

dupe the poor Mussulman yokel, and who laughs at him into the bargain. His sobriety is proverbial; no European peasant could stand such frugality, nor subsist upon such simple fare as coarse black bread and draughts of cold water. Upon this the Turkish peasant easily lives. The dram-shop for him does not exist. In his personal habits he is very clean, for his religion exacts that he shall often perform his ablutions. For all that he loftily ignores the simplest rules of health. His home is a mere den dug out of the ground, without furniture and void of windows.

To all these virtues the Turkish peasant, of course, joins imperfections. He is not an energetic worker. If he delves, it is because he must; and, so soon as he can, he returns to his *kef*, never troubling, never dreaming about his future position. His only care in producing is that his family may live. Why should he do more? It would never profit him aught. First of all would come the tithes-collector, a veritable vampire, who buys from the State the right of that oppression and extortion wickedly practised upon the poor peasant. Then he has to submit to being fleeced by the governor-general (*vali*), the prefect (*mutes sarif*), and sub-prefect (*caïmakam*); while, if some exalted personage happens to be travelling through the country with his escort, he must be hospitable and find billet and board for all, as well as for soldiers passing through the village on their way to the dépôt. Such is the fear which prevails among the peasantry at the news of the approach of either "functionaries" or soldiers, that often they abandon all and take refuge in the mountains until the calamity be overpast.—*From Truths About Turkey, by Kesnin Bey.*

A GOOD JOCKEY.

A good horse, if he is to figure to advantage, must have a good rider, and, what is more, the quadruped knows perfectly well the quality of the biped on his back. In the hands of an unskilful jockey the best horse that ever trod turf may fail to hold his own, even in the company of second-raters, if the latter have the advantage of being piloted by a clever horseman. And the qualities which go to the making of a first-rate jockey are far rarer than most people imagine. He must not only be possessed of great nerve and coolness, he must have a firm and graceful seat, fine hands, and, above all, must be a good judge of pace, able to calculate whether the horse he is riding can last the distance, up to what stage he will have to be nursed, and when to make the final effort. He must exercise his wits as well as his limbs. Besides, his duties are attended with considerable danger; his life and limbs are constantly in danger, and the wasting process to which he must perpetually submit is not calculated to strengthen either his muscles or his nerves. Taking all these things into consideration, it is not surprising that a first-rate jockey should be in great demand, and that large sums should be paid to secure his services. Moreover, so strong are the temptations to dishonesty, that an owner of race-horses knows that the best, if not the only way to secure the fidelity of the jockey is to pay him well.—*From The Hunt and Rider, by Thormanby.*

THE AMERICAN PHYSICIAN.

THE physician sees, in the sick-room, human nature as it really is, devoid of all mask or concealment; and it is safe to say that those cases are few in which the true nature is not greatly inferior to that usually presented to the world. If his patient succumbs to the disease, the doctor is too often unjustly blamed; while if he recovers he finds that appreciation and gratitude are developed in inverse proportion to the progress of convalescence. Notwithstanding all these drawbacks, the life of a successful and skilful physician is a most satisfying one to those who really love their profession, and none other should enter it. No calling is more noble or more useful. There is a satisfaction and delight in relieving pain and restoring health and strength, which the physician experiences in all its fulness, even when the patient himself is unappreciative. The practice of medicine furnishes a wide field for the exercise of the scientific faculty, whether it be in the direction of the manipulative dexterity of practical surgery or the more purely intellectual work of the treatment of functional and organic disease. A large proportion of those most eminent in natural and physical science have been men who began their career as students of medicine, and only at a later period of their life abandoned the hospital and dissecting-room for the chemist's laboratory or the naturalist's study. The social position of the physician is, in this country, a remarkably high one. In other countries, notably in England, the case is different. He is there considered as rather belonging to a lower class of society, and only worthy to be ranked with tradesmen. With us, however, the case is very different. The physician is usually a prominent man in the community, and the trusted friend and counsellor of families and individuals, in many cases for generations. It is in the consciousness of his power and usefulness, however, that the physician experiences his highest satisfaction. From the hour of birth to that of death he watches over his fellow-beings, relieves their pain, and preserves and prolongs their existence. Fortunate is he who has for his medical adviser a wise, skilful, and conscientious man, such as is so often found in the profession; and happy is such a physician as is so often found in the profession; and happy is such a physician as is so often found in the profession; and happy is such a physician as is so often found in the profession.—*Popular Science News.*

It was nearly midnight, and she was gazing dreamily into the fire. "A penny for your thoughts, Miss Josephine," he said, airily. "I was thinking, Mr. Johnson," she replied, "how very much annoyed papa was to-day over the amount of last month's gas bill." And then presently he left without giving her the penny.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

GEN. LEW WALLACE'S new work, "Commodus: a tragedy," will appear in *Harper's Magazine* early next year.

CARDINAL MANNING is collecting various of his shorter papers for publication in a volume of *Miscellanies*.

MACMILLAN AND COMPANY announce new, cheap, and uniform editions of the works of Charles Kingsley and Miss Yonge.

"THE Effects of Protection," by Charles S. Ashley, will be the leading article in *The Popular Science Monthly* for November.

