

## CHILDREN IN EGYPT.

A RUDE CONTRIVANCE COPIED AFTER THE FERRIS WHEEL.

Schools, Playgrounds and Holidays—Egyptian Confectionery and Fruit—How a Bright Arab Lad Signs His Name—Tin Used For Plates.

There's a refreshing sameness about the life of healthy, happy children in all parts of the world, though outward appearance differ materially.

In Cairo, for instance, one of the prettiest sights to a visiting European or American is a native Ferris wheel, just enough like and just enough different from the elaborate contrivance in Earl's court, London, or the Midway plaisance in Chicago to be interesting. There are dozens of these rudely constructed wheels in Cairo, mostly built by Arabs who have returned from the Chicago Midway with ideas, and they are well patronized by dusky, grinning babies. They are made entirely of wood, heavily and clumsily framed. The axle of the wheel and the shaft on which each car hangs are roughly rounded and never oiled, so that they creak frightfully, nearly deafening the bystander. But this makes no difference to the eight or ten coffee-colored children who squat on their heels in the swings. Indeed, they make fully their share of the noise by adding shrieks of delight to the groaning of the wheel. Some of the children hold baby brothers and sisters in their arms, and why they do not all fall out together is hard to see, for the wheel is turned by hand. An Arab attendant stands at either side and pushes the bar of each swing as it comes to him with all his might, so that the machine goes by fits and starts, and the swings are half the time nearly bottom upward.

Friday is the Mohammedan Sunday and Thursday is school holiday like our Saturday. The playgrounds are always ankle deep in dust, for it never rains in



AN EGYPTIAN FERRIS WHEEL.

Egypt, but this makes little difference to the children, as they have few athletic games, unless one counts running and scuffling, which are much the same the world over. The younger ones "play horse" with stalks of sugar cane for steeds, and some of the older ones are learning football from the British soldiers, but that is about all.

In America when one sees a large number of pishoes and candy stands he knows a big school must be near by. This rule doesn't hold in Egypt, where men and women eat quite as much sweet stuff as children. All the natives chew sugar cane. The native candy is nearly all of the paste sort, like marshmallows, or mixed with walnut or peanut meats, or with dates or cocoanut. Crystallized sugar, or "rook candy," is also common, and where American children have candy elephants and horses Egyptians eat candy sphinxes and pyramids. Indeed, the Cairene child seems to be always eating either candy or sugar cane or flat, thin crusts of unleavened cake. As for fruit, even a "kwa-geh," or visiting foreigner, can buy delicious mandarin oranges for half a cent each, and it is not likely that native children pay so much. They call the mandarin "Yussuf Effendi," or "Mr. Joseph."

Most of the schools are what we would call parish schools, connected with the mosques. The teacher is al-



A NATIVE SCHOOL.

ways a man, and he always carries a stick, which he doesn't seem to need, for Egyptian children are easily managed, like the Japanese. The natives give the same reason for this as in Japan—they say the children are sunny tempered because they eat no meat. There are neither meat nor bones in

a Mohammedan school. The children sit on the floor and rock back and forth as they sing their verses from the Koran or their Arabic alphabet. The books are put away at night in a box that looks like a crockery crate, and the teacher often sleeps on top of the box. Instead of plates they use bright pieces of tin on which figures and letters can be written and washed off again.

We got our Arabic numerals from the east, but the figures are very different.

Mohamed Hassan

Here is an Egyptian boy's autograph. His name, "Mohamed Hassan," is written with two strokes, a dot and two slanting dashes, almost like shorthand.

JOHN L. HAZEN.

## A STRANGE BIRD.

The Bustard is a Stately Creature and is Gradually Becoming Extinct.

The bustard has become extinct in Great Britain and cannot be found in America. It is true there is a so-called bustard in British America, but it is really the Canadian goose. Spain and Africa are the chief strongholds of the family, many well marked species being found in these countries. India, too, has at least three distinct species. Australia possesses at least one large species. It was thought at one time that the bustard was nearly allied to the ostrich, but that is a mistaken view. He would seem to be more nearly related to the crane in one direction and the plover in another.

