gers, no comfortable old corners, where she made her nest at will. With scornful curiosity, sne trod the rugs, and tried the easel as a perch.

With Spangle's Help.

This is the way that it happened that Spangle became a member of the Carmichael family.

Teddy Carmichael stood at a shop

window in a small town in Southern California. But it was not the horned the opportunity and get in her next taged rovered with spines and mount- day's work ahead of time, so she toads covered with spines and mount-ed in the most life-like manner on their their prey, or the piles of wonderfully cately at her side, went down with a covered shells that kept Teddy stand- fatal crash. The next morning, bright They spoke without a voice, ing there motioness. A small chick, a and early, the artist threw open the few days old, looking like an animated door of his studio, letting in a flood tall of yellow fluff, was running about without. With a cackle of alarm I sobbed: "Oh my mother dear,"—
without. With a cackle of alarm I sobbed: "Oh my mother kind, a compartment at one end of the win- Spangle flew down from her lofty dow, busily pecking at the cornmeal perch, giving the artist a great start, scattered about. It was this small as she brushed past him with extendcreature that kept Teddy as if rooted to the spot, for it took him back in when he recognized the speckled hen, memory to the old New England farm, wondering how she could have gotten which was still home to him, although in. Then he went to his easel, and, My mother raised her eyes which was still home to him, although with an exclamation of dismay, stood they were blank and could not so three thousand miles away, there glaring at his picture. His obwhere every spring a hundred such ject was a California poppy-field unchicks ran about. At last he went inder a noon-day sun. Now, each popto the shop-he must have the chick py, yellow as gold, gives out a light at any price-that is, if it did not ex as if it were a small sun, and the receed his weekly allowance. It was flection from a poppy-field is like a just a quarter of a dollar—the exact sum that he had in his pocket, and A woman stood in the field in a white when he was told that it was an incu-bated chick it still further appealed to way up to her waist. It was another bated chick it still further appealed to his sympathies. It was hard on the little of his "impossible" pictures. No one the thing to be born an orphan, for the who had not seen the colors that national or soon should sleen in the offspring of an incubating machine ture takes on in that land of no frost cannot be said to have either father or would believe his story, and he himself

mother. Teddy was always adding to the number of his pets. He had al- vas. "No one will believe it," he said, ready two white rabbits, four does, a as often as he looked at it—and yet live horned toad, and a small, tough, he knew that he was painting true. stubborn burro; but his mother never Spangle's egg had broken just as objected to a new pet, as the care of it had struck the line of the horizon, all these creatures kept him out of and left a smear of yellow athwart doors, where the sun does nothing his blue sky. As he surveyed the havoc but shine three hundred days out of the marauder had wrought his expression gradually changed. Instead of The small chick proved a greater care than Teddy had foreseen. It showed a tendency to go into decline knife and cloth, he pulled up his chair the three hundred and sixty-five. as soon as it left the shop window, and intently studied his picture, a and it took the united force of Cali-fornia climate, Teddy's constant watch-lis serious face! Spangle had given fulness, and the skilled resources of him an idea! To his inspired gaze the Jim, the Chinese cook, to get it through yolk of Spangle's egg was a yellow its first winter. Jim made a bed for it moon, and under it lay his poppy-field under the cook stove in his beautifully bathed in a new light. Spangle's sugclean kitchen, and prepared special lit gestion was a good one. Instead of tle dishes for it and chased off the dogs a noon-day sun, he would paint the when they showed too great an interwhen they showed too great an interscene under a full moon, rising at the bugs, or worms, or mice, est in his charge, and chatted with it close of day, and thus get the subdued incessantly in chicken-English blue of the sky as a background with (which is not very different from the golden moon to gild his poppies, pigeon-English) that it finally changed and make his picture seem sensible.

its mind about filling an early grave, With a feeling of almost reverence and resolved to live. When the spring he scraped off the egg, and went back came round it had grown into a strong to his breakfast. white hen, spotted with black. It was the peculiar marking that gained for helped an artist to paint his best picthe peculiar marking that gained the peculiar marking very tame and would tip-toe daintily into the dining room at meal-times for crumbs, and roost on the top of the hall door when she found it ajar. But this little practice she abandoned after truth—and the picture never came a certain nude shock she chanced to receive. Jim was locking up the house one night, with his usual ferocious that she was a better colorist than sometimes they're walkin round haste, and forgetting all about Span-he, but, for all that, he took care that So softly an' so creepylike they never gle's roosting place, flung the door to she should not find her way into his with a backward kick, as he went studio again, for he said that it was With a shrill cry of just possible that Spangle, like many through the hall. fright and indignation, Spangle flew cown with ruffled feathers, just escaping from having her toes crushed between the door and its frame, giving Jim such a start that his hair would have stood on end if it had not been braided into such a tight queue

