

## DON'T MIND IT.

Don't mind trouble, for the world rolls on—  
Rollin' an' rollin'!  
The day dawns bright, but the light's soon gone—  
Rollin' an' rollin'!

Don't mind trouble, for the time soon flies—  
Flyin' an' flyin'!  
The storms soon pass from round blue skies—  
Flyin' an' flyin'!

Don't mind trouble, for a life ain't long—  
Goin' an' goin'!  
Just swap your sorrow for a glad, sweet song—  
Goin' an' goin'!

—[Atlanta Constitution.]

## The Silver Siren.

(BY FRANCIS LEEDS.)

I was walking along Regent street, London, in the autumn of '92, with an eye indifferent to the charm of that gay precinct, when suddenly in spite of my preoccupation I noticed, in a brilliant shop window, a sign bearing this announcement, "Latest Novelty—Silver Sirens."

It was in direct consequence of the delusive glamor of a Silver Siren that my spirits were, at present, so depressed, that my luck seemed to be a traitor and my whole destiny thwarted.

Hence as I read this sign I paused. Being an engineer by profession, I had gone to Nevada some months previously, to superintend a pumping process in some silver mines, and while there my interest in the science of hydraulics had been superseded, owing to the habbings of those sirens of the West who whispered their alluring deliriums into my ear. At their behest I laid aside my professional work and launched into the vortex of speculation, with disastrous results to myself, my family and my friends. The briefest mention of the fluctuating hope and annihilating despair of that undertaking must suffice. My telegrams to my "governor" were daily paradoxes, the buoyant optimism of one day defying the predestined pessimism of the next.

Defeated, disgusted, heavily in debt, my father seriously handicapped by mortgages and forced sales on his property, I had come to England to see what could be done, and it was on the morning of my first meeting with my creditors in the city, as I was returning from my club, that I noticed the sign of "silver sirens" in the shop windows. I glanced with grim curiosity upon that confused mass of burning gems and burnished gold in the jeweler's window, and as I did so a shopman advanced to the light of the door attending a young girl. He held in his hand a silver whistle which I soon found was the very object of my interest. I overheard the man say, with subservient blandness:

"These are whistles, my lady, made on the principle of our fog-horn sirens or semaphores. They are the latest novelty and are much used by the yachting clubs this season at Cowes."

He placed the thing to his lips and breathed upon it. Although the act was quite gentle, done in a low, crooning noise, which rose and fell with a plaintive gradation filled the air with such a penetrative quality that several people on the sidewalk paused and glanced into the shop. I determined under one of those sudden impulses which seem, sometimes, to make of us irresponsible factors in our own destinies, to buy the bauble, and a few minutes later it was dangling from my watch chain. In a short time, however, under the pressure of grave cares, I had forgotten all about it.

I soon began to seek some means of modifying the distressing condition to which my absence of caution and reliance on chance had brought me. Fortunately for me a company in London whose confidence in my capacity as an engineer had not been shaken by my lack of judgment in the West engaged me to conduct a large engineering scheme in some salt mines in Russia in which much capital had been invested.

I need not say I was glad of the chance this offered me. I was glad also to get away from London, where I found a subtle condemnation of my acts in even the glances of my friends. I was very sore and sensitive, and when a man who had always been one of my favorite friends and relatives called out to me from the pier at Calais, in one of those attempts at pleasantry which so often contain a sting: "I say! Francis, don't go and buy a salt mine in Russia!" I felt that the time had come for me to cancel such speeches by some new line of action.

I was confident about my mission. Several engineers had failed, it is true, but the many fail, the one succeeds. These mines could not be worked owing to the percolation of water into them. To check this flow of water and redirect its channel was my task.

I hurried across the continent, and had made good time. Haste was imperative for winter was closing upon the heels of autumn and the deep snows would delay my progress. All went well, over which there seems ever to dwell a brooding melancholy. My kibitka, or hooded sledge, was very comfortable. It was drawn by sturdy Finn ponies, which were exchanged at the different stations along the route.

When about two days from the end of my journey my yamschik, or driver, fell seriously ill. When these strong and intrepid sons of toil yield to the influence of disease the onslaught is usually sudden and violent, like a wind which falls, with crashing fury, the oak which has long swayed to the storm's rough lashing. I wrapped the poor fellow in my rugs and placed him in the easiest part of the kibitka. As the lights of Woleki twinkled in the distance, while I guided the Finn ponies as dexterously as I could over the roads, I knew from Varika's terrible delirium and fever that the poor yamschik was making his last life struggle.