A male bustard measures from the tip of its bill to the end of its tail 4 feet or thereabout, and its wings have an expanse of 8 feet or more—double its length. If put on the scales, it would weigh from 22 to 28 pounds, according to age. The female bird is smaller. There is nothing ridiculous

about the appearance of the bustard, although when compared with other birds frequenting open places its legs are very short. Indeed, it is quite a stately creature, and when on the wing almost as majestic as the eagle.

The bustard's bill appears longer than it really is on account of the fineness of the head. The neck of the male is thick, particularly at certain seasons, and at such times he carries his tail in an upright position, turning it frequently forward, twisting his head and neck along his back in a most curious manner. It is then, too, he droops his wings and erects their shorter feathers. The appearance is most strange—for tail, head and neck are almost buried amid the up standing feathers, and the breast is protruded oddly.

The bustard is of a pale gray on the neck and white beneath, but the back is beautifully barred with russet and black, and a band of deep tawny brown or claret color descends from either shoulder over the breast. Notice the tuft of long, white, bristly plumes springing up upon each side of the head. These are only seen in the male bird. The bustard loves the open country and feeds on almost any plant growing naturally in the country. In winter, when natural or wild plants are scarce, he readily feeds on those which are grown by man. He is by no means a strict vegetarian, but adds to his vegetable diet a fat worm or a lively mouse, or anything that lives and moves and is small enough.

## At Home.

He who is not happy at home will not be happy anywhere. The object of all ambition should be happiness of the home circle, and this can be acquired only by the cultivation of charity, forbearance and courtesy to every one with whom we come in contact. A careful watch over ourselves will soon enable us to check the sharp word that flies to our lips at some provocation. One angry expression excites another, and from a small matter a great fire is speedily kindled. Nothing will so humiliate a person as a quiet, kind answer to an angry accusation.

"Jim, that was you who knocked off my hat."

"I didn't do any such thing, and you know it."

"Well, I suspected you because you are mean enough to do it."

And so the quarrel is at its height in an instant, whereas a gentle denial on the part of Jim would have extinguished the blaze of anger which was fanned to life in each heart.

## THE SCOTCH.

A valuation addressed to Mr. Dan MacLaren, of Drumtochty, by his sincere admirer, John Kendrick Baines.

You've superseded our national game And given to those who scoff At national things a sport you call The wonderful game of golf.

You've put in the place of negro tales The fact, which you say are true, Of the diabolical cunningness of Old Sandy MacGraw MacHugh.

You've put on the necks of our duds no brags, All in line with your dominant plans, Instead of the ties or the Englishmen The plaids of the Scottish clans.

But in all of your lives there are just two things, You Scotchmen will never do, In spite of your genius and dialect And Sandy MacGraw MacHugh.

Our climate is such you never can make, No matter how much you vent, We wear the bare knees of the highland, Or the skirts of the opposite sex.

And finally, sir, it matters no jot How hard you Scotchmen try, You'll never succeed with all of your Scotch In spilling our love for rye.

—Morphe's Bazar.

## OLEANDERS.

"Margaret! Is it possible? After so many years! Tell me you are not a dream, Margaret! Margaret!"

John Stair put out his hands as he spoke and caught both those of the woman firmly in his hold. She, rising from her seat, gazed at him with startled eyes and parted lips while the flowers in her lap were scattered in a rosy mass about her feet.

"I was thinking of you," the man went on in a soft voice of entire gladness. "In all the years, the long ten years, since we said goodbye you have been in my remembrance always, always. At every little pause in the life which has been so full and yet so empty your face has come before me, and here just now, looking at the sea and the sunlight, the pain was more than I could bear. I turned to leave the terrace, and there you were among the flowers, Margaret. In all my life it is the first good turn that fate has done me. Tell me you are glad to see me again."

Margaret drew her hands from his with a sigh, still looking up at the thin, keen face, the gray eyes bent eagerly upon her.

"Glad—yes, I am glad," she said, but her mind was with the remembrance of long pain and much weeping. "It will be worse afterward—but for the moment—oh, John, how long the years have been! How lonely!"

