

"IF" - TO MY WIFE.

If you should come and rest by me, and stand, Or lean upon the elbow of my chair...

And whisper softly in my hungry ears The phrase to us, and to us only known...

Oh, listen darling; enough the feet have strayed, And now for weary days I have not felt...

Though far my recent lamb hath gone, Feet, hands and lips, I loved and kissed...

So, therefore, tell me how could I Give welcome to thee shouldst thou come...

Enshrouded with my deepest heart, Embalmed and held, engraved and kept...

I could not welcome what is here, Nor greet the coming which one stays...

And rising, clasped thus in these arms, And hid thee look within my heart and see...

Wouldst thou quiet thee and hold these fast, Assure thee, whisper, "Darling, thou art come!"

One Ahead.

Alma Tadema said a good thing the other day. It was at a dinner party, when the guests were talking of the exchange of genius between England and America.

For every actor, singer, lecturer, or person of note sent here by England the United States made a return. There was Booth for Irving, Mary Anderson for Ellen Terry...

Modern Dress Vulgarizing.

Could one of the old Greek sculptors be transported into a modern drawing room he would surely wonder less than we have no better art than that of the modern dress...

The Super's Princely Stipend.

Taken at its best the lot of a theatrical "super" is not a particularly desirable one, nor is that of the "captain" to be regarded in a much more enviable light.

Distinctly American.

Scargill declared that an Englishman is never happy but when he is miserable; a Scotchman is never at home but when he is abroad; and an Irishman is at peace only when he is fighting.

In a similar way we may say that an American is never at rest except when he is at work.

To drop paradoxes, the busy man in our country is the happy man, and never so happy as when he is busiest.

I remember reading somewhere that in Persia, I believe it is, when one sets out to buy a rug or a piece of tapestry on which he has set his heart, he is expected to spend a fortnight at least in the purchase.

At the first visit he simply surveys the shopkeeper, casts a careless glance over the shop and departs. The next time he looks at a rug curiously, but with no show of interest in the article as a would-be purchaser.

The third time he examines the article on which he is intent, and the fourth time inquires the price, which is fixed by the shopkeeper at about ten times its real value.

At the succeeding visit the price is reduced a trifle, and so on until a fair figure is reached, and the trade is consummated.

There are many countries on the globe where such dallying would be regarded as a waste of time both by the seller and the buyer, but it is in America where the transaction would be most ridiculed, and where anything approaching such haggling would be denominated the veriest tomfoolery.

The American type is not fixed, it is in the formative stage, but so far as it has got it may be denominated a type of frankness, of promptness, and of independence.

The genuine American is not a sycophant. He is not a hypocrite. He is not afraid of "Americanisms," or ashamed of American customs and American manners.

He does not ape special forms solely because they are foreign forms. He is not afraid of being singular because he is natural.

"Here's a man who, like Silas Wegg, has all print open to him, and who is equal to 'collaring and throwing' the ablest dabbler in words on the continent of Europe." But after all, there was a sense of humiliation that so capable a man should think it a matter of such vast moment to convince European critics that we had not used a very appropriate term without the example and sanction of their blessed old ancestors...

This is not the independence of the genuine American. The sturdy, progressive, independent American, to whom the country must look for its growth and its grandeur, is not ashamed of his origin, however humble.

And the fact is, this sturdy, independent, this progressive type is found in and is to be preserved and perpetuated to a great extent by the men of the west, aided in certain ways by the south.

I am not very partial to southern manners and customs, but there is one trait about our brethren down there which can be most heartily admired. These manners are their own. Whatever there is about them that is admirable is of their own production, and has not been imported.

Moreover, they are not ashamed to carry their manners, their pronunciation, and their dress into the most pretentious circles. They do not assume to be Englishmen or Scotchmen or Frenchmen residing merely in America, but Americans, sans peur and sans reproche.

And this very assumption or quiet confidence in themselves half gives them the battle. The eastern cities are permeated with the English idea. It has invaded society, influences dress and affects speech.

The draw of English affectation salutes one's ears from the lips of men high in public station. But you hear it not in the west, and there, except as a traveling curiosity, you shall not find it.

Is it because culture has not yet built its palaces there? Perhaps! And yet away out in the wilds of western Dakota I counted the other day in a miscellaneous party of twenty ladies and gentlemen, four graduates of Yale, two from Cornell, one from Princeton, one from Vassar, one from Ann Arbor, two from West Point, and one from the University of Chicago.

