

THE KINGDOM OF LOVE.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

In the dawn of day, when the sea and the earth
Reflected the sunrise above,
I set forth with a heart full of courage and mirth
To seek for the Kingdom of Love.
I asked of a poet I met on the way
Which cross-road would lead me aright,
And he said: "Follow me, and ere long you will
See its glittering turrets of light."

And soon in the distance a city shone fair;
"Look yonder," he said; "there it gleams!"
But, alas! for the hopes that were doomed to despair,
It was only the Kingdom of Dreams.
Then the next man I asked was a gay cavalier,
And he said: "Follow me, follow me,"
And with laughter and song we went speeding along
By the shores of life's beautiful sea,

Till we came to a valley more tropical far
Than the wonderful Vale of Cashmere,
And I saw from a bower a face like a flower
Smile out on the gay cavalier.
And he said: "We have come to humanity's goal;
Here love and delight are intense."
But, alas! for the hopes of my soul—
It was only the Kingdom of Sense.

As I journeyed more slowly I met on the road
A coach with retainers behind,
And they said: "Follow us, for our lady's abode
Belongs in the realm you will find."
'Twas a grand dame of fashion, a newly wed bride;
I followed, encouraged and bold,
But my hopes died away, like the last gleams of day,
For we came to the Kingdom of Gold.

At the door of a cottage I asked a fair maid,
"I have heard of that realm," she replied,
"But my feet never roam from the Kingdom of Home."
So I know not the way," and she sighed.
I looked on the cottage—how restful it seemed!
And the maid was as fair as a dove,
Great light glorified my soul as I cried:
"Why, home is the Kingdom of Love!"

FILSEY.

A Christmas Sketch from Life in Hoosierdom.

BY ED R. PRITCHARD.



was already blazing, and began to pile on the long dry sticks of beech and hickory, until, in a few moments, a perfect sheet of flame was roaring up the wide-throated chimney.

Grandma Botsworth, who sat in her accustomed corner by the "jamb," busy with her knitting, made no reply; while Uncle Billy proceeded to remove his coat, hat and boots, and, having filled and lighted his pipe, sat down to enjoy himself. Outside, a furious snow-storm was raging, and already the earth was heavily carpeted with white. Presently his two sons, Jacob and Milton, came in from doing up the chores, and, like their father, were soon divested of caps, coats and boots, and seated before the rousing fire talking over the events of the day. A little later Mrs. Botsworth joined them, and then the family circle was complete. No, not complete, either; a daughter was missing. Three years ago this Christmas eve she had gone out from the parental roof to marry the man she loved, but whom her father had forbidden some time before to enter his doors. But Mary had gone; and she and her husband, a poor mechanic, went out West to build up for themselves a home and fortune. After they were married, a day or two before they were to start for Dakota, Mary and her husband drove to the old home, where she got out of the buggy and started to go into the house to say good-by. She did not ask nor expect forgiveness from her father for what she had done; but she knew her mother and her brothers still loved her, and would gladly have her come to see them. So she just had her hand on the gate-latch, and, with tear-filled eyes, was taking in the dear and familiar surroundings, when her father, coming round the corner of the house, saw her.

"Don't yer come in here," he yelled, hoarsely. "Don't step yer foot inside o' that gate, Mary Ellen Botsworth. You're no darter o' mine. Take yer hatchet-faced paint-slinger, an' git."

For a moment she stood as if stunned at his words; then, without a word, turned and went to the buggy. Her husband helped her in, and then standing up and shaking his whip at Uncle Billy, said: "Bill Botsworth, if you wasn't my wife's father I'd thrash you 'till you couldn't walk for a week. You object to me for a son-in-law only because I am poor; but I'll see the day I can buy an' sell you 's if you was black, darn you."

Here Mary laid her hand on his arm and said, "Stop, Will; it won't help things any to quarrel; let's go."

It was well that Will heeded her advice, for old Uncle Billy had started for the buggy with murder in his eye; and there is no telling what might have happened had not Milton and Jacob, at this juncture, made their appearance and urged him to be quiet.

So Mary went from home an outcast; and, as the buggy disappeared around the bend in the road, Milton turned to his father, and with tears in his eyes, said, reproachfully:

"Pap, you oughter have done it."
And Mrs. Botsworth, who had come to the door just in time to take in the affair, echoed her son's words:

"No, pap, you was too hasty," she added. "Mary Ellen was allus a mighty good girl; an', though I'd ruther she'd not a married Will Kenney, yet I hope the Lord will prosper em both."

