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DRESSING FOR CHURCH.

Has anybody heard the bell?
You have? dear me, I know full well
I'll never dress in time—
For mercy's sake, come help me, Luce,
I'll make my toilet very spruce—
This silk is quite sublime!

Here lace this gaitor for me—do—
"A hole!" you see? plague take the shoes?
Please, Luce, do try and hide it—
Just think, its Sunday and, my soul—
I cannot wear it with a hole!
The men will surely spy it.

They're always peeping at our feet,
(Though, to-be-sure, they needn't peep,
The way we hold our dresses:)
I'll disappoint them, though, to-day—
"And cross myself," pray did you say?
Don't laugh at my distresses!

How splendidly the silk will rustle;
(Please hand my "self-adjusting bustle,"
My corset and my hoop.)
There, now, I'll take skirts five or six—
Do hurry, Luce, and let me fly,
You know I cannot stoop!

"How shall I say my prayers to-day?"
As if girls went to church to pray!
How can you be so foolish?
Here, damp this ribbon in cologne;
"What for?" to paint, you silly one—
Now, Luce, don't be mulish.

Now, then, my—how he abhors
This thing—it's big as all out doors—
The frightful sugar-scoop!
Thank heaven, my cloak is handsome, too,
It cost enough to be, I know—
(Straighten this horrid hoop!)

My handkerchief and gloves you'll find
Just in that drawer—Luce, are you blind?
Does my dress trail?
It's all the fashion now, you know;
(Pray, does the paint and powder show
Through my lace veil?)

Thank you, my dear, I b'lieve I'm dressed,
The saints be praised! the day of rest
Comes only once in seven,
For if, on all the other six,
This trouble I should have to fix,
I'd never get to heaven!

ADDRESS

OF

DOCTOR E. A. VANNORT,

AT THE

ANNUAL FESTIVAL

OF THE

WORTON AGRICULTURAL CLUB,

ON THURSDAY, JUNE 12TH.

With mutual gratulations on this auspicious occasion and anniversary day, we are constrained to mingle our regrets, at being deprived of listening to the strains of eloquence with which we might have been entertained, had some one of our society better qualified to address you been chosen.

The celebration of the 4th of July, without an oration, would be no more incomplete than would our "annual Festival" without its annual address; and it as impossible to say anything never before uttered about the glories of Independence, about the American eagle, or of that dear old symbol of our nationality, as it is to prepare an address covering new grounds and embracing new ideas upon our subject of to day.

But let us look around the wide field which lies before us, and strive to cull useful fruits—though obliged to abandon the flowers.

The time allotted for an address like this, is necessarily short. A treatise on agriculture would be out of place, and if it were not, I should be incapable of intelligently instructing you. Desultory, therefore, must be our remarks.

Farmers of Kent, you have come to congratulate each other and to exalt that pursuit which employs your labor and your care. You have come not so much to talk agriculture, as to celebrate its blessings: to take one day from your cares and concerns from an active, busy, farmers life: to make merry and glad yourselves, beneath these umbragious shades; and to make this altogether a day of social enjoyment and thanksgiving. I am glad to see, not only the farmers, but representatives of other occupations of this vicinity.

The ladies, too, gladdening by their presence, and bringing to this festival, proofs of their industry and skill, have come here laden with delicate viands, and delicious strawb erries to tempt the palate: to greet kindred and friends, and to profit by all that is wise and good.

The sweet morsels which they bring will I doubt not, be justly appreciated, but better still their precious selves, who shall encourage us on to better works and loftier deeds. And who bring the "bright stars to guide us across life's troubled sea" shall elevate our thoughts, and stimulate our lives to nobler and loftier aims.

