

AGRICULTURAL.

The Canada Thistle.

Some of our readers may know of better ways of exterminating the Canada thistle than those given below...

Some Strawberry Notes.

The horticulturist of the Maryland Experiment Station, Mr. W. H. Bishop, in summing up the question of matted rows...

The Horse's Bad Tricks.

Mr. John Keese, of Great Neck, L. I., has been contributing a series of interesting and instructive articles on horse training to the Evening Sun...

is always the fault of the trainer or driver. To cure the evil he says: "A colt in training, or a young horse that has lately contracted the habit, can be trained so as to do their best at any lead they can pull...

Talk to Your Horses.

Said a horseman the other day to a reporter of THE RIDER AND DRIVER: "If I could write as some people can, I'd fill your paper every week with observations I have made on foolish, not to say cruel ways of handling and driving horses...

A Wolf with a Herr.

Frederic Cuvier relates a story of a wolf which was brought up as a young dog, became familiar with the persons he was in the habit of seeing, and in particular followed his master everywhere...

A Little Moses.

A curious story is told by a Texas man. He said that last Wednesday a colored woman living along the river bank lost her 2-year-old child, a boy just able to walk...

A HINDOO MAGICIAN.

Marvelous Things Seen by a Defender of Lucknow.

Ex-Sergeant-Major William Farrell, formerly of the British army, who spent about seventeen years in India, has been disturbed in his mind by Herrmann's alleged expose and explanation of the wonderful feats of necromancy attributed to the Hindoo conjurers...

lost my way back to the barracks. We talked it over next day, but could make nothing of it. We even tore up the floor of the room to see if the Hindoo had prepared for the performance by concealing a confederate under the floor...

THE TUNNEL SEEMED LONG.

A Postal Clerk's Perilous Ride in the Sliding Darkness.

A thrilling experience, although not ending fatally, was had by a railway mail clerk who acted as a distributor on a local train. He had a car to himself, and at one station up in the Alleghany Mountains had left his car for a minute or two to run forward to the engine, which was taking water...

Settled Their Differences.

A laughable story comes from the London courts. Two costermongers claimed individually the ownership of a donkey, and as the case was one calling for friendly arbitration rather than judicial interference, the presiding judge recommended the suitors to go into the yard and settle the matter between them...

The Dowry Question.

The dowry question is undoubtedly not nearly so prominent to-day as half a century ago. As civilization advances the tendency is to value woman more and more for herself alone...

A Modern Hamlet's Soliloquy.

To-wed or not to wed: this is the question. Whether 'tis better to be free alone. And bear the pain that loneliness doth bring. Or take unto myself a partner fair, Who will not let me lonely be some more. Now let me think: I place within this scale The good I gain: in this the pleasures fond That as a benefactor I must give o'er. She's pretty—one: sweet-tempered—that is two. Can cook well—three: can play and sing—well, no. I think me I will not count that as "good," Will solve my buttons, darn my socks—she says—Which may, together, counted be as four. Will love me—five—as long as it doth last. But—then good-bye; flirtations by the sea; Adieu, the best cigars, come, cheaper brands; Farewell, the midnight suppers with the boys. And an evener, unquestioned wash-key hours. My father, who now faithless fits me out. Will have to go, while I a cheaper man Do find—mayhap, in suits even "ready-made" I'll find myself.—But, hold! the spell is past. The madness seizes me at times, but when I gaze upon myself, in my mind's eye, In trousers ready-made, and coat to match, It leaveth me: I am myself again.— Free, single, and the best dressed man in town.

Prof. Vambery, the famous linguist and writer upon Eastern questions, recently paid a high tribute to the influence of British civilization in Eastern countries. To this influence he credited all the modern ideas which have taken root in Turkey, Persia, China and Japan, while in India, he said that England had achieved a success beyond all expectation...

WEDDED A DESERT BRIDE.

An Interesting Account of a Marriage Among the Wandering Bedouins.

