

## "JACK."

A clear, bright morning, a calm blue sea gently rippling on the beach at Algiers, which is at this hour desolate, save for one solitary form pacing wearily to and fro. The owner's face is not at first sight a sympathetic one. It is too stern, too hard and bitter. Yet, looking at the deep-set grey eyes, now that they are turned to the smiling blue sea Frenchwards, one sees a world of tenderness and faithful affection in their sad gaze.

Of whom is he thinking? His wife? No—for her who should now be his wife is that repellent mask worn which hides from all the aching heart. Through her, whose unstable nature could not bear the proof of absence, does he live alone in the crowd, pitilessly stern, if just, feared and unloved save by the dear old mother whose faithful affection is the only oasis in the desert of his dead hopes. Of her is he thinking now with that tender, subdued light in his grey eyes. His thoughts are, however abruptly brought back from their travels by the shrieks and laughter of some half a dozen street gamins who rush down pell-mell on to the beach, dragging a poor little mongrel pup by a string. The pup is brutally flung into the sea, then pulled back. This operation is repeated many times to the infinite amusement of the lookers-on, though each time the pup is pulled back it is feebler and limper. It is, in fact, half drowned, when the tables are turned, and four of its tormentors measure their length on the ground. The rescuing hand seizes the string and lifts the poor, little dripping beast up to the shelter of a pair of strong arms, where it cuddles itself with all its remaining strength, feeling instinctively that there was safety.

"Poor little beast!" says Noel, the chasseur, compassionately, and his eyes soften and grow pitiful as he looks down on the helpless, dumb creature he has rescued; then he carries it home and washes and dries it, and feeds it, then lays it in a nice nest of sweet, clean hay.

"Now, you rum little beast, what shall I call you?" says Noel, regarding his protegee with satisfaction as it gambols gaily round his meagre room the day after the rescue. With all the insouciance of youth the pup has already almost forgotten the sufferings of yesterday, and is rejoicing in the delight of the present.

"Jack," says Noel reflectively. "Yes, Jack, *mon chien*," pulling the dog to him and looking into its wistful, almost human, brown eyes, "your name is Jack, and with this name is a great responsibility, for I give it in memory of an English youth I knew and loved, who died like a hero to save his regiment's colours. See you bear it worthily?" Jack licks his master's hands, wags his tail, and returns eagerly to an old top boot with which he has been tussling valiantly since early morn. Judge him not severely, fair reader. He is young yet, and reckles little of the glorious future in store for him. Our greatest heroes have played contentedly with a rattle, and found their chief joy in a stick of chocolate.

For some weeks Jack lives a happy, idle life, which agrees with him so well that his hardly recognisable. His memories of the past have become so hazy, he is not at all sure they are not nightmares. It seems absolutely absurd to think there ever was a time when blows were as thick as black-berries he would say were he English, but, being Algerian, he substitutes "dates"; and how he could ever have lived without old top boots and tunics to play with seems much too impossible to be true.

One day, however, Jack's idle happiness is rudely disturbed. His master seizes him by the scruff of his neck, and, placing the astonished pup before him, commences his training seriously. Life from this moment is no longer a time of thoughtless, happy boot gnawing, but of hard work and earnest study. Jack is learning to become a soldier; and really, after the first month or so, he takes to it wonderfully, and shows quite a remarkable aptitude. He soon learns the drill, and also to distinguish the officers, non-commissioned officers, and privates, one from the other; and amongst the two former can pick out anyone named to him without the slightest hesitation. The regiment is very proud of Jack—proud of his cleverness and intelligence, as it is proud of his master's known and tried courage.

Some months pass uneventfully enough. Then news comes that the Arabs further inland are becoming troublesome, and two or three companies, of which Noel's is one, are told off to teach these unruly sons of the desert to keep quiet. The thought of a change of many days' march and a skirmish, though it be but with Arabs, sends the blood coursing warmly through Noel's veins; and he looks every inch a soldier as he marches along in the early morning at the head of his company, whilst Jack shows his joy by wild bounds and barks as he tears hither and thither amongst the small wood growth that borders the track. For some days nothing occurs. The disturbing element seems to have disappeared from off the face of the earth. The soldiers are beginning to grumble at having nothing to do but sit on their heels, smoking, relating and listening to stories each man knows as well as his own name. Jack diverts them a little; but the dog is an indefatigable sportsman, and on the hunt from earliest morning until latest evening; and woe be to the bird or beast who sleeps too soundly or thinks too deeply! He is speedily aroused to a disagreeable sense of the present by our friend's sharp teeth.