And after such a display of beauty, intelligence and real worth, as evidenced in this gathering of fair ones, to-day, that there should be so many celibates among us, is truly wonderful, and can only be the result, either of the expensiveness of female toggery, or the inability to choose from the *many so fair*. We look upon a bachelor as a moral deformity! *an unmarried farmer as hideous*!! and no man has a right to keep people out of the world; no more than he has to put people out of the world already in it. For this reason we advise every *fellow criminal*, to lose no time, and to duplicate himself at the earliest possible opportunity

"Hail season exquisite! and hail ye sons
Of rural toil; ye blooming daughters,
Hail harvest home!
Scene sublime!

When the rich earth presents her golden treasures,
When balmy breathings whisper to the heart
Delights unspeakable! when seas and skies,
And hills and valleys, color, odor, dews,
Diversify the work of natures God!

In looking over the county where we are, and where my eyes first opened on surrounding nature, we may find much that would be interesting, even to a stranger. How happily situated for commerce—placed upon the beautiful Chesapeake, with rivers and creeks almost completing a water boundary, affording available water communication for every farm.—Penetrate the interior of the county; you cannot proceed far, without crossing streams that impart fertility to the field and beauty to the landscape. Sip the limpid spring, pure as er'e assuaged the thirst of Hippocrates.

One important grand trunk line of R., R., which shall connect by the most direct route the North with the South, is being rapidly constructed directly through us and two others are projected: while other roads of less importance are already in operation and others contemplated.

Soon, you may perhaps, be invited to look, without imaginations aid to your ship canal, with its numerous boats, floating the true riches of the country through us to their destined market.

With pride we point to our little Worton Creek, the best harbor on Chesapeake Bay, whose channel is now being deepened and widened to accommodate large vessels, the result of the efforts of one of the members of this association. Soon the usual bustle will disturb its waters, and many an enterprising farmer find transportation for his golden harvests.—Buck Neck its principal landing is no insignificant place and 200,000, baskets of peaches alone, is no inconsiderable number to be shipped therefrom in a single season.

Look further: mark where successive hill-tops, crowned with trees and verdure, are seen to rise in majesty and beauty.—The face of the County, indeed, is so diversified with hill and dale, woodland and lawn that the air which fans and perflates it, is pure and salubrious as the gales of Eden.

Now linger a moment to hear on the soft breeze of the morning the tinkling of the farm bell, that calls to acts of useful industry: how tenfold sweeter than sounds that rouse the lazy monk to matins unapproved by heaven, 'mid naturally delightful European scenes.

Look at the fields of growing grain.—View the fruit trees, with the varied gifts of Pomona. But, above all, regard the inhabitants—firm—independent, and of honorable principles.

I may appear too warm in my praises of my native county. Some allowance, no doubt, will readily be made for prejudice—if attachment, founded on so much truth, deserves the name of prejudice.

"Breathes there the man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned,
From wandering on a foreign strand."

We are, in fact, an agricultural people and must continue to be for long ages.

We shall, therefore, fail in our most important duty if we do not endeavour to keep before you, the importance and necessity of encouraging, stimulating and developing the agricultural industry and resources of our country.

However old, worn and commonplace the subject may be, we should ever remember that the prosperity and success of our country has grown out of, and must subsist upon, the agricultural interests, backed and aided by its twin sister, the mechanic arts.

Look where you may, through the history of the world, we will find, as a people emerge from the darkness of barbarism and approach the light of civilization and refinement, husbandry assumes importance, and the husbandman rises in public estimation, until he at last stands acknowledged as the corner-store of his nation's existence and prosperity

It is true that maratime and commercial people seem exceptions to this rule; but if we read history aright, we will learn that no nation, whatever may have been its wealth and strength, ever survived internal convulsions and revolutions unless it had, as one of its constituent elements, an enlightened farming class, and paid due homage and deference to its public importance.

More than 4000 years ago, if we can credit legends and history, a monarch of the "Celestial Empire" blessed his people by teaching them the art of husbandry. Through all the rolling years since that period, it has been the yearly custom of the reigning Emperor to commemorate the court by going forth, in all the pomp and state of oriental power, and in the presence of his people and court, holding and guiding the plow.

