

## VALLEY OF THE JORDAN.

### A Visit to Sulphur Springs Known to the Romans 2,000 Years Ago.

At the spot where the Jordan issues from Lake Tiberias there are two large mounds, a fragment of sea wall, and a causeway on arches which projects into the river, dividing it from the waters of the lake, and suggesting that it may possibly, in ancient times, have formed the approach to a bridge. There is no bridge there now. The river swirls round the arches, which are choked with ruins and reeds, and in a broad swift stream winds its way to the Dead Sea. Here, in old time, stood the Roman city of Tarichea, built on a site of a Phœnician fortress of still older date. Nothing remains but heaps of rubbish covered with broken pottery, and fragments of sculpture; but it offers probably a rich field for future excavation. The modern name Kerah signifies in Syriac "Fortress," and its natural position was remarkably strong, as the Jordan, after leaving the lake, takes a sharp bend to the westward and flows almost parallel with it, thus leaving an intervening peninsula on which the town was situated. It was defended on the westward by a broad ditch, traces of which still remain, connecting the Jordan with the lake, thus making the peninsula an island approached only by a causeway.

Josephus mentions Tarichea as having been an important military post in the wars of his time. When I visited it the lake was unusually high, and the Jordan was unfordable, so we were obliged to ferry over, swimming our horses and mules a distance of 70 or 80 yards across the rapid current. Then we mounted and galloped in a southeasterly direction, over a fertile plain, waving at this season of the year with luxuriant crops. I was so much struck with the fertility and agricultural capacity of this region that I made inquiry as to its ownership, and found that it had been presented by a former Sultan to one of the principal Bedouin sheiks of this Eastern country, and that he was exempt from all taxation. His lands extend to the foothills, where the Yarmuk issues from the mountains of Gilead and Juaiah, which we were now approaching. We had ascended these but a little way when a scene burst upon us which surprised and delighted us by

#### ITS WILD AND UNEXPECTED GRANDEUR.

The Yarmuk here enters the plain of the Jordan on its way to join that river with a volume of water fully equal to the latter, pouring its swollen torrent between two perfectly perpendicular precipices of basalt, which are about two hundred yards apart and look like some majestic gateway expressly designed by nature to afford the river a fitting outlet to the plain after its wild course through the mountains.

On each side of these cliffs the country swells back abruptly to a height of 1,700 feet above the stream. At their base, here and there, the limestone or basalt rock, for the two formations are curiously intermixed, crops out sharply, forming terraces with precipitous sides. The more distant summits are fringed with oak forests. The general effect of the landscape as you first burst upon it after leaving the Jordan valley is in the highest degree impressive. The path, gradually ascending, winds along the edge of cliffs, rising to a sheer height of 300 feet from the torrent which foams beneath. We are so close to their margin on the right that it makes us giddy to look down, while on the left hand, grassy slopes, covered with wild flowers, rise to the base of other cliffs above us. For an hour we wind along these dizzy ledges. In one place I observed a hundred feet of limestone superimposed upon two hundred of basalt, the whole forming a black and white precipice very remarkable to look upon. In fact, my further investigations of this valley of the Yarmuk, some portion of which, I believe, we were the first to explore, have convinced me that it affords finer scenery than is to be found in any other part of Palestine. It is astonishing that it should have remained until now almost entirely unknown. Where the valley opened a little we saw beneath us a small plain, almost encircled by the river, and on it about twenty Bedouin tents. Our unexpected and novel appearance on the cliff above evidently caused some little stir and amazement, but they were too far below us to communicate with, so we pushed on to a point where the path suddenly plunged down by a series of steps between walls of black basalt, making a very steep descent for loaded mules, and one not altogether pleasant for mounted men. It had the advantage of bringing us soon to the bottom, however, but not before my eyes were gladdened by the sight of one of the objects for which I had undertaken the trip.

