

"I LOVE YOU, DEAR."

She looked at him with quick surprise. She looked at him with tear-brimmed eyes. Her tight-closed hand no motion shaped. No word her curling lips escaped. His eyes were bright, his voice was clear; He only said: "I love you, dear!"

Her eyes were deep with anger's hue. They softened into tender blue; The haughty curve her lip forsook; Her hand lay open on her book. Then as he spoke he drew more near. And said again: "I love you, dear!"

Where sweet love dwells wrath can not stay; Her smiles chased all the tears away. She looked at him, "Ah, do not fear. I too, can say, 'I love you, dear!'" His smile replied "Our hearts are near."

His words were still: "I love you, dear!" Ah! when the fire of anger burns, And all life's sweet is bitter turns, When eyes are flashing, lips close set, Prepared to storm and to regret; Then happy we if Great Heart near Have strength to say: "I love you, dear!"

"OUR OWN FOLKS."

Mrs. Montague was the mother of thirteen children, all grown up excepting the two youngest, and married and settled within visiting distance of the old homestead. Mr. Montague seemed like one of the old patriarchs when the children and grandchildren all came home to Thanksgiving; and Mrs. Montague was addressed by the minister when he called as "a mother in Israel."

The Montagues were very well off now. Mr. Montague had for years been adding acre to acre and field to field; but he and his wife had begun poor, and there was as much difference in the bringing up of their oldest son and their youngest one as if they had belonged to different families.

There were three sons born before there was a daughter in the house; consequently the oldest boy from his remembrance had been kept at work both in doors and out. "When he was only three years old," his mother said, "I used to tie the Nelson into a little low rocking chair and give him the baby to hold. He cheerily sang 'Do ra do ra' and was a happy child." But his strong healthy parents little realized how the child Nelson dreamed at night of rocking the baby and was still at work even while he slept. His parents never seemed to realize that his little legs could get tired, running here and there on errands all over the farm and all over the house. There was always so much to be done on a New England farm.

Mr. and Mrs. Montague were always up early and late. There were the cows to milk, the butter and cheese to be made, plowing, planting, haying, harvesting; then when winter came though there were plenty of apples and potatoes in the cellar, with corn and nuts in the attic, there was plenty of work still. The wood to be cut up and chopped, the apples to be pared and dried, spinning to be done, and a pile of stockings to be knit for the many little feet that kept coming to their home.

As one of the girls said, long afterward, when relating an incident of her girlhood: "I went to our neighbor Blossom and took the baby with me; I do not remember which, there always was one." She met a young man at this neighbor's house who accompanied her part of the way home and carried the baby. That young man she afterward married. And his part of the story was: "Ethel looked so maternally with that sweet child in her arms that I wanted to propose at once."

Little Nelson had none of the leisure moments that generally finds of his age enjoy. The farm house was by no means furnished with modern conveniences. Nelson had wood and water to bring from a distance for his mother, who not only did the housework for all the family, but also cut and made by hand all the garments that were worn by them; though she did not spin and weave and dye the cloth, as her mother had done, and so her tasks were, accordingly, considered light by contrast. In those days there were no sewing machines heard of. Thus the winter evenings as well as the summer days witnessed no idle moments in his young life there was a little rake provided for Nelson, who thought it very manly to rake after the cart; and his father boasted that his little boy saved him 75 cents per day in hay time. The consequence of all this was that their oldest son grew up hardy and tough, though his growth was checked by overwork. His parents saw too late that they had kept him, when almost a baby, turning the grindstone, picking up apples and potatoes, and while yet a growing lad had expected a man's constant hard labor from their first-born; but with their industrious habits and ambition to get on in the world, they had not realized that the uncomplaining child was being stunted in his growth.

But it was far different with his youngest brother, who was more than twenty years his junior. Little Eben had no younger brother to care for at home, and at school his evenings were free to read the juvenile publications that were abundantly supplied, and plenty of such books as never entered the house while Nelson was at home; for Nelson had married young, and had now a home of his own, but was still a hard-working man. Laughingly he often said: "I must have been born on Saturday. To work hard for a living has been my lot."

Later, Eben, the youngest, was sent to college. After having had the benefit of a classical education he studied for a profession, but ultimately became a teacher in a high school, where his life work was appreciated by parents and pupils. Nelson was proud of his young brother, and never manifested a particle of envy that so much more had been done for Eben than for himself. Memories were his

of the hardships of his parents, and he was glad that it had been his privilege to be an assistant to them in their early struggles.