"You are right, mother," said Jacob, the elder of her sons. "You are right, mother. 'Filsey' (the nickname the boys had bestowed upon Mary when she was a toddler) was the best girl in Indiana; kind an' lovin', an' a sister worth the havin'."

As for Uncle Billy, seeing his whole family up in arms against him, he vouchsafed no reply, but turning, strode rapidly away in the direction of the barn.

From that time on he had never spoken his daughter's name. And although he knew that mother and the boys got occasional letters from her, yet he never by sign or inquiry, showed that he ever

thought of her, or had the slightest interest in knowing whether she was dead or alive. But on the Christmas eve that I have introduced him to your notice, he sat by the fire thinking; and his thoughts were of her. He had long ago admitted to himself that he was too hasty when he drove his only daughter away from his home; but he still remained silent. At each family reunion, always held on Christmas day, he had missed her. And as the coming one was to be held at his house, and his brothers and sisters with their families would be there, he, with some bitterness of feeling, was brooding over the fact, that through no fault of his, he reasoned, the pleasures of the day would be marred. Everybody missed Mary; the children of his nephews and nieces would ask for her and talk about her, despite the admonitions they had received to the contrary.



"Don't you come in here!"

As he was busy with his thoughts, gazing the while moodily into the fire, and now and then punching up the fore-sticks in a spiteful sort of way, Grandma Botsworth suddenly spoke up and said:

"To-morrow'll be another white Christmas. This makes two on 'em right hand runnin'." Three years ago was a mighty mild winter, and we had a green Christmas that year."

Here the old lady paused and heaved a sigh. No one said anything, and she continued: "I recollect now there was more buryin' that year in the Bald Hill buryin' groun' than there has been since, all put together."

"Yes," assented Mrs. Botsworth, reflectively, "a green Christmas allers makes a fat graveyard, they say, an' I never knowed it to fail."

"I reckon it'll be good sleighin' to-morrow," observed Uncle Billy, "an' all the folks'll come over in the bobs— Eh! what's that?"

The exclamation with which he concluded his remark was caused by the furious barking of old "Maje," the watch-dog, the sound of voices in the front yard, and what seemed to be the cry of a child in fear.

The two boys started for the front door, while the remainder of the family sat intently listening, and wondering who could be their visitors. They had not long to wait; for a minute later the sitting-room door was flung open and Jacob strode in, bearing in his arms a bright and lusty two-year-old boy. Almost snatching the wraps from about it, and holding the little fellow up, he shouted: "Pap, look at your grandson; Filsey's come, an' this is her boy."

"The devil it is," roared Uncle Billy, springing to his feet, with a face as black as a thunder cloud. "Take him away; I don't want ter see him."

"Hold on a minute," shouted a clear, strong voice in the doorway. It was the son-in-law who had spoken, and who now stepped into the room, his figure erect and his eyes blazing with anger. "Hold on a minute, I say," he continued; "I want a word. Bill Botsworth, I can buy an' sell you. I am a rich man, but you can't have to own me for a son-in-law on that account. As for me, I can get along without you. But Mary here wanted to come back and see her mother and all of you once more, and I said she should; and, more than that, I said you should treat her and baby right, or I'd make you; and, by thunder, I'll do it! Understand me, I ask no favors for myself, but for this poor girl here, that you've treated so mean, and who still loves you, but who wants to come home, only for a little while, I will speak for, and fight for, too, if necessary. Even while he was talking mother and daughter were weeping in each other's embrace, and Grandma Botsworth, rising with difficulty from her seat, laid her hand on her son's shoulder. "William," she said, "now's as good a time to give in as ye'll ever have. If Mary an' Will can afford to forgive you, I don't see how you can help forgivin' them. Come now, son, do right."

For an instant he stood struggling with his passion, then love conquered. Extending his hand to his son-in-law, he said: "Billy, I knock under; I've made a mistake an' am sorry for it. Daughter, come here."

With a glad cry Mary put her arms about his neck and kissed him again and again.



"Hold on a minute!"

"There, there, child," the old fellow murmured, in a voice husky with emotion; "it's all forgot now, an'— But he did not finish the sentence. And, while Mary was kissing grandma and all were silently crying for joy, he began to hustle around and get on his boots to go out and "see about the horses." But, as Will and Mary had come to the station, only two miles distant, by rail, and had there hired a man and team to bring them over, his services in this direction were not needed.