But with all the human fellowship It was a lonely life for Sprangle Perhaps it was with some such thought, or it might have been with a view to having eggs of undoubted freshness for his wonderful cakes and puddings that Jim, one day, pre-sented Teddy with half a dozen fullgrown chickens of so fine a breed that however fastidious Spangle might be, she could take no exception to her new companions on the score of family. Teddy made some nests down in the old barn, where he kept his burro in the rainy season, and, after a while Spangle forsook the house entirely and shared the

life of her feathered friends. Jim was very proud, when one morning, he served at breakfast half a dozen eggs laid by their own chickens, putting at Teddy's place a particularly white and well-shaped oval, as the production of their (wn hand-

raised Spangle. Now Teddy had an older brother. who was an artist. He did wonderful things in color. He was so little afraid of red and blue and yellow that he was called a colorist. But he could not get his pictures believed, and so they remained on his hands unsold. Every picture that came back to him (he sent his pictures east to the great exhibitions) gave him a fresh shock of discouragement, until his belief in himself was being undermined-and outside of his art he had no life, no ambition. his studio in a top room of the house, but the light had never been quite his satisfaction. For some he had had his eye on the old barn at the end of the grounds. With a little alteration it would make a fine studio. A Lady Bankela rose had climbed over it and covered it with a snow of blossoms half a foot deep, and the windows looked into a fruit full bloom. It seemed pity that all that beauty should be wasted upon the chickens, for they alone frequented the barn, now that the burro lived out-of-doors. One day the artist set to work, and in a short time had completely transformed the old barn. He tore out the stalls and put in a new flooring, and covered the dingy old walls with bur-He painted and varnished everything that came within reach of | partake of the same general character, busy brush. Then he cut down some palms, which grew so profusely the place, and nailed them tracing an analogy between them. round his walls in the form of a He spread a rug or two out on the floor, placed against the walls the color-filled pictures that would not sell, and set up his easel-and if you could take in a view of the interior, facing the opened window that out upon the blossoming apricot and prune trees, you would agree with the artist that the old barn had made a fine studio. Surely he would paint his successful picture

Every one was pleased with the transformation but Spangle-and she ad not been consulted. She was willing to roost among the apricot bloswith the other chickens, but the had strong objections to laying acr eggs anywhere but in the old parn, and she stealthily watched her chance to get back to her old quarlate afternoon, when the ertist had closed his studio for Spangle found, to her great de-With a loud cluck essly left open. she flew in, but, to her trange surroundings. All the old indicated the precentions thus put the procession of ladies in the drawing-room. The procession of ladies in the drawing-room. The procession of ladies in the drawing-room. The cabulary.

A Chilly Night.

Then, with a much-injured air, one attempted to make her way out, but in her excitement, she had forgot-

ten how she had come in, and found

setting sun struck a rafter overhead.

This, a least, looked familiar—she had

often roosted there-and with a cluck

of satisfaction she flew aloft and pre-

pared to spend the night there. She

was an industrious little nen, and she

thought that as long as she was there

she might as well take advantage of

notable pictures of the next exhibi-

tion. The critics spoke of its ideality and grace—it wonderful color and

back to the happy artist. He was al-

another artist, might be capable of only

one good picture, and he did not wish

second attempt.—The Interior.

he to endanger her reputation by a

Language Spoken by Cats.

Investigation Reveals They Have Quite

an Extensive Vecabulary.

Since the domestication of the ani-

mal there has never been a doubt that

cats possessed a language that they

sometimes employed with more liberal-

ity than the occasion seemed to de-

mand. But it is a new theory that the

poets are founded primarily on the ac-

cent of cats, and that the latter is the

completest illustration of vocal and

lingual harmony which nature affords.