One night, however, instead of staying out late, Jack comes in at nightfall, finds his master, lays his muzzle, dog-like, on Noel's knee, and looking up in his face, gives vent to a prolonged howl, then, raising his nose, sniffs uneasily around. Persuaded by the dog's unusual behaviour that something is wrong, Noel places his sentinels with extra care and in greater numbers round the camp, followed in all his movements by Jack, who seems thoroughly uneasy.

The lights are out, the camp is in darkness, and seeming sleep, yet every soldier is equipped, his weapons ready to hand. Noel sits alone in his tent, Jack at his feet, his ears full-cocked, his intelligent eyes wide open. Noel is thinking of the other two companies encamped a mile and a half away. "Pray God, he says to himself, that if attack there be, it may not be on my unprepared comrades, but on the little band now waiting in breathless eagerness."

Suddenly Jack sits up, and a low, half-suppressed growl breaks from him. Noel holds up a warning finger, and steps quietly to the opening of the tent. He listens intently, but no sound breaks the stillness of night save a faint rustling that may be the

wind in the leaves, or perchance the deep-drawn breath of 160 men waiting silently for victory—or death. The moon shines brightly, lighting up wholly one-half of the camp. Noel can almost see every blade of grass quivering in the faint night breeze. The other half lies in total darkness, wrapped in the black shadow of a thick wood beyond. Towards this wood man and dog turn with instinctive suspicion. Jack trembles violently, his attention riveted on a large clump of trees, apparently lying within a dozen yards. Then with one fierce bark that breaks out harshly on the night air, in concert with Noel's cry of "Aux armes! Aux armes!" he springs forward upon the creeping snake-like body of a wily Arab, who has contrived to glide unperceived through the grasses into the camp. How welcome does that cry of "Aux armes! Aux armes!" burst upon the waiting soldiers' ears. How readily they spring to their arms—how quickly each man is in his place, and the little band, in compact order, drawn up in the moonlight against a seemingly countless swarm of dusty Arabs, who advance from the wood and its shadow. The fight begins in earnest. It is of no light skirmish, as Noel realizes in the first few moments, but a very serious hand-to-hand fight against an infuriated horde—the more infuriated that where they expected to find the enemy in unsuspecting sleep—an easy prey—they find them ready, waiting eagerly to receive them at the point of the sword. Half an hour passes, Noel is slightly wounded, Jack also by the knives of those he has strangled. Half the little band are dead or dying, and still the Arabs crowd upon them, though they can count their dead by fifties. Hastily tearing a leaf out of his pocket-book, Noel scribbles rapidly: "Surprised by Arabs! send help at once!" As he writes, a shadow passes between him and the moon; he looks up, it is the body of his faithful Jack, who, ever watchful, has sprung across his shoulder at the throat of one whose knife in another second would have dealt him his death-blow. A film passes across Noel's stern eyes. He thinks of the old mother at home who owes the life of her "boy" to the devotion of a mongrel picked up in the streets. First despatching his enemy, Noel then puts the paper in Jack's mouth, and says, pointing in the direction of the other camp: "La bas; an regiment; au Capitaine Danier." One quick look in Noel's face and the dog is gone, swift as the wind, through the Arab horde. Some few knives are thrown after him carelessly. Little reck they that that flying form will bring up twice one hundred and sixty men against them—rather do they take it for some stray jackal surprised out of his lair. Another half-hour passes, Noel grows more and more anxious, Jack has not returned. Has he been killed—his faithful dog? A curious feeling contracts his heart at the thought. The little band is very small now; yet still it holds compactly together. There is a terrible look on the men's faces. The look of those who have nothing to hope for further but death, yet are proud to die as brave men, sword in hand, back to back, comrades and brothers to the end.

## II

Again that dark, flying form passes through the Arab crowd, and arrives panting at Noel's feet. A paper is in its mouth with these words: "Hold fast; will attack from the rear.—Danier."

Tenderly caressing Jack, Noel cries to his men: "Courage! courage! help is coming! Forward!"

Even as he speaks, the sound of approaching bugles breaks forth, and the tramp of many feet tells of the help at hand. With a loud cry of "En avant! en avant!" Noel and his little band dash forward. Thus attacked, front and rear, the Arabs lose heart, and flee precipitately in great disorder. In another half-hour nothing remains of them but their dead and wounded.

