The Chatham Record.

H. A. LONDON,
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Good Night.

Eight times the clock has struck;
The stars peep out o'erhead;
Across the air there comes
A sound of marching tread
In city and village and town
The children are going to bed.

With footsteps swift or slow,
With faces grave or bright,
By twos and threes they go,
All robed in gowns of white;
And each with a backward glance
Calls cheerily out: "Good-night."

Now darker grows the sky,
The stars their watches keep;
When next the clock shall strike
With hollow voice and deep,
In city and village and town
The children will be asleep.

—*Margaret E. Johnson in Wide Awake.*

A HOT CHASE.

BY AN EX-ENGINEER.

A locomotive engineer and a civil engineer are two very different persons, for one has charge of a locomotive engine, and the other has charge of, and controls, a variety of instruments. First is the transit, then the level, the levelling-rod, the flag, chains, axes and stakes, all in charge of competent men. An engineering party, to do good work quickly, should consist of at least ten persons.

The chief of the party usually goes ahead and picks out the route the others are to follow, and often takes a flag-pole along with him. Sticking this into the ground, he waves his hand for the others to "come ahead," and the transitman sets his instrument in that direction, and causes the vertical cross-hair in the telescope to cut the pole, optically, in two.

But I am afraid some readers may not know what cross-hairs are. Most of you know the principle of a telescope: an object-glass collects a large number of rays of light and concentrates them, and a lens, or a series of lenses, magnifies them. That is the simple principle, and in a transit, or level, just where the object-glass forms the image and the eye-piece magnifies it, there are two cobwebs, so fine that the unaided eye can hardly see them, stretched across a round brass ring, at right angles with each other, one perfectly vertical and one horizontal. The point where they cross each other is the exact center of the lens.

These are the *cross-hairs*, and they are on the optical axis of the instrument. With their aid a straight line can be prolonged any distance, or in a level, the difference, in elevation, between two points can be determined to the thousandth part of a foot, provided the operator and instrument be in good order, and if the rodman, who holds a jointed pole graduated to one one-thousandth of a foot, understands his business.

To explain the working of an engineering party would be tedious and uninteresting to many, and as that has nothing to do with my story, I will not do so.

Instead of that, imagine me and my rodman running a line of levels from a stream of water to a new railroad, to see whether there was elevation enough to force it into the tank, and the rest of the "party" miles away, busy at something. That was the very thing I was doing one day on the Northern Pacific Railroad (it was *not* that railroad, but it is a handy one to use on this occasion).

The stream of water was two miles away from the new track, and that morning we had ridden from our boarding place, ten miles east, on a little hand-car. The grade there was a descending one, westward, for a long distance, and all we had to do, when going in that direction, was to sit still and fly along over the new rails.

About five miles further west a large gang of men were working, laying track; and the smoke of the engine on the "construction train" was plainly visible across the undulating prairies.

George and I, therefore, did not feel lost or alone, and we worked hard all the morning and ate our lunch in the cool shade of the tank-house, just finished. As we had nothing more to do that day, I determined to put the truck on the track, after we were done eating, ride down to the track-layers, and return with them on the flat car that evening.

But I was hungry and ate a great deal, and then began to feel strangely drowsy; the last thing I remember before I fell asleep, was George standing by the level in the hot sun, and looking through it at the hills east of us.

I cannot say how long I dozed, for I was startled so suddenly as to "jog" my memory to an alarming extent.

"Indians!" I heard some one cry; and I began to rub my eyes sleepily.

But I did not rub them long, for I saw George throwing the truck on the track, in a state of great excitement. I was at his side in an instant, and a quick glance around showed me the true state of things. Eastward, about a mile distant, were five mounted Indians, riding toward us at full speed. As the camp had several times been raided during the men's absence, I had no doubt that they were hostile. I was not excited as George was, however, for I put my level and levelling-rod and two spruce ties on the car before I shoved off.

The rails were new and rough, and the hand-car was not worn much yet, but as I jumped on, I felt it gaining speed down the straight track, and I arranged the two ties in the form of a barricade. Then I looked back.

The five Indians evidently meant business, for they were coming as fast as they could toward us, and were gaining upon us; and when I heard George moaning as he crouched behind the ties, I did not feel very cheerful or hopeful. I reached for my revolver in my hip-pocket, and examined its charges as coolly as I could. There were seven large-sized cartridges in it, and the *zip* of a bullet by my ears at that moment showed me that I might have to use them. I also crouched behind the ties after this warning, and looked cautiously over the top at our pursuers.

