

And I stood to watch him, in spite of the searching bitter wind blowing over the brow of the hill, as he ran down the street, until he was fairly out of my sight. That night I strung up Willie's chair again to the ceiling.

(To be continued.)

CONTRABAND CAMELS.

In August, 1862, a famous Bedawin Chief named Mohammed ed Dukhy, in Houran, east of the Jordan, rebelled against the Turkish government. The Druzes joined him, and the Turks sent a small army against them. Mohammed had in his camp several thousand of the finest Arabian camels, and they were placed in a row behind his thousands of Arab and Druze horsemen. Behind the camels were the women, children, sheep, cattle, and goats. When the Turkish army first opened fire with musketry, the camels made little disturbance, as they were used to hearing small arms, but when the Turkish Colonel gave orders to fire with cannon the "ships of the desert" began to tremble. The artillery thundered and the poor camels could stand it no longer. They were driven quite crazy with fright, and fled over the country in every direction in more than a Bull Run panic. Some went down towards the Sea of Galilee, others towards the swamps of Merom, and hundreds towards Benias, the ancient Cæsarea, Philippi, and onwards to the west as far as Deir Mimas. Nothing could stop them. Their tongues were projecting, their eyes glaring, and on they went. The fellaheen along the roads caught them as they could, and sold them to their neighbors. Fine camels worth eighty dollars, were sold for four or five dollars a head, and in some villages the fat animals were butchered and sold for beef. Some of them came to Deir Mimas, where two of the missionaries lived. The Protestants said to the missionaries. "Here are noble camels selling for five and ten dollars. Shall we buy? Others are buying." By no means, they told them. "They are stolen or strayed property, and you will repent it if you touch them." Others bought and feasted on camel steaks, and camel soup, and camel kibby, but the Protestants could not touch them. In a day or two the cavalry of the Turks

came scouring the country for the camels, as they were the spoils of war. Then the poor fellaheen were sorry enough that they had bought and eaten the camels, for the Turks made them pay back double the price of the beasts, and the Protestants found that honesty was the best policy.—*Jessup's Women of the Arabs.*

AGAINST THE TIDE.

We have great respect for that large class of the human family whose energies are given to "bearing up." It is a fine thing to do things, but a finer thing to just stand it. Most people are in that defensive attitude. We all start out aggressively, events push us hard. First we slacken, then we halt, then we back up against a wall and bear it.

The castles in the air drift into darkness, and ambition's pictures become dissolving views, and the man finds himself under the sober skies of forty, with empty hands, bending shoulders, unmarked days in the present and uncertain ones in the future. The fame or fortune that nerved his young life is under the horizon. The stimulus of hope that held him up is wasted and gone. Forge and anvil, spade and shovel, from morning to night. The mortgage clings to the cottage, and hard work cannot lift it. Doctors' bills take the surplus. Gray hairs are coming, and the monotonous years wear on. There is nothing ahead to look to, and nothing in the present to notch the days, save a little harder work, a more restless night, and gradually failing strength. Under this gathering gloom the man does nothing fine, thinks nothing great, he only bears bravely up. If the neighbors ever give the man a thought, it is only to say, "Poor fellow, things go rather against him." But blessed is the man who can go against things, and hold his way with buoyant heart, under "skies that are ashen and sober," over "leaves that are withered and