He did, however, build up such a fire in the old fire-place as it had not seen for many a day; and, as they all sat around it and talked until long after the stroke of 12, it was indeed to them a happy Christmas.

"I CAN'T see why that pretty Maud Boodle always smiles when that stick Dawdle is with her." "Why, my dear fellow, a smile is all the better when a stick is in it."—Lowell Citizen.

A COWARDLY DEATH.

Iowa's Return to Capital Punishment After a Period of Over Twenty Years.

Chester Bellows, Who Murdered Alice Waterman, Hanged at Charles City.

He Meets His Doom with a Lie on His Lips and Pleading for His Life.

[CHARLES CITY (IOWA) CORRESPONDENCE.]

Chester Bellows, the murderer of Alice Waterman, was hanged here on Friday last.

He had to be supported to the gallows, and as the rope was placed around his neck he exclaimed three times: "Please don't." As the Sheriff placed the white cap over his head, he exclaimed again: "Please don't; I am innocent." In eight minutes and forty-three seconds after the trap was sprung Bellows' heart ceased to beat. His neck was broken. The rope used was that intended for Anarchist Louis Lingg.

The crime for which Bellows suffered the death penalty was the murder of his niece, Alice Waterman. He had been living at Minneapolis, but came here in 1886 and went to live with the Watermans, a short distance from town. His attentions to Alice and his general conduct soon became a source of complaint to the neighbors. He was sent away July 8. He went to the house of a neighbor, Chester Wilcox, where Alice was stopping, and called her outdoors and shot her twice while she was on her knees begging for mercy. The last shot was fatal. He then shot himself, but inflicted merely flesh wounds.

Bellows is the first man legally executed in Iowa for twenty-two years. From 1846 to 1872, the first twenty-six years of the Commonwealth's history, the death penalty was the law by decree of the courts. Under the old law it was optional with Judges to sentence to hanging or to imprisonment for life in capital cases, and the bench usually tempered justice with mercy. The courts had to discuss the question about 1870, as to whether the practice of courts, by showing as far as possible their tender side to the deepest-dyed criminals, did not really create a sense of contempt for the law. The judges decided in favor of the law, and the death penalty was maintained. It was maintained that the public morals would be better conserved by keeping the capital punishment clause and making life imprisonment the penalty for the most heinous crimes. Public sentiment was ripe for a change, and when the Legislature of 1872 met one of its principal acts was the passage of a bill abolishing capital punishment. This law lasted until 1878, when, after a long discussion, during which it was contended that the taking of human life had become much more frequent than formerly on account of this abolition of the death penalty, capital punishment was reenacted, with some changes, which removed the power to fix the death penalty from the Judge to the jury. In a case arising under the law now the jurors find the verdict as formerly, but if they adjudge the criminal guilty of first degree murder, and that the prisoner be hanged or imprisoned for life, they must say so in their written verdict, and the court has no power to modify the finding. The Judge must either set aside the verdict entire, or pronounce sentence in accordance with the verdict.

Under the law of 1878 four men have been sentenced to death in Iowa. The first was Fountain W. George, for the murder of Dr. Epps in the streets of Des Moines. This occurred in 1882. The judgment of the lower court was affirmed, and under the law he should have been executed not later than fifteen months after sentence. But the assassin was a victim of epilepsy, and his case was fixed at day of execution, and about a year ago George died in the penitentiary. A man named Kennedy, of Dubuque, is awaiting execution, his case having been fixed for the Supreme Court. Chester Bellows was the fourth.

The murderers legally strangled in this State richly merited their punishment. In 1886 William Hinkle, of Davis County, was arrested for poisoning his wife and child. The woman had died and the child was dying. Hinkle, before a year had elapsed, made preparation to marry a girl who had been working in the family at the time of his wife's death. An investigation followed, which led to Hinkle's indictment. He took advantage of the chance of venue to the adjoining county of Appanoose, where, after a trial lasting only four days, he was convicted of murder in the first degree. An appeal to the Supreme Court followed, but the judgment below was affirmed, and Hinkle was sentenced to be publicly executed on the 18th of August, 1888, between the hours of 1 and 3 p. m., within one mile of the town of Orleans, a little village in the eastern part of the county. This was the nearest convenient point midway between Bloomfield and Centerville, the county seats of Davis and Appanoose Counties, and the Judge, in view of the fact that the two counties had a common interest in seeing Hinkle die, Nor was he disappointed. On the appointed day 10,000 people assembled to witness the execution. The condemned man ascended the platform with a resolute and dignified bearing. The rope provided for the occasion was of home manufacture, and as the trap fell and it received the full weight of the heavy victim it snapped, and Hinkle dropped heavily to the ground. He was picked up with difficulty and placed on the scaffold. He was asked before the rope was adjusted the second time if he had anything to say, to which he answered that he was generally believed at the time that he had placed the poison in the young woman's hands for the purpose of compassing his wife's death, and that his denial was, therefore, technically true.