Noel's first thought is for his wounded men, his second for his brave dog. Now that the excitement is over, Jack presents a very limp and feeble appearance; he has had more than his share of knife slashes, though fortunately all are flesh wounds. Noel finds him busily cleaning himself with his little remaining strength, giving vent now and again to the most piteous cries, as his rough tongue passes over the wounds. At sight of his master he tries to rise and wag his tail, but his strength fails him, and, with a little plaintive moan, he sinks down. With an expression of tenderness rare to his rugged face, Noel stoops and gathers up his wounded comrade in his arms, and staggers to his tent, for he, too is wounded.

With gentle hands he stanches Jack's wounds, washing them free of all foreign matter with fresh clear water; then lays him on his own camp bed, bidding him to lie quiet; then stretching himself on the ground alongside, he closes his eyes. Gradually consciousness leaves him, and when the doctor and Captain Danier enter his tent they find him senseless, and on the road to high fever.

"Must get him back to Algiers as soon as possible, Danier," says the old doctor, shaking his head; "Don't like his looks! don't like his looks!"

"Don't croak, doctor," says Danier, "but come and attend to Jack; if ever a soldier deserved attention this four-legged one does. Besides bringing us to the rescue I myself saw him drag down no less than three of the enemy."

The next day master and dog are put in an ambulance cart, and commence a slow and tedious journey back to Algiers. For many weary weeks Noel is in danger, though Jack soon recovers; then one lovely morning sees our friend and his dog embarked for France—two gaunt looking objects, one waving his hat and the other his tail at the fast fading forms of comrades on shore.

What a joyful meeting it is betwixt the old mother and her "boy!" How lovingly she folds him in her arms, whilst he lays his weather-beaten, stern face like a little child on her breast, as though, at last, he had found rest and peace! Is there any love more beautiful, more perfect, than the love between mother and child? Does man ever find anyone to love so completely, so distinctly as his mother? Rarely, I think.

Jack, of course, gets very much spoiled by the old lady. Nothing is too good for him, until, at last, Noel begins to fear his soldierly qualities ruined, and the dog, good for nothing in camp. Such is not, however, the case, as Jack proves later on.

The months roll by peacefully. Noel is himself again, and returns to Algiers. The rumours of war between France and Germany grow louder and louder, and Noel has not been two months back in his regiment before war is declared. Soon after, the Chasseurs are ordered home on active service.

During the first part of the war Noel and Jack seem to bear a charmed life. The latter, indeed, has half of his brush shot off; but that he regards as nothing—a mere matter of detail. The regiment has been all the time to the front, and many well-known faces are seen no more; many a proud young head lies low in the dust. The good old doctor is growing quite white with the work, and the fretting after the "boys," who are gone; the "boys" he called "mes enfants" and loved so well.

## III

The two armies face each other—the Germans very much inferior in numbers to the French. The fight begins in hot earnest, and almost from the first Victory inclines her head to the Germans; why and wherefore no one can explain, except that she is a woman; and like her sister, Fortune, capricious.

The French fight like very devils, yet steadily, though unwillingly, they retreat—their ranks diminishing like ears of corn before the reaper's scythe. Noel finds himself at last on a little knoll with only a third of the regiment, their colours still waving triumphantly, but on their faces the look of men who know there is no chance.

Suddenly the colours waver and fall from the hand of the lieutenant, who holds them as he drops wounded to the death; another seizes them and another, each in turn as his comrade falls. At last Danier holds them, and with them in the midst the remaining fragment commence a slow retreat towards the main body, which is also retreating. Swiftly, with a sharp cry, Danier falls. "A vous!" cries Noel to a young corporal who holds them but a few minutes ere he too joins the great majority. Desperately Noel seizes them, the poor, torn colours, this morning waving so proudly over so many proud heads! How can he save them from passing into the enemy's hand? He grinds his teeth savagely at the thought. How can he save them? How? A bright flash before his eyes—a thousand stars, and he falls—the sullen roar of battle sounding faint and far away in his ears. His enemy seizes the colours—the coveted colours—but Noel with the strength of desperation, desperate for the honour of his regiment, draws his revolver, and with a last great effort, fires it. The German falls without a groan. The din of battle sounds fainter and fainter. Sweet thoughts of farewell to the dear mother stir him for a moment. Then the sense of feeling oppresses him. "Is this death?" he asks himself.—A pitiful whine breaks on his deafened ears; a warm tongue licks his blood-stained face. He forces his eyes open. Over him stands Jack, the agonised look of a human being in his pitiful, brown eyes.

"Good dog! brave dog!" he says, feebly, and smiles. Then a thought comes to him. He collects his remaining strength, rolls the colours tight round their broken staff, and places them in the dog's mouth.