My Russian vocabulary was put to the test, as I pulled the ponies up at the door of the station-house. I

managed to explain, however, that the sick man was the yamschik and that I was the passenger. As the stable boys held the lights high, to enable them to draw poor Varika from the sledge I saw that all was nearly over.

"O hi!" moaned the host, as he showed me into the contracted and smoky sitting-room, "O hi, the little father's prayers are more necessary now for Varika than are the doctor's drugs. The poor lad is called to drive the white horse into the presence of St. Peter to-night and give him his reckoning." To my great annoyance, I found that I could not procure another yamschik at that station to drive me on that night. I made bold promises of a vedro of vodka, if one could be found, but no one seemed willing to take Varika's place. The mystery of death had for the moment checked the interests of life in those superstitious hearts.

While I was employing useless arguments with a knot of men in the room, there was a noise of horse's feet and the shrill cries which announced the arrival of a sleigh. A fat Russian maid was in the act of placing a steaming samovar before me when, with much stamping of feet outside, the door of the room opened and a man of very noble bearing came in. He saluted me with dignity and then withdrew, immediately returning with a young girl upon his arm. Her face seemed to make a sudden summer spring into the wintry place.

My experience had evidently been told them, for, as the girl glanced at me, I heard her say: "The poor yamschik! Dear father, how awful's sudden death!"

With a little hesitation the man advanced to me and said in good English: "I beg pardon. Can this be, by chance, Mr. Francis Adams, the engineer of the salt mines in Russia?" Then, promptly followed a pleasant solution of my problem. Count Bariatinski, the owner of these salt mines, was himself on the way thither, hoping to reach the place by the time of my arrival, and this crossing of our paths had hastened our meeting.

The count, of course, introduced me to his daughter, the Countess Stephanie, explaining that she had long wished for an experience of crossing Russia in a sleigh, and added that, as the cold had increased very much, he feared he had lent a too fond ear to her entreaties, in consenting to bring her. An hour later found me very much at my ease in the luxurious sleigh of the Count Bariatinski, the young Countess Stephanie's face glowing with loveliness just opposite me.

As I watched her, watched that startled look, with which the unknown mysteries of a winter night on the plains of Russia spoke to her, I tried to analyze the quality of her beauty. The word "elusive" constantly came to me, as expressive of the character of her charm. Beauty seemed to animate the face from the depths of her blue-grey eyes, and then when I had fixed the home of her attraction there, some witching movement of the mouth—a smile which chased from their hiding in the soft contour of her cheeks and lips a rippling gambol of dimples, would change my mind, and then I would give to the mouth the definite note of beauty which struck the first harmony of the whole.

Thus I watched her, while the old count twaddled on about mints and mince, and the liveried yamschik and footmen of his excellency pierced the night, every now and then, with their strident Russian cries of endearment to the fleet horses that carried us swiftly over the snow. Presently the old count began to nod, but the young countess kept an alert eye upon the passing interests of the night.

The road grew more irregular now, and was broken up in great khabs or deep furrows, causing us to sway, every now and then, like a sloop at sea. It was during these tortuous movements that I began to watch for the radiating smile of the Countess Stephanie, while the Count, rudely jostled from his dozing dreams, would scold his yamschik in a volley of expressive Russian. When this attack became violent, the Countess Stephanie would slip her hand from her muffled arm, and catch her father's arm, till the vituperative anger of the Count would cease, or merge into some qualifying correction. It was sweet to see the silent influence of the girl, and one felt that she took the part of that poor servant, whose cringing phrases showed how cruel his training had been, enabling him to accept with patience reprimands which he did not deserve.

The snow had ceased. It had only lasted long enough to veil the trees and decorate with a soft, cloud-like delicacy the panorama of the night. The intense stillness recalled to one dreams of a primeval age. The very hush of the Fin seemed suspended. The sounds which we associate with man's inheritance of the earth seemed a strange suggestion in that hour. So far have we become removed from the actual reserve of nature that the natural seemed supernatural, and the hush which pervaded all was like a palpable incantation breathed upon the earth by some mighty spirit of the air, which held the night subservient to her will.

