

# ONLY A FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

By MRS. FORRESTER.

CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)

A sharp pang of annoyance shot across Flora Champion's eyes. Lord Harold bending over her cousin, she had expected to find Winifred awkward and ill-dressed, and here she was, perfectly at ease, and elegantly dressed. It was in Miss Champion's heart to treat her with slighting disdain, but Lady Grace was there, and she could not forget her good breeding to gratify her spite. So she walked straight up to where her cousin was sitting and held out her hand, as though there had never been anything else in the most cordial friendship between them.

"How do you do? Did you have a pleasant drive from Hurst?"

"Delightful," said Winifred, recovering herself. "Mrs. Champion was kind enough to send me in a large, although she was prevented coming herself. She sent a message through me to you that Sir Harold was rather unwell, and she did not like to leave him, but she hopes to drive over early next week."

"I trust there is nothing serious the matter with your cousin," exclaimed Miss Champion, frowning intently.

"Nothing more than a severe cold."

"At this juncture in came pretty Miss Alton, and on Lady Grace introducing her to Miss Eyre, she sat down beside her and spoke to her pleasantly, while Miss Alton was talking to her in a way that Winifred thought her the prettiest, sweetest little creature she had ever seen. And then the other guests came in, and were introduced to her in turn, and when dinner was announced, Sir Clayton and Lord Harold went into the dining room. Miss Champion's lip was curled contemptuously, but Winifred was deeply touched by the kind consideration of her amiable hostess. She was a little shy at first with Sir Clayton, but he talked so pleasantly to her, and his manner was so reassuring that she soon felt at her ease. And then after dinner Miss Alton came and sat beside her, and chatted to her of her afternoon excursion, and the picnic that was arranged for the following day. When the gentlemen came in, Winifred felt no longer shy; she was thoroughly enjoying her first glimpse of the world. Mr. Clayton came up and carried Miss Alton away to the piano, and Lord Harold sat down to play, and Miss Alton sat near the piano, watching Miss Alton, Winifred thought, with a tender, almost interested, as she sang her brilliant French chansonette. The little fairy had thrown him her gloves and fan, in that careless, presumptuous way women often use to men who they know love them, and he held them gently and reverently. Mr. Clayton frowned as he saw the gesture, then he turned away to the piano and began arranging the music.

When Miss Alton had finished her song she moved back to her place beside Winifred on the sofa. Mr. Clayton walked up to Col. d'Aguiar.

"I must trouble you for Miss Alton's fan and gloves," he said, nonchalantly.

"I will give them to her," said Col. d'Aguiar, coldly, rising.

Mr. Clayton turned away with a scowl, that remained Winifred painfully of Mr. Fenner.

"Miss Alton," said Col. d'Aguiar, "have you forgotten that you entrusted your property to my care?"

"Oh! my fan and gloves," she exclaimed, "thank you, I did not remember them; the fact is, I was so anxious to return to my new acquaintance that I forgot you. But I will make amends for my neglect by sharing my pleasure with you, Miss Eyre—Col. d'Aguiar." And she made room for him on the sofa beside her, greatly to Mr. Clayton's annoyance, who began to talk to Miss Eyre assiduously. Winifred did not such him as often when he was talking; his conversation was certainly amusing, and he told her a great deal about Parisian society that she found extremely entertaining. It was only now and then, when she remarked the malicious glances that crossed his face when he glanced toward Miss Alton and Col. d'Aguiar, that she remembered her instinctive repulsion for him.

As the days passed Flora Champion became very uneasy, and not without reason. She felt that she was losing her hold on her cousin, and now there was no possibility of doubting that Lord Harold Erskine was transferring his allegiance from her to her cousin. She detested Winifred, as only a woman can hate a rival who supplants her. At first she manifested a polite aversion, at times betrayed her feelings, but as a rule she had too much tact to indulge her angry moods. Now and then she came an opportunity she could not resist. One day at lunch, Lady Grace was speaking of Mr. Hastings, a good friend of her husband's, and she said to Miss Vance, "that we have lost such a charming neighbor as Mr. Hastings promised to be. His sudden departure is a complete mystery to every one."

"We will certainly be glad to live permanently at the Court," answered Miss Vance. "It appears he made the most complete arrangements for doing so. All his horses are still there, and I have not heard of the servants being dismissed. A friend of his is staying there now, playing host to a party of gentlemen. What reason did he assign for his sudden departure?"

