

YOUNG FOLKS.

Midget.

They call me a "Midget," but when I am old, I guess they will find, if the truth is told, That I will be kind, and brave, and good, And do my work as a woman should.

I'll learn to keep house, and my parlor shall be The prettiest place you ever did see; I'll keep it so nice that not a fly Shall dare to crawl in for fear 'twill die.

My bread I will make of the nicest of flour, And always bake it exactly one hour; Pie and cakes shall be done as "turns," My cooking I'm sure you will not spurn.

If you don't believe every word that I say, I hope you will come and see me some day; When you depart, I'm sure you'll declare, "Midget" is grown a woman quite rare.

A DREAM COME TRUE.

BY ADELAIDE G. MARCHANT.

"Mamma, did you ever have a dream that came true?" asked Florence, looking up from her book.

"No, my dear, I think not," was the reply. "Why do you ask?"

"I have been reading a story about a poor little girl, who dreamed she was in such a nice house, where everything was bright and warm. I was thinking how badly she must have felt when she woke and found it was not true."

Florence was a very sympathetic child and a deep sigh followed her last words.

"Well, Florence," said her mother, taking a fresh needleful of thread, "why don't you do something to make somebody's dream come true?"

"Why, Mamma, what do you mean? How can I do that? I don't even know what people dream." She was quite roused from her dreamy mood, and sat looking at her mother in astonishment.

"I do not know, either, Florence," responded Mrs. Easterly, smiling at the inquiring face before her. "But I know what some people might dream in the daytime, if not at night. You have seen them quite lately, too."

"I can't tell what you are talking about, Mamma," said Florence, in a puzzled tone.

"I remember a little girl of about your size who was looking at your workbasket the other day and trying on your gold thimble. Her face certainly looked as if she was dreaming a Christmas dream and was disappointed when she realized it was not true."

Florence's eyes had turned, while her mother was speaking, toward a workbasket, furnished with all the requisites for sewing, but evidently not in very common use.

"Oh, you mean Minna Schmid, Mamma, don't you?" she exclaimed, her eyes sparkling. "How nice it would be to make her dream come true at Christmas and give her a basket. Is that what you mean, Mamma?"

Mrs. Easterly nodded; Florence's face was radiant for a moment, then suddenly fell as she said, "But, Mamma, I can never afford to buy such a lovely one as Aunt Emma gave me."

"Perhaps not, dear. Bring your basket here and see if we can discover how it is put together."

Florence obeyed, and taking out the spools of thread, scissors, etc., proceeded to examine it as she had never done before, though it has been in her possession several months.

"Why, it is a pretty willow basket, with a quilted lining sewed in and the cushion and pockets fastened on. Do you think I could make one?" she asked.

"What does Florence think about it?" was her mother's reply.

"I think I can, if you will help me," she answered.

"Then we may consider it settled, may we? But, Florence," added Mrs. Easterly, putting aside her sewing, "it will be considerable work and there are only a few weeks before Christmas. You must not get tired and give up after you have once begun."

"No, I surely will not. Can't I begin right away? Where shall I get a basket?" and Florence jumped up, all eagerness to make a start immediately.

"You remember those small baskets that were sent to papa with fruit when he was sick. You will find one in the store room. Dust and wipe it thoroughly, and I will look up something to-night for a lining, so you can begin to-morrow."

Florence ran off quickly and her mother looked after her with a smile, saying, "It is more blessed to give than to receive. I think Florence is going to find out how true that is."

"Mamma," said Florence, the next day, as she sat busily covering a cushion with cretonne of a dainty pattern, all rosebuds and leaves, "you told me when I had my basket that every one ought to have her own things and not borrow from other people."

"Well!" said Mrs. Easterly.

"I'm afraid Minna's sister, Martha, will want to borrow Minna's things, if she has a basket and Martha hasn't. She is most as big, and I must believe she ought to have one too."

"Well, dear," was the answer, "I think you can find another basket in the closet." Florence sighed, for she was not fond of sewing, but the next time she sat down to work, her mother noticed that two baskets stood on the table beside her own.

Much patience was needed and some help, before all the necessary stitches were set in the two articles, but at last they were pronounced finished. Brother Harold declared he should like one of them to put his bicycle oilcan in, a suggestion which Florence, of course, received with horror.