We had entered a thick pine forest. The trees, those voiceless children of the woods, were held in an icy calm. If architecture be indeed frozen music, the brush seemed put in abstract form before us. The branches and vertical lines made cathedral and vista aisles under their moulding of ice and snow. Sometimes whole processions of cowed monks seemed to be lining our route, or spectral arms, stretched outward from the gloom beckoned us to the murky mystery of the dark forest. Those soft thuds of snow which fell when the top of our kibitka touched the edge of some protruding pine branch, fell behind us like ghostly steps trying to escape their thralldom to the midnight by following our lead to life and light.

But no weird influences of the night seemed to approach the consciousness of the young countess. As I looked at her that song of Iduna's seemed written for her. "Hush art like a lovely flower!" All but peace and purity seemed separated from her.

The count moved uneasily in his

seat. The sledge made a sudden lunge, as it heaved through one of the deep transverse ruts, and our near horse (we were driving three abreast) gave an ugly tug at the traces, as he swayed outward from his place. The count, now fully awake, cried out: "Ivan Ivanovitch, are you forgetting whom you are driving?"

"No, gracious excellency," the man replied, "but his lordship's horse, Petrovitch, is restive."

Almost at the instant, the horse gave a second pull, which was so violent that the whole kibitka was jerked aslant.

"Something is out of gear with the harness!" called the count, "let one of the groomers see to it."

The two footmen were half asleep, and I could hear Ivan muttering to them, while he was bringing the sledge to a less rapid motion.

Suddenly there was a cry, piercing and petulant, like a peevish child's—a cry which made my blood curdle in my veins. I glanced at the Countess Stephanie and saw her face blanch, as she shrank into the corner of the sledge. The count sprang to his feet and the awful word was spoken: "Wolves!"

In an instant, the horses having heard that cry, felt some subtle sense of fright, which hastened their speed. The count unlocked his pistol case. I noticed that he was calm, and that he fitted the key into the lock with accuracy.

"Are you armed?" he asked me. I drew my pistol from my pocket, as he spoke.

"I have never heard of the brutes coming so far south at this season," he said. Then he turned to the countess. "Be very calm, my daughter," he said, "your father will defend you."

"I'm not afraid," was the proud reply, though her voice was thick and her lips trembled. The count turned quickly, and cut the straps which held the closed opening at the back of the sleigh.

"Crouch down, my child," he said to the Countess Stephanie; "crouch down in the bottom of the sledge and cover your head with this rug. May heaven shield thee!"

All the concentrated love of maternity was in his voice.

"Is it, you—are your pistols ready?" he said next.

"Ready, excellency," was the reply.

The count and I peered into the darkness through the opening of the sleigh. Behind us there appeared a movement like a rolling cloud, resembling dust at night.

"They are upon us!" the count exclaimed, and fired. As I imitated him I heard the countess give a little stifled scream. On came that moving column, and the cries of angry, ravenous mouths filled the air with a deep and ominous rumble.

How they were gaining on us! Ivan Ivanovitch was yelling to his horses, and they, brave creatures, strained every nerve and muscle to obey his commands. A sudden awful thought passed through me. What if there were something really wrong with the harness! How long could any mal-adjustment stand the strain?

Somewhere from the recesses of memory came the recollection of a story I had once read, of hunting wolves in a battue in Russia, and that it was stated there that unaccounted and peculiar sounds had a terrifying effect upon these beasts—even that a clattering of pans could accomplish what pistols failed to do. Again I fired into the approaching mass of yelping horror. As my hand resumed its position after doing so, it touched the cold surface of the little silver siren which hung upon my watch chain.

Instantly it flashed upon me to try its effect upon this pack of hungry wolves. I put it to my lips, and with all the strength of my lungs forced that weird crescendo note into the icy night. A writhing serpent of the air was that python of sound, which struck its piercing sting into the frightened hearts of those wild beasts.

The young countess fainted dead away. The horses gained electric fear from what they thought was some new terror in pursuit, but, best of all—miracle as it has ever seemed—that pack of angry wolves, with a bellowing howl of fear, tumbled pell-mell into the black depths of the forest and disappeared like a column of smoke whose force is spent!

As they did so Ivan Ivanovitch cried out that the lights of Riga were in sight, and we were saved!