"In a note I received from him a few days before he left he said he could not stay, and felt a longing for the excitement of foreign travel. But I cannot bring myself to think that was anything more than an excuse, which he thought simple enough to give. I should think Miss Eyre and Mr. Hastings would be greatly amused at such a formality, after their rambles in the Haasi woods."

The crimson blood dyed Winifred's

Just about one o'clock Col. d'Aguiar, who had been away on a dinner invitation, came in, in high good humor and spirits.

"We have had a charming evening," he said, in answer to a question from Capt. Culloden. "Some very jolly fellows here, and I was greatly tempted to stay the night, as they asked me. However, as I had said nothing about it to Lady Grace Erskine, I was afraid of committing a breach of good manners by remaining. Arthur de Marchant had driven over from Haasi Court—a rare good fellow he is, and very life of a party."

"Did he say anything about Hastings?" inquired Reginald Champion.

"I think he mentioned the name of Hastings. If I recollect rightly it was something in connection with a yacht in Constantinople."

"I am sorry Hastings took it into his head to leave England," interposed Lord Harold Erskine. "He was one of the nicest, most gentlemanly fellows I ever met with. He entertained us in a princely way last night, and I was very sorry to see him go."

"Hastings," remarked Francis Clayton, interrogatively, "I seem to know the name. By the way, Erskine, was not that the man Miss Champion accused Miss Eyre of being so much in the woods with?"

Lord Harold colored with passion.

"I presume they were only together just as d'Aguiar and Miss Alton might have been in the park this afternoon."

"Ah!" said Francis Clayton, quietly, but with his most dangerous smile. "Let those laugh who win, it is a capital maxim. But you've not congratulated me yet, any of you."

Col. d'Aguiar grew very pale; the hand that was on the back of his chair trembled.

"I am so hypertic," he said, quietly, but with a curious ring in his voice. "I cannot wish you happiness when I know it entails her misery." And amidst a dead silence he left the room.

Before the party assembled at breakfast the following morning he had left Eton Vale.

(To be continued.)

## INSECT VANDALS.

Tropical ants that devastate the Conifers. Live a Life of Horror.

The Huns and Vandals of the insect world are undoubtedly the marching army ants. In tropical countries everywhere they fall before these invaders; they leave nothing but ruin behind them. The author of "Tangweers" gives this description of them:

I have never found where these ants are concealed when not engaged in foraging; but two or three times in the year, just before or after heavy rain, they come out of the forest in millions, advancing in a solid column, which may cover an acre of ground. Sometimes the column may separate in divisions, one going in one direction, one in another. Each travels in a fixed direction, in which it is guided by the guards, distinguished by enormous heads and threatening mandibles, who march ahead of the main body, as if to reconnoiter the ground.

The army follows after its officers, and ruminates everything as it advances. Some swarm up the trees to considerable heights, searching in all the cracks of the bark, or among parasitical plants. Every fallen or hollow log and every stone is carefully inspected.

They destroy as if a fire had passed over the ground. Snails, beetles, butterflies, slugs, spiders, caterpillars, scorpions, centipedes—everything is devoured. Wasps' nests are riddled of the grubs; birds are driven from their nests and the young ones eaten up. Fortunately, few birds fly in the rainy season, but occasionally incursions of the army take place before the rains, when the birds are rearing their young. I have seen birds eight inches long writhing, lashing the tail, rolling over and over, covered with ants which soon mastered and devoured them.

Twice in the middle of the night we have been roused by such invasions of the marching army ants, and had to rush out of the house and wait till the foray was over. But we were consoled by their leaving us a clean house, for the ants search the thatch through and through, plunder the wasps' nests which line their caves, and drag from hiding every lizard, cockroach and spider.

## PLUCKING OSTRICH FEATHERS.

Process Is Both Simple and Painless.

Many have wondered whether the ostrich felt pain during the plucking of his feathers, and whether the operation was cruelly performed. The process is both simple and painless. Over the head of the ostrich is placed a long bag with a breathing hole in one end. A man then holds the bird while another cuts with shears the long feathers. Only those of the wings and tail are taken. The short feathers, being ripe, are pulled out without pain, as they would soon drop in the course of nature. Great care must be taken not to injure the feather root, for if a "socket" is destroyed, the feather cannot grow again. The stumps of those that are cut remain in until three months later. Sometimes the bird picks them out herself, and often the keeper assists her. To pluck this terrible creature is often a dangerous operation. Care is taken to stand behind it to escape its kicks. The feathers of the back and abdomen drop off and are gathered in bundles. Natural colors are black, white and drab. The black ones are kept for black entirely because of the natural shade and the fine, silky down. The feathers of the male bird, says the Christian Endeavor World, are the most valuable. Also, those from a live ostrich are better than those from a dead one. The plumage of wild ones is held in higher esteem than of tame varieties. Those of the female birds and of the young rank as second quality. The white feathers are often very pure and beautiful. Those of the tail are dingy and inferior in quality. The various kinds of feathers are put into separate bags—tail feathers, wing feathers, white, black, gray. They are then graded, weighed and shipped to feather dressers, where they are washed, saved together, dyed and curled into many styles.