They gained nearly half the distance during the first five minutes, but the increasing quickness of the click of the wheels at the joints of the rails gave me a little hope as I watched them. As to George, he was so terrified as to be unconscious; but a long life of engineering upon the plains had hardened me a little; neither was this my first adventure.

The sun poured down on us, and but for our motion, it would have prostrated us; the wind was blowing the same way that we were going, but we were moving faster than it, and this gave us a faint breath of air. I took off my light coat and formed a shade over George, who was helpless, and looked ahead.

Far away, through the moving waves of heat, I could see the smoke rising lazily from the engine, and the two rails stretching in a long perspective, until they were lost where the grass seemed dyed brown; but the steady click-a-click-click of the wheels reminded me that it was a long way off, and I fastened my eyes on the Indians.

They were spreading out. One of them, on my right, had left the main body behind, and was circling around to get ahead of us. Then I thought how lucky it was there were no curves to give them an advantage.

When I had first sighted them they were making a great many extravagant motions; but now they were ready for action, and I could see the foam on the dark breasts of their ponies as they leaned well forward. But in proportion as their steeds tired, our steed gathered new energies, and the two thousand feet that separated us did not appear to lessen very rapidly. Whether they wanted to adorn their belts with our scalps, or wanted to hold us for a ransom, was another question, for they had fired but once, and doubtless, that as a "long tom," fired on a ship, retards, in a slight degree, its motion—so their rifles, fired at us, would check them. They did not fire, anyway, but their reasons for not doing so can only be guessed at.

So far as I could judge, only one of them was gaining on us, and I grasped the handle of my revolver as I saw that he *was* lessening the distance between us. He was covered behind his horse, excepting his right leg and foot, but I did not see fit to waste a shot yet; there was no knowing what might happen, I thought. Besides, my revolver would not carry accurately that distance, and every ball might be required.

I ventured to look ahead a moment, and saw that the smoke was nearer, and that the outlines of the engine and a few cars were distinct against the blue sky beyond; and then another thought flashed across my mind. We were going down a grade of thirty-five feet to the mile, hardly fall enough, I reasoned, to move the stiff truck along over the scaly surface of the rails.

I could even see the change of grade, nearly a mile ahead, and I hoped (and only a mind in danger knows *how* to hope) that the sun would beat down more unmercifully and overcome those tough ponies.

I was helpless; the truck was running as fast as the laws of gravitation and friction would let it, and I did not doubt but that the Indians were urging their ponies to the utmost. Any word or action, of mine, however, would not increase our speed, and as near as I could judge, we were going at the rate of fifteen miles an hour.

This may seem extravagant, but I think it is not so. I am sure the truck did its best. Perhaps the Indians saw that they were not gaining much, for I heard another bullet whiz over our barricade, and cautiously lowered my head. The report was lost to my ears, full of the click-a-click-click.

Then I determined to shoot. The nearest pony was but little over a thousand feet away, and the change of grade was not much more than that ahead. I took a careful aim, holding the sights so they centred two feet above the pony's head, and fired.

I heard them yell at this aggression, but the bullet, instead of hitting the forward pony, carried strong, I think, over its head, and struck one of the rear riders. One of them fell back, anyway, and I deliberately cocked the revolver again.

This time I did not aim so high. I could feel my heart beating rapidly when I thought how much might depend on my accuracy. The ten-foot grade was not far away, I knew, and I fired. I heard a savage yell, but my shot did not take effect except as it roused their anger, and I heard several bullets *ping, ping*, into the spruce ties.

The truck still kept up its speed, and a hasty look over my shoulder—I was lying flat, behind the ties—enabled me to judge how far away from safety we were. We had covered about half the distance, and I distinctly saw the end of the thirty-foot grade.

The Indians evidently saw that we were nearing the construction train, too, for they lashed their ponies furiously.

I determined upon another shot. The nearest Indian had gained a little in the last few minutes. I aimed at the pony's foretop and fired. That shot determined the day. I saw the pony stumble a few steps, and fall, throwing his rider over his head. The remaining three, with a savage yell, fired a parting volley, and drew rein. And just at that moment the truck struck the ten-foot grade.

I felt its pace slacken instantly, but, luckily, the Indians did not know one grade from another, and in a few minutes more they were a mile away, consoling their brother who would have to walk to their camp.