Some members of the Montague family had married poor, and with little families growing up around them, they often came home asking "mother" for this or that that was lying unused about the old home and which would be of great convenience to them. "The mother always gave freely and cheerfully, and encouraged their asking; yet, from force of habit, she almost invariably said: "Yes, you can have it; but if you wasn't our own folks you'd not get it. Or, 'I suppose, being our own folks, you must have it.'" The children understood their mother's favorite expression, and hardly heard it; at least it made no impression upon them to prevent their asking for other things, as, indeed, she had no desire that it should.

When Mary, the oldest daughter, was married, the Montagues were not as well off as they were later. But things had accumulated in the house, for Mr. Montague had his peculiarity as well as his wife, and his habit was to attend auctions—vendue it was then called generally, a French word meaning sale, or sold off, and pronounced by them vendoo. From such sales Mr. Montague brought home many unnecessary articles, of which they already had duplicates in the house; but instead of scolding her husband's wasting money, Mrs. Montague selected the best of the many articles and put them away, wisely nodding her head and saying to herself, "This will do for Mary to begin with."

Mrs. Montague had married young and took it for granted that her children would do the same. When Mary was married and needed a "setting out" what with the taxes to pay and the carpenters who were building him a new barn, Mr. Montague had little ready money. However, for all practical purposes, Mary had a plentiful outfit from home. Still, though her mother parted with a few things that she herself needed, she was constantly telling the neighbors as they came in, in her loud, cheerful tones; "Mary has just robbed me; but then she would add: 'Well, well, you know, Mary's our own folks.'"

In due time the old cradle was brought down out of the garret, for Mary's first baby, and then again it was all for "our own folks." The years went on as years do, and while every new requisition upon Mrs. Montague was freely granted and in her heart she felt it a privilege to give, still the ungracious words fell from her lips, "I suppose you must have it as you are our own folks."

Grandchildren and great grandchildren sat at the Montague board, and reverently and heartily Mr. Montague an old man now, thanked the All-Father for the blessing of long life and prosperity and the many olive plants about the table. Mrs. Montague though past the threescore years and to that David enjoyed life, still remained mistress of her own home and dispensed the sweet charities of life. Often and again she sent a poor neighbor into her pantry and bade her help herself and take a share home to the children; and many a child remembers with grown-up pleasure the apples he was sure to be welcomed to on Mrs. Montague's back porch. Her early habits of industry, acquired when it was necessary to economize, were still one feature of her daily life; and though later generations might smile at her thrift, not unfrequently were they glad to avail themselves of the results of her industry and economy.

But all at once the springs of life, seemed dry; and, as her husband truly said, "Wife seems to have lost her grip on life." The old family physician was summoned. "Really," said he, "you seem like a clock just about run down."

"Yes," feebly responded Mrs. Montague; "and I did not send for you to wind up the old clock, my life is about over. I've had a long and busy life; but now I'm going to die, and never thought anything about dying before. I sent for you not to doctor me, but to tell me about dying."

"Oh," mentally exclaimed the old physician, "no sooner had I come to years of discretion than I thought about dying and settled the matter to my satisfaction." It was such a surprise to the doctor that any one could live to old age and never think about dying, in the dying world, that at first he made no response. But Mrs. Montague did not notice; for she was too busy with her own thoughts, new thoughts about dying.

The doctor also asked himself before speaking: "Why did she not send for the minister?" But, at last, after some preliminary observations, he quoted the beautiful passage that has comforted so many dying beds, "For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

The physician felt sure that the invalid had saving faith in Christ as the Son of God, our Saviour. But she had said that she had never thought about dying, and he could not freely express such thoughts, so he repeated the fourth verse of the 23rd Psalm: "Though I walk through the valley of death, I will fear no evil; for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me."

"I have learned," said Mrs. Montague "on that staff all my days, and trust in God has held me up; but now it is a matter of dying that I have come to, and what shall I do?"

"Still trust," responded the doctor. She looked at him with unsatisfied and questioning eyes though she did not speak. "Theoretically," mused the doctor, "but practically, practically" and he asked for a prayer book and read the beautiful prayer for the sick beginning: "O God, whose days are without end, and whose mercies cannot be numbered, make us, we beseech Thee, deeply sensible of the shortness and uncertainty of human life."

saying: "We are His own folks if we receive Him."