There was a pause between them, and he sat beside her on the low bench, each afraid to break the silence, while he gathered up the flowers and laid them on her knees again. Round them as ales and oleanders grew in a glowing curve of rosy color, shutting out the length of terrace. Before them, beyond the glitter of the white houses on the beach, lay the sea, blue and sail flecked, meeting the blue curves of the cloudless sky in its serene mood.

"Tell me of yourself," he said at last, leaning forward and touching the flutter of black ribbons on her white dress. "I know so little—just a few meager lines in the paper or a chance remark in a man's letter. I know that he is dead, that you are free, but that is all. Tell me, Margaret."

The spell of his outpouring voice was on her, and the long sorrow of her lonely life came to her in a vivid stroke which caught her by the throat in a sob and drowned the blueness of her eyes in tears.

"There is not much to tell," she answered, leaving her finger in his clasp. "Six months after you left for India I was married to him, as you read, of course."

Her brow knitted sharply in an instant's contraction of pain, but he did not turn away.

"Well, there it is—the story of my life," Margaret said, with a little smile sadder than her tears. "I was 20, penniless and pretty. I married a millionaire of 60, and you—you went to India."

A silence, while the eyes of both were bent upon the sea and the sound of music from the hotel terrace above came faintly over the flowery screen around them.

"He was generous in his way," Margaret went on after a little. "He freed my father from the money he owed him, and the boys got on all right and Dolly made a good match. Father and mother got their part of the bargain, and he—well, he got his too."

John Stair flung her hand from him suddenly and turned away sharply. "Ah, you wince!" said Margaret bitterly. "But for me—think of it—he was hard and miserly and coarse, and I was his wife and loved you."

Stair turned to her again. "But now? You are free?"

"Yes," she answered slowly. "I am free. Two years ago he died and left me free and rich and childless. Tell me now, John—tell me about your wife."

"Ah, no; not now," Stair said eagerly. "Let us forget for a few hours—forget all except that we have been so long apart that we have met again, Margaret."

"No, no, you shall tell me," Margaret cried sharply. "Why, why did you marry? You were a man, and strong. There was no one to torture you. You shall tell me."

The eager look on Stair's keen face faded, and his face grew white.

"It was in India. I was ill, down for months with fever, and she nursed me at the risk of her own life and good name. I could do nothing else but marry her. Poor Martha!"

"Martha—is that her name?"

"What is she like—your Martha?"

There was a ring of scorn in Margaret's voice, but her eyes saw the sea through the glitter of her unshed tears. "What is she like?"

"A 'homely' little body, very small

and very plain. Her whole soul and affection, I think, is centered in her boy. She worships him!"

"Ah, she has a child!"

"Yes. The little one was born in India, grew up very delicate, and two years ago she brought him home. He is all right now, I believe, and she seems happy about him at last. I got leave about a month before I expected. She does not know that I am in Europe. I wandered here out of my way—not being in a hurry to get home to Martha, and found you, Margaret."

The thrill of gladness softened his voice again as he uttered her name, so long unspoken, and his eyes noted tenderly every little detail of her beauty, the glitter of her fair hair, the curves of her lovely face, the folds of her soft white dress. From the terrace above the sound of the music came faintly in a dreamy air. A warm, light breeze touched the lace and ribbons of her dress and swayed the leaves above them till the little lights and shadows danced to and fro over her figure and the flowers on her lap. The years had only added to her beauty, and they had been so long apart.

"Better that you had not—in the end better a thousand times. We must pay for it afterward with such a heavy price! Fate has been such a heavy user to us, my dear."

"If I could only pay for both of us," said Stair. "But, in spite of the price, tell me, Margaret, you are glad that we have met. Let fate exact what price she will, tell me that you are glad just for one minute—glad to be together and alone, dearest."

His lips touched hers, and for a moment her head lay on his shoulder. The music wafted above them, and the breeze gave a shivering sigh and left them alone, while for a minute's space life and time and the universe itself were forgotten. Then with a footfall as light as the leaves which the breeze stirred a woman came round the curve of the flowery screen and stood before them. She was very small and plain, with a wan, white face, from which the pale hair was parted in sedate, smooth bands, and her dress fell in somber folds upon the rosy blossoms, which the wind had scattered from Margaret's knees to the ground. Her empty hands were interlaced, one upon another, and pressed against her bosom.