A small sum will go a great way in buying needles, pins, thread, etc., so that the amount Florence felt she could spare was quite sufficient to furnish the baskets. Her mother added a pair of scissors and a thimble to each, and the result was a present many a little girl would have been glad to receive.

"I shall send the Schmid family a Christmas dinner, Florence," said Mrs. Easterly, "and you can send the baskets at the same time." While packing the Christmas dinner, she remarked, "I believe I will put in those undershirts of your father's. He will not need them this winter, and perhaps Mrs. Schmid can use them."

Christmas morning the Schmid family were up early, but not because any well-filled stockings awaited them.

"I hoped I would dream about a Christmas tree last night," said Martha. "If we can't have one, I should have liked to dream of one. Did you, Minna?"

"No," answered the older sister. "I

didn't dream anything, but I laid awake and thought of all the things I would like to have and wished some one would give me."

"I know one thing you thought of," cried Martha. A workbasket like the one you saw at Mrs. Easterly's. You have talked about it ever since."

Minna made no reply, but their mother said, "I dreamed, last night, I thought your father had a suit of new, warm underclothes. I was thinking just before I went to sleep how thin his were for this cold weather," and she sighed, thinking of the rheumatism, which often prevented the husband and father from working for them.

A moment later, a knock on the door sent Mrs. Schmid to open it. A man bearing a large basket entered, followed by Florence, who had wished to be the bearer of her own gifts. She was fully repaid for all her trouble, by the bright faces of the girls and their evident appreciation of the baskets. Minna was telling what she had been thinking the night before, when Mrs. Schmid, who was unpacking the basket, uttered an exclamation which caused them all to look up.

"My dream came true," she cried, hugging the under shirts in her arms. "These are the very ones I saw in my dream."

"What does your mother mean, Minna?" asked Florence, almost in alarm, for the tears stood in the poor woman's eyes.

"Tell your mother, Miss Florence," said Mrs. Schmid, "that she must have known what I wanted most of anything in the world just now," and she told of her dream once more.

"So, Mamma," concluded Florence, when telling the story, "you were the one who made the dream come true, after all."

Florence was quite satisfied with her efforts. Though she received many presents, none gave her greater pleasure than those she bestowed, which cost some trouble to prepare.

INCIDENTS OF THE DAHOMEY WAR.

Col. Dodds Says He Never Saw Black Warriors Fight So Desperately.

King Behanzin of Dahomey has fled to the north, leaving his country in the hands of the French, and followed by a mere remnant of his brave army. The French probably will not attempt to capture him. They have destroyed his power, and he is not likely to give them further trouble. It remains to be seen whether the Dahomeyans will submit to their new rulers with good grace or whether there will be a little more fighting.

Col. Dodds' latest despatches give some interesting particulars of the war. He says that in the first battle, after the French army had left the Wheme River and started on the twenty-five-mile march to Abomey, six of his men were killed, five of whom were Europeans. Forty-five were wounded, of whom eighteen were Europeans, and five of them officers. The best marksmen in the Dahomey army were up in the trees or occupying other places of advantage, and had instructions to aim particularly at the white men. In proportion to their numbers, the loss of Europeans during the war far exceeded that of the natives. Col. Dodds pays a tribute to the bravery of the Dahomeyans. He says they carried on their warfare with an energy seldom seen among the black races. During the French wars in the Soudan Col. Dodds says he never met adversaries who were so full of courage and showed such indomitable energy as distinguishes the Dahomeyans. They are very proud of their military traditions and of the glory won in battle by their fathers.

It is the practice of Dahomey kings to put to death those soldiers who fail to do their full duty on the field of battle. Both the Amazons and the men soldiers have had great confidence in their superiority, for it is very seldom that they have been defeated. All these causes conduced to make them brave to recklessness in the recent campaign; but they also fought with desperation, for the fate of their King and of the fetich doctors who dictated his policy depended upon the issue of the war.

As the French force was approaching Abomey they were attacked one morning by fully 10,000 of Behanzin's warriors, including the Amazons. The natives were led by the King in person. The French formed in a square with artillery on every side. The warriors and Amazons charged furiously upon the square. Many of them were killed within thirty feet of the guns. Neither cannon, mitrailleuse, nor volleys of quick-firing rifles dismayed them, and they died almost on the bayonets of the invader. One of the French officers writes that he never saw a semi-barbarous foe exhibit such wonderful courage. The avalanche of frenzied men and women soldiers made three of these terrible charges upon the French square. After the battle had raged for three hours Behanzin gave the signal for retreat, which was carried out in indescribable disorder. The Dahomeyans left over 2,000 dead and wounded on the field.

