

COMING
DR. W. TUCKER, M.D.
Indiana's Leading Specialist
in Chronic and Private
Diseases of Men and
Women.

PRESIDENT
Fort Wayne
Sanitorium
221 W. Wayne St.
Fort Wayne, Indiana.
Will Be At The
Murray Hotel
Monday, April 16
and Every Four Weeks Thereafter.

Sixteen Years
of Success.

More Genuine Medical Diplo-
mas Than Any Other
Specialist in the States.
Absolute Cures.

Never Disappoint My Patients, I
Fulfill Every Promise and Never
Hold Out False Reports.

TREAT SUCCESSFULLY

Garr, Bronchitis, Lung Trouble,
Diseases, Headaches, Deafness,
Rheumatism, Paralysis,
Heart Disease, Cancer, Tumors, Gout,
Rupture, Epilepsy, Appendicitis,
Constipation, Piles, Fistula,
Kidney Disease, Eczema, Hydrocele,
Prostate, Lost Vitality, Weak
Nerves, Blood Poison, Liquor Habit,
Opium Habit, Bladder Trouble, Kid-
ney Trouble, Stomach and Liver
Trouble.

WOMEN troubled with irregular,
suppressed or painful menstruation,
leucorrhoea, displacement
of the uterus, backache, bloating, [flatu-
lence], general debility, indigestion,
nervousness, sleeplessness, irri-
tability, nervousness, sleeplessness,
melancholy, hot flashes and tired
out feeling, should call and I
will explain my home treatment to
you.

**Guarantee to Cure in the
Shortest Possible Time.**

BLOOD POISON.
My treatment for this terrible dis-
ease best known to the Medical Sci-
ence. I have yet to find the cure that
does not yield to my treatment. The
disease rapidly disappears and a cure
is certain in every case.

NERVOUS DEBILITY.
Are you suffering from that pecu-
liar weakness that makes life a bore?
I treat and cure thousands of cases
every year. The nerves are strength-
ened, every portion of the body made
stronger, and perfect health and
strength result from my treatment.

VARICOCELE.
Any sufferer from this disease knows
the terrible effects upon the mind and
body. Unless cured it results in
some special weakness. I cure vari-
cocele speedily and without opera-
tion.

STRICTURE
Usually accompanied by some oth-
er trouble such as inflammation of
the prostate gland, kidney or bladder
trouble. My treatment is a true spe-
cialty and quickly removes every ves-
tage of the trouble, leaving the por-
tion with normal strength.

**KIDNEY, BLADDER AND PRO-
STATIC DISEASES.**
I cure all irritation, frequent de-
sire, stoppage, pain in the back, brick-
bat sediments, scanty flow and cal-
culation conditions. If you are trou-
bled, you should consult me at once,
because Bright's Disease may de-
velop, unless you receive the atten-
tion of a skilled specialist.

PILES AND FISTULA.
I cure without the knife, cautery or
operation. No pain or detention from
treatment. My treatment is guaran-
teed to cure the most severe cases.

REMEMBER, DR. TUCKER
Will cure you at your home in the
shortest time possible. His treatment
will bring back your old time vigor
and make you yourself again. If you
are suffering from any chronic or pri-
vate disease, come and consult him
and find out just what is the
matter. If your case is curable, he
will cure you. If not he will honestly
tell you so. He has cured hundreds
right here in Adams county.

THE ISLE OF WIGHT.
IT GLEAMS LIKE A DIAMOND ON THE
BREAST OF THE SEA.

The Beauties of Cowes, the Fashion-
able English Resort, Where Noth-
ing Ever Gets Dirty—What One Ma-
See on the Historic Island.

The Isle of Wight is shaped like a
diamond, and like a diamond it gleams
and flashes on the breast of the sea.
Like a diamond, too, it is the luxury of
the rich.