The popular idea has always been

quite the contrary. But the notion is

seriously advanced by Prof. Marvin

Clark, who is said to be a blind au-

thor, and argued with feline emphasis

and prolixity. Cat language, he says,

is rather like Chinese, "both being

musical mellifluous and pleasing to the

senses"-a proposition which will com-

mand attention on account of its nov-

ety, and may be concurred in by the

cats and the Chinese themselves, but

is certain of indignant and spontan-

and men. In other respects the simi-

larity between the two dialects may

possess a higher degree of plausibility.

For instance, the same word in Chin-

ese means several hundred different

things, according to the inflection, and

Prof. Clark asserts that the same

thing may be said of the various yowls

through which the cat endeavors to

express its emotions. Sometimes they

mean one thing, and sometimes an-

other, according to their pitch and

cadence, and in the case of an error

of interpretation on the part of the

adjacent cat there is always the ex-

vocal experiments and new misunder-

standing in a chain of unbroken suc-

appeared upon the first back fence in

nistory. So far as the inhabitants of

Of the 600 primitive words which the

to the cat by far the larger proportion

employed in the colloquies of the

oriental laundrymen, and the light

is not possible to concur in the theory

that they form the ultimate basis of

poetical literature, or that to unravel them is to untwist all the chords that

tie the prisoned soul of harmony, Giv-

ing the cat note its proper value in

the phonetic and lingual scale, it is

possible to conceive another origin for

other tongues and sounds. There is

no evidence that it has materially

influenced the development of poetical

trace of it here and there in verse to

case of the new laureate than in com-

mon, but in that, too, 'tis but a cas-

would reject the prefensions thus put

ual concord.

pedient of battle, giving rise to new

eous rejection by all other animals

herself a prisoner within those dese-crated walls. A slanting ray of the

I rose at the dead of night, And went to the lattice alone To look for my mother's ghost Where the ghastly moonlight shone.

My friends had failed one by one, Middle-aged, young and old, Till the ghosts were warmer to me Than my friends that had grown so

I looked and I saw the ghosts Dotting the plain and mound: They stood in the blank moonlight, But no shadow lay on the ground; And they leaped without a sound.

I sobbed: "Oh my mother kind, | Make a lonely bed for me And shelter it from the wind: "Tell the others not to come

They were blank and could not see: While they seemed to look at me.

She opened her mouth and spoke, I could not hear a word, While my flesh crept on my bones And every hair was stirred. She knew that I could not hear

The message that she told,

But never a sound of words

Or soon should sleep in the mold: I saw her toss her shadowless hair And wring her hands in the cold. strained to catch her words, And she strained to make me hear;

Fell on my straining ear. From midnight to the cockerow I kept my watch in pain, While the subtle ghosts grew subtler In the sad night on the wane.

From midnight to the cockerow I watched till all were gone, Some to sleep in the shifting sea And some under turf and stone: Living had failed and dead had failed, And I was indeed alone. -Christina Rossetti.

> 1 Seein' Things.

things 'at girls are skeered uv An' think are awful nice! I'm pretty brave, I guess; an' yet I For, when I'm tucked up warm an' snug, an' when my prayers are said

It was in this way that Spangle Mother tells me "Happy Dreams!" a An' leaves me lyin' all alone an' seein' things at night!

Sometimes they're in the corner, sometimes they're by the door, Sometimes they're all a-standin' in the middle uv the floor: ways grateful to Spangle and declared Sometimes they're a-sittin' sometimes they're walkin' round make a sound! studio again, for he said that it was Sometime other times they're white-

But the color ain't no difference when you see things at night! Once, when I licked a feller 'at had just moved on our street, An' father sent me up to bed without

a hite to eat. woke up in the dark an' saw things standin' in a row, A-lookin' at me cross-eyed an' p'intin' at me-so! Oh, my! I was so skeered that time

never slep' a mite-It's almost alluz when I'm bad I see things at night! Lucky thing I ain't a girl, or I'd be skeered to death! Bein' a boy, I duck my head an' hold

my breath; An' I am, oh! so sorry I'm a naughty boy, an' then smooth and liquid passages in our I promise to be better an' I say my prayers again! Gran'ma tells me that's the only way to make it right When a feller has been wicked an' sees things at night!

> An' so, when other naughty boys would coax me into sin, I try to skwush the Tempter's voice, at urges me within; when they's pie for supper, cakes' at's big an' nice, I want to-but I do not pass my plate f'r them things twice! No, ruther let stavation wipe me slowly out o' sight Than I should keep a-livin' on an'

-Eugene Field. Mixed Consonants.

seein' things at night!