It is expected that Col. Dodds will make peace with the natives on condition of their abandonment to the French of Whydah, Kotonu, and other points on the coast; the installation of official Residents at Abomey and Canna with French garrisons; the construction of trade routes through the country wherever the Residents may decide to make them, and the abolition of human sacrifices.

The European contingent which has been serving in Abomey is to be ordered home, and relieved by troops that have already been sent out from France. These relief forces, which will conduct the future military operations, occupy the big coast town of Whydah and garrison the up-country posts, left France and Algeria for Dahomey on Nov. 25. They include engineers and artillery.

A Prudent Mother.

Clara—Mother, just think of it.

Mother—What is it, my daughter?

Clara—Charles has insured his life for my benefit for \$50,000.

Mother—He has? Well, now, my daughter, there is no longer any objection to your making him that angel cake, you have been talking about.

The tooter for a hotel at Niagara Falls cried out as the Sunday afternoon train passed him on the way to Prospect Park: "All ready inside, ladies and gentlemen—dinner's all ready inside!" "Well, if it's already inside, what the dickens are you yelling at us for?" asked Fickleby. "What I'm looking for is a dinner that's still outside."

WHO HOLDS THE CASE.

The World's Millionaires.

Less than forty years ago the American millionaire was considered such a rare bird that a popular poet of the period devoted a lengthy poem to a description of his characteristics, but now there are more than 4000 millionaires in the United States, and the man worth from \$10,000,000 to \$40,000,000 is so common that his presence excites little, if any, comment. To-day that nation possesses not only the greatest number of rich men but also the richest of any on the globe. A list of America's ten richest men, with the sums they are worth, would be made up about as follows:—William Waldor Astor, \$150,000,000; Jay Gould, \$100,000,000; John D. Rockefeller, \$90,000,000; Cornelius Vanderbilt, \$90,000,000; John A. Vanderbilt, \$80,000,000; John Jacob Astor, \$70,000,000; Henry M. Flagler, \$60,000,000; John I. Blair, \$50,000,000; Leland Stanford, \$50,000,000; Collis P. Huntington, \$50,000,000. The fortunes of these ten men foot up the stupendous total of \$790,000,000, a sum the vastness of which baffles human comprehension.

The origin of these great fortunes furnishes abundant food for thought. The wealth of the two Astors is due to the rise in the value of the immense holdings of real estate in this city, secured by the founder of their house. The fortunes of the two Vanderbilts were made in the construction and operation of railroads, and have greatly enhanced in value since they came to them by inheritance. The methods by which Jay Gould's wealth was acquired are too well known to impel recital. The fortunes of Rockefeller and Flagger were made in the oil trade, and those of Blair, Stanford, and Huntington in the construction and operation of railroads.

Besides those already named there are over three score of individuals and estates in the United States worth above \$10,000,000 each.

The richest man in all the Central American States, is John James Magee, a quiet, prosaic man of middle age, whose career has been as romantic as that of Monte Cristo. In 1875 Magee was British Vice-Consul at San Jose, and spent his spare time in the collection of insects. In some way he offended the authorities, and Jose Gonzales, Commandante at San Jose, ordered Magee to appear before him. Magee sent word that he would appear in a short time. This angered the Commandante, who was in his cups and ugly, and when Magee finally appeared with the military escort that had been sent for him Gonzales ordered 75 lashes laid on his bare back. This order was obeyed, and then Gonzales shouted—"Give him twenty-five more for luck." When Magee, after careful nursing, recovered, through the British Minister he at once communicated to Great Britain the story of the indignities he had received. In response the Guatemalan Government was ordered to pay Magee \$1,000 for each and every lash he had received. The Guatemalans promptly complied with his demand. Magee was paid 100,000 in gold, and Gonzales was imprisoned for a term of years.

With the money which Magee got he became interested in many profitable enterprises. Magee's fortune is estimated at \$10,000,000, all due to 100 lashes on the back.

The richest man in South America until his death four years ago was Gen. Jose B. Gonzalez, of the Argentine Republic. He was the last descendant of Gonzalez Mendoza, the great churchman, in whose castle Columbus performed his famous egg trick. Expelled from the Argentine Republic with his father when he was a child, his career was a wandering and chequered one, until he finally settled in Texas, where he made 15,000,000 in the operation of coal and chalk mines he had discovered. He died suddenly in New Orleans in 1888, three days after his marriage to a young and

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN.

