The Heir of Rothwell Chase.

BY T. W. SPEIGHT.

CHAPTER II.

Fanny Dale raced up the thickly-carpeted stairs which led to the upper floor as she had never raced before, and burst into Therese's room, the door of which had by this time been unlocked. Mrs. Marchment's maid had put away her French novel and resumed her ordinary attire. At the moment of Fanny's entrance she was arranging her hair in front of the glass. She turned in the act of thrusting a long pin through one of the coils, and regarded the panting, frightened girl with coldly-questioning eyes.

"O mamzelle—the child—Master Frank—he's missing!" blurted out Fanny.

"Missing! What do you mean by missing?"

"He's gone—I can't find him anywhere. When I left the nursery to take missis her tea, he was playing quietly among his toys; but when I got back he was gone and the window was wide open. Oh! what can have become of him?—You—you haven't seen anything of him, have you?"

"Nothing whatever. How should I? As you must know, he would never come here of his own accord."

Fanny knew that quite well. To her mistress Therese might pretend to be as attached to the youthful heir as Fanny was in reality; but the latter knew how hollow was the pretence, and that Therese disliked all children without exception.

"Perhaps he has shut himself in one of the empty rooms on purpose to frighten me," went on the girl. "Oh, do come with me, mamzelle, and help me to look for him!"

"Certainly I will, Fanny. You may depend on it, the little imp is only playing you a trick." Then, after a moment's thought, she added: "But you say the window was open when you got back. That looks strange, very strange."

Fanny began to whimper. The other gripped her by the arm. "Don't make a fool of yourself," she said; "at least, not till you have made sure that there is nothing else left to do.—*Venez*."

They went quickly down-stairs together; and Therese taking the lead, began at once a systematic search of the rooms, of which the nursery formed one, on the floor below. They were chiefly spare bedchambers, none of which, except on rare occasions, had been occupied for years. The bedrooms used by the family opened out of a corridor reached by another staircase on the opposite side of the entrance-hall, or otherwise through the picture-gallery, into which latter apartment in the faint hope of finding the missing child there, Therese and Fanny now ventured, but, of course, to no avail. The door at the opposite end of the gallery, which gave access to the other wing of the house, being locked, was sufficient proof that Master Frank could not have made his way into the rooms beyond. There now remained only the small drawing-room; but, as Fanny said, how could the child possibly be there, when it was from that room she herself had gone direct to the nursery after her second journey below stairs?

It was to the nursery that Therese and her white-faced companion now mechanically bent their steps; their search had not occupied longer than six or seven minutes in all. The nursery was just as Fanny had last left it, the toys scattered about the floor, and the window wide open, except that by this time the room was nearly in darkness. The first thing that Therese did was to light the candles in the girandoles over the chimney-piece, then turning to the girl, she said: "But one thing remains to be done, and that is, to tell Mrs. Marchment."

At these words, Fanny dropped on her knees and broke into a tempest of hysterical sobs and tears. "I daren't tell her," she exclaimed. "Oh! what shall I do?"

"If *you* dare not tell her, I must," replied the Swiss without the slightest change in the low, even inflections of her voice.

"Oh, if you only would! moaned the girl through her sobs.

For a moment or two Therese stood regarding the crouching figure before her with a stare of chilly contempt. In her eyes, half-veiled by their white lashes, was the glitter of a malignant triumph. Without a word more she quitted the room, and traversing the corridor with the noiseless stealthy tread of some soft-footed predaceous creature, she tapped lightly at the door of the small drawing-room; and then, after a moment's pause, during which a film, so to speak, gathered over her eyes and robbed them of all expression, she turned the handle and went in.

Strong woman though she was, Mrs. Marchment seemed to reel under the shock of Therese's news, briefly and clearly told by the waiting-woman. She pressed her hand to her side and for a moment or two was powerless to speak. Her first words were an order to Therese to summon Sir Harry, who was engaged with his steward in the library. Then, accompanied by Miss Fenton, who was scarcely less shocked than she, Mrs. Marchment hurried to the nursery, where Sir Harry made his appearance two minutes later. Fanny Dale a limp, grovelling figure, was powerless, in the utter abandonment of her despair, to answer any question coherently. The baronet, to whom her moans and bewailings were irritating in the extreme, sternly ordered her to her own room, and then turned to the composed Therese for the particulars he had failed to elicit from the nurse maid Three minutes sufficed to put him in possession of all there was to tell.