The second execution was the most notable in the State's history. It occurred at Dubuque in 1889. A tailor named Gillick returned home in the morning very drunk. His wife asked him for money with which to buy bread. He seized her by the hair and dragged her to the floor, kicked her, beat her, and at last shot her through the head. He had been a soldier in the Mexican war, a color sergeant. As his attorney, the eloquent Ben M. Samuels, told the jury he bore the flag of his adopted country from Vera Cruz to Chapultepec. He had two trials, the verdict resulting the same in both. Governor Lowe was appealed to for clemency in vain. There had been too many murders in Dubuque in the preceding ten years, and public sentiment demanded an example. Judge Wilson had ordered that the execution be made public. The gallows was built on a sandy plateau a short distance south of Eagle Point, and just north of the city limits. The people living in the vicinity—the nearest house being at least a quarter of a mile distant, threatened to raise the gallows, but Sheriff Hayden put a guard of seven deputies around it. There were three large, well drilled, hand-somely uniformed military companies in Dubuque—the Governor's Greys, the Washington Guards and the Jackson Blues. Gillick requested that, as he had been a soldier, these military companies escort him to the gallows, and, in order to comply with his wishes, Sheriff Hayden ordered that they turn out as protection. He was picked up and taken to the gallows. The day of execution came, Dubuque never saw such a crowd. It seemed as if the people of Iowa, Wisconsin and Illinois for sixty miles around had flocked into the city. It was estimated that there were 40,000 to 50,000 strangers in Dubuque that morning. It was a beautiful day. The cortege started from the jail with a military company, headed by the Germania Band, in front of a barouche in which Gillick rode, followed by the Sheriff, and two companies in the rear, while a line of guards was on either side of the carriage. The band played a dead march from the jail to the gallows, a distance of over

a mile. The military formed a hollow square about the gallows and within forty feet of it. The people stood closely in ranks on all sides—a vast mass of humanity. Hundreds of women were among the spectators. Gillick made a short speech, in which he warned young men against the use of liquor, which had brought him to the gallows, thanked the military for the honor they had paid him as a soldier, and Sheriff Hayden for kind treatment. It was all over in fifteen minutes, and in the afternoon two-thirds of the vast number of strangers had disappeared. There have been two more executions at or near Dubuque—one in 1892 and another at Delphi for a murder committed at Dubuque in 1893.