A year later I was again in Regent street, but not alone nor defeated nor depressed, for Stephanie was there!

I was showing her the shop where I had bought the silver siren!

"Now take me, dearest, to the place where you bought my wedding ring," she said. "Did you not say that it was near Bond street?"

"Yes, near Bond, Stephanie," I began, but this has nothing to do with the story of the silver siren, which has now been told.

## GOWNS AND GOWNING.

### WOMEN GIVE MUCH ATTENTION TO WHAT THEY WEAR.

Brief Glances at Fancies Feminine, Frivolous, Mayhap, and Yet Offered in the Hope that the Reading Man May Prove Restful to Wearied Womankind.

Gossip from Gay Gotham. New York Correspondence.

LOWLY as the public is in becoming convinced that the times are good, for hard times are chiefly caused by a general fear of calamity, there is little sign of doubt in women's gowns. Elegant and costly as ever, they show some features that hint plainly of extravagance, and they certainly are eloquent of sufficient outlay to constitute evidence that money is plentiful. In no one particular are they seemingly more wasteful than in the employment of furs. These are stripped in bits or used as entire garments, but, by either method, are planned to suggest prodigality. In many cases, this is more appearance than actuality, more cry than wool—that is, than felt; but the look of it is there to an extent that makes the fashionable promenaders a startling lot. One fashionable fur adjunct, however, hints of economy. It is a cut of short jacket that ends at the waist, and at first sight makes the observer think that its lack of tails is due to the bigness of its sleeves. But after seeing others it becomes plain that these abbreviated garments are planned simply to attain novelty, without the least consideration of economy. They are parts of street costumes worn without cloaks, and are often made close fitting of Persian lamb, baby fur, or seal. Some of them end at the waist with a wide belt of the fur buckled richly with heavy silver. In such the upper sleeve is of rich wool to match the skirt of the dress.

Of this general order is the costume of the initial illustration, but the jacket



FUR STYLISHLY ZIGZAGGED.

bodice is entirely astrakhan, tight-fitting and not extending beyond the waist. It fastens beneath the buttons on the right side, and is finished with gray fur collar and cuffs. The skirt below it comes from heavy gray suiting, is nine gored and garnished about the bottom with several rows of machine stitching. It is considered especially desirable in these get-ups to have the headwear in accord with the dress, but it is not decreed that the matching must be so close that the hat cannot be worn with other rigs. In this instance the hat is of black velvet trimmed with a bow of gray-mirror velvet, buckles and two black wings.

Still another expression of this general idea comes in fur coats, tight fitting as a dress bodice, made with a tiny point front and back and cut short to the waist line at the sides. These are much in vogue. They button double-breasted from waist to bust line, and have deep revers of satin, velvet or moire turn away over the bust and shoulder. A yoke of the fur and a high, close collar of the same appear above. The sleeves are enormous, and it is admissible that they be of material to match the revers, but that almost always smacks of economy, and as has been intimated, that will hardly do.

When it comes to shredding pelts the fur tinkers must use some such machine as do the makers of Saratoga chips, for they slice up edgings so fine that it's a wonder they hang together. Some of them are as scant of hair as a dude's mustache, but they make dainty trimmings, and the inch widths, which are commonly the narrowest



AS FROM OUT AN OLD PICTURE FRAME

are extremely showy. This is especially true of those from less costly furs, which can be had at very reasonable figures. With the stripe obtainable, the method of laying them on is the next point to consider. In the second illustration there is shown a handsome pattern. This costume is an expensive one in every particular, and it needs to be to carry tastefully so much fur, but a little fur trimming of the cheaper sorts is not at all out

of place on far less expensive gowns. Here taste and dollars combined and their union resulted in black embroidered velvet, blue velvet and fur for materials. Black velvet gives the gored skirt, which is embroidered round the bottom, and between the long tabs of the bodice with jet. Black velvet is employed for the bodice, whose deep pleated yoke of white satin is bordered with fur, the tabs being similarly edged. The bodice fastens behind, its sleeves have blue cuffs and large puffs of plain black velvet, and the standing collar is made of white satin to match the yoke. Muff and dress trimmings must match.