After his burial his clothes were examined, and papers were found in proof of his heirship to the great "Gonzalez estate," located in and about Buenos Ayres, making the stupendous total of \$50,000,000.

The richest person in Chili is a woman, Donna Isadora Cousino. She inherited cattle, married mines, and, now a widow, has gone into about every money-producing enterprise in which Chili has engaged. She owns more real estate in Santiago and Valparaiso than any other person; furnishes the capital for manufacturing enterprises; has started art potteries and built a railroad, and owns and conducts two lines of steamships. She is owner of about four-fifths of the coal mines of Lota, a small seaport in the south-east part of Chili. Her stables contain fifty or more thoroughbred English racers. She is worth at least \$60,000,000. England's richest men are, of course, her great landed proprietors. The Duke of Westminster, the greatest landed proprietor of London, is, without doubt, the richest man in England. His fortune in real and personal property does not fall below \$80,000,000. Many of the great fortunes of England have been made in trade and manufactures.

One of the most conspicuous of England's rich men, by reason of the rapidity with which his wealth has been acquired, is Col. John T. North, the nitrate king. North is a Yorkshire man, now about 50 years of age, and his father was a small merchant, dealing in coals. After serving apprenticeship to a firm of locomotive and plough makers, he became an engineer, and at the age of 25 went to Chili in that capacity, settling later in Peru. Here his keen business abilities began to show themselves, and at once recognizing the commercial value of nitrate of soda, he began to buy, sell, and ship it. This went on for 20 years. At length his fortune had grown into the millions. He owns over 150 square miles of nitrate fields, which contain

MILLIONS OF TONS.

He built steamers, railroads, and vast works, employing thousands of men. Not content with operations in Chili and Peru, he has acquired and developed the greatest brick yards in Belgium, and controls industries in England. His residence at Eltham, in Kent, is a palace. He owns a racing stable, yachts, and a fine gallery of paintings. And such is the rise of the coal merchant's barefoot boy, who is now worth \$40,000,000.

The richest family in Europe, and for that matter in the world, is the famous house of Rothschild. The interests of the house, founded by the humble money-lender of Frankfurt-on-the-Main, are now scattered all over the globe, and it is probable that the aggregate wealth of all the branches of the firm, including the possessions of the

of their families, exceeds \$1,000,000,000.

One of the most conspicuous of the world's richest men, by reason of his princely charities, is Baron Maurice de Hirsch, of Vienna, Paris, and London. In the last ten years he has given \$50,000,000 for the benefit of the poor of the Hebrew race, and is still the possessor of a colossal fortune. Baron Hirsch's origin was almost as humble as that of the Rothschilds. The French millionaire is to be sought for only in Paris, but he or she is to be found there in great numbers.

Many of the mammoth fortunes of France are in the possession of women.

The heaviest owner of French securities is a woman, Mme. Furtado Heine, who is worth \$30,000,000. She is one of the noblest women in Paris, and has received the ribbon of the Legion of Honour for her many acts of charity. The Mallet brothers, the bankers, are each worth from two to four millions, and the same is true of Baron Hottinger, Eugene, Pereire, Henry Hecht, Baron Soubeyron, Counts Nisain and Comand, and Barons Erlanger and Reinach. The Parisians worth above a million are

TOO NUMEROUS TO COUNT.

The Spaniards as a nation, are comparatively poor, but they too, are not without their multi-millionaires. The richest Spaniard is the Duke of Medina-Coeli, who is worth some \$30,000,000. King Humbert's richest subject is Prince Torlonia, whose income is said to be \$2,000 a day. Germany has more very rich men than it is generally credited with. In one province of Prussia alone there are six great nobles worth more than \$20,000,000 each.

The richest man in the dual Empire of Austro-Hungary is the Emperor Francis Joseph himself, whose private fortune is more than fifteen millions. Among the richest of his subjects are Duke Esterhazy, Count Karolyi, Count Palffy, Count Festetic, Count Andrassy, and Harkanyi, the banker, none of whom is worth less than four millions.

In Russia the Czar's annual income from his private estates exceeds \$10,000,000, and the Nobel brothers, the Standard oil men of Russia, are worth from six to eight millions apiece, while the fortune of the Demidoffs mounts up into scores of millions.