For 4000 years this singular semi-barbarious people, headed by their monarch, have had their annual demonstrations of their high appreciation of, and respect for, the pursuits of the farmer. The vast and vital importance of husbandry to the nation, thus recognized and taught by the pagans of the orient, should operate at once as an example and incentive to us, christians of the occident, blessed with divine revelations and the best country upon earth.

The importance of an intelligent agricultural class, to the growth and stability of our government, was recognized by the fathers of the republic, and no labor or expense was spared by them to awaken the minds of the people to it. They wrote volumes to demonstrate the importance and necessity of bringing the agricultural class to a high standard of intelligence, and instituted clubs, societies and corporate bodies, each and all having for their object the dissemination of useful knowledge, and the speedy development of the great resources of the country. They had difficulties to surmount, of which we know nothing.

Then our farmers were but pioneers, whose first and great disideratim was to build a cabin to live in, and find food to live upon.

The fathers of our republic were not disheartened and were as fully alive to the importance of the farmers class as were ever the Chinese, and their success proves that they were much more enlightened.

The persistent efforts of leading men to stimulate the study and productions of agriculture, have produced at various times *fevers* in the body politic, almost as ludicrous as lamentable, and affording lessons valuable alike to the farmers and the political economist.

Speculation, at various times stimulated by local and partial success, seized upon the public mind, and gave to the cunning planner, as well as to the visionary and fanatic, a reputation for wisdom and sagacity truly wonderful and dangerous. Under the stimulus of such a fever, book-learned-men, who never made two blades of grass to grow where but one grew before, and could not perhaps define the difference between a clevis and a coulter, took it upon themselves to demonstrate the necessity and advantage of concentrating the energies and capital of the county in the growth of some particular root or fruit, or animal stock.—They wrote and published essays, to prove how easily and cheaply the farmers and the county could be made wealthy by raising some given crop, exclusive of everything else.

At an early day our fathers embarked on an expedition in search of the "golden fleece;" under the conviction that wool and wealth were synonymous, they paid higher prices for merino sheep than they were willing to give for the finest blooded horses. With wool completely drawn over their eyes, they thought of sheep and dreamed of sheep. This *fever* had its run, and gave way to a reaction almost fatal to the wool interest. We are again drifting that way remember what the doctors tell us of ounce of prevention and pound of cure. Morus multicaulus and silk worm eggs became a mania. Men, women and children of all classes talked of mulberry trees, coocoons, worms, and reels, until a foreigner in our midst would have thought the nation troubled with *worms*. Experience proves a vermifuge, and the multicaulus tree and silk worm followed the sheep into comparative obscurity, and the public mind became serene and healthy for a few years only to be again shaken and disturbed by the most singular of all fevers. Shanghai eggs became the chief object of interest, and speculation rose so high—the demand was so much in excess of the supply, that they readily commanded the most fabulous prices.

The dorking, the poland, and even the favorite old game were forgotten or condemned in the eagerness to procure the new style of eggs; and each chick as it crept from the shell, was watched, attended and nursed with parental solicitude, under the hope and belief that it would prove to be the famous hen that should lay the golden egg.

For some time the peach fever has had a hold upon our own locality. Impelled by great success in a few instances, we have overdone the peach business, when a few hundred trees judiciously cultivated by every farmer, would have proved a safe and sure investment. Recent developments have somewhat checked the progress of this fever, and the berry fever is in its initiatory stage:

Farmers of Kent see to it that you do not get *scratched*.

The history of American agriculture shows that our farmers, as well as our bankers, merchants and oil men, have had their fevers and their agues, their plethoras and their panics.

To perform the great work devolved upon the industry of our county, many things are necessary. We need a higher and more just appreciation of labor. Our youth should be taught that there is no profession or pursuit more ennobling or dignified than that in which the father of our race was engaged. To beautify and render fruitful the earth, or to aid in any subsidiary calling in the great and glorious work in which God himself is employed, must be the highest and noblest avocation, of an earthly character, assigned to man.