"Oh," brightly exclaimed Mrs. Montague, "what more natural than that God should do for His own folks." The familiar words "own folks," had touched her heart, and she happily and clearly said: "I've been doing that all my days."

And the good doctor thought: "The Lord had helped me in my infirmity to say the word that this woman needed to help her across."

The dying woman now seemed perfectly satisfied and asked no more questions; but after that was often heard to murmur pleasantly to herself: "Yes, we are His own folks, just the Lord's own folks, and living or dying He will do what is best for us." —Mrs. E. E. Orcutt.

TYPESETTERS IN JAPAN.

Each Compositor Handles 4,000 Different Pieces of Metal.

There are very keen journalists in Japan, but it must be allowed that the business is carried on under difficulties from which even the hardened Western newspaper man might be excused from shrinking. The Japanese written and printed characters consist of the Chinese ideographs, those complicated, square figures made up of an apparent jumble of zigzags and crosses and ticks and triangles and tails—the footprints of a drunken fly—and of the original Japanese syllabary called kana.

Of the former there are 20,000 in all, of which perhaps 14,000 constitute the scholar's vocabulary, and no fewer than 4,000 are in daily use, while the forty-seven simple characters of the kana are known to everybody. Therefore, the Japanese compositor has to be prepared to place in his stick any one of over 4,000 different types—truly an appalling task.

From the nature of the problem several consequences follow. First, he must be somewhat of a scholar himself to recognize all these instantly and accurately. Secondly, his sight suffers fearfully, and he generally wears a large pair of magnifying goggles; and, thirdly, as it is physically impossible for any man to reach 4,000 types a totally different method of arrangement has to be devised.

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OUR WOBBLY EARTH.

It is Poised Delicately and Slightest Vibrations Are Noticeable.

The discovery that the axis of the earth is not fixed in direction, but to cause the north pole itself to revolve once in every fourteen months that it swings round in such a way as round a circle ten yards in diameter, is now generally accepted as an established fact.

It is evident that such a wobbling of the earth's axis of rotation, small though it be, must produce some effect upon the level of the ocean at its shores, and an examination of the very careful records, which have been kept for more than forty years, of the height of the tide in the canal at Helder, in Holland, was recently made for the purpose of determining whether such an effect could be perceived.

The result of the examination showed that the average level of the water had varied with great regularity, in a recurring period of fourteen months, ever since the tide records were begun in 1851.

The inference is that this regular change of level must be due to the swinging round of the axis of the earth. The amount by which the level changes—a little less than five-eighths of an inch—also corresponds to the calculated change that should result from the proposed cause.

So we are gradually learning to appreciate how delicately the ponderous earth is poised as it swings in its vast orbit round the sun, and how even the slightest tipping this way and that of the great axis of the globe.—Baltimore Herald.

The Man Who Walks.

If a person really wishes to enjoy an interesting bit of scenery there is but one way to do it. It cannot be done from the window of a railroad train, nor even from the saddle of a bicycle. A carriage or a horse's back is better, but the best way of all is to use your own feet. The pedestrian can see a landscape or other bit of natural scenery from view-points which are not possible to those who trust to an artificial conveyance. The longer time which he will take in coming up to it gives him a better appreciation of it. It grows upon him as it gradually gets within his vision. People who walk little, miss the least exquisite and the very best menus of outdoor enjoyment. If pedestrianism should become the fashionable fad that bicycling now is, it would be a national blessing.—Buffalo Express.

Fashionable Anyhow.

First Clerk—That's all the thanks a fellows gets. Here I've had my pay reduced after making a horse of myself.

Second Clerk—Well, there's one satisfaction to you. Docked horses are considered extremely stylish.—Boston Transcript.

THE PASSING OF THE SPIRIT.

The wind, the world-old rhapsodist, goes by. And the great pines, in changelike vesture gloomed. And all the towering elm trees, thatched and plumed With green, take up, one after one, the cry: And as their choral voices swell and die.

Catching the infinite note from others far off, in long antistrophe, With swaying arms and surging tops reply. So to men's souls, at sacred intervals, Out of the dust of life takes wing and calls

A spirit that we know not nor can trace; And heart to heart makes answer with strange thrill; It passes, and a moment, face to face. We dream ourselves immortal, and are still.

A WRESTLING LION.

An Interview With Bernhard's New Property.