As your steamer approaches the road
stead of Cowes you might well suppose
the little town to be a fashionable ham-
let far inland on the bank of a river.
The esplanade looks as near to the
water as a towpath, and the green
woods that rise behind the white
houses are as thickly bunched and as
brightly verdant as the unsalted trees
of Pangbourne. The coarse beamed,
dark sailed smack of the sea fisherman
is a rare sight on those social waters.
Everywhere you behold among hover-
ing gulls and rocking buoys the craft
of pleasure and the shipping of de-
light. White yachts, with sails as
white as summer clouds, ride there
with the grace of swans, and white
steam yachts, with brasswork flash-
ing blindingly in the sun, rest royally at
anchor off that little shore.

Nothing ever gets dirty at Cowes.
The tamarisk which lifts its fine feath-
ers above walls at the sea's edge is as
clean as the sails of the yachts. The
roads of red gravel make neither mud
nor dust and lie as smoothly as gar-
den paths. The Virginia creepers
which swarm up the pillars of whit-
ehouses, overspread the tiers of bal-
conies and almost cover the dark red
tiles of the roofs, are every whit as
green and every little as radiant as
the shaven lawns beside the esplanade.
Flowers there are at every point of
view—red geraniums, golden calceolarias,
blue lobellias, crimson hyssop, ched-
dar pinks, roses of every hue and ferns
of every form—growing in neat flower
beds, lifting their bright colors above
garden walls and swaying gently in
baskets hung from balcony and sill.

The windows of the shops are as
polished as a lady's mirror and shine
in the sun. Prosperity waits behind
those counters of plenty and puts itself
completely and graciously at the com-
mand of the wealthy. The butcher and
the greengrocer announce to the pass-
erby that French and German are
spoken in their establishments. The
rack of the most necessitous million-
aire can obtain in those narrow, clean
streets all that she desires. Royal war-
rants, as big almost as the shops them-
selves, gleam over shop fronts, and ar-
tistic signboards obtrude from the
smart little doorways. The shine of
the sweet windows is a magic induce-
ment to buy.

On the esplanade, where is a tall
white flagstaff at every few paces, and
waiting at the little granite stairs,
washed by green waters, you meet no
burly and rough clad fishermen, but
only the white capped, blue jerseyed
hands from the crews of yachts in the
roadstead. Fresh faced, well groomed
girls walk there with indulgent papas,
and jolly schoolboys in dannels, carry-
ing paper bags of green gooseberries
and red cherries, stroll down to the
dingy at the stairs, munching as they
go. There is no haste and no exertion
at Cowes. At half past 12 on a lovely
morning I heard in my hotel the voice
of the manageress giving an order to
one of the maids. "Her ladyship says,"
she cried, "that she must half a hip
bath in her room immediately, or else
she won't be down for luncheon."

Foolish and lazy little ladyship to
lie abed on such a good morning in so
fair a place as this diamond of the
sea! For it is not only the esplanade,
the bright shops and the pleasure of a
saunter to Egypt point which are
within the reach of the visitor to
Cowes. The whole Wight is within a
drive of the Medina. You must go to
Newport, and, paying the tax which
was demanded of me, not requested,
for entering the church, you may see
the lovely memorial which Queen Vic-
toria set there to the poor little Prin-
cess Elizabeth, who died of a broken
heart beside an open Bible for love of
Charles I. You may also go to Caris-
brooke and enter the splendid castle
where that poor little princess died
and where her unhappy father was
imprisoned. You may see the donkey
Jacob summoned by a word from grass
nibbling under fig trees to enter the
big wheel of the well and draw up nine
gallons of water from the invisible
spring at which those royal prisoners
quenched their thirst. But you, if wise,
will quench your thirst with tea under
the spreading trees of the Eight Belis
pleasure gardens in the village below.
Listening there to the comments of en-
thusiastic Americans and watching
the elderly gentlemen playing bowls
on a smooth lawn, as King Charles
played that ancient game in the castle
on the hill.—London Mail.