A comical story is told of a learned young man at Oxford who had an odd trick of mixing up his consonants when he talked. He was bright, handsome and genial, and a great favorite among ladies; but he was almost certain when he was conversing with animation to become neryous, and to use one word in place of another.

One afternoon he was attending a reception at a house where he was a frequent visitor, and where he was cession since the first midnight cat suspected of paying more than ordinary attention to the charming daughter of the hostess. The drawing-room the flowery kingdom have been ob- was filled with people, and he emserved, their conversational habits ployed himself in paying compliments to one lady after another and in servand often lead to the same results, and there may be a plausible reason for finally turned to him and asked him to step into the adjoining parlor and see if her daughter would like a cup

professor claims to have traced home The professor, unconscious of imbear a noticeable similarity to those pending fate, crossed the room, approached the young lady, and, smiling pleasantly, tried to say, repartee of the fan-fan table. But it you have a cup of tea?" At the critical moment he hesitated, stammered, and finally brought

of tea.

it out in this form: "Will you have The lady was taken by surprise, but was not troubled in the use of consonants. Her answer was "Yes, followed by a deep blush; and before the professor could correct his mistake or regain his self-possession, his partner for life had retreated in con-fusion from the room to whisper the

literature in any period. There is a news in her mother's ear. Dazed for a moment by the sudbe seen, but it is a mere accidental denness with which his future had similitude, a trifle more marked in the been ordered for him, the professor easily reconciled himself to the situation, since he had admired the beau-It is not wise to claim tiful and graceful girl for a long for the animal more than properly be- time, but had lacked the courage to

longs to it, and any judicious cat tell her so.

Would reject the pretensions thus put With a beaming smile on his face,

what had happened, glanced at him in a mischievous way, and said arch-ly, and with an air of innocence. "How bright and nappy you are looking, professor. Some great stroke of good fortune must have befallen you, if I may judge from your smiling face.

The professor's face was indeed lighted up with a fine glow of enthusiasm. He hesitated before replying, and his color deepened as he became aware that there were several persons standing hear who could not fail to hear what was said. Well, I ought to took happy," he finally exclaimed, with a great ef-fort, "for I am going before long to

Here he had an attack of nervousness and stammered badly. What he was trying to say was that he was about to be married; but his consonants were mixed at the critical moment, and what he said, to the as-

tonishment of the company, was: "For I am going before long to be be buried. Congratulate me,

Face Changing

It Can be Done by the Exercise of the Will.

The New Science Teaches How to Acquire a Desired Expression.

From the New York Recorder. The art of counterfeiting facial expression is as old as the face itself, but it remained for a modern French scientist to discover how permanent results may be obtained and to place the art upon a scientific basis. As explained by the new science there are, in addition to the bone and framework, three chief anatomical factors in the facial expression. These are the skin, the cushion of fat which contains the numerous blood vessels won't buy her a new bonnet. and the facial muscles. The nerve supply receives impulses from the fifth cranium nerve. The blood vessels are under the control of the sympathetic system, and the muscles which have to do with the expression of the face receive impulses from the brain. The numerous muscular tis- corner." sues of the face are, of course, controlled by telegraphic nerve fibres, and the connection between the muscles of expression and the emotional centers of the brain is a very close one. The expression of the face is always more or less independent of the will, and this accounts for the fact that so few men are able to lie successfully without betraying them-"Static physiognomy," which is the

name given to the new science, treats of the theory of habitual expression when the countenance is at rest. In short, this science is based upon the theory that every emotion however the proper muscles of the face at all This means, of course, that times. even the most minute sensation has its direct influence upon the appearance of the face. The expression, and even the general arrangement of features invariably accommodate them-selves to the influence of these milions of telegraphic nerve dispat It will be seen, therefore, that facial expression may be readily acquired by merely sending a sufficient number f these little nerve telegrams to the muscles of the face. Ordinarily these ispatches are being constantly and inconsciously sent to govern the important muscles. If, however, one will ystematically originate these curious little demands, and will carry on this exercise regularly and intelligently, the face will gradually assume a fixed expression, which in time becomes quite mechanical. In other words, the muscles of the face which determine one's expression may be developed by proper exercise as certainly as the muscles of the legs or arms. The new science goes a step further and prescribes just what lessons must e conned in order to produce a paricular type of face. There is nothing mysterious or unscientific in this. Physiognomists long ago discovered that any long-continued dominant motion on the face or set of experinces produce a characteristic expres-The most familiar example of this is the fact that men of the same vocation in life have similar expressions. This is true of nearly all trades and professions. Physiognomists are, for example, able at once to recognize vhat is known as the "cobbler's vis-There is a sailor's visage, a lergyman's face, and everybody ble to recognize the curious cast of ountenance of a groom.