"I heard you—a little while ago," she said after a moment, while Stair and Margaret sat dumb. "I was on the seat beyond. I heard John's voice and what he said. I am Martha."

Stair had sprung to his feet and stood looking down at her. Margaret buried her face in her hands.

"I am Martha," the level, toneless voice went on gently, "and—the child—my little son—is dead."

Stair made a step forward, but she motioned him back with a gesture. "He was ill again a month ago, and the doctors said I should try a warmer climate. So I brought him here to the sun and the flowers. He died a week ago, my little son, and I came to gather the flowers he was so fond of and take them to him. He loved the color, and the earth was brown and cold upon his grave."

"And he died," she clasped her hands upon her bosom and looked at Margaret with her sad eyes that were tearless. "I heard you, John, and what you said. It is true, I know. I am plain and homely, and you married me for pity. No, I feel, I do not blame you. You were very good. Many men would not have done so much. And now—the child is dead! And you"—she turned to Margaret with a break at last in her level voice—"you have gathered all this flowers I could reach!"

Slowly Margaret lifted up her face and looked at Stair's wife—wan, with hanging black garments and hands stretched out toward the blossoms on her lap. Almost without knowing, she lifted their mass of rosy color and laid it in those empty hands. Martha held them gently and stood looking at the two for a moment—the man who was her husband and the woman that he loved.

"I will take them to the child," she said. She turned away. In one moment the sunlight darkened to her eyes, and before Stair could catch her she had fallen on the marble of the terrace. She had taken them to the child—Madame.

## Lime For Clover.

For a good many years past there has been a general complaint among farmers in the older states that it was impossible to get a catch of clover as freely as in older times. Some have attributed this to a lack of potash in the soil, and there is no doubt that light applications of potash have stimulated growth of clover where it would fail otherwise, but it seems to be now a settled fact that the failure is more often caused by acidity of the soil that can be remedied by a moderate application of lime. Clover catches more freely in a limestone soil, and those farmers who have applied 10 or 15 bushels of lime to the acre have no trouble in growing an abundance of clover annually. We all know how freely it comes in wherever wood ashes are spread or even where there has been a little fire of brush in the field, and it is probably as much from the lime that is in these ashes as from the potash that the soil is made receptive to the clover plant.—J. B. Hale in Hartford Courant.

## Taught a Lesson.

A good story is told of Lord Hawke, the cricketer. When playing at Sheffield one day, he invited a well known and highly respected "professional" to take lunch with him in the "gentlemen's" pavilion. One of Lord Hawke's colleagues thought it necessary to object to the presence of a professional player at the table. "Then, sir," said the lord, ship, turning to his friend, "since I cannot entertain you here perhaps I may have the pleasure of lunching with you. And with these words Lord Hawke proceeded to the players' meal in their pavilion.—Pearson's Weekly.

## DIOCESAN NEWS.

What Our Friends in the Surrounding Parishes are Doing.

### From Our Nearest Neighbors.

Pearl River.

Miss Joe Carran of Elmira has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Curran.

Miss Kate Deegan recently visited friends in Geneva.

Miss Ella Fallon of the New Falls Normal school is spending her vacation at her home in this village.

Miss Mary E. Maude has returned from a vacation spent with friends in Buffalo, Rochester and elsewhere.

Mrs. John Clemence and son of Onondaga are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. William Agan.

The infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dennis McKeen of Harrington was buried on Saturday in St. Michael's cemetery.

Misses May Deegan and Maud Phelan spent Sunday with friends in Geneva.

Mrs. J. O'Brien of Rochester is the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Dolan, Shortsville.

Miss Emily Phipps spent the latter part of last week with her sister at Charlotte.

Miss Nell Kinsella visited friends at Clifton Springs the first of the week.

Miss Maggie Farrell of Rochester was the guest of her father over Sunday.

Rushville.

Mrs. B. Duane of Rochester is visiting her brother, Thomas Coughlin.