Education, therefore, if not culture, has reached even the plains of the far west. But what is better still, the American idea has not only reached there, but finds itself indigenous to the soil; the idea that this is a nation, distinct, independent, intelligent—a nation big enough to stand alone, proud of its history and its characteristics, broad and generous enough to admire excellence wherever found, but independent enough to reject shams whether native or of foreign growth.

New View of Meteors.

A new view of meteors and their source is announced by W. F. Denning. He observes that these bodies radiate from a common point, not only for a few successive nights, but that in some cases the radiation has been noted for many months. Now we know that in six months the earth moves to the opposite side of the sun—some one hundred and eighty-six million miles away from its first position.

If, then, the meteor drift is parallel in two points so distant from each other and in all intermediate places, it is evident that there must be, not a narrow ring of meteors encircling the sun, but a broad belt of moving bodies drifting past the sun, and planets, not strictly members of the solar system, and moving with so great a velocity of their own that the attraction of the sun is insufficient to deflect them materially from their original direction.

Whence they derived this velocity it is useless to conjecture. We know that comets sometimes thus come in from outside the limits of the solar system, and we have been led to expect a relation between the two classes of bodies.

It is evident that the motion of the earth would affect the apparent direction which the meteor had in shooting through our atmosphere. Mr. Denning does not find that this changes the radiant point of the meteor more than one degree, which indicates that its original velocity was at least fifty times that of the earth in its orbit, or something like eight hundred and fifty miles a second.

Now the greatest velocity which a body can possibly acquire by falling into the sun by the attraction of that body, or in moving in an orbit around it, is only about half of this. So that we gain the conclusion that the meteoric velocity is due to some projection or impulse entirely outside our system.

If these facts be established by further observations, we will have to form new conceptions of the condition of the space through which the great worlds move. We may not regard it as peopled with bodies only in close proximity to the sun's, but that all about through it are messengers from one system to another.

In one sense, space is filled with meteoric bodies, and through the vacancies between them may be great compared with their combined volume, yet were they luminous the eye would see them as a continuous haze of light. They are for ever raining down on the earth and the other large bodies as they come within the influence of their attraction. The earth is growing in mass by their addition.

That Was the Trouble.

A New Yorker who was doing business in the western part of the State a few days ago finished his dinner at a village hotel and walked out just as a young man drove up with a horse and buggy. An old man shortly came up and began looking the equine over and feeling of its points, and the New Yorker saw such a resemblance between them that he concluded they were father and son.

The old man finally turned to him and said: "Stranger, is that a good-looking horse?" "Pretty fair."

"Does he stand well on his legs?" "Yes, I think so."

"Is he blind?" "I don't know much about horses, having never owned one. Why don't you ask your son?"

"That's just the trouble, stranger," replied the old man. "It's my son who's got this boss to sell, and he knows I'm blind in one eye and half drunk in the other. If you want to do a favor to an old man, just look for spurs in the pocket of a company of soldiers started by the

A CANADIAN FOLK-SONG.

The doors are shut, the windows fast, Outside the gate is driving fast, Outside the shivering wind blows, Outside the hub-bub of the kettle sings...

The streams are hushed up where they flow, The ponds are frozen along the road, The cattle are housed in shed and byre, While singeth the kettle on the fire...

The fisherman on the bay in his boat Shivers and bantons up his coat, The traveler stops at the open door, And the kettle answers the chimney's roar...

The freight laden upon the wall, Footsteps are heard in the outer hall, A kiss and a welcome that fill the room, And the kettle sings in the glimmer and gloom...

Margery, Margery, make the tea, Singeth the kettle merrily. —W. W. Campbell, in the Atlantic.

Inviting Another Funeral.

"Invisible friends gathered around the bedside of the dying man," said a Texas preacher, while delivering a funeral discourse over the body of a man whom death had rescued from the torments of delirium tremens. Next day the paper had it:

"Invisible friends gathered around the bedside of the dying man." The family of the dead man could not be persuaded that it was simply the result of a printer dropping an r, and were with difficulty restrained from precipitating another funeral on the community.

Grand Words.

"After all there is something tenderly appropriate in the serene death of the old. Nothing is more touching than the death of the young, the strong. But when the duties of life are all been nobly done—when the sun touches the horizon—when the purple twilight falls upon the present, the past and future—when memory with dim eyes can scarcely spell the records of vanished days—then, surrounded by kindred and by friends, death comes like a strain of music. The day has been long, the road weary, and we gladly stop at the inn."