A Crozier In a Fight.
Formerly the archbishops of York
had the privilege of claiming two casks
of wine from every vessel of twenty
tons burden entering the river Hull.
The merchants of the port came to
view this claim as an oppressive tax,
and by unloading their ships in the
Humber evaded the officers employed
to collect these obnoxious dues. Find-
ing his revenue diminishing, Archbish-
op Neville, in 1378, determined to as-
sert his rights and proceeded to Hull
with his attendants to enforce them.
The mayor of Hull, Sir Thomas de
Waltham, with his two bailiffs and a
large number of citizens, met the ec-
clesiastics, and from hot words the two
parties came to blows, when the may-
or, snatched from the archbishop his
crozier and used it so vigorously in
the free fight which followed that it
was broken into several pieces.

SYSTEMS OF WRITING.
The Famous Method Known as the
Boustrophedon.

About the year 450 B. C. the Ionians
first introduced the system of writing
from left to right. Previous to that
time all scribes and penmen in general
had been in the habit of beginning the
line on the right hand side of the page
and running it toward the left. The
introduction of the left to right mode
of writing caused considerable confu-
sion for a time, and from the mixed
systems which prevailed during the fol-
lowing century sprang the famed method
known as the boustrophedon. Those
who used the system last mentioned
would begin a line at the left margin
of their parchments and run it through
to the opposite margin and then drop
a space below and run back to the op-
posite edge of the sheet again. In other
words, the boustrophedon mode of
writing was a system in which the lines
ran alternately from left to right and
from right to left. This system did not
entirely disappear until about the time
of Christ. The ancient Hebrew and
Greek languages were written from
right to left, but at about the time the
Ionians were reforming writing methods
the Greek letters were changed in
form from the uncial to the cursive,
and the system of writing was changed
in both cases so as to run from left to
right. The following quotation from
Franklin illustrates the mixed, or bous-
trophedon, system of writing:

"When I see a merchant overpolite to
a ekat of meht gnigeb, sremotsuc sih
little brandy and throwing his goods on
na sah nam tabt I sknit, retnuoc eht
ax to grind."—St. Louis Republic.

SHOE NAILS.
The Way They Are Made and Why
They Are So Cheap.

Three million separate shoe nails are
often cast from one ton of metal. Of
the smaller sizes 2,000 nails are mold-
ed in a single mold, and an expert
workman will make eighty molds in an
ordinary working day, thus turning out
160,000 separate nails.

When the metal in a liquid state is
poured into the mold it runs through
the sand in passages provided in the
molding process; the whole of the nails
are cast together and are, when re-
moved from the sand, connected by a
network of iron one with another. In
this condition the iron is as brittle as
glass, and very little force is required
to separate the nails from the network
which holds them together.

They then have to undergo the process
known as annealing. They are
mixed up with hematite iron ore, which
is in a powdered state, put into iron
pots, and placed in an annealing fur-
nace, a sort of kiln. Here they remain
for some days, care being taken to so
regulate the heat to which they are
subjected that the iron will not be re-
melted, but brought very nearly to
that condition. The action of the raw
iron ore upon the brittle casting is
marvelous. After cooling, it can be
bent without risk of breaking, and it
becomes a useful and serviceable arti-
cle.—London Express.

Buttons.
It is only in comparatively modern
times that buttons have been utilized
as fasteners. The Greeks and Romans
knew nothing of them, and though they
presented themselves as ornaments in
the fourteenth century buttonholes
were still an undreamed of possibility.
It was not until nearly the middle of
the eighteenth century that the manu-
facture of steel buttons was entered
upon at the Soho works in Birming-
ham, England. Then, on the accession
of George III. the gilt buttons ap-
peared and became quite the vogue. But
it was reserved for the artisans of our
day to make these useful fasteners in
the greatest variety at marvelously low
prices and out of all sorts of material,
even to the seemingly impossible po-
tato.