Mr. Cross is the "universal provider" of "wild beasts," and his firm, represented successively by his father and himself during the last fifty years, has made the name of "Massa Cross" a household word on every hilltop and in every swamp by its liberal purchases of the fauna of every country.

"Well, Mr. Cross, I have come to see your wrestling lion not only as an observer, but as a critic."

"I am sure that I shall be able to answer every question, and to meet your minutest inspection. But, as regards the proprietorship, I must tell you that he belongs to Mme. Sarah Bernhardt. You are probably aware of her great interest in all animals and her love of making wild beasts her domestic pets. Directly she had seen the wrestling lion and had noticed his extreme docility, she insisted on possessing him, I didn't want to sell him. I had been doing very good business for some time past with him in the provinces, so I named what I hoped would be a prohibitive sum—\$1000. However, Madame took him at that price—the highest ever paid for a lion. I have met Mme. Bern-



Mme. Bernhardt's Lion.

hardt frequently. She never omits to visit my repository in Earle street when she comes to Liverpool—indeed, Mr. Irving and the leading lights of the drama generally look in. I recollect on one occasion a number of my snakes got loose, and I think you would have been amused if you had seen the great actress entering into the chase with the greatest ardor possible."

I glanced for a moment at the sacred six-legged Indian cow and the quaint Java monkeys, but when I reached Sarah Bernhardt's lion I wanted nothing else to see.

Marco is undoubtedly an extraordinarily fine example of his species and in the pink of condition. Fourteen pounds of finest beef are administered to him during the twelve hours of daily exhibition.

"Now tell me all you know, Mr. Cross, about this lion."

"I got him as a cub, and immediately I was struck with his extreme docility; he 'took down' all other specimens I have had—and I have had scores of them—as regards evenness of temper. With all animal training, especially lions, it is better policy to be kind. Directly you introduce the whip or stick, good-by to teaching tricks. Marco has been in training over two years. But here comes Clyto, who has been with me five years, and who will presently wrestle with the lion."

Then there approached a good looking young man, 23 years of age, clad in a smart tunic, the left breast of which was decorated with three or four medals—one especially attracted my attention, as on the reverse side it bore the inscription that it was the gift of W. E. Gladstone. By and by he retired to put on his wrestling suit, which, I noticed as he entered the cage, bore in its raggedness unmistakable evidence of the severe contests he had had with the lion.

Before Clyto was within a yard or two of the cage, the lion appeared to scent him, was up and alert, and began to put round Clyto's legs, as would a pet cat on his entering the cage. "Up," said Clyto, and the lion placed a paw over each of his shoulders, with his head dangerously near his keeper's face. Then the struggle began. A twist or two, and Clyto had thrown by a buttock twist, the lion on his back on the floor of the den with a thud. A piece of meat was then the reward of the vanquished. Again there was a prolonged struggle, and this time the lion had thrown Clyto, and was on top of him. Clyto lay for a moment quite still, with the heavy weight of the beast upon him. Then he began to wriggle quietly, with the intent evidently to get from under his load. At last he got free, and was up in a trice and leaped against the bars, panting for breath. The next feat was getting the lion to sit on a chair; when there, Clyto, retired to the other side of the cage, and placed a piece of meat in his mouth. Then, with a jump, the lion sprang on his keeper and took the beefsteak from his mouth, but Clyto had the breath knocked out of him by the heavy impact of the beast. Clyto's next feat was to sweep out the cage, but he

seemed to care little whether he kept his face to his charge or not. While this was being done the lion proceeded to play with the chair as a cat would with a reel of cotton. Evidently the show was nearly over; but, before the keeper left, the lion had got cheeky and made rather a nasty charge, and began to wrestle, and so ardently that Clyto exclaimed: "Come, come! that's enough! This is a bit too rough. Give over, will you!"

A short struggle then ensued, and Clyto's head appeared likely to be bitten off; but Clyto succeeded in throwing the lion off and then dealt him a backhand on the face, by way of admonition to better manners. The keeper then deftly slipped out. It was a splendid show.

"Is there much danger, Mr. Cross?" I asked.

"I think the lion has been too well trained. However, what risk there is seems to be appreciated, for I have noticed that some people come to every show, perhaps on the principle that actuated the conduct of those who never missed seeing Van Amburgh of old place his head in the lion's mouth."

"People will sure ask me if the lion is drugged?"

"My best answer is to ask you to give them the evidence of your own eyes. If the animal had been so treated, could he be so alert?"