"Life is a shadow, strange and winding road, on which we travel for a little way—a few short steps, just from the cradle with its lullaby of love to the quiet wayside inn, where all at last must sleep and where the only salutation is 'Good night.'"

"Nearly forty-eight years ago, under snow in the little town of Cazenovia, my poor mother was buried. I was but two years old. I remember her as she looked in death. That sweet, cold face has kept my heart warm through all the years."

[The above is copied from a private letter to a friend, and the author as might be guessed from the words is Col. R. G. Ingersoll.]

Wide Streets.

Much advance has been made during recent years in securing increased space about inhabited dwellings, and modern regulations require that a certain maximum of space shall be given in the rear of houses, and also in the front, the width of the street being taken into account as regards the latter space.

But in the state of Illinois the excessive width of the streets is reported as having of itself become a source of nuisance and of danger to health. Sixty feet and more are ordinarily given to new streets, even in the smaller towns; eight feet on either side are paved and devoted to pedestrians; and the remaining space, varying usually from forty-four to fifty-four feet, is devoted to carriage traffic. The result is, that this wide carriage road, so often in excess of the requirements of the vehicles that have to travel over it, becomes a source of such expense as to forbid its being properly paved, cleaned and channeled.

The street, consequently, is soon turned into a vast surface of dirt mixed with filth and refuse, and when the weather is dry that dust is formed, the air which is inhaled as the dust flies about is calculated to bring about disease as well as discomfort instead of promoting the health of pedestrians.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

[Bill Nye, in New York Mercury.] The great sculptor was born in 1475, at Settignano, thirteen miles from Florence. His correct name is supposed to have been Michael Angelo Buonarroti-Mike began to draw as soon as he was large enough, and for miles and miles around Florence they still point with pride to pictures on the high board fences of which he is supposed to have been the author.

While very young, Michael went into the Madonna business, and now it is a pretty poor Italian town that can't afford a Madonna of some kind. The first great work that Mr. Angelo executed in Rome was the "Drunken Bacchus." It seems that Bacchus was a first-rate boy if he had let liquor alone. But he would drink. He would go and fill his skin as full of old-fashioned red liquor as it would hold, and then he would hunt up a sculptor and get himself measured for a bust.

Early in the sixteenth century, Michael executed a statue of David, from memory. This statue weighed 18,000 pounds, and several Americans who have been over there and who were perfectly familiar with the way David looked pronounce the expression perfect. It takes a certain kind of American to settle the merits of any great work, from the creation itself down to the latest job.

The fame of the great sculptor had by this time reached the ears of Pope Julius II, who was meditating the erection of a colossal mausoleum for himself in St. Peter's. A serious misunderstanding arose, however, between the great artist and the pope over this work, and the sculptor left in disgust. It is not yet fully settled what this trouble resulted from, but as near as I am able to learn, the pope became enraged and discharged the sculptor because, at the last moment and when it was too late to remedy the evil, he found that the mausoleum didn't fit him. If this be true, I am free to say that Mike was in the wrong. No man wants to pay a large sum for a mausoleum and then find when he comes to try it on that it bags at the knees.

Letter on the subject of the great artist desired a magnificent wardrobe representing a company of soldiers started by the

call of the trumpet while bathing in the Arno. This was never completed and only the cartoon itself remains to suggest what a masterpiece was designed. So life-like is the cartoon alone that on a still day you can hear the snort of the trumpet as the soldiers rush to the bank. As you gaze at the picture you are lost in admiration and you hardly know whether to go wild over the master's great genius or to go and inform the police.

Michael frescoed the Sistine chapel ceiling in twelve months; and did it well, too. He was a rapid as well as a thorough artist, and his head was literally full of ideas.

At last he and the pope again became reconciled, and in 1513 the sumptuous pontiff died leaving instructions for Angelo to cut his mausoleum a little higher in the niche, as his executor would settle the bill on sight.

It would take many pages to give even a rough outline of the many beautiful monuments which Michael Angelo has erected to his own undying fame as a sculptor, painter and poet. He lived to be ninety years old, and then, full of years and crowned with the glory he had carried out by his own genius and industry, he died.