The E-subarrased White.

"I do not mind the notoriety so much," soliloquized the whale, after it had left Jonah on the beach, "but those smart young whales in our set will be sure to always be asking me to take something for the inner man, or to go something around about how hard it is to keep a good man down."—Baltimore American.

## GLORY OF THE GRADUATING GIRL.

### READING HER COMMENCEMENT ESSAY

SITE was on the platform reading her essay. Her eyes looked as if she had just stepped out of a flower bed. In her cheeks the animation had left its glow and her lips had robbed the roses. She was a healthy, fragrant, glowing, American girl, of a type that we love and protect and honor.

Her essay or oration? Something that told of throbbing hope and ambition and rosy skies. Hard knocks are few in the chrysalis period. Why shouldn't this graduating girl for a time believe in the entire goodness of the world; believe in perpetual sunshine? The band plays raggy music for her now; her pulses quicken and she is happy. It is well. Why should she know that further down the path there are no flowers, the hands do not play and the clouds often shut out the sun?

Let her have her good times, this Graduating Girl. Let her glory in her triumphs and be proud of her attainments. There can never be too much happiness in the world; there is always too much sorrow.



THE GIRL GRADUATE.

Down in the front row are father and mother, a man and woman who have toiled and suffered and borne much. It is the common lot. It puts deep care lines into faces, and sometimes it wrinkles hearts, but not always.

If you will look closely you will see that that old couple have just one object in their eyes—the girl. She is of their blood. She is slipping away from them as the years go by, and often the mother cries silently because of sorrow that is too deep for words. She is proud of her Graduating Girl, but her arms are empty, and there is an ache in her heart for the baby that has blossomed into a woman. Men love deeply and truly, but there is a holy affection that is denied them. Mothers know it—mothers only.

The essay! To those old folks it represents the climax of wisdom, the culmination of learning. The words flow like music, and there is a hymn in every paragraph. True affection wears rose-colored glasses, you know. And then, when it is all over, a queen goes to her home. She seems just a little bit higher and holier than any other girl, does this graduating daughter, and she talks to father about it, and to mother, and her eyes shine, there is a sob in her throat, and she discovers, all at once, that it wasn't the applause of the great world she yearned for, but the grand appreciation of an old man and an old woman; not so much a desire for fame and a career as to justify their wonderful faith in her ability.

There you have the story of a great many graduation days. They are a fine institution, and they contain much of education not found in books.—Des Moines News.

## FORT WASHINGTON HAS BEEN USED AS A STRONGHOLD SINCE PREHISTORIC TIMES

SEVERAL months ago a Washington man, who takes a deep interest in local history, read a paper before the Columbia Historical Society in which he drew attention to the fact that when Lord Cecil Calvert sailed up the Potomac in the "Ark and Dove," with the first settlers of Maryland, the first village of any considerable size which he encountered was that of the Piscataway Indians, located on the present site of Fort Washington. It was at this point that the Indians made a hostile demonstration against Calvert, who, by his tact, coolness and judgment, managed, however, to pacify the savages and bring them to terms. He showed, further, that the strategic value and importance of the rising ground on which Fort Washington now stands was recognized by the American Indians long before the advent of the whites in this country, in proof of which he cited numerous extracts and passages from old writers, showing that, at the time of the settlement of Maryland, it was here that the Piscataways had their chief stronghold; that it constituted a sort of redoubt, from which they defended their enemies, the surrounding tribes of Delaware and Powhatan, and that it was here that they gathered in great numbers to stay the advance of Lord Calvert up the Potomac River.

The fact that men think and act pretty much the same in all ages and countries, an anthropological truth only realized of late years, is thus strikingly exemplified in Fort Washington, and, of late, certain things have come to light, not only confirming the statement that the Indians recognized the military importance of the Fort Washington site, but that even paleolithic man was alive to its value as a location both for defense and offense. During the last month the officer in command at the fort awarded the contract for the leveling of a considerable area on the bluff top, which it is intended shall be used for a parade ground. The contractors and their employes have now been at work nearly four weeks, and in that period hardly a day has passed in which they have not found grounds for surprise and wonder at the unusually large number of flint arrow-heads, stone hammers and axe-heads that are unearthed by the steam plow and the picks of the workmen. The evidence is clear that far back in the stone age the dwellers along the Potomac recognized the value of the site as a place of offense and defense.