"It's a pity—it is a thousand pities," he said, when Therese had come to an end, "that so much time has been wasted in searching the other rooms, when it is evident that the child has been carried off by some miscreant by way of the window. You ought to have summoned me immediately the boy was missed. However, no more time must be lost. This room must be left exactly as it is till the arrival of the police.—You, my dear," turning to Mrs. Marchment, "had better go back to the drawing-room; and Edeline will keep you company." He spoke very quietly and collectedly. It was only by the spasmodic opening and shutting of his hands that he betrayed how deeply he was affected by the mysterious disappearing of his grandson and heir. With that Sir Harry went his way, and the two women returned slowly and sadly to the drawing-room. Therese, finding she was not wanted further at present had already vanished.

Five minutes later, Tom Abrey, the groom, was spinning along in the dogcart on his way to Barrisfield to summon the police, while in the huge flagged kitchen were already assembled the gardener and his assistant; the coachman and two stable helps; the butler, who quivered like a blanc-mange in human shape; a couple of stalwart but overfed footmen; the gamekeeper and his underling; Dickson, the half-witted man-of-all-work; and lastly, Sir Harrie, with Mr. Warde, the lame land-steward. (After Lady Marchment's death, the establishment at the Chase had been considerably cut down.) The baronet's questions with the view of ascertaining whether any suspicious characters had been seen loitering about the house or grounds having failed to elicit any information, the little company was divided into three parties, Sir Harry taking charge of one of them, the gamekeeper of another, and the gardener of the third. Each party took lanterns, and each man was armed with a stout cudgel, of which the gamekeeper had an ample supply in stock. Then, after a few final instructions, they all filed quietly out by way of the back entrance, watched from a distance, by the women portion of the belowstairs establishment, behind whom, silent but observant, stood Therese Cobran. As soon as the door was shut behind the last man, Therese turned and went slowly-upstairs without speaking to any one, a faint amused smile flickering round her thin lips; but it was not a pleasant smile by any means. 'Poor Sir Harry!' she remarked to herself with a shrug. "I am afraid that he and his men will come back no wiser than they went."

In the small drawing-room sat Mrs. Marchment and Miss Fenton, one on each side of the fireplace, waiting and listening for the tidings which any moment might bring. They spoke but little to each other. Edeline, who had dearly loved the lost boy, and had made far more of a pet of him than his mother had ever condescended or cared to do, would fain have sympathised with Mrs. Marchment had she been permitted to do so but such timid overtures as she ventured on were so coldly received by the widow that her feelings shrank within themselves, as the petals of a delicate plant shrink and shrivel before the first breath of frost. Mrs. Marchment was one of those women who are sufficient unto themselves, who, how heavy so-ever may be the burdens they are called upon to bear, not merely scorn to crave the sympathy of others, but repel it even when offered unasked.

And yet, deep rooted in Mrs. Marchment's heart was a passionate love for her child; but even to the object of that love her betrayals of tenderness—her moments of weakness she termed them to herself—were brief and infrequent. For the ordinary fond and foolish mother whose happiest hours are those she spends among her darlings, she had nothing but a feeling of quiet contempt. They were poor invertebrate creatures, with whom she was glad to feel that she had nothing in common. Frank had a child's intuitive consciousness that his mother loved him; but her caresses were matters of such rare occurrence that he almost shrank from them. In point of fact, his love for his beautiful mamma was overweighted with a sort of awe—not fear, be it understood—so that it was a relief to him when the drawing-room ordeal was at an end and he was at liberty to race back to the nursery, where laughing, sweet-tempered Fanny Dale more than made up to him for whatever he lacked in the way of caresses elsewhere.

The Chase was so large and some parts of it were so far removed from the domestic offices, that our two ladies were unaware of the return of the search party till Sir Harry in person opened the drawing-room door and walked in. Both of them started to their feet at his entry; but his face told the news he brought before his tongue could frame a syllable. It seemed to Edeline that he had aged five years older than he had looked at luncheon a few hours before. He sank into a chair with a groan.

"You have not found him!" said the mother with a constriction of the throat which all but choked back her words.

The old man shook his head dolefully. "No, we have not found him," he answered hoarsely. For a few moments he was powerless to say more.