The last legal execution of which there is a record in Iowa occurred at Ottumwa, Feb. 17, 1865, when Benjamin A. McComb, a native of Rockford, Ill., was hanged for the murder of Laura Jane Harvey, also of Rockford. Laura ran away from home in company with McComb and George Lawrence, and she and Lawrence were married at Beloit, Wis., before coming to Iowa. The party put up at the Jefferson House in Ottumwa on March 27, 1860. During their stay McComb and Lawrence were friendly toward the young woman. The next day they went to Eddyville, where the same treatment of the woman was noticed. Leaving Eddyville the next day, nothing definite was known of them until the following morning, when the body of the woman was found in the river below the ford. It was certain that murder had been committed. Four months after the body of a man was found in Copperas Creek about four miles east of Ottumwa. Investigation proved it to be the body of George Lawrence, husband of the murdered woman. Four years passed without the discovery of a solitary clue to the location of McComb, but finally in the spring of 1864 he was recognized by a young soldier from Rockford, stationed at Camp McClellan, at Davenport, who was placed under arrest March 2, and taken to Ottumwa, where his trial resulted in a verdict of guilty June 14 following. The court decided that he should be hanged July 27, but the case having gone to the Supreme Court, the execution was postponed. A great many people assembled to witness the execution, and, gathering around the jail, soon became noisy and demonstrative, apparently possessing all the elements of a mob. Finally the question of hanging was submitted to a vote. The judges were divided affirmatively, a ruling was made for the jail door and the prisoner was brought out. He asked for an hour to prepare for death, and it was given him. He was taken into the Catholic Church and baptized, after which the mob took him in charge. There were no lamp-posts in Ottumwa in those days, and consequently no convenient place to hang him. He was finally placed in a wagon, driven a mile out of town, a rope put around his neck, it was thrown over a tree and the mob were ordered to carry out their design when McComb asked the privilege of making a speech, which was granted. He protested his innocence, offered to prove that George Lawrence was still living, and that he did not murder Laura J. Harvey. At this point a cry was raised all through the crowd, "Take him back!" others yelling, "Hang him!" Then a short struggle for the possession of the rope ensued, when some one called out, "Cut it!" This was immediately done, and the prisoner rescued from the hands of the mob, placed in a wagon, driven rapidly to town and placed in jail. On the night of Aug. 24 McComb escaped from confinement by means of offering the Sheriff's 11-year-old boy a large sum of money to induce him to unlock the cell door, so that he had nothing to do but to walk out. The Sheriff was absent at the time. August 27 he was recaptured about fifteen miles from Ottumwa, and on the 31st another mob gathered. But this time the Sheriff was prepared, and the jail strongly guarded by the military. Consequently the mob dispersed. McComb's case was heard by the Supreme Court in the following December, and the judgment of the lower court was affirmed. This necessitated the fixing of a day of execution by the Governor, and on Dec. 18, 1860, the death warrant, in this case is the only document of the kind on file in the State archives. The return made thereon by the Sheriff shows that it was duly executed.

Woolfolk Sentenced to Be Hanged.

[Macon (Ga.) special.]

This was the tenth day of the trial of Woolfolk for the murder of nine of his family. The jury was charged at noon and in twenty minutes brought in a verdict of guilty. The prisoner was then sentenced to be hanged Feb. 10. In his statement before sentence Woolfolk said the jury was innocent before heaven and said the time had not yet come. He seems to be absolutely without nerves.

Another Iowa Hanging in Prospect.

The Supreme Court of Iowa has affirmed the sentence of the Fayette District Court in the case of Henry Schnitz, convicted of the murder of Lucretia Peck on the night of September 4, 1888, and he will be hanged at West Union January 4, 1889.

A California Murderer Hanged.

Thurston Lee was hanged at Bakersfield, Cal., on Friday, for the murder of John Smith in March, 1883.

THE FEDERATION OF LABOR.

Encroachments of the Knights to Be Re-sisted.—Mr. Gompers Re-elected. [Baltimore special.]

At the session of the American Federation of Labor on Friday the per capita tax was reduced from $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{1}{4}$ of a cent a month. All State federations are to be taxed \$25 annually. It was voted to employ a salaried organizer. A resolution compelling local unions to unite into State federations was rejected. The constitution was adopted as amended.

It was decided not to send delegates to the Trades Union Congress at London next year. It was resolved to ask Congress to shorten the hours of labor in view of the decreased number of workmen needed on account of labor-saving machinery. The committee on the growth of the order reported that the rapid growth of the order resulted from the first avowed purpose of the federation to allow each trade to govern itself; second, to the discontent of the Knights of Labor. The committee recommended, by reason of the mismanagement of the Knights of Labor, and their desperate use of strikes, that the federation use its utmost endeavor to resist the encroachments of the Knights of Labor, as that organization showed itself opposed to trades unionism. The report was adopted with enthusiasm. The following officers were elected by acclamation: President, Samuel L. Gompers, New York, representing the International Cigar-makers' Union; First Vice President, Daniel McLaughlin, representing the Illinois Miners' Association; Second Vice President, William Martin, of the Amalgamated Iron and Steel Workers' Association; Secretary, P. J. McGuire, of the Philadelphia Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners; Treasurer, Edward G. Edwards, of the Washington Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners.

It was decided to hold the next convention in St. Louis.

THE WAR ON WHISKY.

Platform of the Anti-Saloon Republican Party of New York. [Syracuse (N. Y.) special.]

The Anti-Saloon Republican State Committee adopted a platform declaring that there is an irrepressible conflict between the liquor traffic and Christian civilization; that the saloon ought to be utterly extirpated, because the proprietors have combined in open war against the American Sabbath; that the compact between brewers and distillers has reached a point where the Republican party must accept the issue and with "no uncertain sound declare determined hostility to these enemies of good morals and the sacred institutions of our land, or abandon their claims to be a party of law and order, opposed to vice and crime, anarchy and socialism." The platform points to Pennsylvania as an example of success resulting from a bold stand, and favors prohibition amendments and local option and restriction by taxation.

