THE WHIMS OF FAIR WOMEN.

EOCENTRIC BUT DEEPLY INTERESTING TRAITS OF FEMININITY.

A Talk with a Dancing Master About a Revival of Old-time Methods.

To one of the principal dancing masters in town was shown a clipping from a London paper, in which it was said that a fancy now obtains among fashionable women over there for old-time dances, done in slightly shortened skirts and with a rhythm of bodily as well as foot movements. He was asked what old dances these are that are thus revived.

"I don't know," said he, "because, as a rule, the old dances were very stiff, formal, and, you might say, statuesque. The minuet of France consisted in a mere courtly walk or parade through a lot of stately figures. The lively dancing came later, and reached its height in England less than a hundred years ago. What it was you can see in any back-country village in New England or the Middle States, where square dances and the Virginia reel are accompanied by vivacious dancing during such movements as balancing to corners, hands all around, right and left, or ladies change. When skilfully performed, this makes a square dance picturesque, and the ladies used to lift their skirts modestly and daintily while performing these steps. Old prints reveal to us that women never looked prettier than when thus exhibiting the graces of their drapery as well as of their feet. But this custom will not be revived here—not by the women of this generation.

"The modern young lady is a very prude in this matter of disclosing the movements of her feet. Her mother was so before her. But the difference, in my judgment, between this generation and the last is that the matrons were consistent. The age they lived in was modest in all things. Nowadays it is baffling to a man who deals with ladies, as I do, to determine what rule governs their modesty. I have young women come to me to learn to dance as part of their preparation for the stage. They expect to play *Rosalind*, or some other part in which tights form a conspicuous part of the costume, yet I know a great deal better than to ask them to lift their skirts to their shoe tops, or even to their insteps. There would be an outcry if I did and my school would suffer. For thirty years I have taught ladies to dance by guess work. I have seen the feet of the little girls and my male pupils only—never of my lady pupils. You wonder how I can teach such a peculiar step as the waltz, I suppose. I do it chiefly, if they are adults, by obtainining a certain motion of their forms. If they get the waltz step correctly it imparts a distinct and peculiar rise and dip to the body, and that is what I work and watch for. It is just so with all the other dance steps. My pupils would not show me their toes if they could help it, not even those who are preparing, as one private class is now, to play in short trousers and skirts as pages and maids in a comic opera. I suppose they are right, according to the code of morals which an excellent lady once told me should govern her sex: 'Whatever seems proper it is right to do, but whatever one is in doubt about is sure to be improper.'"

An experiment, the success of which is doubtful, is about to be tried in New York high life, and it will be of unusual interest for Americans to observe. For many years the English court has been photographed by the Mendelssohns, and that firm has therefore become not only widely celebrated, but immensely rich. The concern is now going to establish an American branch, and one of the men of that name has come over to begin operations. No pretence will be made that the artistic merit of the house is any higher than that of the present photographers in vogue, and it is certain that American photographers beat the world, but a great pull is expected from the prevalence of Anglomania. The ridiculous and yet popular opening feature will be the introduction of English court methods, and nobody will be accepted as a customer who does not come introduced by some "society" person. The wealthiest stranger will be turned away if he does not present the card of a recognized patron.

The first step in this interesting and un-American business, of course, is for the manager to get into society so that he can introduce his plans personally. Accustomed as we are here to the adoption of foreign and unreasonable crazes, we are surprised at the readiness with which this photographer has found his way into Fifth avenue life. He has just begun, and yet already he is overwhelmed with invitations. He makes it his sole business to respond to them in person. Shortly he hopes to be a lion, and then a fashionable, luxurious establishment on Fifth avenue, probably, will be opened by a grand swell reception, and business will rush upon him. It is said that some of our swell Americans took the initiative in this matter. They secured recommendations to the Mendelssohns in London, and enjoyed the honor of being "took" in the same room, possibly the same chair, in which the Prince of Wales and dukes and duchesses and mighty lords were "took" and it occurred to them that the imitation aristocracy of America would be more solidly bound together if an exclusive photography could be introduced here. Accordingly they broached the matter to the concern, assured them that there were other people in America than themselves of undoubted respectability, and that no sollure would come to hands that had screwed regal heads into the pronged rest from contact with them. Then they did the one American thing in the whole affair—they showed the Mendelssohns the size and shape of the American dollar, and declared that there were beams and beams of such coins stored away over here, on which the eagle was just anxious to be caressed by the fingers of the person addressed. It was a good argument. The photographer came, and his American patrons are funnily trying to make good their word by taking him into society.

Bridesmaids in New York have of late been monopolizing all the novel ideas. Our brides are no longer contented with the regular file of merely prettily dressed damsels. They crave novelty even in the attire and accessories of their attendant maidens. One maker of bridal and bridesmaids' toilets has conceived two new notions, both of which are charming. One is the floral boa, which looks best made in roses, but which can be fashioned out in any flower the bride may most fancy. The second novelty is soft, creamy velveteen, trimmed with fur, but this, although pleasing to the eye, can but be a fleeting fancy, unless we are to have a late and cold spring.