At my feet, and separated from the river by a narrow strip of land covered with bushes, was a long pool of bluish-gray water in marked contrast with the yellow stream. Above it floated a very light mist, or rather haze. Following with the eye a little stream of the same colored water which entered it, past a primitive mill, I saw that it debouched from another pond similar in color, and evidently its source, and to this our path was conducting us. It was the first of the hot sulphur springs of Amatha, celebrated by Eusebius as being much frequented in the time of the Romans, and famous for their healing qualities. We soon reached its margin, and, dismounting, tethered our horses under the shade of a large tree, and stretching ourselves for a rest after our ride, preparatory to a slight repast and a more minute investigation of the springs and the ruins by which they are surrounded. Our nostrils were regaled by a strong odor of rotten eggs, which left no doubt in our minds as to the quality of the waters by which we were surrounded. We were here at a depression of 550 feet below the surface of the sea, but the climate, which must be

INTOLERABLY HOT IN SUMMER, was at this time of year delightful. We were soon sufficiently rested to scramble first down to the pool, only a few yards below us, which was about fifty yards long by thirty broad, and apparently five or six feet deep. The temperature was 98°, and the taste of the water very strongly sulphurous. Then we ascended a mound behind, covered with ruins, consisting principally of fragments of columns, carved stone seats, and drafted blocks which had been used for building purposes. Immediately behind this mound was an extensive ruin, consisting of three arches in a fair state of preservation. Some of the arches were 15 or 26 feet high, and enclosed a semicircular space or hall for bathers. On the other side was a vaulted building which partly enclosed what

is at this day the only frequented spring. This is a circular pool. Part of the old masonry which enclosed it still remains. The pool is about 25 feet wide, with a temperature so high that I found it impossible to keep my hand in it. To my great astonishment, and to theirs also when they saw me suddenly appear, four or five Arabs were bathing in it. How their bodies could support the heat was to me a mystery. They did not support it long. They were no sooner in than out, their bodies looked as much like lobsters as the complexion of their skin would permit. They laughed and invited me to join them. One or two were stretched full length on the identical stone slabs under the building on which doubtless 2,000 years ago the bathers of that date used to repose after having been half boiled alive.

This spring must be of immense volume to judge by the size of the torrent which gushed from it, and which was crossed on stepping stones, flowing away in what would be considered a good sized trout stream, to a mingle its waters with the Yarmuk after a course of a few hundred yards. We determined when our tents arrived to pitch them near this spring on the brink of another stream which flowed in from the eastward, and which, though slightly sulphurous was drinkable. Indeed, we do not object to taking in a moderate amount of this wholesome medication into our organisms. We found another strong spring, not quite so hot as the one in use, a little above our tents, so that there is no lack of water. Indeed, I doubt whether sulphur springs of so much volume exist anywhere else in the world. Not far from this, with its back to another mound, were the ruins of an old Roman theatre, some of the rows of seats still clearly discernible.

These springs are situated on a plain about a mile long and a half a mile broad, semicircular in shape, the chord of the arc consisting of a fine basalt precipice, from which it slopes gradually to the river, which forms the bow. It is watered by a good fresh water spring, which rushes from the base of the cliffs. The hot sulphur stream which issues from the pool we first visited turns a mill and then flows into the long oblong pond I first saw from above. Here, after the exertions of the day, I determined to bathe. I never enjoyed a swim more than the one in this soft sulphur water, with a temperature of 96°. The pool was about one hundred yards long and ten wide, and out of my depth nearly throughout its length. The rocks upon which I could sit comfortably up to my neck where the stream entered the pool were covered with a heavy white deposit. The sensation afterward was one of delicious languor; but my full enjoyment of the bath was a little marred by the fact that I had to walk a quarter of a mile back to the tents afterward. I had a long talk on my way to the mill, the solitary resident of this lonely but enchanting spot, and tried to induce him to desert the mill, of which he was the guardian, and act as my guide up the river on the following day, but he was either too conscientious, too lazy, or too ignorant—I suspect the latter, as I found by experience that all the information he gave me of a topographical nature was erroneous. It was, therefore, with a pleasing sense of anticipation that we retired to rest, determined to trust to our own geographical instincts alone for our proposed exploration.

#### Ring the Baby.

There is one young couple in Toronto who are ready to open an exchange where they may get rid of some superfluous jewellery they have on hand, or, rather, haven't on hand, because the hand is quite too small for the jewellery. There is a new baby in the family and before it was a week old they received a small box from California, and upon opening it found a tiny gold ring with "Welcome, little stranger," engraved on the inside.

"It's much too large for the baby and not quite large enough to fit me," said the young mother, plaintively; but on the principle that it would keep she put it away, and dictated a letter of thanks to the sender.

The next day the baby's aunt sent it a lovely little ring set in pearls, with "Our pet" marked on the inner circle.