Seeing that I was safe, I took a look at George. He was not totally unconscious, but looked at me with an expression of terror. It took me some time to assure him of his safety, but I finally did, and we joined the track-layers with thankful hearts. The engineer, when he heard my story, uncoupled the engine from the train and gave chase; the Indians were too wise, however, to follow the track, and we saw them disappearing far to the south.—*Youth's Companion.*

Paper in Japan.

Paper is an article of great utility to our sisters in Japan. Not only do they use paper fans, pouches and lanterns but also paper pocket handkerchiefs, umbrellas, waterproof coats, walls, windows and strings. The Japanese obtain it from a different source from our own. Instead of old rags being converted into clean paper, they make use of the bark of the broussonetia papyfera, stripped, dried, and then steeped in water till the outer green layer comes off. It is cheap; four sheets of the ordinary quality being worth about one farthing. It is a paper that does not tear evenly; some kinds are tough—more like cloth. When required for a string it is deftly twisted into a strong twine, which in some cases is made of part of the paper forming the wrapper. When oiled, it is made into waterproof clothing, or stretched on a neatly constructed bamboo frame and used as an umbrella. One kind is manufactured to assume the appearance of leather, and is made into tobacco pouches, pipe and fan cases. The conjurors use a kind of white tissue paper in the famous butterfly trick, when a scrap, artistically twisted, hovers over a paper fan with all the fluttering movements of the living insect.

A Precocious Musical Prodigy.

About a hundred artists and friends had assembled in Vienna to bid Rubinstein farewell, when the pianist discovered among those present the young pianist prodigy, Julius Pruwer, nine years of age. He at once introduced the boy as his "latest friend," placed him before the piano, and listened for half an hour to his performance, from memory, of pieces by Bach, Chopin, and others, transposing several of them into different keys at Rubinstein's request. After one of his best passages, Rubinstein exclaimed: "This is genuine talent which has a future." Liszt has also taken an interest in Pruwer and presented him with his photograph with the inscription: "To the little pianist prodigy, Julius Pruwer, who in his ninth year plays Bach's fugues from memory, and skillfully transposes them." This is precisely what Liszt did at the same age.

During the past nine years nearly 200 churches have been burned in America.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

The Naughty Day.

You needn't look at me, Pussy, my,
And crumple up your silly fur!
For you were naughty too, to-day,—
You were!
You stole some cream from Bridget, sir!

What am I staying here for? Why,
Because I hate to wear the dress,
I didn't do a thing—but cry
And—yes,
I stamped my foot just once, I guess!

It's been a very dismal day,
They think I'm cross, poor little me!
But if they'd let me have my way,
You see,
How good and pleasant I could be!

First, when my tea was—(I cried
(Of course); and when I couldn't go
Out with the others to ride,—
And so
It's been the livelong day, you know,

"Here Ethel stays, until she tries
Her naughty temper to forget."
Mamma said softly, and her eyes
Were wet.
I wonder if I'm sorry yet!

I almost think—What did you say,
Dear Pussy? Let to-morrow be
Better and happier than to-day?
Dear me,
That's just what I was—Well, we'll see!

—*Mary Mapes Dodge, in the Nursery.*

A Bird's Appetite.

The appetite of the bird is wonderful. If a man could eat as much in proportion he would consume a whole round of beef for his dinner. The redbreast is a most voracious bird. It has been calculated that to keep a redbreast up to his normal weight an amount of animal food is required daily equal to an earthworm fourteen feet in length. Taking a man of average weight, and measuring bulk for bulk with the redbreast, I tried to calculate how much food he would consume in twenty-four hours if he ate as much in proportion as the bird. Assuming a sausage nine inches in circumference to be a fair equivalent of the earthworm, I find that the man would have to eat sixty-seven feet of such sausage in every twenty-four hours. I mention this in order to illustrate the amount of work which is done by insect-eating birds.

How Josey Was Caught.

Josey liked to keep office for his "Uncle Doctor," as he called him. But the doctor did not always like to trust him there when he was called away, for Josey had a habit of looking into things that made the doctor fear he might get into mischief, for Josey was a meddlesome boy. One day, however, Josey found himself alone, and began to look at everything on the table. The electric battery pleased him most.

"Ho! I know how to fix this," he said. "If any man came in that want, ed electric treatment I could do it as well as Uncle Doctor. There! Now it's all right! Now you take hold of these handles."