At a dinner and reception a young married belle was in the sulks. She had flounced herself into a chair, and turned her back on her husband, who was angrily red clear over the bald top of his head.

"I'm sure I've got as fine a dress as anybody here," she was heard to pouting say.

"But you look as wooden as a Dutch doll," he blurted out.

His criticism was sound if not amiable. The young woman wore much fluffiness of white skirt, her bodice suggested sheet iron, so stiff were its outlines and so unyielding its assistance, and a new thing called the armor waist. It had elbow sleeves, and over the shoulders were merely ribbons, tied as though to hold up the bodice. No woman could be graceful in it.

Near by sat a willowy girl. Her gown was fashioned of thin cloth, which took its folds from each movement of the wearer, like the garments of the ancient Greeks. The fabric in each fold perfectly adapted itself to the figure, the draperies having actually moulded themselves to the form of the wearer. An enwrapping of the slender waist with a wide, soft sash, added to the charming effect of pliability. A demure air was worn with this gown.

The fashionable wind is going to blow in a perfumed way. That is to say, belles of next summer, and later, will be garlanded with flowers for festal occasions. A man milliner says that artificial but scented flowers will be used extensively in a manner hitherto unknown to our women. The new custom, which is to be introduced this spring, he said, was made possible by the great improvements that have been made in the manufacture of artificial flowers, and that he was convinced that it would win favor with the ladies at once. He referred to garnitures for dresses. "Garnitures have been popular in European society for some time," he said, "but they are new to America. The garniture is a set of artificial flowers used to trim the evening toilet. It is used almost exclusively for full dress. The flowers are combined in the most artistic manner and great care is evinced to get the colors harmonize perfectly. There are several forms, but the most popular, I think, will be that which decorates the corsage and then runs down each side of the dress in the shape of an apron. Each garniture can be changed into four different forms. Not only are the flowers made so perfectly that it requires handling to detect the fact that they are not natural, but the art has progressed even further. Each flower in the garniture is perfumed with the essence derived from the flower it imitates, and it would require an expert to discover that the perfume was placed there. In a crowded ballroom or at a formal reception with the light dim, nobody but the fair wearer would know that the beautiful flowers so lavishly placed about her dress were not genuine. The perfume in the flowers will last a long time, and each garniture can be worn on at least four different occasions. They set off a pretty toilet wonderfully, and a woman of taste can arrange them so as to make them very effective. I believe they have sometimes been used by actresses on the stage in this country, but none have ever come here that can approach those that are now on their way from France."

The cost of these garnitures, while small compared with what the price of the real flowers would be, is by no means trifling. They will be sold at retail for from $10 to $40 each.

The Emperor of China is said to impoverish himself every time the heir to the throne marries, by extravagant presents to the bride. Advices from Europe frequently refer to magnificent weddings and costly bridal outfits. But it is not necessary to wander so far away from home in order to obtain tidings of equal magnificence on the part of bridegroom or father-in-law. New York society delights in resplendent weddings, and not a year passes without some especially brilliant affair, whose splendor becomes almost historical. The past has been remarkable for the large number of grand weddings, and there are rumors of more to come. Bridal festivities have never been more luxurious nor their outfits so costly. Everything must be new, even to the shoe ties. One of the most elegant and expensive of weddings here was that of Mr. W. S. Lawson and Miss Alice Shultz. The bride was the adopted daughter of Emil Shultz, once a Brooklyn wholesale baker, whose fortune is computed at several millions. He lives in a very spacious house, surrounded by a large garden, at Howes street and Lee avenue. But Mr. Shultz was not satisfied with the size of his own premises, and so had a large banqueting hall built for the occasion. This was capable of holding 1,000 persons, and entrance to it was had from a side door. Outside it was fir and cedar, and Chinese lanterns innumerable lighted up the garden. The finest feature of the wedding was the manner in which the interior of the banqueting hall was decorated. Not one inch of wood was to be seen. The most expensive florist in New York had received carte blanche to make the walls look pretty, with the strict injunction to hide the wood entirely. He made the four walls and an immense ceiling of the most beautiful flowers. The flowers were artistically arranged, and the effect was so dazzling that it recalled the wondrous tales of the Arabian Nights. The only drawback was the perfume, which was so heavy that it made the banqueters languid. The bill for the flowers is said to have exceeded $5,000, and the expense of putting up the banqueting hall for one night and removing it the next morning was several thousand more. For a baker's adopted daughter that was not so bad, especially as the presents to the bride from her foster parents were in proportion.