Then its grandmother sent a ring made out of a piece of gold found in dear grandpa's pocket after his death, and it had two sets of initials and a Bible text inscribed on it.

But the next ring was from a school friend, and was a wide band of gold with a quarter dollar bangle hung by a tiny chain, and the sentiment "Of such is the kingdom of Heaven," was condensed into it, quite discernible with a microscope, however.

Then the baby's uncle got home from New York, and when he had kissed the new arrival he took something out of his vest pocket:

"I couldn't see a thing to get the kid except this," he said, as he opened a tiny box. "I knew nobody would think of giving such a little shaver a ring, so I got one. Hello, sis, what's the matter!"

The young mother had fainted. But they restored her in time to see her dear old Aunt Letitia, who had stopped over on her way to the Pacific Coast to see that blessed baby.

"Not a ring on her dear, sweet little hands," said the old lady, severely; "Aunt Lissy didn't forget her tootsey-wootsey." And she slipped a cameo brooch on the small red finger. It had a Greek word engraved on it which means "Hops."

"There's the postman's ring," said the nurse one day as she looked out of the window.

"He's bringing another off-ring to the baby; I know it," said the pale young mother.

But they carry them to another room now, where they are numbered, sorted out and put away in regular order, shining mementoes of the awful want of originality, which is usually possessed by the friends of a first baby.

Most bells were originally feminine, now the two or three called by Christian names in England are masculine. The most celebrated, Great Tom, at Oxford, was originally named Mary. Tresham, the Vice-Chancellor of the period, writes: "Oh, beautiful Mary, how musically she sounds." She has done little to belie this reputation since she became Tom. Once only, in the year 1880, Tom got into disgrace by a series of incontinent striking which greatly alarmed the undergraduates, who were divided in opinion as to "whether there was an earthquake, the Dean was dead, or the college on fire."

## THE WORLD OVER.

### Idle Steamships—Cure for Heart Disease—Balaclava—The Tricycle in England—Another Great Tunnel—&c., &c.

In the English northeastern ports 137 ocean steamships are idle.

The Prince Imperial of Austria speaks, it is asserted, every dialect known in the Austrian dominions, except Turkish.

Within two months the House of Lords has had two Roman Catholic accessions—the Earl of Abingdon and Lord North, both converts.

The health record of Cincinnati is reported to have greatly improved since the flood cleansed the unwholesome districts.

It is thought probable that the late Duke of Buccleuch has made a considerable division of his vast estates. One of \$50,000 a year he has given to his second son absolutely.

Many months ago the medical press was crowded with articles to show the action of a so-called new remedy in heart disease—extract of lily of the valley. But a book-worm in Rome finds that the remedy was highly esteemed in Germany for the same malady prior to the year 1821.

A correspondent, writing to *Naturen*, states that the past winter has been remarkable for the differences in climate observed within short distances in Norway. For instance, while at Christiania the ice was from ten inches to twelve inches thick last January, at Stavanger the thermometer fell to freezing point only once during the whole month.

The Rev. Dr. Wright, a distinguished A. M. of Trinity College, Dublin, has created some sensation by an article in which he says that many of the fellows of that university do not believe in divine revelation or the existence of a personal God. Several are, at the best, agnostics, if not atheists. There is no way for disciplining either a fellow or professor for erroneous views, and so it is a propaganda of skepticism.

There is a controversy as to whether an eagle will sit on a limb and let himself become encased in ice. Edward P. Roe related an instance of that kind, and his accuracy was questioned. John Holder now tells how, at Bloomington, Ill., he had an eagle brought to him covered by ice so completely that it could not move legs or wings, fell from the tree on which it had perched, and was captured by a boy.

Balaclava, although its name will be ever famous in history as associated with the famous light cavalry charge, has hitherto remained an unimportant town. It is, however, now beginning to develop resources, and bids fair to become a fashionable resort for invalids. A medical commission visiting it last summer has reported very favorably on its sheltered position and climate.

The sale of the Hamilton library realized \$12,907, which added to the Bockford total, makes \$86,458 (\$432,270) for the Hamilton Palace libraries. The disposal of these libraries occupied forty-eight days, extended over nearly two years. It is understood that the German Government paid \$100,000 for the Hamilton MSS., which were sold by private contract.