Away, then, with the false estimate of the dignity and importance of the calling of the farmer which leads too many of our young men to idle away their precious time, or to engage in effeminate pursuits, and which makes some of our pert and pretty school misses.

"Ashamed of the labors their grandmothers did."

Oh! how I pity the man who, forget ful of his descent from a worthy farmer, is ashamed to toil under God's bright sun, with the breezes of heaven to fan his brow, while the birds of the air furnish most delightful music to encourage his labors. Who is ashamed of Cincinnatus at his plow, or of Washington, the farmer? Jesus, the carpenter, became the savior of the world, and gave divine dignity to labor.

Agriculture needs men of science and skill; needs men of reading thinking and investigating minds. It also needs men of nerve, muscle, and energy of purpose to put theory into practice.

No person more needs a knowledge of the physical sciences than the tiller of the soil. Chemistry, philosophy, geology, natural history, all give him peculiar advantages. He must also have spirit of *advancement* of liberality, and of pride in his vocation.

Blooded horses and cattle have come to mark the enterprising farmer; and yet there are many who can see no difference in cattle; and this notwithstanding that ever since Jacob played his little "ring streaked and speckled" joke on his avaricious father-in-law, cattle have been slowly improved by breeding.

Remember, then, that "thoroughbred" and "fullblooded" are not unmeaning and speculative terms, but signify the result of study and long experience, attained only at great expense.

Upon a former and similar occasion I dwelt upon the importance of our youth remaining at home upon the old farm and not running off to the cities in quest of more honorable occupation or lighter burdens.

Again I say to you, young men, remain at home and become the best and noblest if not the richest men. Improve your mind, with your garden patch. Yours is a vocation above all, which presents the best opportunities for mental culture.

When the snow begins to fall and the winter winds to sweep down from the frigid regions of the North, howling about the corners with a sound like that of a far off giant whistling to his watch-dog—when the days are short, and the long evenings set in with their cosy comfort indoors—then do you have ample time to lay up such stores of reading as shall prove springs of living water in the soul, ceaselessly pouring their out-gushings into the heart, to refine, to encourage, and to exalt.

There is a great tendency in boys to leave the farm for the whirl and excitement of the city and for the uncertainties of commercial life. This can only be counteracted by making home pleasant to them, by so educating them, that work on the farm shall not be mere drudgery, but an intelligent use of the resources of nature.

Would to nature, I could excite more of the spirit of enterprize and emulation in embellishing our rural abodes! Then would the plainest house be surrounded by flowering shrubbery and twining plants, exhaling richest fragrance. Many of our indigenous plants are very ornamental.

Let the rose and the creeping vine and the honeysuckle bloom about your home. Let the light and the warmth of the blessed sun drive out of *all* your rooms the musty damp with which closed doors and windows will taint them. Put upon your shelves a few well selected books; not agricultural alone, but histories, biographies and even good novels, which, while they will amuse your children, will create an interest for other and more instructive reading.

If you would teach your children to be content, useful and happy, set them the example of being happy yourselves by unsealing your own eyes by intelligence, by tasting freely of all the innocent pleasures of life. Cultivate in your own lives and hearts the hopes, the aspirations you would see bloom into a fuller and fresher life in them. You have a part in the social life of the world and in the hope of immortality.

You have seen families where the greed of wealth was the only passion; where the round of joyless toil followed day after day, and year after year, dwarfing body and soul; where land and gold accumulated, but brought no luxury, no comfort, no pleasure to the home; where there was no smile on the face of childhood, no hope in its heart; where even life's spring was sunless; where children learned life only as it was taught them by parental precept and example. You've heard children complaining that the old man and old woman so long interposed their profitless lives between them and their inheritance; and you've seen the gray hairs of such parents go down in sorrow to the grave, unmoistened by a tear, unmarked by any monument.