The grandest wedding within a number of years was that of Miss Isabel Frances Morris and Mr. Thurlow Weed Barnes. The bride was a New Orleans girl, and the daughter of a five millionaire. The bridegroom was a grandson of Thurlow Weed, and a widower. It had been intended to have the ceremony performed at Engleheim, Mr. Morris's country seat, and 3,000 invitations had been sent out; but the sickness of Miss Morris's grandmother prevented that. The ceremony was in Dr. Paxton's church. The munificence attached to the wedding did not, however, lie in the wedding festivities, but in the princely gifts received by the bride. From her father she received $1,000,000 and a residence, beautifully furnished and furnished at Bar Harbor. The jewels given to her would fit up in trade the most ambitious jeweller. The diamonds alone were a princely fortune. The honeymoon journey was begun on Mr. Morris's private yacht, which lay impatiently puffing in the North River, and lasted many months. Many wedding trips within the past year have extended as far as Africa, and one trip, we believe, included even a tour of the world. The custom of making such extended journeys is a new one, but it seems to be one that will have many converts. For persons of wealth it must be much pleasanter than to settle down, after a flying trip to Washington or New Orleans, to the exacting duties of society life. The strain attached to newly wedded happiness ought to last much longer under the former circumstances.

Jewish people believe in big weddings, and some of the most costly that have taken place in this city have been in their circles. The writer recalls that of Miss Stern and Mr. J. Kalisch. The contracting parties had large circles of friends, and a vast number of invitations were sent out. In order to accommodate the many guests, the bride's father, a very wealthy man, found it necessary to enlarge his quarters. He therefore begged permission of his next-door neighbors on each side of his house to erect a temporary addition which was to cover his own and the two adjoining back yards. Consent was given, and he had a two-story house built in the three yards, connecting with his own house, of solid brick. The work was done with the same care and finish as though intended to last for years instead of only for one night. The interior was beautifully decorated and furnished with the costliest furniture, hangings, and tapestries. The expense of that temporary habitation was nearly $10,000, one-quarter of the whole cost being applied to the interior decoration, which was, of course, wholly lost when the building was torn down, the day following the festivities.

Among the varied employments now engaged in by women, that of playing the piano for dancing parties seems one of the most irksome and humiliating. Recently at a small party given in this city a plainly-dressed middle-aged woman rang the bell between the hours of 11 and 12 o'clock, and was unceremoniously ushered by a servant into the basement, where she was introduced to a dozen strikers congregated about the open fire, who glanced at her stolidly curiously for a moment, and then resumed their conversation and their smoking as though unconscious of her presence.

Evidently the situation was distasteful, for the woman presently returned to the hall and stood waiting silently outside the parlor door until the signal for her service was given. For three and one-half hours she sat at the piano, playing almost constantly a succession of dance music selections that tired her fingers and benumbed her faculties; but if at any time she allowed her weariness to affect the rapidity of the flying measure, some one informed her of the fact, and requested her to play faster. When the merry dancers at last became exhausted she was released, cut her way through the tobacco smoke in the basement to get her bonnet, and departed all as silently as she arrived, with no escort, and found her way home unattended through the lonely streets. From whence she came or whither she journeyed no one questioned, and her face was forgotten as soon as it vanished.

At some time in that woman's life refining influences doubtless surrounded her, and some latent aspiration to make the most and best of her talents must have inspired her, or she would not have studied evidently much of music as her performance indicated. To a delicate, womanly woman an experience of the kind just recorded could not fail to be annoying, if not absolutely revolting, and yet hundreds of women in the city eke out a scanty income with the small remuneration offered for a night's work of this kind, which, though seldom less than $3, rarely exceeds $5; all of which is the result of the modern false ideas of gentility of employment and the fancied degradation of housemaid servitude. Surely no lady would treat her servant with less consideration than these women receive who go about from house to house with no credentials of character to insure them against the deserved lack of confidence and respect to which the unprotected ladies employ them, and ever intelligent, respectable servant girl cannot fail to enter into more intimate personal relations with, and receive a greater modicum of respect from the lady she serves faithfully than do these unknown minstrels that come and go in the darkness of the night. While I do not condemn this kind of work as impractical, unwomanly, or in any way degrading, and can imagine a combination of adverse circumstances arising to necessitate its accomplishment and render it commendable, still I should fancy that it would and should be antagonistic to the truest and most delicate instincts of a woman's character.

One of Mrs. Langtry's close personal friends, who is a newspaper writer, describes the other side of the high fence, behind which the actress lives, as sheltering a veritable palace. Instead of the ordinary hallway, the entrance is into a wide room, which is equipped like a museum, with a litter of rugs of skin, of bric-a-brac, and of quaint chests, clocks, and furniture. A striking feature of the collection is a mass of Indian implements, weapons, scalp-locks, and ornaments picked up by the English woman in her trips to the West. A parlor at one side of the hall has its ceiling and wall covered with white satin, broken only by a great mantel mirror and a chandelier of Venetian glass. This room contains a small fortune in pretty-pretties. Next to it is the billiard room, with walls panelled with embossed leather, and a ceiling of heavy oak beams. The Lily plays billiards every day when she is at home. Further on is the dining room, in which there is a grand display of heavy plate and a portrait in oil of the mistress of the house. Adjoing the dining room is a little glass-roofed retreat appointed with card tables, hung with turkey red hangings, set about with palms and other plants, and designed for use as a smoking room as well as for card playing. The public or common rooms of the house also include a morning room distinguished by a luxurious and ornate divan, on which the actress poses when receiving intimate friends. Books, manuscripts, and pretty furniture meet the eye here, as does also the portrait of the hostess by Millais. Altogether one gets the idea that Mrs. Langtry is comfortably housed in a home that is arranged with a semi-Bohemian taste.