Black Snakes.
I have never seen black snakes over
seven feet long and much doubt if
they grow to a greater length. They
are not hard to catch, though in an
open field they can run about as fast
as a man can. When caught, they
struggle desperately until they find
there is no opportunity to escape, when
they will give up fighting and may be
handled with impunity. I have never
found these snakes to be vicious. They
can be handled easily, and their bite is
harmless. They can squeeze pretty
hard if they get a turn around your
waist, but not hard enough to break a
bone.—Forest and Stream.

The Calm Spirit.
The people in all lines of duty who
do the most work are the calmest,
most unhurried people in the com-
munity. Duties never wildly chase
each other in their lives. One task never
turns another out nor ever compels
hurry, and therefore imperfect, do-
ing. The calm spirit works methodical-
ly, doing one thing at a time and doing
it well, and it therefore works swiftly,
though never appearing to be in haste.
—Home Notes.

Hardly That.
Miss Plane—The very day I first met
him something told he would eventu-
ally fall in love with me. Miss Speitz-
Indeed? The "something" wasn't your
mirror, dear, was it?—Philadelphia
Ledger.

Obeying Orders.
Kind Lady—Ah, if you had only done
what your mother told you, you might
not be in this situation. Convict—I
don't know. She told me to go out into
the world and make money.

He is the happiest of whom the
world says least, good or bad.—Jeffer-
son.

MEXICO'S LOST MINES
ANCIENT BEDS OF TREASURE THAT
CANNOT NOW BE LOCATED.

The Romance Which Hovers Around
The Famous Hidden Mine of Talpa.
Superstition and Cunning of the
Native Indians.

Of the many mines which were work-
ed by the Spaniards and which gave
them such fabulous returns for their
labor scarcely one can be located to-
day. Many romantic stories as to their
whereabouts have been followed up,
only to be met with defeat.

One of the richest of those mines was
probably Tarasca, about which Hum-
boldt has written. It was worked long
before the Spaniards arrived in Mex-
ico, and the gold and silver were made
into ornaments by the aborigines. A
family in Guaymas has a necklace of
flying fish purchased from a Pima
chief, who said that the metal was dug
from Tarasca. Later the mine was ac-
quired by the crown of Spain and was
worked, with the exception of a period
during the Apache war, till the French
intervention, when the shafts were said
to have been concealed by the admin-
istrator, Don Juan Moreno, who was
forced to seek safety in flight. After
the restoration of peace the location of
Tarasca was looked for in vain, though
the mine now known as Ubarbo is sup-
posed to be the same. When rediscovered
years ago Ubarbo was found to
have been extensively worked and the
shafts concealed under earth and
brush. Rich pillars of ore were found
in the drifts, and the mine corresponds
in many respects with the descriptions
of Tarasca found in the archives of
the American consulate at Guaymas.

The fame of Tarasca is eclipsed by
the romance which hovers around the
lost mine of Talpa. A Mexican of
great wealth who was much interested
in the subject made a trip to Madrid
to search for data on the subject. He
found absolutely nothing to prove that
such a mine had ever been worked by
the crown of Spain, and there is noth-
ing in Mexican archives to establish
the facts. Quite as trustworthy as the
written documents are the traditions
among the Pima Indians. They main-
tain that Talpa exists and a few
claim to know its whereabouts. Small
quantities of very rich ore are occa-
sionally sold at the mountain mining
camps, but all attempts to follow the
Indians to the spot where it is found
or to bribe them to reveal it have been
unavailing. Their wants are few, and
they believe that should they reveal
the secret they would drop dead. About
six years ago an old Pima chief fell ill
in one of the valley pueblos and was
cured by a Mexican lady so well
known and universally respected that
her statement is taken without ques-
tion. The old Indian returned to his
tribe and from time to time sent his
benefactress rich bits of ore which
assayed thousands of dollars to the
ton.