And—you've seen other families where industry has been intelligently directed, and its fruits enjoyed; where you could see the evidence of prosperity in the comforts of a home around which the domestic virtues clustered. There you've heard the voice of gladness. There you've seen children developing for usefulness and happiness. You've seen them strewing flowers on the sun-set side of the hill of life, as their parents passed gently down to the shining shore. You've seen men, women and children, weep around such parents' graves, and the *first* flowers of Spring and the *last* of Autumn, planted by tender hands, bloom above them.

The farmer must feel that he is fortunate in all his surroundings. The vast, the varied, the beautiful, are presented to his vision; the noble and heroic are impressed upon his memory. Now, with this glorious heritage, the American farmer is to remember that he is of more value than his land and his products.

He was not made for this wealth and qeauty, not as a mere appendage to these hills and plains, but all this glorious frame of nature was made for him. He is not simply to cultivate the world, but the world was made to cultivate and embellish his larger and nobler mind. He is not to lose his manhood in the soil, or bury his spirit in the furrow, but to win from the ground a higher life, a harvest that shall enrich his immortal being. Many a farm rides the farmer, takes his manhood away, "making him servant to a thing." But instead of this, let him raise character with his corn—till mind with his soil—beautify spirit as he arranges his garden—then his manhood shall be conserved instead of crushed by his occupation.

Citizens of Worton, and of Kent, you have a goodly inheritance. Your lines are cast in pleasant places. Amid your prosperity do not forget to render due homage to Him, who is the author of every good and perfect gift: who sends the gentle and refreshing showers, or withholds the lightnings and the gale. Nor must you forget your duties as citizens and men, for you are kings and law-makers. By precept and example sustain morality, for that is the foundation of social order, of individual happiness, and of national greatness.

Remembering, alas—

"The rarity of human charity,"

practice that great virtue, and ever bare in mind to "love thy neighbor as thyself."

Keep up your social habits: study the happiness and comfort of one another, ever remembering the poor, who are always with you.

Above all things, avoid those who are always ready to pick up idle or scandalous stories or rumors about their neighbors and peddle them. These are the *vipers* of a community, who would coil 'round happiness and forever destroy it. They are a burning disgrace to society, and if any such should be found to defame fair Worton, for God's sake give them a wide berth, and spurn them.

Let no such blots defame our fair escutcheon; but let that brotherly love so abound as shall put to shame those who will *believe* much less *propagate*, an ill report of a neighbor without good evidence of its truth.

You have known, perhaps, where fond hopes have been blighted, and men and women have been sent headlong on the road to destruction through these gossiping leachers who, if they would only reflect a moment on the evil they are doing, and that the persons they talk about might possibly be innocent of any guilty action, they would not allow their tongues to run away with their brains.

Then ever remember to—

"Speak lightly of our neighbors' faults,
Forgetting not our own!
Humanity is frail at most,
If left by Heaven alone."

I have already trespassed too long on your time. One more word and I have done.

Evidences are abundant that our timber and forest trees are becoming remarkably scarce, and few being planted to supply the demand.

The prophesies of the over wise, that the fruit of the apple tree would become a drug, if we continued to plant it, have been proven a fallacy.

I would urge you to-day to plant more of all kinds of trees, and plenty of fruit trees. Plant for our children as well as ourselves. While the master is sleeping the tree will be growing.

What greater temporal comforts can we leave to our heirs than the fruits of the orchard and garden? What more valuable testimonials of a philanthropic life than the trees we plant for future generations? The man who plants a fruit tree is a benefactor of his race; and when we shall have gone to our rest,—when the fragrance of rural bloom shall no longer delight the senses,—when the verdure of leafy summer shall no longer inspire the soul,—when the golden harvest of mellow autuman shall no longer gladden the sight, the tree shall live to bless those who follow us. And when, in after ages, posterity shall recline under the shade of the trees planted by our hands, and gather from their bending branches the luscious fruit, will not some greatful heart remember the giver, and ask,—

"*Who planted that old apple tree?*"

How beautifully is this sentiment portrayed by our own poet, Bryant:

'What plant we in this apple tree?
Sweets for a hundred flowery springs,
To load the May wind's restless wings,
When from the orchard row he pours
Its fragrance through our open doors.'