Things She Never Will Acknowledge.

From the Philadelphia Times.

There are a round dozen things that you can never get a lady to plead guilty of, be she old or young:

That she laces tight.
That her shoes are too small.
That she is tired at a ball.
That she uses anything but powder.
That it takes her long to dress.
That she has kept you waiting.
That she blushed when you mentioned a particular gentleman's name.
That she says what she doesn't mean.
That she is fond of scandal.
That she ever flirted.
That she cannot keep a secret.
That she is —— in love.

Philadelphia's Expert Tricycle Women.

From the Philadelphia Ledger.

The Tricyclist Club of Philadelphia has eighteen women members, one of whom, Mrs. L. Wise, is a candidate for the cup offered by the club for the best record in miles of travel made during the year. It already exceeds 3,000 miles. The Princesses of Wales are expert tricyclists, and the English Club has more than a thousand women members.

THE ONLY GIRL AT BANFF.

ONE OF MANY QUEER CHARACTERS MET IN A LONG JOURNEY.

Odd Incidents of a Trip to Vancouver's Island and Back—Men who Marry Indians—Canada's Dude Police—Licensed Gambling.

Far out West every one you meet is introduced as "from somewhere." There are so many persons from New York, from Boston, or from Virginia that you might be pardoned the conclusion that just as no one hails from where they are, so no one expects to remain there. You are next struck with the remarkable careers the men you meet are proud of telling about. Some have the bar sinister of misdeeds across their reputations, and many more point back to failure in other fields.

"Well, I can thank my stars I was a wild boy at home in New York," one prosperous citizen of Seattle said to me. "My parents sent me West to get rid of me, and I struck it rich."

On a steamboat journey on Puget Sound from Victoria to the States, I met a prosperous gentleman who said he came from the East, and afterward explained that he had kept a liquor saloon in Ohio, where the female praying bands so annoyed him that he killed a man who urged the women on. He fled, and is doing well. The very next person to whom I had letters was an official who had killed a mandarin in China and had footed it several hundreds of miles to the next port, whence he shipped to San Francisco. These were orderly, influential, and respectable men, whose past was known in their own circles. The communities to which they belonged, like Seattle, Tacoma, Portland, and Victoria, are as sober and substantial as any of their size in the country.

Queer characters are abundant out there. On the trip west from Manitoba over the Canadian Pacific Railroad there was a chap who rode second-class all day, and took a sleeping car berth by night. He had the true young American knack of finding out the business of every one he met, and he tapped the confidences of all on board the train in the first forty-eight hours. He was not content with that, but, whenever the train stopped, stood-up the Jewish peddlers and the railroad men at the stations, and found out how much they earned and how they liked it. "How do you like it?" was always an important question put to every one. He was a drummer from Minnesota. One day he sat in the dining car over his salmon and Bass's ale, and a lady from the sleeper took the seat opposite him at his table, the only vacant place. She wore one of those luminous beetles that are used as ornaments in the tropics. She did not know the drummer, but there is little formality among persons locked up together six days in the cars.

"Do you know," said the drummer to the lady, "that I am dead stuck on that?"

"It's quite a curiosity," said she.

"Dead stuck on it," said he. "How did you come to run up against sich a thing as that? That's what I want to get onto."

"I brought it from Cuba with me. They are quite common there."

"How much did you have to give up for it?" he asked. "Not more'n ten pieces, I reckon. I'll cash up ten on the spot for it, if you say the word."

The lady finished her meal and fled to her husband in the Pullman, vowing that she would never eat alone again on the trip.

On the train was a young Japanese hurrying home by way of the first ship on the new line from Vancouver to Yokohama, connecting London and Asia by a new route. This Jap was an educated youth and very interesting companion. He firmly believes that Japan is on the eve of a bloody war with China, that his country must make the first attack, and that with its trained army against China's noisy hordes Japan is sure to win. He startled the train with this Oriental comment on the Christian religion:

"The Christian superstition is by far the best of all the superstitions, but the Japanese have progressed beyond Christianity. They have no superstition at all."

A very pretty Indian girl got on the train, bound for Victoria. She was very like the Japanese in facial outlines, color, and build, that is to say, she had high cheek bones, small eyes, a copper complexion, and a small form. She was well dressed, lady-like, and quiet, and read *Harper's Magazine* and *Punch*. The Japanese gentleman said he did not mind being compared with her, but that in the States he was so often mistaken for a Chinaman that he could hardly refrain from being angry. The Pullman porter, on the other hand, denounced the Indians as a worthless lot, who had "no right in the country." The presence of the Indian girl brought out many facts about the intermarriage of the white men with the Indian women in the northwest territories of Canada. The passengers knew of many such marriages, and declared that Indian women made good wives for pioneers, were hard working, and as steady as any squaw. There was a great deal of news, also, of Indian boys who had been educated in Montreal and Quebec, and were now on the railroad and in business in the far West.