All her efforts to get him to lead her
to the mine were fruitless, for the
great spirit would strike him dead for
the offense. The following summer the
senora went to the mountains and lived
among the Indians for three months,
doctoring the sick and giving presents
of ribbons and gay calico to the women.
She became convinced that the spot
whence the rich ore came was
Talpa. Finally the old chief admitted
that the mine was worked when he
was a boy and gave permission to two
women of the tribe to lead the senora
within a few yards of the mine so that
she might discover it for herself and
save him from the penalty of sudden
death for revealing it. The three women
traveled mostly at night, passing
through deep canyons and over lofty
mountains.

The fourth night some hours after
dark the Indian women led her into a
deep canyon and paused before a large
rock. In the dim moonlight an old ar-
rastra was seen and across the canyon
a large ore dump. The woman gath-
ered bits of ore from the dump, but
was hurried away by the squaws, who
said they would be killed if they de-
layed beyond the time mentioned by
their chief. They traveled till the
moon went down, rested a few hours
and went on before daylight, completely
beating the Mexican woman as to
the route they had taken. They ar-
rived at the pueblo at nightfall, hav-
ing taken four days to reach the mine
and but one to return, the obvious
conclusion being that she had been led in
a circle. Despairing of gaining more,
the woman returned to her home, but
she hopes at some future time to con-
tinue the search.

Two other mines which are supposed
to have been the property of the crown
during the Spanish occupation and of
which there are many romantic tales
are the Reina Mercedes and the Casa
Blanca. Both have been probably re-
discovered and worked under other
names. The Reina Mercedes is sup-
posed to be one of the rich Concha
group and the Casa Blanca the Casitas
mine. Now worked by a Mexican com-
pany, which has open cuts on the sur-
face for more than a mile and several
miles of underground workings. Near
this mine, where once a large church
stood, which has long since fallen into
ruins, two copper bells have been
found. They bear the name of Guada-
lupe de Talpa, thus leading many to
the belief that the Tajos mine is the
long lost Talpa.—New York Herald.

Never Original.
"Blank is a bright talker, but he
shines by reflected light."
"How's that?"
"He never tells any but other men's
stories."—Detroit Free Press.

To accept good advice is but to in-
crease one's own ability.—Goethe.

A PUZZLING FEAT.
The Wonderful Corn Growing Magic
of the Zuni Indians.

The medicine men among the Zuni
Indians perform a feat at the annual
"corn festival" which surpasses the
famous mango growing trick of the
Hindoo. Many scientists have been
present to witness this strange cere-
mony, but have never been able to
fathom the mystery of it.

In front of the southern opening of
the medicine lodge a large square of
clean yellow sand, carefully smoothed
and packed, is spread. With a cere-
monial arrow figures representing the
Great Spirit, the earth, sun, sky and
rain are drawn. There are also the
symbols of the corn and a bountiful
harvest. The indentations made by the
arrow are then filled in with pigments,
blue for the sky and clouds, black for
the earth and chrome yellow for the
harvest. The middle of the square is
left vacant. This picture in sand paint-
ing is a most pleasing specimen of bar-
baric art.

The hour for the ceremony arrives,
and at the right moment the medicine
man comes forth from his lodge and
takes a seat in the opening of the
lodge, facing the sand square. The
warriors and chiefs arrange them-
selves around the square according to
rank. The ceremonial pipe is then filled
and lighted, and the medicine man
blows one puff in each direction of the
compass and two to the heavens. He
then makes an address, going over the
past history of the tribe and the kind-
ness of the Great Spirit and his care.
He concludes with a prayer for the
continuance of this favor.