Though his work was beautiful, he was not himself beautiful. He ran largely to "brow," but his nose was broken in a little misunderstanding that he had at school with a young designer, who thought it would be a good scheme to put what was termed in Florence in the fifteenth century a tin nose on Mike. This gave him a look of pain, and his nose served to convey the idea that the great sculptor had just detected the presence of Limburger cheese under his pillow.

As a general thing, however, great men are not beautiful. The pretty young man has really but one avenue open to him in the world's great race. If he cannot wash a tough old headdress whose father has got the pip, he has very little chance in the mighty struggle of life.

If my son should show any signs of great physical beauty, having taken them from his mother's side of the house, I would immediately hump my back ready to bear a great burden; for judging by the world's history, his father-in-law and I would have to take turn in maintaining the young man and his cumulative family.

Mother.

[Youth's Companion.] "But after all, she used to be good to us." It was a son who said this of his mother, whom some nervous malady had overtaken, and who was certainly a very serious trial to her family.

The young man's life, too, was a weary one. He was a clerk on a salary. He was hard-worked through the day, and it was depressing to go home at night to fault-finding and fretfulness.

Harler still was it to sleep, as this son did, week after week and month after month, with all his senses half awake, that he might hear his mother's footsteps if they passed his door, and hurry after her to keep her from wandering out into the night alone, as her melancholy half-madness often led her to try to do.

Strangely enough she had turned against her husband and her daughters. Only this one son had any power to persuade her for her good. His work by day and his vigil by night wore on him sorely, but he never complained.

One day his sisters asked him how he could bear it, and he always patient, when she—mother though she was—was in the house only as a presence of gloom, and foreboding, and unrest. And the answer came,—

"But after all, she used to be good to us." And then the thoughts of all the group went back to the years before this nervous prostration came upon her; when she had nursed them in illness, and petted them in childhood—when she had been "good to them," one and all.

"I know," the boy said, thoughtfully, "that I was a nervous, uncomfortable child myself, the first three years of my life. Father said he thought they'd never raise me, but mother said, 'Yes, she would; and she tended me day and night, for three years, till I began to grow strong like the rest of you. I owe her those three years, anyhow.'"

And so he girded himself afresh for his struggle. It will not last forever. There are signs in which the doctors can recognize that the cloud is lifting somewhat, and no doubt before long she will be her old self again. And then will come her son's reward. He will feel that he has paid a little of the debt he owed to the love that watched over his weak babyhood.

To many mothers, worn by long care, such years of melancholy and nervous prostration must come. And the sons and daughters who find their homes saddened by such a sorrow, should lovingly remember the days in which they were helpless and mother was "good to them."

Protecting His Character.

Entering the shop of his tailor the other day he said: "Sir, I owe you \$60." "Yes, sir, you do."

"And I have owed it for a year." "You have."

"And this is the fifth postal card you have sent me regarding the debt." "I think it is the fifth."

"Now, sir, while I cannot pay the debt for perhaps another year, I propose to protect my character as far as possible. Here are twelve two-cent stamps. You can use them in sending me twelve monthly statements of account, and can thus save your postal cards, and my feelings at the same time."

It is said that the tailor has credited the twenty-four cents on account, and feels that he has secured more of the debt than he had any reason to hope for.

The money actually represented upon the floor of the Senate by ownership and outside relations of nearly as close a character would run very high in the hundreds of millions. I do not think that it is too much to say that \$500,000,000 in the way of private interests are represented directly upon the floor of the Senate to-day.

Young mother—"Do you think baby looks more like me or his father, nurse?" Nurse—"Like you, mum. Mr. Jinks is a mighty handsome man." Advertisement Wanted—"A competent civil servant."—[San Francisco Post.]

THE GHOSTLY STRANGER.

Scene—A solemn manor. Time—The dusk of morn. An attic room. We stand in gloom, Save where one beam was borne From the crescent moon...

Pierce round the winter wind, And with each shriek Slow rose and fell In grotesque swell The ghost, which seemed to speak, For it swung...

A step-wide opens the door; 'Tis he—the editor. Two piercing cries, He silent lies, And sentences on the floor...

When he awoke, There, stiff and tall, A towel clear, Swung on the wall. —[New York Star.]

A Mountain That Moves.

Over in Churchill county, Nevada, there is a great curiosity, mention of which we do not remember to have ever seen in the papers. The curiosity is nothing more nor less than a traveling mountain of sand.

