

ers have been too indolent to saw them off. Over these rafters—above the line of which the wall extends a few inches—are laid some boards or a stratum of poles, and upon these dry earth is spread a foot or more deep, with rude gutters arranged to carry away the water. In the course of two or three seasons such a roof will have caught a supply of wind-sown seeds, and support a plentiful crop of grass and weeds, which is no disadvantage. This novel result is interfered with somewhat, however, by the habit of using the roofs of the houses (reached by a short ladder) as a place for drying fruit and sunning grain, and for a general lounging spot, whence a better view of what is occurring in the world—the going and coming of the neighbors, the planting or gathering of the crops, the approach of a stranger-horseman, or the movements of the cattle on the benches—can be obtained, than a seat on the ground affords. As the train dashes by the passenger notices two or

three women and children on each house-top, shading their eyes with their brown hands, and making an unconscious *pose* irresistibly alluring to an artist.

On a line with the front of the house a wall will probably extend a little distance in each direction, and then backward, enclosing a garden and diminutive orchard. Everything is square. The idea of a curve seems rarely to enter the Spanish-Indian mind. For graphic effect this is highly gratifying, since the bends in the river, the rounded outlines of the mountains, the undulations of foliage, are all in curves, to which the angular lines of the buildings present a most pleasing contrast. Now and then you will see a better house—one whitewashed outside, and having a balcony running around the second storey. The outbuildings, in any case, are only a few mud huts, used for storage, and some rough pens where the animals are kept. Anything like the barns of an Eastern farmer is unknown.

Some Quacks.

BY EDWARD EGGLESTON.

IN spite of all moral condemnation, one cannot avoid a certain admiration for a bold and successful impostor. Boldness and shrewdness are captivating in themselves—Becky Sharp, though detestable, is sublime. Milton meant that we should admire his Satan. Scribe has a *comédie vaudeville*, I remember, which appeals entirely to men's admiration for successful charlatanism. So well known is this trait that some men in politics, as Wilkes, the English demagogue of the last century, and certain American politicians of the present century, or thereabouts, are shrewd enough to win on their barefaced reputation for demagoguery. It is one of the

dangers of free government that many people like a trickster, if he is only bold and entirely without scruple. To every condemnation of his morals men rejoin that he is "mighty smart," or, as they say in England of a famous living statesman, "awfully clever." The mob like the man who goes to extremes, says Brougham. The showmen who frankly do business on their reputation for skilful imposture are far less blameworthy than those political, medical and clerical humbugs who handle more vital things than "Cardiff giants" and "What-is-its."

But one cannot help being amused even with these impostors. A vulture is inter-