"But how about the claws? Are they drawn?"

"An answer Clyto showed me the lion's paws. There could be no doubt about the power of his majesty's claws."

HELD BY A LIVE WIRE.

Wrapped Around a Car—The Passengers Made Prisoners.

The fifteen passengers on Clifford Avenue Car No. 289 last evening, between 5 and 6 o'clock, had an experience on Massachusetts avenue, near Delaware street, which they will never forget. The motorman and conductor will probably remember the accident for some time, as will each of the hundred or more persons who witnessed it. The car was bound northward, and the trolley wire broke before Delaware street was reached. The live wire wound around and around the car, making the passengers prisoners. The motorman dared not touch the brake. Mrs. Barbara Cregle attempted to jump and received injuries which may result fatally. The live wire became wound so tight about the car that the car stopped, and those aboard crept carefully out.

The accident was one of the strangest which has resulted since the advent of the overhead wires. In most cases where the trolley wire was broken the wire had fallen harmlessly to one side and little danger had resulted. Yesterday the wire became fastened in some manner to the car, and the danger there would be in shutting off the current or putting on the brake. All that could be done was to allow the car to run. Fifty feet of the wire was wound about the car, some of it becoming fastened along the side where the passengers would have to get off. The motorman was a prisoner, not daring to move a foot for fear of coming in contact with the live wire and not knowing what moment the wire would be brought in contact with him. He first saw the situation, and cried to the passengers to keep their seats. The conductor had to forcibly put several passengers down in their seats. The wire was playing all around the car, and a passenger, in jumping, would have run a great risk in striking it. Several of the passengers screamed and became panic-stricken. Mrs. Cregle risked the wire and jumped, although the car was going rather fast. She fell to the pavement badly injured, and was taken to the drug store of R. I. Eads. It was discovered that she had suffered an injury to her knee, and it is feared she sustained internal injuries by the fall.

The wire broke south of Delaware street, and the car came to a stop a few yards north of the crossing, being brought to a standstill by the mass of wire. While several men held the wire away from the car the passengers alighted, greatly relieved. They all ran to a place of safety. The wire, from where it broke to where the car stopped, was torn from its fastenings. The repair wagon was called, and in half an hour's time the damage was repaired. The street car traffic of the north end line was delayed for some time because of the accident. Fully 1,000 people gathered around the drug store where Mrs. Cregle was carried. It was reported that several persons were badly injured, but she was the only one hurt.—Indianapolis Journal.

THE CHANGED RUBIES.

Clever Piece of Substitution, and the Offender Never Discovered.

There seems no end to the curious stories about jewels lost and stolen. One of the latest is that of Mrs. A., who recently took a pair of large ruby solitaires to be reset at —, where they had been purchased. The morning after the maid brought her the card of the firm, saying a gentleman wished to see her, and, on going down to the drawing room, she found one of the clerks, who told her that the stones, which were apparently of great value, were, in reality, false and worthless.

Very much agitated over the intelligence, Mrs. A. asserted that the jewels had never left her possession since their purchase, and claimed that the fraud must have been perpetrated before she received them. This, of course, the firm denied, but the feeling on the subject became very bitter on both sides, and detectives were employed by both to ferret out the mystery. When a former butler of Mrs. A. was proved to be a discharged clerk of the well known jeweler, the inference was obvious, although no proof against the man has been found, and the jewels have never been recovered.—Boston Gazette.

It is not generally known that, size for size, a thread of spider silk is decidedly tougher than a bar of steel. An ordinary thread will bear a weight of three grains. This is just about 50 per cent stronger than a steel thread of the same thickness.

A SAND-STORM AT DONGOLA.

The Perturbation It Carried to the Tent of a Newspaper Correspondent.