A stop of a day or two at a pioneer settlement in Assiniboia afforded an explanation of the marriages between white men and squaws. Loneliness is the especial curse of the region. The houses are often five miles or ten miles apart, at a little distance from the railroad, in western Manitoba, Assiniboia, and Alberta, and many of the pioneers are bachelors. The prairie is very like the sea, a flat expanse, often without a tree, near us, and one pulled what all hands thought was a gun. There was a unanimous scatter. I hopped into a doorway and peeped out. Capt. Lord was standing in the middle of the street with his six-shooter in his hand, watching the two men, who had clinched and were struggling. In a minute they went rolling over a peanut stand into the gutter. The one on top, who was known as Red Mike, jabbed away at the face and body of the under chap with the supposed pistol. It was really a knife, and he hacked his subject all to pieces. We tore him off. I helped to raise the cut chap to his feet. He walked with us a few steps, and then raised his hand to his bleeding head and said:

"Where's my hat?"

"It was fished out of the gutter and he put it on. He went a step or two further and stopped.

"Boys," he said, "it's no go. I'm Mike's meat." Then he sighed, murmured faintly, "—him!" and fainted. He died next day.

"What were you doing out there in the street with your gun?" I asked Capt. Lord.

"Why," he said, "I've come near being hit half a dozen times when fellows were engaged in fights in which I had no concern, and I've made up my mind that hereafter I'm going to have my share of the shooting as well as of the danger. I'm going to take a hand from this out, and these fellows, when they begin a muss, will look around and inquire where I am."

"And a good plan, too," declared the Major. "If good citizens in the frontier would follow Capt. Lord's plan, the toughs would be even more careful than they are about wild shooting. Yet, after all, there's not as much danger from this course as there is of being run over here by your cable cars."

"Yes," said the Red Mike, this murderer, he was hanged?" inquired the Major.

"Lord, no," laughed the Major. "Mike, when he wasn't drunk, was a bricklayer, and he assisted in building the county jail. Having an eye to the future, he thoughtfully left a weak spot low down in the wall, and one night, shortly after his arrest, he opened it and walked off, generously taking all the other prisoners with him. The last I heard of Mike was that he'd had an arm shot off by a gambler down in Tombstone."

Metals Electrically Joined.

From the Engineer.

We think great changes are impending in the method of joining metals of similar and of diverse natures. Electric welding is being seriously investigated as to its probabilities, and before many months have passed there will undoubtedly be several systems in commercial operation. No mechanic has ever witnessed the joining of two metals by electricity without being struck with the results and the very great advantages over old methods in cleanliness and homogeneity.

When electric welding becomes a settled fact machine parts and all branches of hardware manufacture will be very greatly improved; where solder is now used the metals will be burned together electrically, and where a brass tip, shank, or base is needed it can be tried to cast iron, wrought iron, steel, or any other metal without the chance of being detached. Many things which are now drawn up in brass can be spun up in lathes and burned together, and cast-iron details may be reinforced with steel faces, which are an integral part of the piece. We think we see excellent hints from the catalogue of new structures or new methods made possible by electric welding, and instead of courses riveted together we shall have shells and flues in practically one piece, with very much greater tensile strength than riveted structures.

The one thing that has been doubtful about this system of electric welding is the effect it may have upon the metal itself, as regards the deterioration; but it has been shown by investigation and elaborate experiment that this fear is groundless.

To test the question, wrought-iron droppings from the welding process were fused again by means of the arc to a bar of about 15 millimetres thickness, and this bar turned down to 10 millimetres. The breaking weight of this bar was 37.5 kilogrammes per square millimeter (23.8 tons per square inch), with an elongation of 17.5 per cent. The fracture was fibrous, like that of soft steel. This electrically fused iron resembles soft steel in other respects, notwithstanding its origin; it is malleable, can be welded, can be bent both cold and hot, and is scarcely harder than soft steel.

In the light of this testimony we can hardly overestimate the value of electrically joined metals.

THE LAND OF THE JACKASS.

DONKEYS AND THEIR PECULIARITIES IN THE SHAH'S DOMINIONS.

Overloading Donkeys—Cruelties to the Beast in the Matter of Loading and Driving—The Wager of a Tall Englishman.

Most people have a shadowy impression that donkeys are pretty plentiful in the Orient. Only a few, however, who have made the subject of the noble and philosophical jackass the zoölogical study of their lives are aware of his proud eminence as an economic factor of some countries. There are lands in the East where, if the donkey population were assembled in one grand muster, the flapping of their ears would sound like the voice of the sea. Countries that figure with prominence in the politics of the East, if suddenly deprived of their donkeys, would be paralyzed—as much so as would the United States if all the railroads were to instantly disappear.