The taking hold was easy enough, but letting go was quite another matter. Any little boy or girl who has ever tried it will know how Josey's arms jingled and ached, but he had to hold on—he could not let go; and there he was, tears running down his face, when his uncle heard his screams and came in.

"You were caught that time Josey," said his uncle, when he had set him free. "Now, remember that bad habits hold fast to a boy worse than an electric battery does, and are harder to get rid of, and meddling is a very bad habit."

"I won't have any more to do with either of them," said Josey.—*Sunshine.*

Man Traps.

I have tried a large steel trap with good effect. I have one made with a strong spring at each end of the jaw of the trap; of course, not strong enough to break a man's leg or having teeth on the jaws. I secrete it in the patch where the depredator will be most likely to tread upon it. If caught by the leg he cannot release himself, as there are two springs. Let it lie around loose in sight of everybody, and talk largely of what you can do with it, and let it be known generally that you set man traps in your melon patch, orchard, &c. I have caught one depredator, and do not know that I was ever troubled afterward. Any good blacksmith can make one for $3 to $5. Where bears and wolves are trapped one can probably be bought ready made. It must be chained fast to the ground or the thief might carry it away attached to his leg. If the owner will talk a great deal about it the apprehension of being caught will probably be sufficient. If the rogues are very bad have more than one trap. Boys will not like the idea of being caught like a bear or a wolf. The nights that you set it put up your pet dogs, and if in the orchard, take up any stock that may be there. It is great fun to go to your melon patch early in the morning to find your favorite melon pulled and a man or boy sitting by, keeping, as it were, watch over it.—*Country Gentleman.*

THE GREAT DESERT.

A Graphic Picture of Tragical Scenes in the Sahara.

A traveller who has journeyed across the great Sahara desert in Africa, thus describes in the New Orleans *Times* the terrible scenes that he witnessed: Riding five hundred metres in advance of our little troop, the horseman who acts as guide directs our way over the dead level of the dismal solitude. For the last ten minutes he kept his horse at a walk, sitting motionless in his saddle, and singing in his own tongue a melancholy, long-drawn chant, with singularities of Oriental rhyme. We imitate his pace. Then all of a sudden he starts off at a trot, standing in his stirrups erect, with his great burnous floating behind him. And we all trot after him, until he draws rein again to recommence a gentler pace.

I ask my comrade:

"How can he guide us through these naked wastes without a single mark to show the way?"

But he answered:

"There are only the bones of camels."

And in fact, every quarter of an hour, we came across some enormous bone gnawed by beasts, cooked by the sun—all white, in strong relief against the sand. Sometimes it was part of a leg, sometimes part of a jaw, sometimes a portion of the vertebral column. The caravans leave behind them every animal that cannot keep up; and the jackals do not carry all the remains away.

And for several days we continued this monotonous voyage, always in the saddle, always behind the same Arab almost without speaking.

Now, one afternoon, as we were approaching Bou-Saada, I saw, afar off before us, a great dark mass, made larger by the mirage,—the form of which astonished me. At our approach two vultures flew away. It was a carcass, still slimy in spite of the heat,—glossy as though varnished, with putrid blood. The chest alone remained; the limbs had doubtless been torn off and carried away by the voracious devourers of the dead.

"Ah! There are travelers ahead of us!" said the lieutenant.

Some hours later we entered a ravine, a sort of defile, a frightful furnace, bordered by huge rocks toothed like a saw—sharp, pointed, ragged, raised, in revolt, as it were against the implacably ferocious sky. Another corpse was lying there. And a jackal that had been devouring it fled away.

Then, as we passed out of the ravine, a gray heap of something before us moved; and slowly, at the end of a disproportionately long neck, I saw the head of an agonizing camel rise up. He was lying there—had been lying for three or four days, perhaps—on his side, dying of fatigue and thirst. His long members, that seemed inert, broken, all mixed up together, were stretched upon the fiery soil. And, hearing us coming, he had lifted up his head, like a light-house. His forehead, already gnawed by the sun, was but one wound—a great running sore; and his resigned gaze followed us. He did not utter a moan—did not make the least effort to rise. One would have thought, that as he had seen so many of his brothers die in their long voyages through desolation, he knew too well the mercilessness of man. Now it was his turn—that was all! And we passed on.