A deep sigh that was almost a sob broke from Mrs. Marchment, and then she sank into her chair again. Edeline's heart went out towards her, but encountered no responsive chord. The widow's face might have been nothing but a beautiful mask for aught it betrayed of whatever feelings and emotions were at work below.

Presently the baronet cleared his voice. "Every square yard of the gardens and shrubberies has been searched," he said, "and the park itself thoroughly examined, but to no purpose. Yardley, the superintendant of police has just arrived with two of his men, and I am now going to consult with him as to the next steps it behoves us to take."

That night was one which the inmates of Rothwell Chase were little likely ever to forget. Although the telegraph had been set to work and the country was being scoured in every direction by the mounted constabulary, hour passed after hour without bringing tidings of any kind. It was long after midnight before the household separated. Mr. Warde had kindly offered to remain up all night in case of the arrival of any news, which he would at once communicate to his employer; and his offer had been accepted. It was with a heavy heart that the baronet kissed his daughter-in law and bade her good-night. At the foot of the stairs Edeline offered him her arm without a word, and without a word, he took it. Never had he felt the need of help as he felt it to-night; never had the burden of his years seemed to weigh so heavily on him before.

Therese, who seemed to have quite got over her temporary indisposition, was waiting for her mistress when the latter reached her dressing-room. She was much too astute a person, and read her mistress too thoroughly, to venture on any spoken expression of sympathy. To have done so, as she was well aware, would have merely resulted in a snubbing. But sympathy may be conveyed by manner, by an inflection of the voice even, and, more subtly still, by an indefinable something in the mere act of administering to the needs of those whom it is our privilege to serve in a subordinate capacity. And after such a fashion it was that Therese strove to convey her sympathy. It is to be presumed that she was successful in her efforts, seeing that Mrs. Marchment's last words as she quitted her for the night were: "You are a good creature, Therese."

Therese paused outside the door and laughed a low sardonic laugh. "I'm a good creature, am I, madame? To hear you talk, one might take you for a duchess born, instead of for what you are—the daughter of a wandering fiddle-scraper. But it may be that you will have occasion to change your opinion before you and I have done with each other."

Next morning, while the family were at breakfast—such a breakfast as they could eat—Inspector Dimwade from Scotland Yard was announced. Superintendent Yardley had met him at the station, and they had driven over together to the Chase, the inspector being put into possession of the facts of the case *en route*. It may be here remarked that, so far, the efforts of the police had been productive of no result.

Inspector Dimwade was a man five-and-forty, or thereabouts, with a florid complexion and a somewhat full habit of body, sandy hair and short side whiskers to match. He had a pleasant smile and a quietly plusible manner, which he found of great service to him in his profession.

When the consultation with Sir Harry had come to an end, which it did in the course of a few minutes, Inspector Dimwade asked to be conducted to the nursery. On entering the room he walked at once to the window and submitted it to a close examination, fastening and unfastening the hasp several times, and then with his eye measuring the height of the balcony from the ground. Then he instructed Yardley to shut the window while he remained outside. This being done, he proved, by means of the blade of his pocket-knife, what an easy thing it was for any one to force open the hasp of the window.

"You have certainly scored a point there, Mr. Inspector," said the baronet as Dimwade re-entered the room through the window he had so readily opened. "But before a man could do what you have just done, he must get into the balcony from below, and how pray, would he manage that?"

"Pardon me, Sir Harry; I have not implied that the nursery was entered from the balcony. I merely wanted to satisfy myself that it could have been. I think I understood you to say when we were in the library that there are several unoccupied bedrooms on this floor which are rarely entered by any one but the chamber-maid whose duty it is to keep them in order?"

"That is so," responded Sir Harry.

As a matter of course, such a house as the Chase must have a number of doors. To begin with, there is the main entrance; then there is the side-door through which Mr. Yardley and I were admitted; I noticed, too, a door in the conservatory; and doubtless there are one or more entrances by way of the back premises."

The baronet nodded assent.

"Such being the case, would there, in your opinion, sir, be any insuperable difficulty, supposing a person to be wishful of so doing, more especially if he happened to have a ready-made acquaintance with the run of the house, in stealing into it unobserved, hiding in one of the the unused rooms, watching his opportunity, and the moment the girl's back was turned, making his way to the nursery, flinging (let us assume) a cloth over the child's head so as to smother its cries, opening the window, dropping from the balcony to the ground—the height, even when burdened with the child, would be a trifle to an active man—and then, aided by the dusk, making off through the shrubbery, it may be to some rendezvous previously agreed on with his accomplices, supposing him to have had any: would there be anything out of the range of probability in all this?"