The richest man in South Africa, and the wealthiest diamond miner in the world, is B. L. Barnato, of Kimberley. He is worth six millions, all of it made since 1876, in which year he settled in Kimberley. How Qua, a merchant of Canton, is the richest man in China. He is said to be worth \$50,000,000. He owns acres of houses in the most crowded portions of Canton, along with extensive rice plantations and tea gardens, and sports diamonds and pearls by the cupful. Australia vies with the United States in the number of newly-made millionaires. The wealthiest of the lot is James Tyson, of Queensland, who made his money in sheep and cattle. He is worth \$25,000,000, and is as eccentric as he is rich.

MEN OF THE FORLORN HOPE.

The Strange Legion of Social Outlaws.

The victories achieved by France under General Dodds in Dahomey have served to attract once more public attention to the daring bravery of the two or three regiments known by the name of the Foreign Legion, which constitute the nucleus of his force. It is to this Legion that is invariably assigned the most dangerous of service in warfare, and it is they, too, who, as a rule, head

THE FORLORN HOPE.

Whenever there are hardships to be borne to which the French authorities do not care to expose the regular line regiments the Foreign Legion is invariably designated for the purpose. Unlike the other French regiments it is composed entirely of men who have voluntarily enlisted. Some of them are French, while at least 50 per cent. of the entire corps is composed of foreigners. There is scarcely a man in the entire brigade who has not behind him some history of a more or less romantic and frequently dramatic character. Thus, says a correspondent, I have found in one and the same company a Romanian Prince, who was under suspicion of having murdered his brother, an Italian lieutenant colonel of cavalry, bearing an illustrious name, who had been dismissed from King Humbert's army in disgrace in consequence of being found cheating at cards, a Russian Nihilist who had escaped from Siberia, and an ex-Canon of the Cathedral of Notre Dame of Paris, who had been suspended from his ecclesiastical functions in consequence of an offence committed

AGAINST PUBLIC MORALITY.

an English ex-captain of the Rifle Brigade, and a German Count, who had not only served as lieutenant in the first Regiment of Guards at Berlin, but who had also held a position on the Military Staff of the late Emperor of Germany. All these men were serving as simple privates in the ranks, and were subjected to the iron discipline for which this corps is celebrated.

In no other European army are the punishments so severe as in the Foreign Legion of France. Composed as it is almost entirely of social outlaws, men who have broken with their past and who have in many cases a criminal record behind them, men, in one word, who seek oblivion, and who are mostly serving under pseudonyms, it is not astonishing that the utmost severity is needed to render them subservient to orders. The slightest offence or act of aggress against a superior officer is punished with death, and during the Tonkin war there have been as many as eleven members of the regiment court-martialled and shot in one day. The minor offences are punishable by the so-called "silo," which consists of burying the prisoner in the sand for hours leaving only his head exposed to the rays of the sun by day, and to the stings of the insects by night, and the "crapaudine," in which the man is bound hand and foot and left for hours, nay sometimes days, on the sand lying helpless, somewhat in the position of a trussed fowl. Many of the most famous names of France have figured at the head of these regiments.

Foiled too Often.

Robinson (very late at night)—Hello, Brown, aren't you late?

Prown—Yes, I've been working over my books at the office and I'm afraid to meet my wife.

"Don't Mrs. Brown like to have you work at the office so late?"

"She doesn't mind that, but she won't believe I've been there."

"Cool and collected"—The ice bill.

TO BE KILLED BY A FALL.

A Well-Known Physician Who Has Experienced the Sensation of Falling Says It is Exquisitely Pleasant.

"When my time comes to cross the river (hope to be killed by a fall," says a well-known doctor. "It is a beautiful death, and the victim passes from time to eternity as sweetly and painlessly as an infant falling asleep. The old Roman method of execution by hurling from the Tarpeian rock was much preferable, from a humanitarian point of view, to electrocution, but the latter over so sudden.

I have had several falls in my life that, according to all except traditions, should have proved fatal. I once had a series of falls down the steep side of a mountain, bounding twenty to forty feet at a time, and, strange to say, I did not lose consciousness, I realized perfectly well what was happening to me. I knew that I was getting horribly bruised and that bones were snapping in various parts of my anatomy, but I experienced no pain whatever. I rather enjoyed the bouncing, and regarded the probability of getting killed as a comparatively trifling matter. When I finally came to a full stop I lay in a dreamy state for a few moments, then drifted into unconsciousness, upon what appeared to me a sea of gold.