A young and well-known English nobleman is the owner of thirty-five cabs and seventy horses in London. The hansoms may be recognised by their smart appearance and the letters S. T. under the driver's box. There was a great probability the other day of his lordship appearing as a defendant, owing to one of his cabs having come into collision with a private owner's vehicle, but the spectacle of the noble lord in a London county court has been obviated by a compromise.

From a French state paper, lately brought to light, it appears that in 1770 the following Parliamentary decree was solemnly passed and duly registered under King Louis XV.: "Whosoever, by means of red or white paint, perfumes, essences, artificial teeth, false hair, cotton, wool, iron corsets, hoops, shoes with high heels, or false hips, shall seek to entice into the bands of marriage any male subject of his Majesty, shall be prosecuted for witchcraft, and declared incapable of matrimony."

Ladies' handkerchiefs this season in Paris match the gown, so that if your gown is made of a material with a design of rosebuds, or trimmed with rosebud embroidery, you should have a handkerchief with a rosebud border. If your gown is brown tweed your handkerchief should have a brown border, and if your dress is made of striped material your handkerchief should have a border striped to match. The latest novelties in men's handkerchiefs have a border of little red or black devils in grotesque attitudes.

In England 50 miles have been covered in 3 hours 27 minutes on a tricycle, and the 100 miles between Bath and London have been ridden in 8 hours 18 minutes on a bicycle. A mile has been ridden in 2 minutes 31 2/5 seconds; 10 miles in 29 minutes 30 2/5 seconds; 20 miles in 59 minutes 58 3/5 seconds; 100 miles in 5 hours 50 minutes 5 3/5 seconds. The other day, a very windy one, a veteran of 77 rode 53 miles in 5 hours, and a man and his wife rode 117 miles in 12 hours to show what they could do.

The new kind of gunpowder lately introduced by M. Himly is superior to all others now in use, in the ease and rapidity of its production and the entire absence of danger in the processes of manufacture. Its freedom from any hygroscopic qualities is also evident from the fact that 100 grams of the article, exposed to damp weather for some four days in an open window, showed no gain of weight, with a delicate balance. It is two and one-half times more powerful than common powder, and there is but a very slight residue. Another advantage is the slight amount of smoke given off, and this, as contrasted with that from nitro-explosives, is totally innocuous.

The preliminary surveys for the great Simpson Tunnel have now been definitely accomplished by a Commission of experts, the result being a report adverse to any operations being undertaken on the route suggested, in view of the extreme heat likely to be encountered in the interior of the vast mountain—the normal temperature of the same being estimated at nearly ninety-eight degrees—during the process of construction. In other respects, however, it is admitted that the geological conditions are quite as favorable as those of St. Gothard. They propose, under these circumstances, a line slightly different from that originally contemplated, and which, though somewhat longer than the first, would reduce the tem-

perature to about eighty-six degrees, and would afford better opportunities also for the required ventilation.

Darwin writes that he created immense excitement once in a monkey cage in the London Zoo by bringing a stuffed snake there. Three species of cercopithecus were the most alarmed. They darted about their cages and uttered sharp cries of danger, which were understood by the other monkeys. He then placed it in the ground in one of the larger compartments. After a time all the monkeys collected round it in a large circle, and, staring intently, presented a most ludicrous appearance. They became extremely nervous, so that when a wooden ball with which they were familiar as a plaything was accidentally moved in the straw under which it was hidden they all instantly leaped away.

Several of the French newspapers publish extracts from a paper by M. A. Milne Edwards, the eminent naturalist, on the gorilla in the Jardin des Plantes. He has made a lengthened study of this ape, and the description he gave of him was very much the reverse of favorable. The chimpanzee and orang-outang were, he declared, in comparison with the gorilla, models of sweetness and amiability. He never gave his keeper the least mark of affection; he never permitted himself to be touched without manifesting the utmost repugnance to the familiarity, and, in general, a bite was the return he made for a caress. He would not play with the other apes nor tolerate them in his neighbourhood. M. Milne Edwards concided by ranking the gorilla in point of intelligence, a long way below any of the other anthropoid apes. The gorilla has recently died—killed, one wag says, by M. Milne Edwards's article.