THE SONG OF THE COOK.

I come from haunt of soot and burn,
I make a sudden sally.
Another dash to overturn
And throw it down to alley.

I sear, I spoil, I scold, I smash
Among the greasy kettles,
I make the queerest kind of hash
And other kind of vittles.

I bid the mistress right about,
When she comes in my quarters,
I entertain my cousin stout
And all my sister's daughters.

I send them forth with bundles fat,
Of sugar, tea and flour,
And then I say it is the cat
That steals things by the hour;

And in my trunk fine things I stow
From drawers and dressing-cases,
And wear them bold when out I go
With imitative graces;

Till last, some day, I married got,
And do my own housekeeping,
In one small room, with rattle a set,
And babies round me weeping.

—Boston Traveller.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

By means of an air gun, Prof. C. L. Mees has found that to drive straws into pine boards and hickory bark, as is often done by tornadoes, a velocity of 150 to 172 miles an hour is necessary.

SUGAR has frequently been recommended as a means of preventing boiler incrustation. Recent experiments have shown that formic acid is generated by such use, attacking the iron of the boiler.

THE Swedish count, M. Bjornstjerna, suggested more than forty years ago, in a book on "The Theogony of the Hindoos," that, as both poles must have been cooled to a suitable temperature at the same time, the earth might have been peopled from the north pole with its white races and from the south pole with its colored races.

THERE is, as Prof. Thompson remarks, no assignable "velocity of electricity," as this must vary with the current and the conductor. Wheatstone in 1833, seemed to show a transmission velocity of 288,000 miles a second through copper wire; but in late experiments signals were sent over ordinary telegraph wires on poles, and had a rate of only 14,000 to 16,000 miles. With wires near the earth the velocity was 12,000 miles, but reached 24,000 on very high wires.

It is generally supposed that pneumonia is due to the accidental penetration of specific microbes into the system, but the observations of M. Jaccoud, a French student of the subject, show that the disease really results from the development, under favorable conditions, of microbic germs permanently present in the system. A chief condition of such development is a sudden chill, which explains the frequent coincidence of lung affections with abrupt changes of temperature.

SOMETIMES the lampwick will obstinately refuse to be turned up in an orderly manner. It will seem firmly wedged at one side, while the other will run up in a point, causing weariness and vexation of spirit. To overcome this depravity take a new wick, draw out a single thread near the selvage, and the wick will be found quite tractable when introduced into the burner. The cogs will take it up properly, and it will appear in good form and give an even flame when lighted.

Soudanese Marriage Dance.

The festivities that accompany a marriage in the Soudan have much of the character of a public entertainment, but most especially in the terpsichorean department of the same. As in more civilized communities, the ladies take a special delight in moving their feet to the sound of music, but the music in these equatorial regions is very harsh to the European ear, as might be expected, consisting as it does of "tunning" on a drum (kid-skin stretched over a copper vessel) and a few twanging notes on a harp-like instrument, more pleasing to the eye than to the ear, as it is decorated with bands of beads and with feathers. Time being all-important to the dancers, this is made more marked by one of the latter, who wears a girdle from which innumerable cowrie shells are suspended, and which clash together violently as the man sways his body from side to side. Men and women both chant a few monotonous bars, the ladies occasionally varying the sound with a shrill screeching. The dancing is also of the simplest description, the performers stamping the ground with their feet and clapping their hands, the women being arranged together in ranks, whilst the men, of whom only three or four dance together at the same time, caper about in a small open space left for them. Endurance seems to be the object of all, but more especially on the part of the men, who also attempt to outvie each other in saying funny things, in which no doubt some of them succeed, judging by the laughter they create amongst on-lookers and performers alike. Under the hot desert sun one can easily imagine that the perspiration is free, and the atmosphere in the small circle not exceedingly wholesome, nevertheless there is a woman (sometimes more than one) with her garments drawn over her head, who, kneeling on the heated earth in the humblest posture, sways backward and forward, with her face apparently resting in the dust. I was told this was the wife, but I think that is doubtful, from what is generally related of the exclusive habits of the Arabs, but it is, at any rate, truly symbolical of the position of the female slave, styled a wife, amongst these fanatical savages.

BEFORE starting into improve others let us improve ourselves.—Pomeroy's Democrat.