The winds have gathered together a great heap of sand and keep it constantly moving like an immense glacier. It crawls steadily along over valleys and through canyons, never ceasing, the sands making a low musical sound as they rub against each other, much as they do around the Sphinx every morning at sunrise, which gave rise to the legend that the stony statue was greeting the morning sun with a song.

But the moving mountain of Churchill contains still another peculiarity. While its sides are symmetrically formed and lay in folds like solidified waves, there is no cone at the top.

Diamond is of its going to a peak there is a hole there made by counter winds, and whosoever is rash enough to scale the ridge and pass into that hole pays for his rashness with his life, for the fickle sands yield beneath his feet, and the more he struggles to get back the faster he sinks until he is smothered to death. The Indians tell of several of their tribe having been thus swallowed up, and no trace has ever been found of them since.

Type Sizes. Originally there were but seven sizes. The first was called prima, whence the name primer. It is now known as two-line English. The second was secunda, now our double pica—in France, great paragon. The third was tertia, at present our great primer.

Then there was a middle size, still called in German mittel, but it is now our English. After these came the three sizes on the opposite side of the scale—pica, long primer and brevier. In Germany the names secunda, tertia and mittel are still retained.

Pica, in France and Germany, is called Cicero, because the works of that author were originally printed in it. English printers so styled it from being the type in which the Ordinal, or Service Book of the Roman Church was originally set. The Ordinal was also at first called the Pica.

Bourgeois was so named because it was introduced into the country from France, where it was originally dedicated to the "bourgeois" or citizen printers of that capital.

Brevier obtained its name from having been first used for printing in the Breviary or Roman Catholic abbreviated Church Service Book.

Minion is also of French origin, and was so termed owing to having rapidly become a special favorite on its introduction, in that country. La Migone, is "the darling."

Pearl is of English origin. The French have a type of the same size which they call "Parisienne." It is a smaller type than nonpareil, and was thought "the pearl of all type."

Diamond is another fancy name given to what was regarded at the time of its origin, as the ultimate of letter foundry achievement.

Signs by Which the Hotel Clerk Knows Them and Which Have to be Paid For.

[New York Sun.] "To watch the newly-married couples who travel is one of the compensations of our arduous life," said an old hotel clerk the other day.

"How can you tell whether they are newly married or not?" inquired the Sun reporter, to whom this remark was addressed.

"Tell them?" ejaculated the clerk; "I can pick them out as easily as if they carried signs. 'We are just married.'"

"Yes; but how?" "Well, in the first place, they are always most abundant in the fall and winter. I don't know why it is, but such is the fact. One of the signs of a newly-married couple is their spick and span new clothes. Somehow, when people get married they generally get as many new clothes as possible. The bride and groom have new hats and new trunks and new dusters. Then, again, they spend money more freely.

When a man is in his honeymoon he generally feels as if he ought to be generous. He has a grateful sort of spirit, and throws his money around as if he wanted to show that the world has used him well. He has put by his money for the occasion, and is not afraid to spend it. He is especially anxious that the bride shall eat and drink of the best. He must have a room with a private parlor, and not up stairs very far, and with a good view. Sometimes he is a little chary of asking for these things, but when we suggest them he always says 'Yes.' Of course it is part of our business to suggest them. We consider that we have the same right to pluck a newly-married couple as an undertaker has to pluck bereaved relatives.

"Do they behave differently from other people?" "I should—well, yes. The husband does not run off to the bar-room or the billiard-room as the old married men do. When the old married couple arrive you may be certain that the first thing the husband does is to take a drink or lounge about the billiard tables, telling his wife that he has some business to attend to."

"Are newly-married people bashful?" "That depends. The widower and widows don't mind it, but the young people are a little coy. At Niagara Falls we had most of the new couples late in the season when the regular boarders had

left. I have seen as many as a dozen at a time file in the dining-room, trying to look as if they had not been married yesterday, but casting furtive glances about to see if they were suspected. The men were specially watchful lest somebody should be ogling the brides. "One day I thought we should have a fight in the dining-room. A strapping big fellow from the West in a suit of store clothes sat down to the table with his bride, a buxom brown-eyed beauty. She looked so fresh and rosy that she could not but attract attention and she got it. Every gentleman in the room took more than one look at her and she knew it. Of course, she did not object. But the man began to get angry. He did not like to speak to the bride about it, because she was evidently not displeased. Finally he got up and walked to the nearest gentleman whom he had observed and said: "Look here, stranger, I'd like to know what you are staring at my wife for?" "Your wife! Allow me to congratulate you, my dear fellow. You have got the finest wife in the city," said the gentleman addressed. "The fact is, I thought she was your sister. Excuse me if I was rude; but if you don't want people to talk at your wife you must really never take her out in public. No offense meant, sir."

