

"On an Eastern River."

Oriental women have always been celebrated for the beauty and grace of their face and form, and certainly that reputation has not suffered in the hands of the artist Bredt, judging from his picture, "On an Eastern River."

The beauty of the fine oval countenance of the girl in the bow of the boat is enhanced by the large black eyes of an almond shape, with beautiful long lashes, and an exquisitely soft, bewitching expression in their depth; no doubt their charm has been heightened by blackening the edge of the eyelids (both above and below the eye) with a black powder called "kohl," which is a universal custom amongst the females of the higher and middle classes, and not uncommon amongst the lower orders. Kohl is made from the smoke-black produced by burning almond shells; it is supposed to be beneficial to the eyes, but it is used merely for ornament, and is applied with a small probe of ivory, silver or wood, tapering to a blunt point. This point is first moistened in rosewater, then dipped in the powder and drawn along the edges of the eyelids. The custom of thus ornamenting the eyes prevailed among both sexes in Egypt in ancient times, as well as amongst the Greek ladies and Jewish women. They also stain certain parts of their hands and feet—which are, with few exceptions, most beautifully formed—with the leaves of the henna tree, which imparts a deep orange color. Many dye only the nails of the fingers and toes, some color the first joint, and there are also various fanciful modes of applying the henna. The paste is spread in the palm of the hand, and the fingers closely pressed into it; then the hand is tightly bound with linen and remains thus during the night. This treatment has to be renewed every two or three weeks. It imparts a brighter and clearer color to the nails than to the skin, making the general complexion of the hand and foot appear more delicate.

The dress of the women of the higher classes is very handsome. The shirt of colored crape is very full, reaching to the knees; a pair of very wide trousers of striped silk are fastened round the waist under the shirt, the lower extremities being tied just below the knee with running strings, but made sufficiently long to hang down to the feet when fastened in this way; over this is worn a short vest, cut in such a manner as to show the full shirt.

The headdress is a tightly-fitting cap with a square kerchief of crape wound round it. A jewel called a "Rurs" is worn directly in the front, and it is also richly adorned with other ornaments. A long piece of white muslin embroidered in colored silks and gold spangles is fastened to the back of the headdress and reaches below the waist; and hanging down either side in front is the "mizagee," a strip of rose-colored muslin, folded several times to form a narrow band, thickly wrought in silk and spangles, and terminating in heavy tassels of gold and silk.

The hair is divided into numerous braids—always an uneven number—to each of which is attached three black silk cords with ornaments of gold, jewels, etc., hanging from them.

Few Oriental ladies wear socks or stockings; some of them wear inner shoes of red morocco, called "mezz," over these they put slippers of yellow morocco, with high-pointed toes, usually ornamented with mother of pearl or silver.

Most Oriental females are fond of trinkets, and the richly-jewelled necklaces and the broad bracelets of flexible Venetian gold worn by ladies of high rank are imitated in brass and copper, set with opaque glass beads, and worn by the lower orders and slaves.

With all these details Bredt was evidently familiar, when he so faithfully portrayed them in his painting, "On an Eastern River."

Very Unusual Burial Service.

One of the strangest coffins ever told of is that for which the British war department is responsible.

The story is that a workman, engaged in casting metal for the manufacture of ordnance at the Woolwich Arsenal, lost his balance and fell into a caldron containing twelve tons of molten steel. The metal was at white heat, and the man was utterly consumed in less time than it takes to tell it. The war department authorities held a conference, and decided not to profane the dead by using the metal in the manufacture of ordnance, and that mass of metal was actually buried and a Church of England clergyman read the service for the dead over it.

Mamma—How cruel, Eleanor, to hurt the poor little worm! Eleanor—But he looked so lonesome, mamma, an' I just cut him in two so's he'd have company, an' the two of him wiggled off together just-ever so happy.

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.**Slyboots.**

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When Slyboots got home he found all his family as sulky as bears. They said they had quite given up expecting their father to bring anything, and had been forced to eat frogs. Slyboots submitted very meekly to their complaints. The son and heir was sure that Rosytoes must have been somewhere and should have been found.

"You male creatures have no sense," said Mrs. S. "Now I should have seen at a glance that that old hen was not to be taken in. I should have understood her character from the expression of her eye."

"It was nearly dark in the wood shed," said Slyboots; "besides, the old hen's back was towards me. I never saw her eye at all."

"Oh, of course there's always some good excuse," answered his wife; "but all the excuses in the world won't make us a breakfast."

All day long the old fox plotted and planned, and when night came he trotted briskly off to his work.

In the dead of night Chanticleer and Partlet were suddenly roused from sleep by a shrill voice in their ears:

"Oh, dear! oh, dear! What is to be done? There is a whole gang of thieves coming into the farm!"

"Hey! What! Thieves in my yard?" cried Chanticleer, half asleep, and bustling round on his perch. There was Slyboots just outside the wood shed, the moon shining on his scared countenance. In a second he was off, and then returned in greater agitation than before.

"They are just coming round the corner," he cried, "and one of them has a light in his hand. They are going to set fire to the farm buildings!"



"ON AN EASTERN RIVER."