The national monument at Washington, when finished, will be the loftiest structure in the world, by about thirty feet. The towers of the cathedral at Cologne, just finished, have a height of 524 feet and 11 inches; tower of St. Nicholas, Hamburg, 473 feet 1 inch; cupola of St. Peter's, Rome, 469 feet 2 inches; cathedral spire at Strasburg, 465 feet 11 inches; pyramid of Cheops, 449 feet 5 inches; tower of St. Stephen's, Vienna, 443 feet 19 inches; cathedral spire at Freiburg, 410 feet 1 inch; cathedral of Antwerp, 404 feet 10 inches; cathedral of Florence, 390 feet 5 inches; St. Paul's, London, 465 feet 1 inch; cathedral tower at Magdeburg, 339 feet 11 inches; tower of the new votive church at Vienna, 314 feet 11 inches; tower of the Rathaus at Berlin, 288 feet 8 inches; towers of Notre Dame, Paris, 232 feet 11 inches. Of American structures, the Washington monument, Baltimore, is 210 feet; Bunker Hill monument, 225 feet; Trinity Church, New York, 284 feet; St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, to be 360 feet.

#### Suggestions to Independent Voters.

In an article on "The Use and Abuse of Parties," in the *June Century*, the Rev. Dr. Washington Gladden in conclusion says of parties: "What, then, is the duty of intelligent and patriotic men respecting them? To this question various answers are given.

"1. Keep out of political life. It is hopelessly corrupt. You can do nothing to purify it. Let it alone.

"2. This is the argument of despair, lightly urged by many frivolous and faithless souls, but not to be entertained by any patriot.

"3. Vote always, but belong to no party. Join the unorganized mob of Independents; take your place on what Mr. Charles Francis Adams, Jr., calls 'the centre of the tilting-board,' and put your votes in every election where they will do the most good—voting always for the best men, or, at any rate, against the worst rasals.

"4. This is a comfortable way of doing political duty; the practical difficulty is in determining which rasal is the worst. Both are sometimes so bad that it is hard to choose.

"5. Maintain a loose relation to one party or the other, but take no part in the primary meetings, and bolt when they offer you bad candidates or bad measures. The theory is that in this semi-detached condition you will influence somewhat the nominations; that the party managers will be thinking of you when they make up the ticket.

"6. This, too, is apt to leave the voter simply a choice of two evils. The gentlemen left by you in charge of the primary meetings are not sure to think of you, and if they do, they console themselves with the reflection that the other fellows will probably nominate a worse man than theirs.

"7. Join one party or the other. Go into the caucuses, if you can get in. Take your pluck and your independence along with you. Tell the gentlemen in charge that you are interested in the success of the party, and that you want to help keep it in a shape in which it will deserve to succeed. Give them distinctly to understand that while you ask nothing for yourself, you intend to take a hand in shaping the party policy and in making the nominations; and that you will be guided in all this by a supreme regard for national interests rather than personal interests. If, in spite of your protests, they make bad nominations, bolt the nominations, and return to the charge the next time, taking with you as many as you can of your well-intentioned neighbors. If you preserve your temper, and use reason, and keep standing up for men and things that are honest and of good report, peradventure they will listen to you at length, and you may succeed in lifting up the standards and in purifying party management.

"8. This last method appears to me by far the wisest one."

#### The Chinese Farmhouse.

The Chinese farmhouse is a curious-looking abode. Usually it is sheltered with groves of leathery bamboo and thick-spreading banyans. The walls are of clay or wood and the interior of the house consists of one main room extending from the floor to the tiled roof, with closet looking apartments in the corners for sleeping rooms. There is a sliding window on the roof, made of out oyster shells arranged in rows, while the side windows are mere wooden shutters. The floor is the bare earth where at nightfall there often gathers together a miscellaneous family of dirty children, fowls, ducks, pigeons and a litter of pigs, all living together in happy harmony. In some districts infested by marauding bands, houses are strongly fortified with high walls, containing apertures for firearms and protected by a moat crossed by a rude drawbridge. With grain, swine and a well under his roof, the farmer and his men might hold out against a year's siege.

The coral insect is a great reef-former.

## SCIENTIFIC.

Benzine or naphtha will remove grease from paint without removing the latter, if used quickly and carefully.

A new process in shot-making does away with the tall towers. A strong current of air is forced on the lead as it falls into the water.

Leather chair-seats may be revived by rubbing them with well-beaten white of egg. Leather bindings of books may also be cleaned by this method. White Roman bindings should be washed with a soft flannel saturated with soapuds.

A tool that has been forged, should be so hardened or tempered that it will never want to come to the fire again until it is so worn down that it requires re-forging. This saves the time lost in a second hardening; and it avoids the damage always done to the cutting power by re-hardening without forging.

