keep it up to its full average standard of progression, and fill up the places naturally made vacant—460,000 new places will have to be filled, while the increase of the population shows that there will, in natural order, be 500,000 applicants for these places.

THE TUBERCULAR BACILLUS.

A French soldier who had borrowed a bugle belonging to a musician who was suffering from tuberculosis became himself a victim to this fatal disease. Dr. Maljean thereupon determined to make some experiments so as to test how far musical instruments might be the means of spreading phthisis. For this purpose, he took a trumpet which had been used for some time by a patient. Pouring a little sterilized water inside the trumpet, he shook it for ten minutes. After standing twenty-four hours, two deposits were formed in the water with which the trumpet had been washed. The lower was a blackish dust-like deposit, while the upper stratum was thick and white. This upper deposit was decanted, filtered through some fine linen, and two cubic centimetres injected under the skin covering the abdomen of a guinea-pig. Thirty-three days afterward, the animal was killed and examined, it was found that advanced symptoms of tuberculosis had developed.

THE EARTHLY HADES.

The hottest region on the earth is on the south-western coast of Persia, where Persia borders the gulf of the same name. For forty consecutive days in the months of July and August the thermometer has been known not to fall lower than 100° night or day, and to often run up as high as 128° in the afternoon. At Bahrin, in the centre of the torrid part of the torrid belt, as though it were Nature's intention to make the region as unbearable as possible, no water can be obtained from digging wells 100, 200 or even 500 feet deep, yet a comparatively numerous population contrive to live there, thanks to copious springs which break forth from the bottom of the gulf, more than a mile from shore. The water from these springs is obtained by divers, who dive to the bottom and fill goatskin bags with the cooling liquid and sell it for a living. The source of these submarine fountains is thought to be in the green hills of Osman, some 500 or 600 miles away.

THE ONTRICH.

During the nesting season the male ostrich seems to be anything but an agreeable creature, and may only be approached in safety with great precaution. He resents the intrusion of any visitors on his domain, and proves a most formidable opponent. His mode of attack is by a series of kicks. The leg is thrown forward and outward, until the foot, armed with a most formidable nail, is high in the air; it is then brought down with terrific force, serious enough to the unhappy human being or animal struck with the flat of the foot, but such wounds if the victim be caught and ripped by the toe. Instances are known of men being killed outright by a single kick. If an unarmed man is attacked, he should never seek safety in flight; a few yards and the bird is within striking distance, and the worst consequences may result. The alternative is to lie flat on the ground and submit with as much resignation as possible to the inevitable and severe pummeling which it may be expected will be repeated at intervals until a means of escape presents itself, or the bird affords an opportunity of being caught by the neck, which, if tightly held and kept down, prevents much further mischief. Under such circumstances, an ostrich has been known, with a badly calculated kick, to strike the back of its head and scatter the brains.

X FOR Invalids and Delicate Children, ALLISON'S BROOK'S ANCHOVIT and TEA BISCUITS are unsurpassed.—(ADVT.)