"Allez," he says, faintly: "Allez au regiment."

Jack, loth to leave his master thus, yet stays, his eyes pleading not to be sent away.

"Allez—allez," repeats Noel, almost sternly, "chez—chez—Colo—nel—au regi—"

His voice dies away; his head falls back; it is the end!

## IV

At sundown the colonel of Noel's regiment stands with a little band within the French camp. There is a look of infinite pain and sadness on his bronzed face. The French have been heavily defeated, and the sorrow of it has struck home deeply to the French commander's heart.

"They fought well—they fought well, *les enfants*," he says, repeatedly.

"They fought well," echo the others, adding heavily, "but we have lost!"

Suddenly, while their eyes are directed sadly towards the battlefield, where so many comrades lie bathed in blood and the ruddy sunset light, their gaze falls on an extraordinary, shapeless mass speeding towards them. Nearer and nearer it comes, its pace growing more and more laboured. It reaches them, and falls with a moan, inert at their feet.

"It is a dog!" cries the colonel, stooping over the crimson mass. "C'est Jack!" he adds, startled; and then he recognises in the tattered rags, clonched fast in the dog's teeth, his own colours. He turns away in silence, choking with emotion. A few spasmodic gasps—a struggle—an upward look, and Jack closes his faithful brown eyes for ever.

They buried him late that evening, firing a volley across the mound as a last tribute to one who had saved his captain's and company's life in the first place; and, in the second, had given his life in blind obedience to orders, to save his regiment's "colours."

## Transplanting Rare Shrubs.

*Vick's Magazine* tells how to transplant choice shrubs and trees safely as follows: Many complain of losing shrubs and large plants received by express, as all the soil is taken from the roots before they are sent. Don't wait until the shrubs are received before you prepare the bed for them, but as soon as the order is sent make preparations for them. Do not only remove the top soil where the shrubs are to stand, but spade the whole bed deep and add a liberal quantity of well-rotted manure and leaf mold (if it can be obtained) and mix thoroughly; and when the shrubs arrive plant the same as you would young fruit trees. Notice the mark showing how deep they were planted before, and prepare to set them a little deeper this time. Wet the roots in a bucket of water. Dig the holes deeper than the roots require, and pour in water so that the ground below will be moist many inches. After the water settles place some manure in the hole and over this an inch or two of soil; lift the shrub from the bucket of water and gently lay the wet roots in position, being careful not to break the fine, tender roots, as they are just as important as the large ones. After they are all arranged as nearly as possible in the same position as they were before sprinkle fine soil over them, and then fill up the hole with the soil, pressing it down very firmly about the roots. Now, cut back the tops in the same proportion as the roots have been disturbed or broken, and water freely. I have found this method perfectly satisfactory, and out of 42 hardy flowering shrubs, planted in one year, only two died, and they were very frail, sickly-looking little affairs when they were received by express with several large ones.

## HOUSEHOLD.

### My Sweetheart.

Whenever I play on the old guitar  
The songs that my sweetheart taught me,  
My thoughts go back to the summer time  
When first in her toils she caught me;  
And once again I can hear the sound  
Of her gleeful voice blown over  
The meadow, sweet with the scent of thyme,  
And pink with the bloom of clover.

The faded ribbon is hanging still  
Where her dimpled fingers tied it—  
I used to envy it stealing round  
Her neck, for she did not chide it;  
And the inland pearl that her ringlets touched  
As she leaned above it lightly,  
Glowed even now with a hint of gold  
That it once reflected brightly.

Whether her eyes were blue as the skies  
On a noonday in September,  
Or brown like those of a star-dusted fawn  
I can't for the world remember;  
But when she lifted them up to mine  
I know that my heart tingled  
In time to the tender tune she sang,  
And the airy chords she jingled.

Yet now, though I sweep the dusty strings  
By her girlish spirit haunted,  
Till out of the old guitar there trips  
A melody, blithe, enchanted,  
My pulses keep on their even way,  
And my heart has ceased its dancing.  
For somebody else sits under the spell  
Of the songs and sidelong glancing.