Sir Harry gasped a little. Dimwade's way of stating his supposititions case was such that the baronet seemed to see the whole affair pass like a panorama before his eyes. "As you state the case, there seems to me nothing whatever out of the range of probability," he murmured. "Indeed, quite the contrary, were it not for one thing: what possible motive could any one have for acting as you have suggested?"

Dimwade showed his teeth. "Motives are very queer things, sir, and very hard to get at. Just now, I am concerned more with the method than the motives of the abduction; but we shall probably have to consider that part of the question later on." Then, a moment later: "By the way, have the unused bedrooms been searched for any traces of a possible intruder?"

"Not so far as I am aware," answered Yardley.

"Suppose we throw an eye over them, now we are on the spot," suggested Dimwade.

Accordingly, not one eye, but six were brought to bear on the rooms in question, but without being productive of the slightest result.

"Now, as to the ground below the balcony," said the detective; "has it been examined for traces of footsteps, or any other marks which would tend to prove it was by that way the child was carried off."

"That was a point which I did not overlook," replied the superintendent; "but I thought it best to leave the examination till we could have daylight to help us."

"Quite right. Suppose we go and examine the ground at once."

"Yes," said Inspector Dimwade a few minutes later, "these are undoubtedly heel-marks, and the assumption is that they were made by the rascal when he let himself drop from the balcony with the child in his arms."

He had gone down on one knee, and was examining certain dints in the gravelled drive which would hardly have been discernible had they not been sought for by the aid of a small but powerful magnifying glass.

"Now, if this surface," he went on, "instead of being hard gravel, had been turf or garden mould, it might possibly have furnished us with an important link in the chain of evidence; that is to say, we might not improbably have been able to find a pair of boots or shoes which would have exactly fitted the impressions. As it is, however, I am afraid the marks will prove of no service to us for, although they are palpably here, yet they are little more than surface scratches, and might have been caused by one pair of boots just as readily as by another." He rose and put away his glass. "From this point, I presume, the fellow would have little or no difficulty in making his way out of the park?"

"None whatever," answered the baronet. "There is a public right-of-way across the lower end of the park which is open night and day to anybody who may chose to make use of it."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Most rivers have running accounts on two banks.

A soldier once went into the 71st. Regiment in order to be near his brother who was in the 72nd.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE PIG.

A Triumph of Art Over Nature—The Result of Judicious Blending—Modern History of a Much Slandered Animal.

The development of the pig is a triumph of art over nature. Nature's pig, the wild boar, is not a very gainly animal; nature's pig, again, simply domesticated and fattened in the form of a common farm pig, is little better than a necessary evil; but nature's pigs from different quarters of the world, mixed together, remixed, and judiciously blended by the scientific breeder, eventually produce a creature which is a joy, if not exactly a thing of beauty, forever—or, at least, until it is made into bacon. It is absolutely painful to a man who knows what a pig ought to be, may be, and often is, to hear people who should know better say that they "hate pigs." Such people have no eyes for form, or they would not speak thus of animals showing the graceful curves of the best breeds of Berkshires, Chinese, and Yorkshires.

Undoubtedly the British pig of the end of last century must have been an ugly ill-favored-looking brute—indeed, many of his modern representatives are little better—but by degrees there came importations of Chinese, Siamese, Maltese, and Neapolitan pigs, which, if not altogether satisfactory in themselves, brought "corrective influences" to bear upon

OUR NATIVE MONSTROSITY.

The native monstrosity, again, acted as a corrective upon the alien, and so we went on breeding, crossing, selecting, effecting the survival of the fittest and the curing of the less fit, until we obtained those glorious pigs which are only so far short of perfection as to make us zealous in the hope of some day attaining to it.