This is only one of a number of similar instances going to prove that our modern cities, forts and railroads occupy the sites of towns, forts and roadways used long prior to the landing of Columbus. Speaking of this Archer Butler Hulbert, in his recent work entitled "The Historic Highways of America," says:

"It is very wonderful that the buffalo's instinct should have found the very best courses across a continent upon whose thousand rivers such great forest were thickly strung. Yet it did, and the tripod of the white man has proved it, and human ingenuity will move constantly on paths first marked by the buffalo. It is interesting that the buffalo paths marked out the most practical paths between the heads of our rivers—paths that are closely followed to-day by the Pennsylvania, Baltimore and Ohio, Chesapeake and Ohio, Cleveland, Terminal and Valley, Wabash, and other great roads."

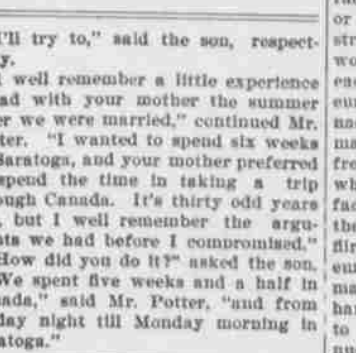
He spoke also of one striking case in point on the Baltimore and Ohio, between Grafton and Parkersburg, W. Va., where the road follows the old buffalo trail throughout its course, and of instances of tunnels where the trail runs exactly over the top of the underground passageway.

## OLDEST JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

Daniel Shaw Has Served in That Capacity Nearly 70 Years.

Probably the oldest justice of the peace, in point of service, in the county, is Daniel Shaw, of Kingsbury, Ind. He has been justice of the peace in LaPorte county for more than sixty years, and has been elected to serve in that capacity until 1908. From the date of his first election as a justice in LaPorte county to his present commission the time is seventy-one years. Mr. Shaw was born in Washington County, this State, in 1814. In 1837 he struck out into the newly opened wilderness of the far West, and in the same year was elected a justice of the peace in LaPorte county. His first court was held under a tree near what is now the settlement of Kingsbury. While at Chicago that year Mr. Shaw was offered forty acres of land for his team of oxen. The offer was refused. To-day those forty acres are worth many millions of dollars.

Mr. Shaw has never used liquor or tobacco, and notwithstanding his great age he reads and writes without the aid of glasses. He looks twenty years younger than he is and promises to live at least ten years longer.



## His Compromise.

Mr. Potter was giving his son a few words of fatherly counsel as to his treatment of his young wife.

"Now when you have any little differences of opinion," said Mr. Potter, in his most judicial manner, "if you can't persuade Margaret that you are in the right, you must compromise, my boy, compromise with a good grace."

"I'll try to," said the son, respectfully.

"I well remember a little experience I had with your mother the summer after we were married," continued Mr. Potter. "I wanted to spend six weeks at Saratoga, and your mother preferred to spend the time in taking a trip through Canada. It's thirty odd years ago, but I well remember the arguments we had before I compromised."

"How did you do it?" asked the son.

"We spent five weeks and a half in Canada," said Mr. Potter, "and from Friday night till Monday morning in Saratoga."

The Boy and the Farm.

Teachers and farmers teach the boys and girls to be honest and upright in every sense, but by all means teach them to work. It won't hurt them to do a little farm work. Send them to college if you can; but let's keep all the college boys and girls on the farm that we can, and then the farmers' interest will be looked after better. We will have better schools, better churches and better society. Insist on trying to keep the boys on the farm after they have received their education. They can keep the farm books and will lend an air of intelligence to the town. We need more educated people on the farms, when we will have less boys and girls going to the cities from the farms.

An Opinion.

"Well," said Nurich, who had been showing Kander through his new house, "what do you think of the furnishings?"

"They—er—show a great deal of taste," remarked Kander.

"Think so?"

"Yes, but it's all very bad."—Philadelphia Press.

Of course it was an Irish philosopher who said: "If you would keep your head above water you must not let the grass grow under your feet."