When a man has a limb broken by a fall he does not know it until he attempts to rise. He may suspect that all is not well with him, but, to save him, he cannot locate the trouble. The most delightful sensation I ever experienced was while falling from the basket of a balloon into Lake Erie. I had gone up at Cleveland with Professor Hirsch. We were carried out over the lake, and when about 150 feet from the surface the crazy old trap exploded. To avoid being tangled up in the wreck I jumped. It seemed to me that I was an hour falling. My whole intellectual activity was increased to a wonderful degree. Great thoughts surged through my mind, but I felt no anxiety whatever. I wished that I might last forever. The rush of the wind was intoxicating. I struck slightly sideways, and the concussion rendered me insensible. I seemed to have fallen into a mighty pyrotechnic display. Blue, red and orange flames shot up and fell in a shower of jewels—then came oblivion. Oh, it was a glorious experience but withal a trifle risky.

A WOLF CHASE IN THE FAR WEST.

Sport That Nimrod Enjoy on the Red River of the South.

"Sport" sneered James Reed Dills to a St. Louis Globe-Democrat man. "You fellows up here don't know what sport is. You go out and shoot an old prairie hen or punch a cotton-tail rabbit out of a hollow log and imagine you are sportsmen. Come down to my ranch in Greer county on the Red and I'll show you that life's worth the living."

"Game? Big fat bucks walk right up to your doorway frosty mornings and ask you to relieve 'em of their horns. Fact, but the prettiest sport is the wolf chase. You've got to have a pack of greyhounds for that sport though. Your foxhound ain't in it when it comes to running a big timber wolf to earth, although they are good as a reserve force to do the fighting when the greys round up the game. You see, a greyhound is built on the Charlie Mitchell plan. They are mighty sprinters, and can head off a streak of lightning, but they can't do very much with it when they've got it. The foxhound is a fighter, and, when the grey brings Mr. Wolf to a standstill, piles in and knocks him out. But he doesn't have any picnic at it, let me tell you. It takes half a dozen hounds that are pure gravel without a flush of the mongrel in 'em to finish off a timber wolf after he's caught, and the chances are that half the pack will find it convenient to die before the day is done.

"But the greyhound is in his element chasing the evasive jack rabbit. Give Brer Rabbit fifty yards' start and it will take a mighty good greyhound to catch him in four miles. When they go by you can't tell which is rabbit and which is dog. They split the air like a mine ball. When the dog catches the rabbit, as he eventually does, he cannot stop to enjoy him. He gives him a flip as he goes by, and bunnies goes up in the atmosphere about ten feet. By the time he comes down the second dog is there to receive him and gives him another somersault. It takes about four dogs to finish a jack rabbit decently and in good order. Where a greyhound goes out by himself to enjoy a game of jack rabbit solitaire he usually finds that the game is herdy worth the candle. He will catch his rabbit, give him a flip, and pass on into the adjoining country before the automatic brakes take hold. By the time he backs up to the station the rabbit is half a mile away in another direction."

Ruins of the Temple of Baal.

There rises a huge wall, seventy-five feet high, enclosing a square court, of which the side is 470 feet long. Part of the wall having fallen into ruins, has been rebuilt from the ancient materials, but the whole of the north side with its beautiful pilasters, is perfect.

As the visitors enter the court they stand still in astonishment at the extraordinary sight which meets their eyes, for here, crowded within those four walls, is the native village of Tadmor. It was natural enough for the Arabs to build their mud huts within these ready-made fortifications, but the impression produced by such a village in such a place is indescribably strange. The temple, so to speak, is eaten out at the core, and little but the shell remains. But here and there a fluted Corinthian column or group of columns, with entablature still perfect, rises in stately grace far over the wretched huts, the rich, creamy color of the limestone and the beautiful mouldings of the capitals contrasting with the clear blue of the cloudless sky.

The best view of the whole is to be obtained from the roof of the naos, which, once beautiful and adorned with sculpture, is now all battered and defaced and has been metamorphosed into a squalid little mosque. To describe the view from that roof were indeed a hopeless task. High into the clear blue air and the golden sunshine rise the stately columns; crowded and jumbled and heaped together below, untouched by the gladdening sunbeams, unrefreshed by the pure, free air, lies all the squalor and wretchedness of an Arab mud-hut village.

As broad as it's long—a French novel.