F. WARNE AND COMPANY are about adding to the "Chandos Classics" a new and complete edition of Poe's poetical works.

JULIAN HAWTHORNE has completed another novel for Inspector Byrnes' note-book. It is entitled *Another's Cruise*, and is published by Cassell and Company, New York.

DR. MACKENZIE'S *Fatal Illness of Frederick the Noble* is the book of the year, if we are to judge by the attention it has attracted in England, Germany and the United States.

THOMAS WHITTAKER will publish at once *Our New Mistress*, a story by Charlotte M. Yonge. He also announces a tale of Southern California, *Musgrove Ranch*, by T. M. Browne.

AN illustrated holiday edition of Rev. E. E. Hale's famous sketch, *The Man Without a Country*, the popularity of which seems never to decline, will be brought out by Roberts Brothers.

THE enlargement of the *English Illustrated Magazine* to seventy pages is announced by Macmillan and Company, the price remaining as heretofore. It is just commencing its seventh year.

ROBERTS BROS. announce what is sure to be a book of wide interest—*The Pilgrim's Scrip; or, the Wit and Wisdom of George Meredith*. It will contain a portrait with a biographical and critical introduction.

MR. ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, has been heard from at Nuka-Hiva, where his yacht, the *Casco*, was on July 28, the date of the letter. He writes every day, and is in much better health than when he was in the Adirondacks.

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK has written another of his popular scientific books, which is to be included in the "International Series." It will bear the title, *The Senses, Instincts, and Intelligence of Animals, with Special Reference to Insects*.

MACMILLAN AND COMPANY are preparing a fine new edition of *Wordsworth*, with an introduction by John Morley, a portrait of the poet, and the author's notes. It will, moreover, contain a poem of 700 lines, hitherto unpublished.

IT is officially announced that Prince Bismarck has obtained the consent of Emperor William to prosecute the publishers of the *Deutsche Rundschau* for revealing state secrets in publishing the abstract from the diary of the late Emperor Frederick.

MESSRS. SAMPSON LOW AND COMPANY will publish, in a few days, an account of the North American Fisheries Dispute, by J. H. de Ricci. The book will contain an appendix, giving the legal bearings of the case from an international point of view.

MAX O'RELL has completed his book about America, but has not yet begun the translation into English, which he will do with his wife's assistance. The French, English, and American editions will be issued simultaneously about January.

LONGMANS, GREEN AND COMPANY will shortly publish *The Life of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe*, by Mr. Stanley Lane-Poole. It will give an inside view of that eternal Eastern question for which every English diplomatist must find an answer, as to the riddle of the sphinx.

MR. W. T. STREAD, editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, will publish, through Cassell and Company, "The Truth About Russia," a work which is likely to make some impression in England, as its author does not share the traditional British attitude on the foreign policy of the Empire.

W. C. BROWNELL, whose papers on French Traits have received such appreciative recognition, will write of "French Manners" in the November *Scribner*. The same number will contain a stirring sea story, entitled "The Port of Missing Ships," by John R. Spears, of the *New York Sun*.

THE library of the great Irish patriot, Henry Grattan, will be offered for sale by auction, in Dublin, at the end of the present month; amongst other things it contains a very interesting MS. by Grattan, entitled *Military Survey*, and a unique collection of pamphlets on Ireland, England, and America from 1747 to 1802.

A PARAGRAPH in the *Nation* asserts that the untimely death of Prof. Richard A. Proctor will not put an end to the publication of his "Old and New Astronomy," which is now appearing in parts from the press of Longmans, Green and Company. The complete work it is understood, was in manuscript before the death of the author.

MESSRS. REMINGTON will shortly publish *Love Letters of the Famous Men and Women of the Past and Present Centuries*. This work, which will appear in two volumes, will comprise the most interesting *billets doux* of such noted persons as Farquhar, Swift, Walpole, Pope, Sterne, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, Mrs. Piozzi, Mary Wollstonecraft, Charlotte Carpenter, Keats, Leigh Hunt, and many others.

"THE Lower St. Lawrence" will become well-known to the world if the Retaliation business should presently force Canadian commerce to use her own bays and gulfs as shipping-points for Europe. Meanwhile, any one who desires to get earlier information should turn to *Harper's Magazine* for November, where C. H. Farnham has an article on this subject. Mr. Farnham was chiefly after points of picturesque interest, but his description of the great Gulf and the lower River is wide, and gives not only an idea of the wild scenery of the estuary, but suggests its commercial resources and possibilities.

MR. ALLEN, who in a country village prints and publishes all Ruskin's books, finds this method of publication profitable to both. He said the other day to a visitor: "Men said it was publishing in the middle of a field instead of Paternoster Row. Many implied that it could not succeed. Some said I was an expensive luxury to Mr. Ruskin; but I contrive to send him £4,000 a year as his share of profit on the business. He simply pays me a commission on sales. Of course, he has his work done as he likes. We use only hand-made paper, and the books are properly sewn and bound. The printing is done with the blackest of ink and the engravings with the greatest of care. There is all the difference in the world between using good, honest Frankfort black ink and other rubbish. Moreover, I get a good result because I pay fairly and fully. If a man is cut down in price he has to take three impressions of an engraving in the time it would take to do one. Look at those engravings, done evidently by a man working rapidly, according to some contract. Now look at these, done by a man who knows that his only duty is to do the best he can with the engravings."