'What plant we in this apple-tree?
Fruits that shall swell in sunny June,
And redden in the Aug st noon,
And drop when gentle airs come by,
That fan the blue September sky;
While children come, with cries of glee,
And seek them where the fragrant grass
Betrays their bed to those who pass,
At the foot of the apple-tree.'

And when the thousands who have enjoyed its fruits, and shared its blessings, are buried, like its own roots, deep in the bosom of mother earth—

'The children of some distant day,
Thus to some aged man shall say,
Who planted this old apple-tree."

PAPER BALLOON ASCENSION.—The Reading Times gives an account of an ascension of Prof. Donaldson:

The paper balloon has been manufactuered for some time. It is made of the same material as that in which goods are wraped, and of course it is very frail in its structure. The Professor has made several attempts, and had met with so many reverses from windy and wet weather, that it was doubtful if this attempt would prove successful.

The process of inflation was somewhat slow and the condensation of gas after the sun had gone down added somewhat to the detention, but at fifteen minutes past seven everything being in readiness, the command "let go" was given, and the balloon rose. He rose to a considerable height, and sailed in an almost southerly direction. He landed fifteen minutes before 8 o'clock in a field about ten miles from Reading. The landing was accomplished with but little difficuity, although the balloon was much torn and was left on the field.

This is the first paper balloon ascension by an æronaut on record. Although it proved successful, and was the cheapest ascension, in a pecuniary sense, that could be made. Professor Donaldson has no desire to repeat it—not for fear of the safety of the ascension, but because of the frail character of the balloon and the almost certainty of its destruction in making a landing.

The weight of the balloon was forty-eight pounds, being but half that of the ordinary balloon of a simular capacity. It held 14,000 cubic feet of gas. The cost of the paper used in the construction amounted to $5,20.

Clergymen, when in each other's company, enjoy a little harmless pleasantry with each other as much as any other class of men. So it was with two reverend dignitaries who met after a separation of forty years. "Tommy," said one, "I have been trying to account for a fact which I have noticed since we came together. That we should both be a little gray is not wondered at, considering our years; but what puzzles me is that the gray shows itself on my head, while it is chiefly to be seen on your jaws, and I can account for it only by the fact that that wears out soonest which is used most." "Stop, stop, Robert!" the other replied; "I think a physician would account for it on a much safer principle—that disease attaks the weakest part."

ELDER KNAPP, the great revivalist of religion down in Arkansas, when about to baptize a new convert, called out in a loud voice, "Does any one know any reason why this man should not be baptized?" and to his surprise a long specimen of an Arkansas traveler shouted in response, "see here, Mister Preacher, I don't want to interfere in that 'ere business of yours, but if you expect to get the sin out of that old cuss you will have to anchor him out in the river over night.

It is said that an Indiana preacher declared in a recent sermon that "no woman who wears false hair is a fit person to sit in the house of the Lord." But as all the women in his congregation wore jute instead of false hair, they thought he was "going" for the women of the other churches.

☞ A Story is going the rounds about a girl dying from tight lacing. These corsets should be done away with: and if the girls can't live without being squeezed, we suppose some can be found who would sacrifice themselves. We would rather devote three hours a day without a cent of pay, as a brevet corset than see our girls dying off in that kind of style. Office hours almost any time.

☞ In a case where a railway ticket was refused because offered the day after it was issued, a law court in Maine has decided such ticket is good for six years.