"The bridegroom went back to his place, but he took good care at the next meal to put his wife with her face to the wall."

"Which do you think take to the new conditions most gracefully?" "Women, by all odds. The men are always betraying themselves. They want to talk about it; they are full of the subject. Women are more artful, and have more adaptability to new circumstances. But, with all their arts, they can't deceive the old hotel clerk, and it is very seldom we don't turn in a few dollars extra to the house on account of our knowledge."

"Another peculiarity of the newly-married couples who go to hotels," continued the clerk, "is that many of them live in the city. They always come equipped for a long journey. They have left the wedding guests with the announced intention of taking a long journey, conspicuously displaying, perhaps, their railroad tickets, and have been driven by the way of the depot to a first-class hotel previously selected. I knew one case where a bridal couple, to avoid detection, actually boarded a train and started apparently on a journey, but took at the next station a train back to the city, and stopped at a hotel a few blocks from home. Then the wedding guests were permitted to stay at the feast as long as they pleased without disturbing anybody."

How Candor Pays. (Atlanta Constitution.) "He had better understand each other," we said deprecatingly, as he shambled into the editorial room, "before we begin. I'm a book-agent!"

Unmindful of the groans that met this statement he went on: "I'm not a white-haired philanthropist from New Haven, who has come South through sympathy for your stricken people. I'm a fair, square, bald-headed book-agent."

Encouraged by the reception of this frank avowal he took a seat, and dropping his feet in a waste-basket, said: "I'm not a retired clergyman who seeks to scatter religious instruction while he builds up his worn out frame in your balmy clime. I'm not an apostle of art who has consented to seek your benighted region, and educate your people by parting with a few picture books in parts. I'm not a temperance lecturer from Pan-goria who pays expenses by dispensing of literature on commission while he regenerates the rum-sucker. I'm not all of these—nor either. I'm an unmodified book agent, with none of the corners rounded, running on cheek in pursuit of tin."

"Here's candor at least," remarked the young man who writes the puffs of hardware stores.

"Yes; candor at best. I'm not a gilded sham. You don't pick me up for a prince in disguise or art or morality giving incog. I do not fly the skull and crossbones hid behind a holiday flag till I've grappled and boarded you. I've got the regular old Death's head nailed to the mast, and I'm a pirate from keel to center-board, and if you don't want that sort of company blow me out of the water."

He had the whole force on deck at this point.

"I've got no off-hand preamble to my bloody war. I do not lead you through the flowery paths of ease to where I've got the trap sprung. I do not beguile with anecdote, inspire with eloquence, soothe with persuasion or pique with local gossip. I'm not directed to you as a leader of culture or a person who'd be likely to buy. I won't show you a list of high toned decoys who have put their names down to get rid of me and to draw you in. I don't show the work I'm selling, and I've never been able to learn the idiot's soliloquy that explains the picture."

Here he paused while the manager called for the cash-boy.

"That's about the size of me and my business. The book's right here—fifty parts, fifty cents a part, plenty of pictures and big type for the reading, written by some body or other and means \$10 clear money to me every time I work one off. Do you take, or do I go?"

By this time eleven copies of the first part were ordered, and the "eleven able" resumed their work, while the office boy indites this tribute to a man who ain't ashamed of his little racket.

Gum Arabic.

In Morocco, about the middle of November, that is, after the rainy season, which begins in July, a gummy juice exudes from the trunk and branches of the acacia tree. In about fifteen days it thickens in the furrow down which it runs, in a vermicular (or worm) shape, or commonly assuming the form of oval or round beads, of different colors, as they belong to the red or white gum tree.

About the middle of December, the Moors encamp on the borders of the forest and the harvest lasts six weeks. The gum is packed in very large sacks of leather, and brought on the backs of bullocks and camels to certain ports where it is sold to English and French merchants. The gum is highly nutritious. During the whole time of harvest, of the journey to the port, the Moors of the desert live entirely upon it. If you want to do a favor to six ounces of gum are sufficient for the support of a man for twenty-four hours.

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