### The Trials of Cooking.

Sitting in her easy arm chair the other evening after the work was done, Aunt Lizzie fell to talking of her first experiences at housekeeping. Now a days she is the best housekeeper in her neighborhood. Her bread is always the lightest and the whitest, her preserves invariably retain most of the flavor and substance of the original fruit, her kitchen is cleanest, her washing is always out first, and notwithstanding all these successes she has more time for fancy work and reading and entertaining younger folks than any housekeeper in a radius of no one knows how many miles. But twenty years ago Aunt Lizzie began housekeeping "greener than grass," as she says herself. "I didn't have any mother," she said the other night, "and when I started to be a wife to Hiram, armed with nothing but love and a cook book, he had every reason to tremble at the thought of his daily bread. But, mercy, how patient he was! My biscuits used to sink down on the pan as flat as pancakes, and when you broke one of them in two it looked like glue—and tasted like it, too—but Hiram used to eat them down and ask for more. One day my brother Jacob came to eat with us. He had been in the war and spent four months a prisoner at Libby, which nearly killed him. After he had eaten a little this day he turned to me and said: 'Lizzie, you must excuse me if I leave the table. There is something about your cooking which calls up old times and takes away my appetite. I never like to remember those terrible days in prison if I can help it. I am sure you didn't mean anything by these biscuits and that the resemblance is purely accidental, but it is there just the same.' I tried to laugh, but couldn't very well, and Hiram wouldn't see the joke at all. He jumped up from his chair, and I guess there would have been trouble if I hadn't knocked over the coffee pot and scalded my hand and so changed the subject. But I could never doubt Hiram's love after that, no matter what he did."

"I found out afterward that the most of the trouble came from my trying to follow my recipes too closely. I tried to remember so many details that I was sure to forget some of them or to slight some important ingredient. Recipes are bad enough now, containing a half-dozen things you don't want to one that you do, but in those days they were a great deal worse. To make bread—take a pan of flour from a barrel which has been carefully covered to prevent destruction by rats or mice, after having prepared your yeast the night before by soaking a half-cake thereof in a quart of water of a lukewarm temperature and adding thereto a pinch of coarse salt or table salt if preferred; stir in the flour, which may have been sifted through a colander, if a sieve is not at hand, until the whole has reached the consistency of paste, then leave near a warm fire all night if in winter or in a safe place if in summer; in the morning stir in more flour, set in a warm place again and wait for it to raise; when it has raised sufficiently, after having heated the oven to a steady heat, neither too warm nor too cool, carefully insert in the oven, shutting the door upon it, and retreating cautiously to the northeast corner of the room, where you stand watchfully on one foot, holding out the other to prevent the bread from being jarred, steadily fixing your eyes upon the poker, which no good housekeeper should for one moment think of leaving on the stove lid, removing your eyes after the lapse of forty-three minutes and observing the broom standing neatly in one corner of the kitchen, whereupon you advance carefully, and selecting a long straw, as clean as possible, therefrom, you softly approach the oven, opening the door of which, you firmly insert the straw in the well-heated pan of bread, upon which if you observe traces of unbaked dough the bread is not done, but if otherwise may be taken out, removed diagonally across the room in the right hand, holding for convenience a towel or flannel holder, to avoid burning if possible, and may be sliced with a sharp knife and served with butter on a large plate deposited in the center of the table for convenience."

Aunt Lizzie leaned back in her chair and laughed at herself until she had quite exhausted the remnant of breath which she had left after rehearsing her recipe. "Well," she said when she could speak again, "it may not have been quite so bad as that, but the sooner any woman who wants to learn to cook makes up her mind to take published recipes at no more than their true value—to depend upon them for a general idea and not for detail, which can be secured only through experiment and experience—the better she will succeed."

### Good Advice to Girls.

Scarcely a day passes without its newspaper story of some young woman who met man so interesting that she thought she couldn't live without him, so she married him in haste and afterward learned that he was an ex-convict or a brute or already had a wife or two from whom he had separated without the formality of a legal divorce. In such cases the blame is laid upon the man, who generally deserves more abuse than he gets. But, girls, look at the matter seriously a few minutes and see if the trouble might not have been avoided if you had not been in too much of a hurry.

Marriage means partnership for life; decrees of divorce are merely exceptions that prove the rule. Would any man enter into a business partnership with as little knowledge of the other party as you seem satisfied with? Well, no—not unless he were a sweet souled lunatic. Talk is cheap, girls; it can be made to order as fast as the tongue can run, especially when there is a pretty face to inspire it and two ears willing to receive it.

Don't fear that some other girl will get the fellow unless you secure him at once. A fish that any one can catch isn't worth throwing a line for. Play him to find out whether he amounts to anything. If he becomes impatient and dashes away, why, follow Dogberry—thank God that you're rid of a knave.