## Science AND INVENTION

The aurora borealis, as lately seen in the early afternoon by an English observer, appeared as a black arch with black streamers against a blue sky. The sun was shining brightly, and some bright white clouds were being driven rapidly in front of the aurora.

By means of a new system of printing called "galatry," the ordinary typewriting machine can be employed for making the matrix from which printing types are cast. By special devices the difficulty of bringing the ends of the lines into vertical adjustment and of making corrections has, it is asserted, been successfully overcome.

A rise of body temperature from 98.4 degrees F.—the normal—to 107 degrees is speedily followed by death. Drs. Halliburton and Mott find that cell-globulin coagulates at the latter temperature, and they conclude that the fatal results of high fever are due to coagulation of this protein in the cells of the nerve centers and other parts of the body.

To eye strain, usually unsuspected, Dr. George M. Gould attributes much of human misery. He finds evidence that it is indirectly responsible for the optic habit of De Quincey, caused the morbid condition and breakdowns of Carlyle, and gave Browning his headaches and vertigo. Printing books in white ink on black paper is a suggested means for lessening eye strain.

According to W. E. D. Scott, of Princeton University, there is special cruelty in the manner of killing birds in Florida for use on women's hats. The hunters take advantage of the devotion of the parent bird to their young by lying in wait near the nests, before the young birds are able to fly, knowing that their cries will bring back the parents again and again, in spite of the disturbance made by the slaughterers. With Flobert rifles the devoted birds are picked off at a distance of only ten or twelve feet.

Reptiles and amphibians are attracted to water from such distances that Dr. Werner, of Vienna, supposes they must be endowed with a special sense. Sight is found to be the most acute of their ordinary senses, but alligators and crocodiles see a man not more than two times their own length, frogs see about fifteen or twenty times their own length, fishes not more than half their own length, and snakes only one-fourth or one-eighth of their own length. Most reptiles and amphibians are totally deaf. None are entirely without taste; and the snake's tongue rapidly vibrating in the air, seems to feel objects without actually touching them.

Some fifteen years ago a Virginia gentleman purchased in Alexandria, Egypt, from a native who had found it in the wall of a building broken during a conflagration, what appeared to be a mass of corroded copper weighing twenty pounds. It was kept as a memento, until recently it was found to consist of about 500 Roman coins, struck in the days of the early Caesars. Professor Dunington, of the University of Virginia, finds that the coins contain one part of silver to four of copper, but when dipped in acid a part of the copper disappears, leaving a silvery surface, which "weathers" as a white metal. He believes the coins passed for silver. The mass had become encrusted with a double skin of malachite and of red oxide of copper, and remarkable changes had gone on within, although the lettering and the dates remained legible.

## WARDS OFF THE LIGHTNING.

Clothing Warranted to Protect Wearer from Electric Strokes.

Thanks to the researches of a Russian savant, man may now, like Joe, defy the lightning's stroke. He has invented a garment that is said to be a certain protection against a stroke of the electric fluid. It is light and flexible and does not in the least interfere with the movements of the wearer. The garment is made of fine gauze, of brass threads, and consists of a shirt and trousers that reach below the feet. The sleeves end in gloves that are provided with buttons for fastening. A hood covers the head, buttoning on the body part of the safety garment.

When the wearer of this garment approaches too near the current of an electric machine, instead of harming him, the current is conducted to the ground by the suit of gauze and the person inside experiences no inconvenience. The wearer of this suit can stand between the two poles of a high-tension current of electricity and the sparks will pass from one to the other across his intervening body without shocking him, the discharge going through the metallic covering.

The inventor of the lightning protector donned his gauze garment and placed himself under a conductor that had a tension of 50,000 volts. With his hands, his elbows, his arms and his head he was attracted brilliant sparks, but he was not the least inconvenienced. He grasped with his hands two electrodes of 1,000 volts pressure and caused to pass through the protective garment electricity amounting to 100 amperes, a current so strong that when he withdrew his hands an electric spark two feet long shot out from the machine. At the termination of the experiments it was found that the gauze garment had not been damaged by the sparks, with the exception of small holes at the points of contact, that did not impair the protecting action of the invention.

A Piccadilly Rebuke.

Even pickpockets should have clean hands. One tried to remove the valuables of a Piccadilly "irreproachable" as he sauntered to his club the other morning.

The irreproachable seized the thief by the wrist, gazed at his filthy paw, and funged it from him with disgust, saying:

"For goodness sake, my good man, wash your hands before you put them in a gentleman's pocket."—London Express.

There are some positions that seem to require men who don't know very much.