It is mortifying to the Englishman to know that, while he was still content with a great leggy pig, the South Sea Islands, on their discovery, were found to be well stocked with a small, black, short-legged pig. As to the Chinese, they have been far ahead of us for centuries, and in most of the provinces of China pork is, at present, much more abundant than mutton. It is some consolation to reflect that America has been behind us, and that the pig is not indigenous to North America, although his first cousin, the peccary, is a native of South America. The Americans, however, have made up for lost time, and we have nothing in this country that can vie with the great pig-meat factories of Chicago. In respect to the treatment of pigs in other parts of the world it is sad, when we look at our own refined and well-cared-for favorites, to remember that in some parts of India semi-wild pigs are allowed to work their own sweet will on the streets as scavengers. In short they take the place of drains, and they go where they please in perfect safety, for nobody has the least desire to eat such evil livers. Yet it is of faith among pig fanciers that their pet is naturally a clean animal; that he only rolls in mud for hygienic purposes; that he hates a dirty sty, and that, if left to himself, he would feed almost exclusively on chestnuts, acorns, and truffles.

A change of fashion has taken place of late in the modern British pig, not through the taste of the fancier, but through the more practical if less artistic demands of the bacon curer. The fact is that curing has been revolutionized. Formerly the lean of bacon and ham used to be hard, unpalatable, and fearfully and wonderfully salt, while the fat, as fat, was good enough; now, under the system known as "mild curing," the lean is excellent. It may easily be understood, therefore, that

DURING THE DARK AGES

of bacon curing the chief objects of the pig-fattener was to produce the largest possible amount of fat to lean, whereas at present it is to produce the greatest possible proportion of lean to fat. There have been changes, again, in the ideal shape of the pig, and these have been brought about by the alterations in the prices given per pound in the market for certain portions of the pig's carcass. For instance, the shoulder and neck are now about the least valuable parts of his body, consequently the immensely developed crests and shoulders, which used to excite so much admiration, are now odious in the eyes of the practical breeder. Without entering into the details of "sides of bacon," such as "prime streaky," "thin streaky," "middle of gammon," "foreend," &c., we may remark that there are about seven distinct prices for seventeen different parts of the "sides," to say nothing of the head and trotters.

If we were asked which modern breed was probably the most direct descendant of the aboriginal pig of this country, we should be inclined to say Tamworth. This breed has been steadily increasing in favor during the last few years. The common idea of a Tamworth's color is dull red, with black spots; but it varies from a deep, rich red to a brick-dust tint, and in some cases it is of a dark slate color. The uncultivated Tamworth is hardy, ugly, leggy, long-nosed, and slow in growth; the improved Tamworth is also hardy and long in the nose, but he puts on lean quickly and fat slowly, which makes him the big of the period for curing on the modern system. The black Berkshire is still a very popular pig, and for many years he was generally liked better than any other, although he had to make a hard struggle to overcome

A STRONG PREJUDICE.

which existed in certain localities against his color. This pig, as well as the Essex, was improved many years ago by a cross of Neapolitan blood. The probability that the Berkshire breed has been black for a very long period has been questioned. Black pigs with white points can be traced back for seventy years in Berkshire; yet it has been confidently asserted that the pig of the district used to be a tawny with black spots. At any rate, crosses of Berkshire with white pigs frequently produce offspring with a certain amount of red, which shows that this breed, like the Tamworth, originally sprang from the old red pig of the country. The produce of a Berkshire sow by a white boar is almost always white, but, curiously enough, dark colors often appear in later crosses. The chief faults to be guarded against in buying Berkshires are light flanks, short, dropping quarters, some approach to legginess, unduly coarse hair, and deeply furrowed skin. They should not be marked with white except on the nose, forehead, tip of the tail, and feet; but if they have no white upon them at all it is probable that they have a cross of Essex blood in them.

The Essex is quite black and is something between the Berkshire and small Yorkshire in shape. If not very well known, he is a very good pig and shows considerable breeding. It has often been contended that the large Yorkshire is the truest living representative of the aboriginal pig of the country. So far as his drooping quarters, large head, long nose, strength of bone, flat sides, and tendency to narrowness are concerned we willingly admit it; but we cannot truthfully say that this enormous, white farmyardy-looking pig is exactly our idea of a wild boar. A few years ago, pigs of this breed used to be fattened until they weighed, in some cases as much as bullocks—one which was a winner at the Royal Agricultural Society's shows at Carlisle and Derby weighed nearly half a ton—but they are killed much younger now and, being rather lean pigs until they reach a certain age, they are curers. The small Yorkshire is a breed formed by crossing the large Yorkshire with the Chinese. He represents the highest pinnacle to which art can attain in the production of fat, and for this very reason he does not meet with the approval of the modern curer. His breed, too, has been very much inbred with the usual results of delicacy and unproductiveness. It may be observed here that all breeds much crossed with the Chinese are less in favor than they were a few years ago. The Middle White Yorkshire is a variety of the Small White, and it may be that this breed has a great future before it. Thus far it is somewhat undefined in its form and uncertain in its produce. The Lincolnshire pig is like the pike, "a voracious feeder," and it is large, lop-eared, and ugly. The common white pig of Scotland is a long-snouted, leggy animal something of the large Yorkshire type and a slow fattener. nevertheless he makes an admirable cross with the Berkshire.