In analyzing these typical faces or apressions, it is discovered that each is some very characteristic feature. which may be readily accounted for. The clerical face is characterized by certain indication of authority, the thin-lipped kind, and a dignified ense of the sanctity of his office. hysicians have what is known as the tor's jaw and mouth. The doctor's ve is at once vigilant and sympaetic, while the general expression of face suggests a fund of untapped sdom. The typical lawyer's counenance is confident, with a pouncing lertness of the eye. The sea captain xpresses authority and power in the eve and the easily set mouth. The orseman's face, on the other hand, hows command in the mouth, and the soldier's in the mouth and the These various types which are so readily recognized, it may thereore be seen, are the direct outcome of certain emotions and experiences which are characteristic of various

ccupations. In order to acquire a particular type f facial expression, it is necessary to derstand just what are the emoions and impulses experienced by the nan whose face is to be imitated. In order to produce a complete transfornation of a man's facial expression, t is necessary to carry on these curious exercises for a period covering several years. Anyone having even a slight knowledge of psysiognomy can devise these muscular exercises is necessary, the disciples of the lew science teach, to find out first of all what are the commonest emotions and impulses to the type of man or When this voman to be imitated. has been clearly settled, it remains to subject oneself to these impressions. A familiar example that of a man having a weak, insipid face, who wished to cultivate the determined facial expression of the oldier. To accomplish this it is necessary, as far as possible, to view the affairs of everyday life from a soldier's point of view. The firm-set jaw, indicative of courage and authority, could be gradually developed. It uld necessitate more care and perseverance for a man with hard, sharp features, say those of the gambler or ockey, to assume the expression of a divine, although this, according to The the new science, is a physical, if not a mental possibility.

"Yes," said Bubbles, "I have a good and Theodorus lost the battle of Mag-"Yes," said Bubbles, deal on my hands just now." "So I see," said Tubb. try a little soap and water?"

Teacher-Now, Tommy, tell us y the index finger is. Tommy-Yes'm; it's that 'un you li cago Record.

Fond Mother-My darling, it is bedime. All the little chickens have gone to bed. Little Philosopher-Yes, mamma, and so has the old hen. -1:-

"I wonder how the thermometer stands?" innocently remarked Mrs, Smidge. "It don't," said her disagreehusband. "It hangs on a nail outside the window shutter.", -::-Purchaser-Is there any pedigree

chuckin' in a chain and collar. -::--"Mamma, honest, it wasn't me eat

up all that cake—it was Bobby."
"Well, Dick, bring me the cathodal kodak and I'll see at once which of you is guilty."-Chicago Record.

by the sparkle of dew at early morn-"Mamma," she exclaimed, "it's hot-ter'n I thought it was. Look here. The grass is all covered with perspiration,'

The eye of little Elsie was attracted

Wigwag-What's the matter with Mrs. Grumpy? Mrs. Wigwag-Her head troubles he a good bit. Wigwag-Neuralgia?

Mrs. Wigwag-No. Her husand -::--Harry was 4 years old. His grand-

mother was trying to teach him to count, and asked, "How many legs have you?" He answered, promptly, "Two," How many legs has Brownie?" After looking at the dog a moment, he replied, "Brownie has one on each

Fashionable Doctor-My dear young lady, you are drinking unfiltered water, which swarms with animal or-You should have it boiled; that will kill them. His Patient-Well, doctor, I think I'd sooner be an aquarium than a cemetery.—Household Words.

The natives of India make some curious blunders while studying the English language. The English resident at Bhurtpore once received a letter beginning "Honored enormity;" the writer evidently using the words as slight, sends a distinct impulse to expressing respect. One man, during an examination, was told to write an essay upon a horse, which he did in the following brief terms: "The horse is a very noble animal, but when irritated he ceases to do so."