In reading books of Eastern travel, we are always treated to donkey rides in Cairo, and sometimes to happy visions of the milk-white brayers of Prinkipo. These favored quadrupeds are the aristocracy of the donkey world, coequal with the famed steeds of Andalusia. Here are high-toned donkeys, as symmetrically perfect in their own particular department of zoölogy as are the thoroughbred steeds of Arabia. Like the beautiful equine pets of the Arab sheikh, they are treated more like members of the family than brutes. As between the donkey and his rider in Egypt, it often seemed to me that the former was the more intelligent and impressionable animal of the two. I have seen a donkey boy in Alexandria dividing his bunch of bread and fruit between himself and steed on terms of edifying impartiality, half the loaf and half the bunch of grapes to the donkey.

But to return for a moment to the donkeys of Cairo and Prinkipo. Having ridden them both, I know them well, and am ready at all times to vouch for their eminent respectability and the size of their ears. One day in Prinkipo I was sailing around the island aboard a steel-blue jackass, celebrated alike for his nimbleness and his timid, retiring disposition. It was a sad, cloudy sort of a day; the road was of whitish clay. The American flag hung listlessly about the flagstaff on Mr. Azarian's house, and in all the surroundings there seemed nothing to arouse the latent suspicion of even the fearful steel-blue donkey. The donkey was skimming over the road as lightly as a bird, when in an evil moment the sun burst through an opening in the clouds. Like a magic lantern the sun threw a silhouette of my helmeted head on the canvas of the road. At the sudden appearance of this dread apparition all the retiring qualities of the steel-blue donkey seemed to come into play in an instant. He retired so nimbly, in fact, that I was deposited over his ears almost simultaneously with the appearance of the shadow. The donkey kept on retiring until I called in the assistance of some natives to help round him up. Still, for all this, I feel justified in heartily recommending the steel-blue to the notice of prospective tourists who think they would like to make the acquaintance of a nice, plausible, aristocratic jackass, with a pedigree extending away back to the days of Constantine the Great. The only precaution necessary in business relations with him is to make sure that the day is either wholly cloudy or wholly sunny.

At Cairo I made the acquaintance of Arabi Pasha. Arabi Pasha is a sleek, mouse-tinted quadruped with silken ears eighteen inches long. Deposited inside his head is an electric battery that keeps his ears in a nervous twitch. His bray, though silvery, is warranted to wake a mummy every time, regardless of the age of the mummy. Arabi Pasha can be depended upon to show every courtesy to American tourists, and sometimes to throw in a few stars. If, dear reader, you happen to be a vandal, as you most likely are, or, at all events, will be when you arrive in Egypt, Arabi Pasha will cheerfully back up to the Pyramid of Cheops with you, close one optic and kick off chips enough for you to fill a trunk. While doing this he will at the same time most likely dump you over his ears. All you have to do, however, after you get through cursing him, is to backsheesh him with a worthy crown piece, and he will then will permit you to resume your seat on his spine. Arabi's earlier progenitors are warranted to antedate the Sphinx. The blood that meanders through his system is bluer than the Egyptian sky; yet he never appears proud. He assumes no airs because of his pedigree, but drooms along overshadowing ears and chews a wayside thistle as complacently as the veriest plebe in Egypt. Such is Arabi Pasha, and of such are the blue-blooded descendants of Cleopatra's milkers and the steeds of Solomon.

If in the dominions of the nearer Orient, however, we find beauty, intelligence, and pride of ancestry, when it comes to numbers we must look to Persia. The populousness of ancient Persia the Land of the Lion and the Sun becomes apparent as soon as one enters the country. Persia contains, maybe, a hundred lions, whilst the jackasses number not less 10,000,000. In no other country is the land so completely given over to the dominion of the jackass as in Persia. Within the immense dominions of the dominions ears are trumps every time, and the universal music is the donkey's mellifluous bray. Nasr-e-din reigns over more donkeys than he does human beings. Almost every Persian owns a donkey, and many of them own whole droves. The population of Persia is estimated at 10,000,000 souls. Current opinion at Teheran places the donkey population at about the same number. From personal observation along 2,000 miles of Persian road, I should have no hesitation in betting on that number. Reckoning each donkey's wealth of ear at two feet, twelve inches for each ear, the aural appendages of the Shah's musical tollers would, if laid end to end, reach 4,000 miles. I might have wheeled my 2,000 miles along a narrow carpeting of donkeys' ears.

To such a extent has the jackass insinuated himself into Persian society that almost every infantry soldier in the army owns one. When ordered to march to some distant point an infantry regiment musters almost as many donkeys as men. The donkeys do not belong to the Government, but are the private property of the soldiers. When not required they are hired out to civilians. Sometimes the soldiers, or even three, too poor to indulge in the luxury of a jackass apiece, pool their wealth and buy one between them. The lot of these syndicate jackasses is anything but enviable when on the march. The muskets and kits of the company are piled across his spine until he sags like a hammock, with breezy unconcern one of the joint stock company then perches himself on his rump. The other members of the syndicate follow behind and prod him along with their bayonets, each one of the three riding and walking by turns. Many of the soldiers carry their wives with them; these, too, are piled on Jackass' backs, so that a regiment of Persian infantry on the march is a sight not easily forgotten.