The great moment has arrived. With
impressive solemnity the medicine man
thrusts the sacred arrow into the sand,
withdraws it and places a grain of corn
into the hole thus made. Carefully
smoothing the sand over it, he resumes
his seat, while the assembled chiefs
smoke their pipes in stolid silence. If
the Great Spirit condescends to answer
the prayer of the medicine man—and
he generally does—the corn will sprout
and send up a shoot. After an interval
of fifteen or twenty minutes the sand
seems disturbed at the spot where the
grain of corn was planted, and soon
the slender green blades of the sprout-
ing corn are seen above the surface.
The plant continues to grow rapidly
and naturally during the day, and by
the next sunrise the silk and tassels
appear. By noon the stalk and ear
have reached full maturity and the
ripening begins. Finally the blades
and husks turn yellow and rattle when
the wind shakes them. All this, we
must bear in mind, has been done in
thirty-six hours. On the morning of the
second day the corn growing is com-
plete. The medicine man now ad-
dresses the watchers who in company
with him have watched the plant grow,
for it is never left alone. With appro-
priate ceremonies he symbolizes the
harvest by stripping the ear from the
husks and placing the corn in his bag
for future use. The stalk is pulled up
by the roots and hung over the door of
the lodge.—New York Herald.

No Holiday.
People have different ideas as to
what constitutes a holiday—or a vaca-
tion. Mrs. Pettis had her own firmly
fixed opinions on the subject.

"I don't count Thanksgiving or
Christmas or Washington's birthday or
any of those holidays," she said frank-
ly to an old friend one day. "What I
count a holiday is when Ezra and Jim
and Bob and Liphlet go off up to the
wood lot with their dinner and I know
they won't be back till night."

"I'm not one to deny that men folks
have their good points, but how a woman
can call it a holiday when they're in
the house calling for food by looks
when they aren't by words is beyond
me!"—Youth's Companion.

Food For Squirrels.
Most people who feed the gray squir-
rels in the big parks fail to realize that
it is no kindness to give these pretty
little animals such soft shell nuts as
almonds, peanuts and chestnuts. Human
beings who do not have to actual-
ly forage for food naturally enough feel
that it is thoughtfulness itself to save
the squirrels work. The fact is, how-
ever, that a squirrel's teeth grow so
rapidly that, deprived of their normal
use, they might even through their very
uselessness become long enough to put
this charming rodent of the trees in
danger of starvation. Hickory, pecan
and hazel nuts are the proper food to
throw to the squirrels.—Brooklyn Life.

Where Was the Joker?
Mabel—Such a joke with Mr. Gay-
boy. We were out on the balcony be-
tween the dances, and he got the sleeve
of his dress coat all over red paint
from one of the posts that were just
repainted. Maud—And did you go near
the post? Mabel—No. Why? Maud—
Oh, nothing; only you have red paint
all over the back of your waist.

Tearful.
The conversation turned on the effect
produced on the emotions by pictorial
art, when a man remarked, "I remem-
ber one picture that brought tears to
my eyes."
"A pathetic subject, I presume."
"No, sir; it was a fruit painting. I
was sitting close under it when it drop-
ped on my head."

By Installments.
Youth—What do I have to pay for a
marriage license? Clerk—Well, you
get it on the installment plan. Youth
—How's that? Clerk—One dollar down
and your entire salary each month for
the rest of your life.—Cleveland Leader.

Work is not a man's punishment; it
is his reward and his strength.—George
Sand.

RUGS OF THE ORIENT
WHERE THEY COME FROM AND HOW
TO JUDGE THEM.

A Few Facts That Will Be of Value
to Those Who Anticipate Buying or
Who Are Interested in These Prod-
ucts of the Looms of the East.

The question of antiques in oriental
rugs should be dismissed from the
mind in purchasing rugs for ordinary
uses. Among recent importations, in
carpet sizes, there are hardly any an-
tiques in the true sense of the word.
Real antiques that have found their
way to this country have been secured
by private collectors who were alive to
the worth of such pieces long before
the general public showed any sign of
appreciating the beauty and the charm
of the products of the oriental looms.

Of such lucky collectors there are
many in this country who could today
realize a handsome profit on their mod-
est investment of several years ago.
Even today, provided one knows some-
thing of comparative values in rugs or
is advised by an expert, there is no
safer thing to purchase than a good
oriental rug. Any other article in the
household will depreciate in value in
time. It is only a good oriental rug
that not only keeps its beauty but
actually grows more beautiful by use,
always provided, however, that one
bought with discretion and that the
rugs do not receive too hard usage, in
which case the nap will wear out be-
fore light and air have done their work
in tying down its colors and giving
the rug a silky effect.