> "Say, mister," he called, with his head in the door of a Michigan avenue ocery store "do you own a hoss "Yes, I own a horse," replied the African dwarfs; that when travelgrocer, as he looked up from his pa-

-::-

"And a wagon?" "Yes; what of it?" "Nuthin', 'cept you are mistaken about the wagon," drawled the boy. "Your hoss took a skate down the street about five minits ago and there hain't 'nuff of that there wagon left to make a club of."

---An English army officer, stationed at Allahabad, was one morning putting on his boots, when he felt a sharp prick. Several scorpions had been seen about the barracks. Without question one of them had taken up its quarters in his boot. "Well," he muttered, "the harm is done; and I may as well kill the creature." So he began stamping violently with a view to crushing the life out of the scorpion. Every stamp gave him exqui-site torture, but he kept bravery at it till he felt sure he had killed it. When he pulled out his foot he found the-shoebrush.

A Glance at Abussinian History.

Abyssinia is so thoroughly a terra incognita to the average reader that the defeat of the Italians has been received with astonishment. Surrounded by large deserts, the mountain empire has always been obscured from the view of the civilized world, except on occasions like the present, when some ambitious power endeavors to add the reputed home of the Queen of Sheba to its possessions. The following sketches of Abyssinian history, which we take from an article by Edward Leyd, in the Baltimore Correspondent, will therefore be welcome:

"Abyssinia is not much smaller than habitants. The name o s derived from the Arabic word 'Habesch,' which means a mixture. The population of the country has alnegroes. About 650 before Christ, in the days of Psammetichus I., some 240,000 members of the Egyptian warrior caste emigrated to Abyssinia, giving the country their civilization, teaching the people all kinds of trades and

the art of navigation. introduced in "Christianity was Abyssinia about 330 A.D., but was several times pushed to the wall by the Jewish and other religions, and in the fifteenth century there was great danger of its succumbing to Mohamme-The Christian religion as it is today in Abyssinia is nothing but heathenism with a slight varnish of Christianity.

"Although the kings of Abyssinia boast of their descent from Menelik. the son of the Queen of Sheba, and King Salomo, who lived about 3,000 years ago, it is well known that several dynasties dethroned each other. The present Negus, or 'King of Kings, was only King of Schoa, one of the Abyssinian States, twenty years ago." The writer then turns to Abyssinian history during the latter half of the

present century. About 1850 Kasa, son of the regent pia. After five years of hard fighting rade in the grasp of a man, he succeeded pretty well in his pur-

tions and overthrow pretenders almost continually. He introduced monogamy in Abyssinian and regulated church

"During the sixties he got into trouble with the English on account of some missionaries whose presence in the country was distasteful to him. Sir George Napier landed 12,000 troops, dala, committing suicide soon after. The internal troubles of Abyssinia re-sulting from the death of the Negus led the Viceroy of Egypt to send an expedition into the Soudan, and the energetic commander of the Egyptian troops, a Swiss named Werner zinger, succeeded in annexing all the

when you turn over the pages.—Chi north of Abyssinia to Egypt.
cago Record.

-:himself master of the throne of Abyssinia, and was crowned Negus under the name of Johannes. He beat the Egyptian army commanded by Hassan, the son of Ismail Pasha, quelled several insurrections with a strong hand, forced King Menelik of Schoa and Ras Adal of Godscham to acknowledge his authority, and ruled supreme in all

Ethiopia since 1882. "In 1886 the Italians ocupied Massowah, which the Negus claimed as his own. His general, Ras Alula, beat the Italians at Dongali, but a new enemy threatened Johannes in the person of the Mahdi. The Negus went to meet Itinerant Dog Vender-No, sir. I'm him with an amy, but was beaten and all out of pedigrees; but I don't mind lost his life at Mitimueh, March 9, 1889. His nephew and successor, Ras Mangascha, was dethroned by King Menelik, who made an alliance with the Italians, acknowledging their suzerainty. He also acknowledged them as masters of Euthrea. The suzerainty of the Italians has, nevertheless, beer badly wrecked by the battle of Adowa.

The East African Dwarfs.

Whole Tribes of Little Men and Women Described by a Traveler.