But when I looked back a long, long time afterward, I saw still rising up from the sand the lofty neck of the abandoned beast, watching to the end the last living creatures he could ever behold, passing beyond the horizon.

An hour later it was a dog, crouching close to a rock, with jaws wide open and fangs glittering—incapable of moving a paw—with eyes fixed upon two vultures who sat not far off, pluming themselves while waiting for his death. He was so possessed with terror of those terribly patient birds waiting for his flesh, that he never turned his head, and did not even feel the stones that a saphi flung at him.

And, suddenly, at the outlet of another defile, I saw the oasis before me.

It was an apparition never to be forgotten. One has traversed endless plains, climbed mountains all craggy, bald, calcined, without ever seeing a tree, a plant, a single green leaf; and lo!—right before you, at your very feet, is an opaque mass of sombre verdure—as it were, a lake of foliage extending upon the sand. Then, further on, the desert recommences, lengthening infinitely to the indefinable horizon where it mixes with the sky.

Kairwan.

Kairwan the Holy, the African Mecca, guarded by popular fanaticism, carefully maintained by its imans, has until recently remained impenetrable. No infidel sullied it by making his dwelling there; a few only passed through it, and these not without peril. Yet how rich a mine it offers to the observer! It is today, with the exception of Mecca the only city where one finds the characteristic type of the Arab, the traditionary lore of the race and epics of its origin, intact as in the primitive days of Islamism. These Arabs who, at the height of their power, were the progressists of Europe, and had, if not advanced, at least saved science from the darkness and the barbarism of the Middle Ages, have to-day no sciences except that which they call their science of God, no physicians, no lawyers, no bankers; but priests everywhere, under the varied forms of imams, muftis, kouljas and moratsouts, whose lives are passed in writing dull commentaries on the Koran, and in seeking new interpretations of obscure texts. The city lies in an immense plain, partly of marshy, partly of sandy soil, slightly undulating toward the sea; it is bordered on the north by the ridge of Zaghouan (1132 feet), and on the west by the chain of the sefaya.

In spring-time the approach to it is charming. The ground is covered with barley, wheat, and tiny tufts of alfa, of a beautiful dull green, already yellowed and scorched by the sun, almost disappearing amidst a dazzling multitude of flowers with their flaunting colors. Here and there the lower lands, covered with water, glisten in the sunlight. The plain spreads out in monotonous uniformity, and the eye seeks in vain a tree, a rock, on which to rest. Dark specks, sometimes light columns of smoke, indicate the douars—the Arab villages. Caravans pass slowly in the distance. The silence is broken only by the plaintive and curiously modulated Arab songs taken up one by one, by the camel-driver. The simple calm of the landscape, the primitive costumes of the nomads, bring to mind familiar Bible scenes.

From the top of a knoll a faint white line appears in the distance: it is the Holy City. Following the accidents of the ground, one loses sight of it for some moments to find it presently the more visible. In the crystalline air the embattled walls are clearly defined against the mountains. Toward the northern end the lofty minaret of the Grand Mosque stands out clear-cut and isolated; presently, little by little, as one approaches, the wall seems to be crowned with koddes, green or white and with minarets. Scarcely expressible, but giving to the picture a halo of enchantment, are the transparency of the atmosphere, the clear-cut silhouettes, the fineness of color of the mountains in the background, their silver gray pearled with all lovely shades of rose and blue of an infinite sweetness and delicacy.

Arriving at sunset, the hour of prayer, a sad and contemplative mood steals over one; the harsh voice of the muezzins from lofty minarets, calling the faithful ones to prayer, alone breaks the stillness of the plain, aglow in the setting sun: one half fancies these may be other Jeremiahs lamenting over the ruins of their country. A rain indeed, and a desolate rain, is this Kairwan, which has just presented herself to us from afar in all the subtle charm of her Eastern adornments.—*Harper's Magazine.*

How Swiss Babies Live.