Since the truthful chronicle of styles must admit that sleeves are no smaller there's not much to be said as to them, for how can they become much larger? The next sketch portrays an attempted change in them that is current. As is indicated with startling plainness in the picture and in all the models of this departure, the puff is to be concentrated at the elbow, leaving lower arms and shoulders bare. Whether it is to be generally adapted is as yet en-



ANOTHER SORT OF SHOULDER TREATMENT.

tirely uncertain. In this costume it gives the last touch of quaintness to an exceedingly demure get-up. Its materials are hellebore woolen suiting, mauve velvet and mauve galloon; and its distinct features are the stiffened skirt, the yoke outlined with galloon and continuing in shoulder caps, and the long velvet tabs starting from the shoulders. Such a rig will attract many a glance on the promenade, and the contrast of advanced novelty and general air of sobriety will set folk a-wondering. And who could desire to create more of a sensation than that?

The only other noticeably new sleeve is difficult of description, for, in a square, it has no underarm. There is a square cap-like epaulette that extends from the shoulder. The sleeve is pulled into the armhole at the sides and beneath, and the upper part starts from the edges of the cap. This gives an effect of extreme slope from the shoulder, and may or may not indicate that the sleeve of the last gown is to become the correct shape. Even if it does point that way, the shoulder fixings of the fourth pictured gown are evidence of the opposite sort. Here the blue broadcloth sleeves have fancy pleated velvet epaulettes edged with silk embroidery in various blue shades. A band of this forms the belt. The full round waist has fitted lining, is pleated at the waist in front, the back being plain, and is garnished with a fancy yoke of a like shade of velvet, which is bordered with the same embroidery. Haircloth stiffens the skirt, which is gored, laid in organ pipe folds at the back and lined with pale primrose velvet taffeta. The muff carried is of velvet, its matching the dress trimming being an effective feature of the whole.



FASHIONABLE DEEP MOURNING.

and it is garnished with lace and violets.

Dressmakers are confined in narrow limits when employed in costumes for deep mourning. The question of hues is, of course, settled in advance, and that is a tremendous item in woman's dress, but there is still field for the exercise of good taste, which becomes all the more apparent in the garb of grieving because its limitations are so generally known. The final sketch depicts one of the best recent examples of fashionable mourning attire, made from crepe cloth with English crepe fur trimming. The skirt has double bust pleats on either side of the front breadth, which is ornamented with a deep V of crepe. A plain crepe cloth belt is decorated with two dull jet buckles and fastens under the left bust pleat. The bodice front has a deep crepe corselet and a pointed yoke with crepe collar fastening in back. Two frills finish the sleeves; one of crepe, the other of cloth, and the Mary Stuart bonnet is entirely of crepe, with a band of white inside for widows, and is completed by a crepe veil reaching to the skirt's hem. The toilet is lined with lusterless black silk.

Physicians deplore the use of crepe and plead for the substitution of lusterless silks, claiming that the former is a constant menace to the wearer's health, but it is still used to a great deal because its texture makes it more effective as trimming than anything else of a like hue. The only way to abolish it is to supplant it with something that will fully take its place, and that seems difficult.

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A pet flea has been known to live six years.

## TRAVELING IN PERSIA.

### It Means Much Hard Work and Great Discomfort.

The Shah's Empire Is Entirely Without Railways, Steamboats or Good Roads—How Wealthy Women Journey from Place to Place.

[Special Persian (Persia) Letter.]

It is difficult for the average American to imagine a whole big country entirely devoid of railroads, steamers and all other means of locomotion save those which were already in vogue in Biblical days, i. e., on foot or on the back of horse, mule, donkey or camel. That, however, is still the actual condition of things in Persia, as in some other oriental countries. Added to this is the further difficulty of the absence of good roads, navigable rivers, of bridges, etc., so that traveling in Persia is, indeed, not a pleasure, but a piece of very hard work. It may be hard to believe, but it is an absolute fact that the roads—or what goes by that name—in the Persia of to-day are, for the greater part, the same which were trodden by the armed hosts of Cyrus, of Darius, of Hystaspis, of Xerxes and other great conquerors of ancient times, and even the route taken by Xenophon in his return to Greece may, in part, be followed to this day by travelers similarly situated—day's journey after day's journey you can walk over the same ground which he describes in his "Anabasis," but with this difference: In his time, more than 2,000 years ago, there were shady groves to shield the wayfarer from the fiery darts of the sun, and there were purring brooks and many villages and hostleries by the wayside, whereas now all this is mostly done away with, and with the exception of the vermin-infested postal stations, the so-called "chappar Khanis," and the infrequent "caravan serais," there is nothing wherein to look for shelter from rain, sun, wild beasts and robbers.