Dr. A. Donaldson Smith, of Philadelphia, told the large audience of the American Geographical Society at Chickering Hall on last Monday of his sixteen months' journey in 1894-95 among the Somalis and Gallas from the Gulf of Aden southwestward to the salt lakes of Stefanie and Rudolf near the eastern limits of the Upper Nile basin. Dr. Smith's route passed for hundreds of miles through the country of the Galla tribes, south of Abyssinia, whom no explorer had ever visited before. He therefore brings to us the first definite idea we have reached of a large region, and among the many specimens of fauna he has brought home, twentyfour species are new to science. believe that in another respect his observations are of more than ordin-

ary interest. Dr. Smith spoke of his visit to a dwarf tribe, some scores north of Lake Rudolph, but he did not say, what we believe is a fact, that he is the first white man who has seen these little people in their homes, though there has been evidence of their existence.

Less than four years ago Dr. Henry, Schlichter, of the British Museum, collated all the reports about East African dwarfs with a view to answering, if possible, the vexed question: "Do pygmy tribes exist in East Africa, and, if so, where?" Summarizing all the reports, he found that as far back as 1826 Capt. Boteler had brought informat ing in Abyssinia, Shoa, and Kaffa, Messrs. Harris, Krapf, d'Abbadie, Hartmann, and several others had heard much of the existence of the pygmies in the unexplored country just a little south; and that Avanthers, Krapf, and d'Abbadie saw numbers of these dwarfs, though not in

their native habitat. AM the evidence collected by Dr. Schlichter seemed to point conclusively to the existence of dwarf tribes the southern border of Kaffa, the southernmost portion of Abyssinnear nia, and in the neighborhood of the thirty-sixth meridian east of Greenwich. When Count Teleki discovered Lake Rudolph he did not travel north of the lake far enough to meet the dwarfs. But Dr. Smith has done so, has seen the dwarfs, or at least one tribe of them, in their homes, and has justified Dr. Schlichter's division of the pygmy tribes into the East African, Central African, West African, and South African dwarfs. Dr. Smith's brief description of those he saw confirms the previous evidence that the East African dwarfs, in size, appearance, and habits, are similar to those of the Upper Nile and Con-

The Harem on Shipboard. From "A Wandering Scholar in the Levant." Hogarth.

A dirtier and more cockroach-infested craft I never sailed upon than that Levantine coaster, peace to her ribs!-they are whitening now on the Syrian coast, where she went quietly aground one calm night without loss to life and decently insured! The officers were Scotch, and the crew, Greek, and the latter understood the former according to the vitriolic expletives. It might be said that the ship was worked wholly by profan-The captain, meeting a at Iskenderum, looked on the Samity! Germany, and has about 4,000,000 in- ian wine till he took a fever, and we did without him for the rest of the voyage; the cook, objecting to a Jew who was singing near his galley. sliced him from eye to shin, and had ways been very mixed. Originally the to be put in irons; and who after that inhabitants were doubtless Soudanese event cooked our greasy dinner 1 never dare inquire. ridiculous memories that revive with the name of that disreputable tub that scavenged along the Levantine coasts, shipping contraband where she could not get licensed cargo, and defying pilots and the rules of ports; but none funnier than of a squally, night on which we ran out of Iskenderun, the whole sea red in the reflected light of a forest fire.

We were carrying on the quartedeck a pasha's harem, come from the interior, and probably new to the sea; and as the ship pitched and rolled, the wives and children and slaves fell very sick, the oldest and stoutest duenna of them all, starting up unveiled and half clad, rushed to the side and began to climb the rail, with the evident purpose of leaping out of the accursed ship somehow or somewhither. But the old Scotch mate was too quick for her. In an instant he had gripped her waist, and for five minutes there was a Homeric battle, he cursing gutturally as he held on like grim death, she backing out behind, twining her dis-engaged hand in his hair, and defaming his maternal ancestors to the of Quarra, extended his power and be- tenth generation. The harem shrieked gan to make himself master of Ethio- at the awful spectacle of their comthere was none to help, for the Pasha pose. Having conquered the chief of Ubie at the battle of Dobraski, he called himself Negus Negesti, i.e., Emperor keenly to cut it short. At the last of Ethiopia, and adopted the name of the succumbed, exhausted, and the Theodorus. His whole life was full of old Scot bore her back like a sack she succumbed, exhausted, and the struggles, for he had to quell insurrec- | to her bed.