"Gallant little Wales" also has its pig, and from its red and black hue—plum-pudding color, as it is profanely called—it may claim to be descended from the aboriginal wild boar which used to be hunted by those Welsh kings from whom nearly every Welshman claims to be descended. Both the Welshman and the Welsh pig have become a little mixed in the course of their long descent, and the pig is an exceedingly vulgar looking beast, whose only value consists in his making a hardy outcross with other breeds.

One great drawback to pig breeding—and observe that this is not the fault of the pigs—is the violent fluctuation which is constantly taking place in their prices. When your bailiff urges you to sell because you have got "sadly too many," you get wretched prices, and the only consolation offered to you is that "pigs is very low." When pigs are "up" and you want to sell you either find that you have none to spare, or else your bailiff declares that it would be a "thousand pities" to part with them now that "there's such a lot o' keep." An average pig fattens most quickly from the time he weighs nine stone to the time he weighs twelve stone, and, in the present condition of taste in bacon, it pays best to kill when he weighs about twelve stone. Sows should be fattened after they have produced a second or third litter, however great the temptation to have "just one more." "Oh that we were all as fit to die as that pig!" said the pious farmer; but it is not so easy to say exactly when a pig is fit to die as some people suppose. In dismissing the subject, let it be said to his credit, that the pig is the most economical meat producer on a farm, and that he is about the only living creature about a gentleman's establishment that pays at all.—*Saturday Review.*

THE SPEED OF INSECTS.

The Fly Makes 600 Strokes a Second When in a Hurry.

There are many insects which one would little suspect to be furnished with apparatus suited to swift and more or less continuous flight. House flys frequent the inside of our windows, buzzing sluggishly in and out of the room. But what different creatures are they when they accompany you on a hot summer's day. A swarm of these little pests keep pertinaciously on wing about your ears; quicken your pace, and still they are with you; let a gust of wind arise and carry them backward and behind, the breeze having dropped, their speed is redoubled, and they return to their post of annoyance. But this example gives only a partial proof of the fly's power of flight, as the following will show: The writer was travelling one day in autumn by rail, at about 25 miles an hour, when a company of flies put in an appearance at the carriage window.

They never settled, but easily kept pace with the train; so much so, indeed, that their flight seemed to be almost mechanical, and a thought struck the writer that they had probably been drawn into a sort of vortex, whereby they were carried onward with but little exertion on the part of themselves. But this was soon disproved. They sailed forth at right angles from the train, flew to a distance of 30 or 40 feet, still keeping pace, and then returned with increased speed and buoyancy to the window. To account for this look at the wings of a fly. Each is composed of an upper and lower membrane, between which the bloodvessels and respiratory organs ramify so as to form a delicate network for the extended wings. These are used with great quickness, and probably 600 strokes are made per second. This would carry the fly about 25 feet, but a sevenfold velocity can easily be attained, making 125 feet per second, so that under certain circumstances it can outstrip a race horse.

Thought He Was a Hoodoo.

A postman in Egypt who carried the mail to the villages in the neighborhood of Minieh was in the habit of announcing his arrival by shouting so that the villagers should come at once for their mail and not keep him waiting too long. He was placed on a new route, and shortly after leaving the first village one of the inhabitants died. Two days later he called there again, and another villager died after his departure, After his third visit a third villager died The villagers attributed these deaths to the evil influence of the new postman, called him the messenger of Satan, and determined to put a stop to his visits. On the occasion of his fourth visit to the village a woman, who was related to one of the dead men, insulted him grossly and threw mud at him. The postman went to complain to the sheiks of the village, whereupon the latter turned on him in a rage and reviled him in the most outrageous manner as the cause of the villagers' misfortunes. The poor postman was obliged to resign his office.

Women are so fond of trimmings and finery that they even have their tempers, ruffled once in a while.