Oh, valiant cock, come down, come forth, and give one of your magnificent crows. It will rouse the neighborhood, disperse the thieves, and save the farm. I will run on and bite their heels. Oh, if I had but your lungs!"

Off he went again, and Chanticleer raised his wings with dignity and prepared to descend from the perch. "The rascal is quite right," said he; "it's the only thing to be done—set a thief to catch a thief."

"Wouldn't it do if you were to give a good loud crow in here, where you are?" asked Partlet, trembling.

"Pooh!" answered her husband. "What on earth would be the good of that? What fools hens are, to be sure!"

These were the last words he ever uttered. Down he flew, stalked majestically out of the wood shed, mounted on a large stone, arched his neck, and gave a tremendous "Cock-a-doodle-doo!" Slyboots was lying close by, and, when the cock opened his mouth to repeat the performance, pounced upon him in a second. Off he sped, dragging his unhappy victim with him; and away he went, over stock and stone, never pausing till he dropped his precious burden in the burrow.

"Oh, my dear husband!" cried Mrs. Slyboots, "embrace me!"

Cubby danced about with delight, and the son and heir shouted, "Oh! you jolly old cock!" but whether these words applied to his father or to his prize, was not clear. The scene that followed can hardly be described. After several days of starvation, they went to work with savage joy. Cubby seized the head, his brothers tore away at the wings, while their mother waited anxiously for the remnants of the feast. As for Slyboots, he had to content himself with knowing that "Virtue is its own reward." He felt that he had done his duty nobly as the head of the family; and if the distress and desolation of another family resulted from his success, why that was nothing at all to him.

B. FRANCIS.

Practising.

Ten little troublesome fingers,
Ten little finger nails—
Pattering on the piano,
Scattering over the scales,
Clicking, and clacking and clattering,
Each in the other one's way—
What trying and sighing and crying
To teach little children to play!

To play! I call it working,
When ten little fingers like mine
Are bumping and clumping and thumping,
And never will fall into line.
They fumble and tumble and stumble,
They trip and they skip and they hop,
And just when the music is gayest
They come to an obstinate stop.

Do you think that mamma's pretty fingers
That sparkle and dance on the keys
While the music is rippling below them,
Were ever as clumsy as these?
I would work—I would patiently practise,
How patiently!—day after day,
If I thought that my practice and patience
Would end in such beautiful play
—St. Nicholas.

Never Give In.

Two frogs went out one day for a journey on exploration bent. Accidents will happen, however, to the best of creatures, and these two frogs unfortunately fell into a jug of cream. The sides of the jug were slippery, and, after a few unsuccessful attempts to jump out, one of them said: "It's no use. We cannot get out, and we may as well die soon as late."

"Nothing of the kind," said the other. "You can, of course, do as you like, but I shall keep on jumping as long as a spark of life remains in me. Who knows but that we shall succeed at last?"

This speech put new life into the despondent frog, and they both began to jump with renewed energy. Jump, splash, jump, splash, went on for some time, and then, low!

something happened. It was quite natural that it should. The cream began to thicken, and was at last churned into butter. The frogs then mounted to the top and succeeded in gaining their freedom!

Nil desperandum is an excellent motto for young folks when any work has to be done. Don't forget the frogs.

Throwing Cold Water.

Why is it that some people seem to take delight in constantly throwing cold water on everything? We have all met them; the men—yes, and the women, too—who will effectually extinguish the most sanguine man in the world with a few minutes' conversation. They seem to go about on purpose to dampen everybody's enjoyment. Their chief happiness seems to consist in making somebody else

anxious and foreboding. They are birds of evil omen, always expecting something dreadful is coming. They look for the cholera next year. The smallpox is on the increase. Nearly everybody is liable to paralysis. They like to read aloud the statistics of death and disease. They like to attend funerals. They are fond of talking over signs of death and ill-luck.

The crops are sure to fail this year, they invariably say if they live in the country. Hops will have the fly, potatoes will rot, and the wheat will be smutty. Epizootic will rage, colds will flourish—and colds generally end in consumption, they have observed. Or, if they live in the city, the banks are all going to break, and there will be a regular panic.

The man who likes to throw cold water will stop you on the streets and enquire after your health, and he will tell you that you look just like his friend Simpson did, and Simpson died of apoplexy when he was just about your age—ill only three hours, and left an inconsolable wife and eight small children. He says you look bilious, and remarks that his mother had just such a complexion a few days before she was taken down with typhoid fever.

If you contemplate going on an excursion into the country, he is sure it is going to rain—he never knew clouds like those in the south to fail of bringing wet weather. If you are going to ride, he will tell you that the roads are in a fearful condition in certain parts of the country, where the scenery is most inviting.

If you have any particular friends, and happen to speak in their favor, he will roll up his eyes and sigh, and remark that if you only knew what he knows; and then he sighs again, and says desperately, "Well, we are all poor creatures!" And when you insist upon being told what he knows, he sighs louder and more dismally than before, and says that it is against his principles to say anything to injure anybody, or to make them feel unhappy. What are we going to do about these aggravating throwers of cold water? Is there any possible way of making them see themselves as others see them?