Miss Maria Bannon of Syracuse is the guest of her grandmother, Mrs. W. W. Hawley.

The game of ball last Saturday at the fair grounds between the Rushville team and the Natural Science Camp club resulted in a victory for the Stars.

Miss Mary Hooey of Canastota visited her parents the past week.

Miss Kate Sheehan of Rochester is visiting relatives in this vicinity.

Miss Cady, who has been visiting Miss Nellie Hendon, returned to her home in New York last Saturday.

Miss William Howley spent Thursday in Geneva.

Lions.

The cement walk and steps leading to the entrance of St. Michael's church are finished and is a marked improvement to the property.

Mr. and Mrs. Dr. F. W. McComber spent Sunday with Newark friends.

Miss Mamie Lewis is spending a week in Rochester, the guest of friends and relatives.

Miss Ada McGarry of the West Shore office spent Sunday at Onondaga Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. James P. Boyle had business in Rochester last Saturday.

N. Y. C. Yardmaster Miller, Baggage-man Doyle and Ticket Agent Bradley were among the Lyonsans who attended the first men's tournament last week at Geneva.

Stephen Bradley, who has been spending a week in Rochester and LeRoy, has returned home.

Miss Sarah McCullum of Clyde was in town one day last week.

A great many Lyonsans attended the excursion to Niagara Falls last Wednesday.

Miss May Harter of Batavia is the guest of her cousins, the Misses Drew.

Miss Mary Drew of Rochester is the guest of her sister.

Miss Bertha Brown of Rochester is the guest of friends and relatives.

About two hundred from Rochester were in town last Sunday and took dinner at the Congregational Hotel.

John Stratton of Michigan is in town, having been summoned here on account of the death of his sister.

M. T. Bradley, mother and sister, were the guests last Sunday of Mrs. Thomas Fleming of Rochester.

Our genial ticket agent, H. P. Mills, partook of the pleasures of the Niagara Falls excursion last Wednesday.

Charles Haynes and wife of Batavia are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. James H. Hays.

Monday of last week occurred the death of Miss Julia Stratton of this place. At a private hospital, Miss Stratton was a patient, and was loved by all who knew her. She has been suffering for a long time from a tumor which has been growing steadily for two or three years past, and had reached such a growth that it began to weaken the system, and the patient was compelled to undergo an operation. A general anesthetic was used, and it was decided to remove the tumor, but the operation was such that the patient could not get up, and death soon followed. A large number of the deceased at the time of her death, her sister Mary. Her sister and brother-in-law were telegraphed for, but reached there too late to see her alive. She was brought to Lyons on an early evening train. She leaves behind to mourn their loss two sisters and two brothers—Misses Mary and Katie of Lyons, John of Michigan and James of Lyons.

Mattison.

Miss Maggie Ryan and J. Driscoll of Victor were in town Sunday.

Miss Mamie Brick of Palmyra spent last Friday with her friend, Miss Alice Quinn.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Cotes are returning over the block of a daughter, Mrs. J. J. Cotes.

Richard Dillon of Fairport spent Sunday with friends in town.

Miss Nellie Cronin of Williamson, Pa., who has been visiting her aunt, Miss Anne Maxwell, returned home Wednesday.

Mrs. John Murphy returned home last week after spending some time with relatives in Rochester.

Bayannah.

Mrs. John Quinn and sister, Rose Conroy, visited their parents Sunday.

Mr. John Lawler of Rochester visited friends and relatives in town the first of the week.

Mrs. Charles Bicknell of Lyons is spending the week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Spellman.

Misses Maryella McGinley and Jane Lawler called on friends in Seneca Falls Sunday.

Mr. Ed. O'Connor and Mrs. William Navin visited relatives in Syracuse last week.

Miss Lillie West is home from Cortland.

Miss Kate Hayes was the guest of her mother at Clyde Sunday.

Mrs. M. McGinley who has been suffering from a severe attack of rheumatism, is on the pain.

(Continued on page 6.)

## Nerve

Are the Nerves of the System Affected? Nerve Pain, Headache, Dizziness, Nervousness, etc., are the result of a weak and diseased system. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best remedy for all these ailments.

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