HOW TO DRIVE RATS AWAY WITHOUT POISON.—We know of three methods. First, the old French plan. This is followed chiefly in Paris by men making it a special business. They take a deep tub with water on the bottom and a little elevation in the middle like an island, on which is only place for one rat to sit. The top is covered, and has a large balance valve, opening downward. On the middle of the valve a piece of fried pork or cheese is placed, and when the rat walks on it to get the cheese the valve goes down, drops the rat into the water and moves back into position. A road is made from the rat-hole to the top of the tub by means of pieces of board rubbed with cheese, so as to make the walk attractive for the rats. In the course of a night some ten, twenty, or even more rats may go down, and if the island was not there, they would be found most all alive in the morning, quietly swimming around; but the provision of the little island saves the trouble of killing them, because their egotistic instinct for preservation, causes them to fight for the exclusive possession of the island, on which in the morning the strongets rat is found in solitary possession, all the others being killed and drowned around him. Second, the New York plan, invented by one of our friends. The flood near the rat hole is covered with thin caustic potassa. When the rats walk on this it makes their feet sore; these they lick with their tongues, which makes their mouths sore; and the result is that they shun this locality—not alone, but appear to tell all the other rats in the neighborhood about it, and eventually the house is entirely abandoned by them, notwithstanding the houses around may be full of rats. Third, the Dutch method. This is said to be used successfully in Holland; we have, however, never tried it. A number of rats are left to themselves in a very large trap or cage, with no food whatever; their craving hunger will cause them to fight, and the weakest will be eaten by the strongest. After a short time the fight is renewed, and the next weakest is the victim, and so it goes on till one strong rat is left. When this has eaten the last remains of the others it is set loose; the animal has now acquired such a taste for rat flesh that he is the terror of ratdom, going around seeking what rat he may devour. In an incredible short time the premises are abandoned by all other rats, which will not come back before the cannibal rat has left or died.—*N. Y. Manufacturer and Builder.*

THE ARABS.

Persons of the middle class have sandals instead of shoes; they are single soles, or thin pieces of wood, fastened to the feet with leathern thongs. Richer people wear slippers, and the women always use the latter covering for the feet. Drawers, with the addition of a shirt, always form the female dress. At Hedsjas, as in Egypt, they veil their faces with a piece of linen, leaving only the eyes uncovered. In Yemen, the veil is much larger, and covers the face, so that even the eyes are not discernable. At Sana and Mokha the women wear a transparent gauze veil embroidered in gold. They are very fond of rings on their fingers, arms, wrist and ears; they stain their nails red, and their hands and feet of a brownish yellow, with the juice of a plant called *el henne*; they also paint all around their eyelids, and even the eyelashes themselves, with *ko hel*, which renders them quiet black. Men even sometimes imitate this fashion, but it is considered effeminate. The women of Yemen make black punctures on the face, which they consider improves their beauty. Fashion shows its influence in the country most particularly in the manner of wearing their hair and beard. In the States of Sana all men, whatever their rank, shave their heads; in other parts of Yemen it is the universal custom to knot the hair up behind and wrap it in a handkerchief. Caps and turbans are not in use here. In the mountain districts the hair is left long and loose, and is bound with small cords. All Arabians of rank have one curious addition to their dress. It is a piece of fine linen upon the shoulders, which probably was formerly intended to keep off the heat of the sun, but is now used only as an ornament. Carreri states that the Arabian women wear black masks with elegant little clasps, and Niebuhr mentions their showing but one eye in conversation, In Moore, also, we find these lines:

"And veiled by such a mask as shades
The features of young Arab maids—
A mask that leaves but one eye free
To do its best in witchery."

In many parts of Arabia the women wear little looking-glasses on their thumbs. All the young women of the East are particularly fond of being able to gaze upon their own fair countenances, and seldom go without a looking-glass. The Aradain princesses wear golding rings on their fingers, to which little bells are suspended, as well as in the flowers tresses of their hair, that their superior rank may be known and they may received the homage due to them.

☞ A new style of bracelet has lately come into great favor. It is made of a very fine thread of gold, which by a sort of knitting machine is knitted into a tube. This is afterwards crushed flat, forming a band. These are ornamented in every imaginable design.

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