The Persian donkey is distinguished by a diminutive body and an overshadowing wealth of ear, which forbids all association with ideas of a martial character. So disorganized and unwarlike is the spectacle, that Mars always weeps when the sad news of these modey crowds of women, warriors, and donkeys struggling along a Persian road.

While the trunk-line carriers of Persia are the camel and mule caravans, nine-tenths of the internal commerce of the country is carried on on donkeys. Imported goods brought from Russia and Turkey are carried on mules or camels, but the cities are supplied with fuel and provisions by the donkeys of the peasantry and carriers. All along the Persian roads I passed drove after drove of donkeys laden with fuel, grain, and other produce, plodding toward the cities. Often these droves were numerous as to suggest flocks of sheep, a suggestion that is materially heightened by their diminutive size. A gang of a dozen ryots would be driving before them sometimes as many as a hundred donkeys. A mile or so ahead of these, across the open plain, would be seen another drove, and a short distance back another. Many Persians make their living by employing droves of donkeys in carrying grain and fuel from one district to another.

As you near a large city in Persia you can look about you and see droves of donkeys streaming in along the various roads that centre there like the spokes in a hub. Sometimes as many as 10,000 donkeys pass through the gates of Teheran in one day. Every gate is closed at dusk, and the droves of donkeys streaming cityward too late in the evening to pass in accumulate by the hundred outside. In the morning when the gates are flung open the space is blocked up by a struggling swarm of donkeys, their drivers shouting vociferously, and gesticulating wildly at the octroi officers to gain first admittance.

In dealing with the donkey the Persian ryot or carrier regards him simply as a means to an end; he never pauses to consider that the wretched jackass has any feeling. I have seen the most diabolical cruelty practised on donkeys in Persia to persuade them into the performance of impossible tasks. The regulation donkey goad of the country is a thong with a few inches of chain at the end. At the slightest provocation this is laid on with merciless severity. A still more favorite method of persuasion is to keep an open sore at some tender spot and prod him therein with a sharp stick.

Near Tabreez I overtook a drove of at least 100 donkeys laden with fuel. Thousands of donkeys pass their whole lives carrying camel-thorn and *lezek* into Tabreez from the surrounding country. Some were well-nigh invisible beneath small mountains of camelthorn, their loads being several times larger than themselves. To hold the big loads in place rough rope or rawhide breech-straps were worn. These ill-fitting trappings had in many instances see-sawed their way into the flesh almost to the bone, and were still rasping deeper and deeper every day. Far from considering this a cause for humane treatment, the brutal drivers rather regarded the raw sores as handy places to prod with sharpened sticks.

The roads on the Tabreez plain, near the city, have been worn down by the traffic of these multitudes of donkeys that have daily passed in and out for many centuries, until they are deep trenches, in places deep enough below the general surface to hide a mounted horseman. When a short distance off the road one can hear the big droves of donkeys passing without seeing any signs of life, and yet the country all around is an open level plain. In urging the donkeys along, besides physical measures, the Persian utters a cry not unlike the bleating of a sheep. To stand off the Tabreez roads and listen, an uninitiated person might readily be excused for thinking the pattering of feet and the bleating the noise of passing flocks of sheep.

In addition to all this the noble *Katir-jee*, who is in a hurry and desires to hustle his donkeys along a little livelier, adds insult to injury. The Persian ryot is much given to talking to his donkeys, anyhow, and when urging them to greater exertions he heaps upon them insulting reproaches. "O thou sons of burnt fathers and murderers of thine mothers!" shrieks the ryot, "woe is me that I should have lived to drive such brutes as thou art!" Imagine the sensitive soul of a mouse-hued jackass, with his pride already wounded by constant prodding in some sore spot with a sharp stick, subjected to the humiliation of such remarks.

The Persian donkey is so scarce in sink to lower depths of degradation and misery than that in which he now exists. He is small, eary—decidedly eary—and possessed of a voice that, every time it explodes, seems to be protesting against the accumulated wrongs and indignities of past ages; besides this his owners attempt to improve on nature by slitting his nostrils open to the bridge bone. This is popularly supposed to facilitate respiration, instead of which it merely opens a passage for the flies to harass and dust to find its way.

Apropos of the smallness of these long-eared steeds of Persia is an incident I saw in Teheran. It was the outcome of a wager. Mr. B—— is a six-foot specimen of Englishmen, with unusually long legs. At the appointed time B—— was seen galloping briskly across the top maidan on a stocky little donkey, with his feet drawn up to keep from touching the ground. The difference between the size of the Britisher and his steed was so striking that the crowds of Persians stopped to look and comment thereon. Meanwhile the donkey was trotting along quite lively, B—— grasped the saddle, which was ungirthed, and planted his feet to earth. The donkey shot ahead from between the rider's legs, leaving him standing there with the saddle in his hands. The Persians roared with laughter, and B—— won his wager.