### How to Manage a Quaband.

The amount of advice given to women as to the better methods of retaining their husband's love is wearisome in the extreme. The fact that much of this is written by those spinsters who have lovely theories rather than experience as a guide may have made much of this quite impractical. However, I heard a chat between two clever little women the other day upon which I have been pondering ever since. "Yes," said Mrs. A., "I am awfully fond of my husband, and he is a splendid fellow, but do you know he has somehow acquired the habit of embellishing his little stories which he tells me in the most elaborate fashion? Why, at first I felt dreadfully over it and wept, not oceans but little lakes of tears and fancied myself one of the most deeply injured of women. Did I chide him, or reproach him, or did I tell him that I should never more have faith in him? Not I. I just sat down and gave my best thought to the matter and decided that if I did that it would be simply ruinous to all our happiness; that his pride would be gone and he so deeply humiliated as to no longer strive for my love or admiration. Of course I am not quite an idiot, and a man of woman must need have a phenomenal memory to be an artistic liar. Now this, fortunately for me, perhaps, my husband does not possess, so when he comes home late with a most interesting account of the supper which he gave to one of the boys who sails for Europe next week I take it that he didn't want to come home, and spared my feelings by this excuse. When he has forgotten this and the supper is really given and he again stays away, I have so far gained control of myself that I fail to remind him that it is the second compliment paid to the departing friend, and though it isn't a little bit easy, you may be sure that I find it a most satisfactory condition of things. So I have laid it down as one of the cardinal rules of domestic bliss, first, that a woman must always believe implicitly in what her husband tells her; second, that if she cannot believe it she must to school herself as to assume that faith, and thus shall she secure her own comfort and that of her husband by the subtle flattery thus implied."

### Deborah's Brown Hair.

Thirty-seven years ago a Yankee fishing skipper of Vinal Haven, Me., named Solomon Marshall was courting Deborah Sholes of Upper Port La Tour, N. S. While at her home he had begged a lock of her beautiful golden-brown hair. During the succeeding winter, which he spent at his home, he received the news that the young lady of his heart had turned fickle and was allowing another the honor of her company to village merry makings.

In his despair he and a friend named Colby, who was afterwards killed in the war of the rebellion, bored a three-quarter-inch hole into a white birch tree then about five inches through, put the hair in and drove home after it a pine plug. The next summer he went back to Nova Scotia and married the fair Deborah, in triumph over his rival, and brought her to the states, where he afterward died. He never thought it necessary to reclaim the hair, and there it remained for year after year, the tree waxing large and strong, and covering over with its white wood and paper bark the precious token hid in its bosom. This last winter Mr. Edwin Smith, who now owns the old Marshall farm, cut the tree for fire wood. In splitting the wood the ax happened to lay the tree open exactly on a pine plug, with a lock of beautiful hair behind it. The outside end of the plug was covered by three inches of solid wood, which consisted of thirty-seven annual rings. The hair and plug are now in possession of Mrs. Margaret Turner of Isle au Haut, Me., the sister of the heroine of this little romance, who is now Mrs. Saunders of Lockport, N. S.

### A Royal Hair-Cutting.

In some Eastern countries children's hair is not cut until they are 10 or 12 years of age, the girls then being considered marriageable. Up to that time it is coiled on the top of the head and adorned with fresh flowers. When the great day for cutting comes there is a grand ceremony and much feasting.

One who was present at a royal hair-cutting tells us that the darling of the harem was robed in long, flowing garments of silk and lace, confined at the waist by a golden girdle. Her long hair, coiled for the last time, was fastened with diamond pins which gleamed and glittered among fresh white flowers and green leaves like pearly drops of morning dew.

There in the presence of the ladies, her father and an officiating priest, surrounded by her maidens, some 200 in number, she knelt under a canopy of flowers and leaves while prayers were chanted.

Then, the beautiful tresses being unbound, her royal father, dipping his fingers in rose water and drawing them carelessly over her head, clipped off about an eighth of an inch of hair and threw it into a golden basin, depositing at the same time, on a great silver platter ready to receive them, presents of jewels and gold.

The priest cut the next piece, her mother the next, and so on, each guest serving in turn until the little lady was shorn.

All gave costly gifts intended for her marriage dower, Princes, Ministers of state and dignitaries of all sorts, who waited in the outer courts, sending in theirs by the attendants. The day ended in feasting and a display of fireworks.

Whites of eggs may be beaten to a stiff froth by an open window when it would be impossible in a steamy kitchen.

Powdered flint glass ground to an impalpable powder and mixed with the white of an egg makes one of the strongest cements known.