It had been the intention to build railroads in Persia. Baron Reuter, of London, had obtained a charter to construct one from Teheran to the Persian gulf, and a Russian syndicate had planned a road from the shores of the Caspian to the capital, but both schemes fell to pieces, due to the rapacity and faithlessness of the Persian government—or rather some of its high officials. The last attempt I know of to build a good railroad—likewise from the Caspian or from Tabreez to Teheran—was made by the American minister—whose secretary I was at the time, in 1886—Mr. F. H. Winston, of Chicago, but it did not even get beyond the initial point, because the Persian authorities were still as eager to be bribed and to impose on the stranger capitalists who wished to benefit this country—and incidentally themselves, of course—as they had been before. Thus it is that this whole wide land—altogether comprising territory equal to the whole of our eastern and middle states in size—is still innocent of railroads and centuries behind the times.

Women the world over represent the weak half of humanity, and climate, religion, race, form but minor modifications to this general rule. That was what Goethe meant with his "Eternal Womanly." To me the supreme proof that woman in Persia is also lovable, amiable and long-suffering has always been the fact that she has smilingly, uncomplainingly stood the awful modes of travel which they have to submit to throughout Persia. I would like to see an American woman, for instance, traveling in a "kadjavy" for a week or a fortnight. But the mere idea is preposterous. Seriously, I wouldn't blame the Persian women if they, some night, would arise in their might and kill every mother's son of them—just out of revenge for this diabolical contrivance, the "kadjavy."

Imagine a horse or a mule carrying on its back a sort of hooded box, with curtains on the one side where fresh air could be admitted, this box strapped tightly to the animal. The whole kadjavy—for this little box, about two feet high, is a kadjavy—is constructed so that the woman inmate of it can neither lie down in it, nor sit straight or upright, but is forced to keep her body in a half crouching position, with her limbs crossed. How she manages to escape out of these awful torture chambers comparatively unscathed is a miracle. But there they sit, for days and weeks and months even, while performing journeys of some distance, the groans and moans of the Persian women in these cages, and the Turkish yashmak, for it falls far down over face, bosom and torso, and is so closely fitted that almost no air reaches the mouth and nose of the hapless wearer. The small piece of looser web inserted over the eyes allows but a mere glimpse of light, and barely permits the wearers to distinguish the objects outside. In a word, of all the barbarous and brutal outrages which custom allows the Persian to practice on his women folk, this, I think, is the worst. But I must add that even these restrictions are not proof against woman's wit and cunning, for it happens frequently enough, despite it all, that love intrigues are arranged by the Persian women while traveling just in this way. I have seen myself—and given them credit for doing it—how at the critical moment they understand to lift that cumbersome chaddar of theirs, just for a moment. Of course that was because they had to arrange something about it. But that moment was all they needed to tell with their eloquent eyes what they wished to say.

Perhaps an even more villainous way for Persian women to travel is by basket. For this donkeys are nearly always used. Two big baskets of wicker are attached to the back of the patient beast—hanging down one on either side—and in each of these baskets is a woman, huddled there in a heap, with just the head protruding. This method is in general vogue among the wives and daughters of the peasants, artisans and all other poorer classes.

In comparison with these methods of travel in general use among the men are vastly to be preferred, though they, too, are extremely primitive. To ride on the back of a camel, be it only for a couple of days, is anything but a pleasure, and it isn't the fastest way, either. Four "farsakh"—about sixteen miles—is considered a good day's journey in Persia, although on a pinch one

can get as much as forty miles out of a camel in good condition, and the "racing dromedaries" in use in southern Persia for the business of the crown have even been known to make as much as sixty or seventy miles, but in a sort of abominable jog trot which lands one all but dead at the end of one's trip. These racing dromedaries are especially bred and trained in studs which are the monopoly of the shah. Only persons authorized by the shah are permitted to own or ride one of these beasts. Priests and all other pious persons, as well as the pilgrims who go to Mecca, Kerbelah or Meshed, must only ride on donkeys, they being the slower and the more lowly quadrupeds, and hence to ride on them is considered a proof of humility and piety. Mules are much in use among the poorer classes, but of the donkeys there are two breeds, the Bagdadi, which are high in price, much larger and handsomer than the ordinary kind, and which, therefore, are preferred for travel by the ladies of the court. These donkeys, a breed originally hailing from Bagdad, are of a beautiful iron gray, quite lively and very enduring, and I have seen some which sold as high as \$500 of our money—double the price at which a fine Arab steed can be purchased.