A Bedouin wedding, which I lately had the occasion to witness, says a writer, took place in Rameh—a seaside resort near Alexandria—where many houses have a Bedouin ghafr, who pitches his tent near his master's house, and lives there with his family and cattle, if he has any. The bridegroom was the son of a friend's ghafr. Previous to the engagement the father had obtained three days' leave on the plea of his going down to Alexandria for the choice of a daughter-in-law. On the evening of the third day several shots fired successively announced to the native Bedouins the ghafr's return and the happy result of his mission. The wedding was fixed for that day week. Groups of Bedouins hastened to answer to the invitation and after some talking and shouting the men soon formed a ring and began clapping hands, the body keeping time to the movements of the hand by going upward and downward. Now and then one of the fellows wailed forth a Bedouin song, while the others chorused. The women sat chatting before the tent and occasionally filled the air with the shrill sound of the ziralet. No refreshment was offered and their sole ecliarage was the moon, whose silvery light gave a weird aspect to the whole scene. After an hour's amusement the guests retired. The next evening the firing brought forth all the company of the preceding night. This time the great attraction was two dancing women, very picturesquely dressed, and their faces covered with a soft, black muslin. They entered the ring formed by the men, each of them holding a long staff—an adjunct to the various movements of their figures. They went round and round, shaking their hips and leaning at different intervals on their staffs, while the clapping of hands redoubled in whichever part of the ring the women approached. I observed a young enthusiast take a handful of sand from where one of the women had trodden and kiss it repeatedly. I noticed that the bridegroom was absent, and asking for the cause, was informed that he was too bashful to appear. Two hours later the company dispersed, to begin afresh at intervals during the short engagement. At last the eventful morning dawned. A new tent had been pitched for the young couple, while in that of the old ones several cauldrons full of rice and water were boiling. When the rice was done some oil was poured over it, and then very large wooden bowls were brought forward to receive the contents of the cauldrons. This formed the whole menu of the wedding breakfast, and was attended to by the bridegroom's mother, aided by some other matrons. The ghafr and the young people had gone to fetch the bride. They had taken with them one of the ghafr's camels which they had gayly decorated with red and blue cloth, and erected a canopy on its back to receive the bride. A large procession was formed, headed by horsemen and other Bedouins armed with guns, which they fired frequently. The bride, completely hidden from sight by the curtains of the canopy, and followed by the women, brought up the rear. They went all over Rameh, stopping before every friend's tent to dance, fire, and sing. At about 4 o'clock in the afternoon the merry party arrived at the bridegroom's place. The latter had remained at home. The father, who was holding the camel's bridle, handed it over to his wife, who led the animal seven times round the bridal tent, each time accompanied by shots, which are the chief feature in a Bedouin wedding. Finally the camel stopped before the entrance of the tent, and the bride was carried in by her mother-in-law. I was curious to see her face, and, as I was asked to go in, I gladly accepted. The tent had two compartments, and was quite devoid of furniture, except some rugs and straw matings, on one of which the bride sat, surrounded by other women. She was a girl of 14, with regular features, beautiful black eyes, and tattooed chin—a most prevalent fashion among Bedouin women. She wore a long dark-red chemise, caught up at the waist with a deep shawl. On her head she wore a dark blue veil, tied with a red silk handkerchief, beneath which very fine plaits of jet black hair came down in two bandeaus over her temples. After exchanging a few complimentary words with her I withdrew, glad to escape the stifling atmosphere of the tent. A sheik had been called to perform the marriage contract, which took place between the parents of both parties. The new couple were not present at the ceremony. The ghafr handed over to his son's father-in-law £50 on condition that, if later on the young wife should ask to be divorced from her husband, the money was to come back to its first owner; and if, on the contrary, the husband claimed a separation, the sum would remain with his father-in-law. During that time the guests had sat over their fragrant meal, of which they partook in groups of four or five persons around each wooden bowl. Their fingers spared them the use of forks and spoons. While they were still occupied with their repast the bridegroom stole to the nuptial tent, where he saw his wife for the first time. Half an hour afterward the noisy party broke up, and quiet reigned. The world is not without its throng of apologists of Russian rule. The case they have to present is sometimes strengthened by the unfairness of the czar's critics. But there can be no apology offered for Jew baiting such as has been reported from Corfu, and which has been fully confirmed. It cannot fail to be a damaging blow to Christianity and a disgrace to civilization. It also sheds a strong light on the Russian persecution of the Israelites. According to the London Financial Times there has been a marked improvement during late years in the general conditions of trade in Ireland, the railway, banking, and industrial returns furnishing decided evidences of prosperity. There are ten steamship companies with headquarters in Ireland, with an aggregate paid-up capital of about \$9,000,000, which have an average yield to investors of 5.2 per cent. per annum, and the shares of eight of them are selling at a decided premium. The shipping trade is expected to be still more profitable when contemplated harbour and railroad extensions are made. The linen industry in the North also continues to be a paying one, and as a result of these evidences of general progress and prosperity, English capital—always a good sign—each year seeking increased investment in the sister country.