It must be understood that in the
countries where oriental rugs are made
they are treated with more considera-
tion and care than we accord to them
in the existing conditions of our mod-
ern life. First of all, the number of
rugs used on walls, sofas, etc., far ex-
ceeded those used on the floor, and the
latter do not get any harder wear than
those used on couches, from the fact
that in the oriental countries people in-
variably walk over the rugs with soft
slippers or bare feet. The native meth-
od of cleaning the rug, which is very
simple, also has much to do with prov-
ing the truth of the statement that "ori-
ental rugs do not wear out."

Oriental rugs are classified accord-
ing to the country where they are
made, the names Turkish, Persian,
Caucasian, Indian, etc., denoting the
nationality of the rug, so to speak.
Then again they are reclassified with
respect to the district or town where
they are actually woven. It is this
designation which gives oriental rugs
the names by which they are known in
the market, and this designation alone
conveys the idea of value and charac-
ter. For instance, to say a rug is Per-
sian is to say very little. One Persian
rug may be ten times the value of an-
other Persian rug of the same size.
But when we say Mossoul, or Kerman,
then at once we know very nearly their
comparative value and distinction. The
best rugs are imported from Persia.
Persians are the oldest and most skill-
ful rug weavers in the world. In fact,
we might safely say that all other
countries who send us the product of
their looms are simply imitators.

Some of the best known Persian
rugs in this country are Kerman, Goe-
ravan, Tabriz, Sultanabad and Khoras-
sian.

Kermans.—The principal features of
these rugs, which distinguish them
from others, are their soft, neutral,
dainty colors, the prevalence of floral
designs in their pattern, a glossy sheen
and a short cut pile. These rugs rep-
resent the highest standard of the art
of rug weaving ever achieved. They
are the favorite rugs on the market
today and are generally used for par-
lors and other rooms where the scheme
of decoration calls for light and soft
effects in the floor covering.

Goeravan.—Next in popularity in Per-
sian rugs come Goeravan, or Serapi. It
is easy to recognize this type. A bold
medallion, bright colors and lack of
detail work in the pattern are their
characteristic marks. For a medium
priced, good wearing rug for library
or dining room I cannot recommend
anything better than a good Goeravan.
They, however, vary a good deal in
texture; hence care ought to be exer-
cised in selecting them.

Tabriz.—In point of texture and du-
rability Tabriz are probably the best
rugs made, but from a decorative point
of view they lack all the desired fea-
tures of Kermans. Colors are crude,
designs too exact and outlines too
sharp. The very firmness of the weave
and formation of the pile preclude the
wool from taking on gloss. The city
of Tabriz, by its proximity to Turkish
and Russian frontiers, has lent its rug
industry to outside influence more
readily, and this is plainly seen in its
too formal design and the quality of
the dyes. Nevertheless some of the
Tabriz reproductions of old master-
pieces, both in silk and wool, are
among the best works of art imported
to this country. Both for their inde-
structibility and their colorings Tabriz
rugs are more suited for libraries, din-
ing rooms and halls.

Sultanabad.—This rug is called after
the city of that name, one of the prin-
cipal rug centers of Persia. Rugs woven
here are known in our country under
the names of Sultanabad, Mushkabad
and Savalan. There is no appreciable
difference between them. Of these rugs
might be said more than of any other
oriental rug that they lack the true
oriental sentiment. Commercial consid-
eration has overruled the aesthetic in-
clination of the weaver, and the result
is that Sultanabads and others of the
same family do not commend them-
selves to the cultivated taste of lovers
of oriental rugs. As to the practical
merits of the rugs, I would not recom-
mend them for places where their wear-
ing qualities are liable to be heavily
taxed. Unlike the rugs of better grade,