I fancy that an English baby, if he could express his thoughts, would decidedly object to be placed in the small, narrow box in which babies are carried in Switzerland, and would rebel against the bands of ribbons which are tightly wound around it and him. The Swiss baby has, of course, no such refractory feelings. Probably he knows that there is a good reason for being wedged in so closely, and bound so firmly, and submits without a murmur. The origin of the custom is this: In the spring of the year the inhabitants of the villages and hamlets shut up their cottages, and driving their cattle before them, ascend the mountains and live in their chalets during the summer months. They do not stay in one chalet all the time, but when the pasturage becomes poor, ascend to another, and still another, changing their abode perhaps eight or nine times in the course of the season. The scanty furniture of the different chalets remains in them from year to year, as they have but to bring the implements they require for the making of their butter and cheese. These the father carries, the elder children helping him; the little children run by his side, and the mother lifts the cradle with the baby in it, on her head, fastens the milk pail and the family umbrella on her shoulders, and taking her knitting in her hand, works away industriously at a pair of coarse worsted gaiters for Seppi, or a neckerchief for Kathi, as she ascends the mountain. What would the poor mother do if she had to hoist an English cradle on her head, and ascend the steep mountain with it?

In the Bridle-Path.

They rode, they rode with slackened rein,
Facing the sinking sun,
And he is telling her over again
The tale that is never done—
The tale that's old as the heaving blue,
And cold as the shifting sea—
And it never has happened that one of two
Marvelled what it could be.

It never has happened that one of two,
Within a glad girl's tender—
Who have felt that to love was enough to do
In the sweet and the sunny weather—
But have found right words for the song of birds
In the greenery overhead:
For to build the nest in the spring is best,
And to love in the spring to wed.

Oh, he rides at her bridle-rein,
And he bends him to her ear,
With the musical tones of the old refrain
That she thought to hear;
And his words were pleasant as rain that patters
Low on the budding leaves
And kind as the showery sun that flatters
The gold of harvest sheaves.

And he kissed it as she bade him again,
And he took it as she bade her—
He is old and he told her story again,
Oh, the gentleman in he would seek
For us, the tellers? Its like the smelling
Of the mignonette and the rose;
For no matter how long you sing love's song
You can never come to the close!

—*Rose G. Gordon, in Harper's Weekly.*

HUMOROUS.

A cereal story—The grain report.

A flash of lightning has some striking characteristics.

To prevent honey bees from stinging pull out their tail feathers.

The girl whose face invariably wears a sweet smile must be constantly eating taffy.

If you would be wealthy, get upon a model you will soon find that you are better off.

Kentucky girls wear red roses for ornaments to harmonize with the noses of their escorts.

There is one thing about a house which seldom falls, but never hurts the occupant when it does. That is the rent.

"I dreamed last night that I was married. Is that a bad dream?" Cross father: "The only thing bad about it is that it is not true."

A correspondent wants to know why some women are called Amazons. Perhaps it is because they are uncommonly wide at the mouth.

"Can you give me ten cents for a drink?" asked a seedy-looking chap of a reporter. "Certainly," replied the reporter, "bring on your drink."

"Why don't you get up as early as you used to a few months ago?" angrily asked a wife of her lazy husband. "Because, my dear, it's sleep year," he grinned as he turned over for another snooze.

Astronomers tell us in their own simple, intelligible way that the gradual lengthening of the days is due to the obliquity of the ecliptic of the terrestrial horizon. This ought to set at rest the foolish idea that the days are longer because the sun rises earlier and sets later. *Pittsburg Telegraph.*

About Camels.

A writer says: "The camel is the most perfect machine on four legs that we have any knowledge of." A sacred treasure, indeed, to the Arab is this "pudding-footed pride of the desert."

The expression on the face of a camel is rather pathetic. His eyes are large and liquid, and above them are deep cavities large enough to hold a hen's egg. The aquiline nose, with long, slanting nostrils that he can close tightly against the sand storms and hot burning winds of the desert, give a very sorrowful expression to the face. The under-lip is pouting and puckering, and you are not at all surprised when the poor beast bursts into tears and cries long and loud like a vexed child.

The feet of the camel are of very singular construction, with a tough, elastic sole, soft and spongy as they fall noiselessly on the earth and spread out under his tottering weight. This form of a foot prevents the animal from sinking in the sand, and he is very sure-footed on all sorts of ground.

The average rate of travel for a caravan is between two and three miles an hour; and the camel jogs on, hour after hour, at the same pace, and seems to be almost as fresh at night as in the morning when he started on his travels. The Arabians say of the camel, "Job's beast is a monument of God's mercy."

The camel sheds his hair regularly once a year, and carpets and tent-cloths are made from it; it is also woven into cloth. Some of it is exceedingly fine and soft, though it is usually coarse and rough, and is used for making coats for the camel-drivers; and huge water bottles, leather sacks, also sandals, ropes and thongs, are made of its skin.