A writer in a contemporary journal says: "I discovered many years ago, that wool could be made to last longer than iron in the ground, but thought the process so simple that it was not well to make a stir about it. Posts of any wood can be prepared for less than two cents apiece. This is the recipe: Take boiled linseed-oil and stir in pulverized talc to the consistency of paint. Put a coat of this over the timber, and there is not a man that will live to see it rot."

It appears from a recent statement made by one of the most extensive iron founders in England, that owing to the improvements lately made in the manufacture of coke, the yield of the latter, per ton of coal, has been increased from about sixty per cent. to seventy-five and seventy-seven per cent. At the same time that the yield of coke has been thus increased, the by-products have been utilized to the extent of seven gallons of tar and thirty gallons of ammoniacal liquors per ton of coal. This advance in the utilization of by-products means, in a word, a reduction in the cost of the production of iron.

Granulated cork is an excellent non-conductor of heat, and is on this account a very desirable material in the construction of refrigerator cars. It is also used in the floors of passenger cars as a "deadener" of the noise of the running gear. It is made by running the scraps in a cork factory through a mill which reduces them to a coarse powder. The manufacturers, Armstrong Brothers & Co., of Pittsburg, make several tons of it per day, for which there is a ready demand from car builders and refrigerator manufacturers, and also for the filling of ice-houses.

Paper bottles are now made on a large scale in Germany and Austria. The paper must be well sized. The following is said to be a good receipt for the paper: Ten parts of rags, forty of straw, fifty of brown wood pulp. The paper is impregnated or coated on both sides with sixty parts of defibrinated fresh blood, thirty-five parts of lime powder, five parts sulphate of alumina. After drying, ten or twelve rolled leaves are coated again, placed over each other, and then placed in heated moulds. The albumen in the blood forms a combination on pressure with the lime which is perfectly proof against sprits, etc. The bottles are made in two pieces, which are joined afterwards.

#### A Hard Glove Fight Between Two Sparrows.

Beneath a sign, over the door of one of the busiest establishments in Lewiston, a recess in the wall has formed one of the snugest retreats for a bird or beast imaginable. As winter storms beat down the recesses in the wall has been secure in its protection. The rains trouble not its quiet, and the sun can look in in springtime. A score or more of nests have been built there. A progeny of English sparrows has, after uncounted struggles with the original dwellers, won the lands by right of conquest, and now inhabit its domains. Over the sign open the windows of an office. One site by the open windows and sees all the doings of the family of birds. Their battle of conquest was recently fought. Hastings bloody field was partially re-occupied. It was about 10 o'clock. A sparrow or two were loafing around the house, when a dozen or more intruders settled down on the iron rods of the awnings and signs, and began to make trouble. They were running things when reinforcements of the home birds began to arrive. The aggressive, thick-headed English sparrow plumed his feathers, and all the sickening details of war followed. The uproar called the spectators to the window. The home-birds fought off the intruders. They flew down in increased numbers, and the invaders fled. Two birds in the thickest of the fight flew up and down, and up and down again. A gentleman on the walk below held out his hands, and the birds settled in his out-stretched palms and fought still. After the intruders had been routed there were expressions of joy in the nest. The English sparrow is nothing if not a fighter.

#### Brides for French Convicts.

A cargo of human freight left France, the other day. Each year one of the general inspectors of prisons visits the six central penitentiaries where women servants are serving their time to ask for volunteers to go to New Caledonia as wives for convicts serving out sentences in that penal colony. Fifty women who answered this appeal were shipped the other day from Bordeaux, and when they arrive in New Caledonia they will be divided between the two religious establishments, one at Noumea and the other at Bourail. The convicts of the first-class—that is those who have distinguished themselves by good conduct and who are accordingly to be rewarded by land grants—are informed of the arrival of the women. Those who are unmarried, or who are widowers and desire to get married, go to Noumea or to Bourail, where they are allowed to make their choice among the women. Of course, they are not forced to make a choice, nor are the women forced to marry if the men who select them do not please them. The authorities introduce the men and women to each other and allow them to act as they please.

During the last century a more rapid and more curious system was in force. When the women arrived they, with the men, were drawn up in lines facing each other. The name of a man was called and then the name of a woman, and when the list had been called over, the couples thus paired were at once married.

Lewiston has an Ald. Wagg. The tail-end of committees is the place for him.