Dongola was visited yesterday by a sand-storm—no idea the most dreadful of storms. Was there ever such a one before? Millions, I suppose; but I never experienced one so bad. I must really use the penny-a-liner's very convenient expression, "It baffles all description," and for that reason I shall describe it. Our respected friend the penny-a-liner, I observe, after stating that a thing baffled description, invariably tries to describe it. Why, then, should not I? Middy, everything sweltering and seething in the sun that happens to be exposed to it; everybody bubbling—positively bubbling—with perspiration that happens to be in the shade; thermometer looks as if it would burst—I am afraid to say how high the mercury has risen—in fact, the perspiration pours so into my eyes that I can not see the small figures. Rock and sand pain the eye by their glare. A black, dense, mud-colored cloud suddenly appears on the horizon at the south, at first a speck, then growing larger and larger, rolling rapidly toward us, now in the distance, now nearer and nearer. Down go tents and up in the air go straw huts and sheds, while the palm branches wave and nod like the plumes of a hearse caught in a gale, or of the helmet of a knight at a mad gallop. On, on, it rolls, that grimy, fast riding cloud. Now I can not see twenty yards ahead of me. The landscape is suddenly enveloped in a black shroud. It bursts upon my hotel. Away, away, away go my half-answered home letters. Who shall catch them? "Go; run after them; quickly, quickly, boy." I am enveloped in sand. Over goes my only globe lamp—crash! My bottle of seven days' allowance of lime-juice—it totters and capsizes. Down come the spiders, and away bolt the rats—whom I encourage to run about and eat the scorpions, centipedes, and white ants. In comes a flock of little crimson-headed bats, and tumble exhausted. I have no doors or windows to be blown in, and there is no fear of a shower of broken glass, such as I have seen during a sirocco on the shores of the Levant. Books, sketches, writing paper, manuscript, linen, lie scattered on the floor. I was going to say—no, the earth—we have no floors here in Ethiopia—buried in a moment in black dust; and over goes my only bottle of cognac, kept for medical purposes. Luckily the cork was in. But the only bottle of whisky an Irish friend had been at; he had left the cork out; it was light, not much balance left, and over it went. An aroma of mountain dew pervades the room. Bisallah! It was to have accompanied me across the desert to Wady Halfa, where some say Cambyse lost his army, though others near Meroc.

I put my head out of my window, was I going to write?—I mean a square hole in one of the four mud walls forming what is called by courtesy a house. I was blinded as quickly as any inhabitant of the cities of the plain was by the hand of the angel. My eyes were instantly filled with sand, every molecule of which was a burning spark—every particle a scintillation. It warned me to find my way to my—washing stand; I mean my pile of old wooden cases, on which was carefully balanced my basin—an old biscuit tin, with a classically-shaped red amphora in it. Finding it at length I cleansed my eyes smarting with the fiery dust, and put on a pair of huge green goggles—all glass; these are the only kind that keep out the sand. Thus armed, I looked forth into the moving mountain of sand. A burning blast, like unto the breath of a fiery furnace, scorches my face, dries up my skin, stopping every pore. I look unto the heavens. The sun was a blood-red ball of fire, floating "all in a hot and copper sky," while along the horizon hung a lurid light, such as one sees on the ocean before a storm.

In the distance trees, huts, and tents were invisible; but near one could just make out the winding, lead-colored Nile, lashed into billows. A dense cloud, which enveloped all, seemed raining fire. The atmosphere as if seething, boiling, spluttering. And now waiting, whirling along the banks come the "devils" (shaytans), as the Arabs call them, the sand spouts—serial giants—each indulging in a pas seul, their huge, fantastic figures rearing their heads from earth to heaven. One is reminded of the *djin* of the "Arabian Nights" let out of the casket in which King Solomon had sealed him up, and rising as a tall column of smoke. How grim and gruesome are they! No doubt the fanciful ghouls, efreets, ad geni of Arab folk-lore drew their origin from such as these.

And a destructive element are these rolling, spiral sand billows—powerful agents of disintegration, having a grinding, roughing action on rocks and stones—as they ride the whirlwind, accelerating destruction a country replete with decaying pedigrees of decay—a country where all changes are not of life, but of destruction—where the characteristics of the scenery around are heaps of rocks breaking into fragments. And these gusts of sand penetrate everywhere, into clefts and fissures of stones, eating into and sapping their foundations, and acting with immense mechanical strength, lifting and rolling rock over rock. There is a weird and ghastly dance all around, in a dull and lurid glare. Now I am enveloped in a heaving mountain of sand; the air is stifling, my mouth is parched, speech is impossible without wetting the lips, the tongue is swollen. I never before properly understood "the darkness of the Egyptian plague" which "could be felt." Half an hour—the sand tornado has swept by. I can hear the rush of scared horses, mules, donkeys, and cattle, as they rush madly by, having broken loose; the tremendous guttural roar and grunting of camels, the howling of dogs, and the shrill screeching of vultures and kites flying before the gale. All nature groans. Half an hour—the Dongola carnival of the wild elements of the "Soutan" is over.—London News.