Persia is the abode of vast herds of wild donkeys, as well as the domesticated animals. They abound on the dasht-i-namek, and are hunted for their flesh, which is said to resemble venison.

THOMAS STEVENS.

AFLOAT ON THE ST. JOHN'S.

Pierre Lorillard and a Party Sailing and Shooting in Florida.

JACKSONVILLE, Fla., Feb. 16. Pierre Lorillard, in a most stunning hunting suit, and with one of his $2,000 shotguns resting close to his right hand, is now puffing lazily at a pipe filled with the best sun-dried Virginia leaf as he reclines at ease in his pretty sailboat on the beautiful St. John's River. Col. Schuyler Crosby, another noted New York millionaire and clubman, is watching the spoon attached to the end of his fish line as it glides through the water in the wake of the vessel. He has smoked a pipe so much lately that he is tired of it, and inhales fragrance from a fifty cent Havana for a change. Travis Van Buren, the wealthy descendant of President Van Buren, who allows peacocks to strut around the gardens connected with his New York mansion, although each foot of ground is worth $1,000, is watching the squirrels up in the boughs of the trees that hang gracefully over the stream. He would shoot them but he is too keen a hunter to delight much in such small game, and for the past few days, also, he has been popping them without ceasing. Suddenly there is a queer patter on the dry leaves of the bank near which the boat is passing. It is regular, and denotes that some animal is approaching. It becomes louder and louder, and the three men and the darky, who has the helm in his hand, are aroused from their apathy, and watch with eager eyes. Lorillard's hand travels almost unconsciously to the gun at his side, and his breath comes more quickly. The cause of the noise is now so near that the tops of the long grasses and ferns are seen stirring. The darky is all excitement, and drops the sheet so suddenly as to swerve the main boom around, striking Col. Crosby. The boat's course is changed for a moment, and then Pierre catches the rope attached to the sheet, and brings her around again. The Colonel aims a kick at the frightened darky, but the latter dodges skilfully, and exclaims:

"Foh de Lawd, massa, don't! Dem am turkeys up dah, sho's yo bawn. Dis chile knows 'em ster."

The same moment the darky's prediction is verified, for the grasses are parted and the head of a wild turkey is stuck through. He walks out into plain sight, followed by another not quite so large. Behind them are many more in single file. A strong sunbeam falls on the big gobbler as he stalks toward the magnolia buds that have attracted the flock, lighting up his flaming red hood and appendages and the golden bronze of his feathers. In his way this wild turkey is a beautiful sight. A movement in the boat draws his attention to the guns that are pointed in his direction, and at once there is a low gobble from all the turkeys, a sign of excitement, but they do not move. The leader holds his head high and sniffs the air. Bang! bang! bang! The guns are off, and so are the birds with a wild screech. Missed? No, but the guns were only loaded with light shot for squirrels and game birds in nature, and it has made only a slight impression on the big strong-winged turkeys. The three gentlemen swear a little, the darky looks sad and resigned, and then the boat glides on as before. This has been the experience of these pleasure seekers for days upon days now.

For men who want to have a good time in a sensible way nothing could be pleasanter. The scenery along the St. John's is wonderfully beautiful, the climate is perfect, and the air has a soft aspect. The effect of the wide sheet of clear water and the lofty trees on the banks is very soothing to the nerves. If a man has met with a great affliction, if he has been disappointed in love, if he has lost a dear one, or if life presents a jaded and blasé appearance to him, this is the place to come to be restored. The air, the quiet, and the beauty of the scene combine to make a very effective tonic. From its source to its mouth the St. Johns's is about 370 miles long. At places it is three miles wide and at the mouth it is five miles across. For some distance the water is salt, but toward the middle of its length it is only slightly brackish. At short intervals through its entire course clifty creeks enter it. These creeks are very pretty, and add to the comforts of camping. Lorillard vows that some of the best camping spots in the country are found on the banks of this river. Where the creeks enter, the banks are low, but elsewhere they are quite high. The trees grow thick, and are very tall and large. There are so many species, and prominent among them are the magnolia and the oak. Both are conducive to drawing game in that direction. The turkeys come for the magnolia buds that often grow low down, and the oak trees are full of squirrels. They run out on the branches overhanging the river, and give the marksman who uses a rifle a good chance to show his ability. Toward night the shores are alive with birds, especially robins. The latter and the squirrels are very delicate eating. On leaving the river and striking inward quail are to be found in great plenty.

Mr. Lorillard's party, for he is the best, has stuck pretty close to the river. Their hunting trip is going to be an extensive one, and they are in no hurry. Ducks of all kinds, except the canvasback, have come within range of their guns, and have been properly disposed of. No decoys have been found necessary. As the boat's approach scared them, they went up in flock, only to come down in response to the leaden shower sent after them. The hunters are not using their guns as much as they will later, however, for the game is light compared to what it will be. Deer occasionally show up in the