

ever seen. There must have been 20 or 30 boats with them—generally a rower and two boys—who waited from early morning till night (and incidentally yelled at the four decks of Arabicers) for silver coins to be thrown into the water. They capered about, performing all sorts of feats, such as diving under the boat, from her upper decks, from one another's shoulders, etc., taking as payment coins tossed overboard, which they generally recovered, between their toes or in their mouths. We all had our favorites among the crowd and they, in their turn, rechristened us with such English names as they were masters of. One curly-headed rascal got some of E's money and then mine by always greeting her with a broad grin and a "good morning." Me, he kindly called "Buster," and Buster I have been ever since. When the boat sailed they followed us, shouting and yelling, far out to sea, waving their scanty garments as long as we could make them out in the distance.

To the medical man the climate of Madeira is of interest. The average summer heat is 74° F.; the average winter temperature 64°. Except in the mountains, frost is unknown. Owing to these conditions, and to the fact that the near-by mountains furnish any altitude required at all seasons of the year it ought to be an ideal resort for tubercular patients.

Cadiz (better pronounce it as you would the plural of the small boy who carries your golf clubs) is built on the tip of a peninsula running miles out to sea, of marble, whitewashed stucco and stone. There are only sixteen stoves and one factory chimney in the town, so that from the *Arabie* it looked at sunrise and sunset like a veritable white city rising out of the ocean—beautiful to behold. A nearer view was not quite as satisfactory owing to the narrow streets, but the street scenes were very interesting. We have seen the Andalusian dances (by some called the "delusion dances") with the accompaniment of the tambourine and castanets, but they were not particularly graceful or animated. I suppose the Vaudeville and the "Follies of 1907" have spoiled Americans for the Tarantella type of dance. Even the old lady from Worcester said she didn't think there was much "in them tarantulas anyway."

The ever useful, overladen, patient little donkey shines like an effulgent star in the labour firmament here. In Andalusia it seems as if "nobody works but *burro*;" certainly he labors more persistently than any Spaniard our eyes rested upon. Often we saw one of these little animals, not much larger than a Great Dane, with two enormous panniers, filled with vegetables, that almost touched the ground on either side of his body, come ambling along with a big Spanish brigand seated