As to horses, they form the means of conveyance for most of the men in Persia, and are by far to be preferred to any other animal. The common, cheap horses of the country, the so-called "yaboo," are the best for long-distance journeys, as they are very hardy, sure of foot, satisfied with a little oat straw and barley and whatever else they can pick up, and seem never to tire. I have myself covered nearly sixty miles from dawn till four p. m., on the back of one of these very little beasts, in appearance not unlike Indian ponies. The mail carriers of the Persian government make incredible distances in a short time—of course, in relays—on the back of these "yaboo." The 200 miles from the Caspian sea at Enzeli to Teheran are often done by these post riders inside of thirty-six hours, riding with almost no break, of course, and making one relay of horses at intervals of sixteen to twenty miles. These very serviceable native horses, however, are not showy—quite the reverse—and hence the Persian rides them only on long journeys, while for short distances and when out on pleasure he prefers either the Arab horse, or, better still, the Turcoman, a stately, fine-looking beast of enormous height, but insecure of foot and absolutely useless in the mountains.

WOLF VON SCHIERBRAND.

## NOTES AND COMMENTS.

"The Americans are the only people who can speak English correctly," observes General Booth, the head of the Salvation Army.

ENGLAND has the advantage of us in the safety of railroad travel. In 1893 not a single passenger of the 40,000,000 who traveled during the first six months of the year was killed while traveling on the trains.

THE experiment of enlisting Indians as soldiers appears to have been unsuccessful. Of the fifteen Indian troops and companies five have been disbanded. The great obstacles to the plan are the restlessness of the Indians under restraint and their inability to understand and speak English.

MORE than half the world's supply of tin is mined in the Straits Settlements, at the tip of the Malay peninsula. The output in 1891 was 38,061 tons out of a total of 37,551 tons; 12,106 tons came from the Dutch East Indies, chiefly from the island of Banka, leaving only 8,884 tons for the rest of the world.

CAMELS are now in general use throughout Australia. Within twenty-five years, by scientific breeding, a race has been produced larger in frame, sounder in origin and limb, and able to carry more weight than the Indian camels originally imported. A quarantine for imported animals is established at Port Augusta, 260 miles northwest of Adelaide, where they are carefully guarded for three months, during which time they are subject to a destructive mange, which carries off most of them, but to which they are no longer liable when once acclimated. There are 10,000 camels at work, which not only transport loads upon their backs, but are trained to draw wagons, yoked in teams of eight, like oxen.

SOME of the forty or fifty State agricultural colleges make special provision for students wishing to work their way through college. Such students work daily on the experimental college farm and receive current wages. There are many free scholarships in these colleges, and board and lodging are cheap, so that a working student finds that his labor goes far toward paying his way. Tutoring pays better, however, and very clever men sometimes earn from \$1,000 to \$1,500 per year in helping through their duller fellows. Such opportunities, however, are found only in the great colleges, and are few. At one of these institutions one successful young lawyer, of New York City, is said to have earned \$2,000 in a single year tutoring while yet an undergraduate.

THE bicycle for army purposes finds enthusiastic recommendation in the annual report of General McCook, commander of the new department of Colorado, to Secretary of War Lamont. General McCook's chief signal corps officer, Captain Glassford, wants to have the signal sergeants provided with wheels. The report states that the use of the bicycle for military purposes has passed the experimental stage, most, if not all, of the European armies have adopted it for certain of their forces, and, while the question seems unsettled whether troops mounted on bicycles can successfully take the place of mounted infantry or cavalry, the consensus of authoritative opinion is that, as a substitute for the horse, for the men engaged in signalling and the allied duties of reconnoitering and keeping communication open, the bicycle is an eminent success. As a mount it has the special advantage that it requires no feed or water and little or no care; it is noiseless in its movement; it is no more, but rather less, likely than a horse to get out of order; it can average double the distance in a day that a horse can.

The monthly rate of wages for London policemen is \$35.