Egypt, the flies were thick and venomous. I myself had to keep a small horse hair whisk busy waving them from my head and eyes. But there these women sat with the flies swarming over their eyes, while their hands, and never so much as lifted a hand. A cow or horse would have lashed out vigorously, but they made no move.

"What is the use?"—that was their thought, if they thought of the matter at all. They would only come back again."

High and low, rich and poor, their lot is one of legal slavery. Marriage is a purchase. The market price of girls has been falling steadily, until, in the lower classes, a girl without exceptional charms is a drug on the market. Fifty dollars, or even less, will purchase a good animal, sound in wind and limb. I was much amused by a talk which I held with a young Arab of fashion, a man of exceptional intelligence. He was about to be married. His father had just bought him a wife, whom he went through the first time. He was tremendously elated over the fact that she was a large, fine specimen of a woman, and was correspondingly grateful to his father for the liberality of the gift.

## GETS ROYALTY FROM KIPLING.

Bright American Boy Suggested a Series of Stories to English Author.

Mr. Doubleday, who is one of the American publishers of the books of Rudyard Kipling, has a small son who is bound to make his mark in the business world. When in America Mr. Kipling was a frequent visitor at the Doubleday home and the small boy's admiration quickly grew to devotion. He watched with the most fervent interest every step of progress in a book Mr. Kipling was writing, and he had a moment of real ecstasy when he held in his hand the first finished volume. One day he came to his father with an eager, questioning face.

"Papa," he asked, "don't you believe Mr. Kipling is going to write any more children's stories, something like the 'Jungle Book,' you know?"

"Don't know, my son," answered Mr. Doubleday, "but I wish he would."

"I've been thinking," said the boy slowly, "and I've been writing a letter about it to Mr. Kipling. I think he could make great stories out of 'Where the Camel Got His Hump' and about 'What the Elephant Puts in His Trunk,' don't you?"

"Do you mind if I send him the letter?"

"Not at all, Mr. Kipling will be delighted to hear from you."

"And now, papa, I want to make a business proposition. If Mr. Kipling should write some of these stories I have asked him to and if you should publish them and they should sell like hot cakes, would you be willing to pay me 1 per cent royalty for thinking up new plots?"

"I shall be most happy to, my boy."

"And draw up a regular contract as you do with authors?"

"Certainly."

"And advance me 5 cents now off my royalties to mail a letter to Mr. Kipling?"

Mr. Doubleday gravely laid a nickel in the boy's hand.

The contract was drawn up that afternoon.

One month later came a cordial letter from the famous author to say that the suggestions were fine, exactly what he wanted, and that already he was at work on the first story.

Last Christmas Master Doubleday received his first check, the royalties of 1 per cent on the "Just So Stories." It amounted to \$300.

## WOMEN OF THE ORIENT.

No Place in All the World So Good as Cairo to Study Them.

In no other city of the Orient has one so good an opportunity to study the women of the east as in Cairo. In this, the "melting pot" of the Moslem races, Persians, Arabs, Turks and Greeks, together with a half dozen other races, dwell side by side, mixing with the native Egyptians.

Women of all these races are on parade every afternoon on the Hosniy or Mohammed-All street, the shopping street for the rich residents. All these women walk abroad heavily veiled, each one closely accompanied by a eunuch. In these afternoon promenade—for shopping is with them mainly an excuse for a sort of half-freedom—they show by their eyes, which are the only parts of their faces not hidden by their veils, that they would not be averse to a little flirtation, but the alert, scowling eunuch keeps them moving on.

The masculine acquaintance of the Mohammedan woman of Cairo is limited to her husband and her attendant eunuch.

The promenade is their one glimpse of freedom. Otherwise they dream their lives away in vacancy. None of them can read. Education is not permitted to eastern women. They have no part, practically, in the Mohammedan religion, which is a man's faith. This ignorance and vacuity of life belongs to all classes, high and low. Their life is an animal one. Under these circumstances, it is not strange that the women of the Orient are usually better and finer physical specimens than their men. They have nothing to do but cultivate their bodies.

The Copts are exceptions. They are Christians, and while the men have their women about to an extent unknown in the west, they are still free as angels as compared to the Moslem women. Even among the Copts, however, there is a certain amount of polygamy.

If the life of the aristocratic woman is one of vacancy, that of the low caste woman is one of absolute slavery. They are made burden bearers from the age of 10 or 12. They, too, are fine animals.

I have often watched a group of these women sitting at rest along the river banks. There they sat, staring at nothing and doubtless thinking of the same thing. As is usual in