

anything the imagination of the Callots and Gayas have ever dreamed of.

Among the Israelites also there are numberless miseries, but also an active charity which comes to their relief. Charity is, among the rich, a duty from which no one is free, and these unfortunates are, without distinction, the objects of a charity as praiseworthy as it is splendid.

Intentionally somber, and neglected before the conquest, the costume of the native Jews is since modified without having changed its form, and is no longer invariably dark, especially among the young. Besides, nearly all those of the wealthier class have adopted the European costume, and some of them even exaggerate the newest French modes. Many young Jewish girls dress themselves exactly like Parisians. Nevertheless, the majority of them have preserved the derided sleeveless robe and silk handkerchief which their ancestors wore in the time of the Turks.

In that which relates to their alimentary régime, Arabs and Moors are generally extremely temperate. Their nourishment is simple, and consists mainly of flat paste-cakes of thin and brittle bread, and the *kouskous* made of boiled wheat and more or less seasoned. This admits of all kinds of seasoning—pepper, saffron, etc.; they accommodate to it grease, as well as sugar and honey. They have, in addition to these, fruits, all kinds of milk food, and mutton roasted or boiled, and, for their only drink, water. Thus we find among them no hoarse voices smelling of alcohol; the women especially are nearly all endowed with clear and silvery voices, and one rarely sees among them any deficiency as to the number or quality of their teeth.

On the other hand, in the low class of the native population, who have adopted only the vices of our civilization, there reigns in dress, as well as in the interior of their miserable dwellings, a moral and physical filthiness and squalor which surpasses anything that can be imagined.

Having now touched upon each of the various points of interest in Algiers, and given some account of the manners, customs, and dress of the types of men we meet with there, the present article has fulfilled its purpose, and must be brought to a close. But the subject is by no means exhausted, for one might, with advantage and interest, give some attention to the environs of Algiers, which afford the most numerous and varied objects of interest. The chief of these are Tixraïm, Staouéli, Palestro, Teniet El-Haad, Tlemcin, and the National Fort in Kabylie. Each of these possesses an individual interest, and, if space allowed, would merit a description.

J. M. FRASER.

A Legend.

BY ROSE GERANIUM.

LIVED a race of strange dream-people,
In a country by the sea,
Far behind them lay the water,
Vast and vague as death may be.

BEFORE them stretched the desert
Foot of man had never crossed;
For the people had a legend:
"He who ventures there is lost."

OST amid the sandy mazes,
And the uplands, bleak and bare—
Nightly monsters, grim and eerie,
Hold their woful revels there.

HE, who treads within its borders
Takes his risk at fearful cost,
All is death within the desert—
He who ventures there is lost!"

THROUGH the valleys and the uplands
Of that long and dreary way
Passed a novice, veiled and hooded,
Singing softly on her way,—

SOFTLY, lightly, oh, full sweetly!
All the people flocked to hear;
All the people flocked and followed
To her measure, falling clear;

LEFT their dove-cotes and their gardens,
Left their browsing goats and kine,
Followed, followed, till the glories
Of the evening round them shine!

ONE by one, its care forgetting,
Loosened many a weary hand,
And its gifts and stores down-dropping,
Fell upon that barren land.

AP a rugged steep the novice
Drew the people as she trod,
Till a shining gateway opened—
And the singer passed to God!

ALL the desert is a garden,
And a land of fruit and wine—
For the seeds the people scattered
Blossomed in that path divine!

Talks with Girls.

BY JENNIE JUNE.

"ECONOMY."

PROBABLY there is no word in the English language that girls, as a class, have a greater distaste for than this one which I have quoted, and used as a text to build this small lay sermon upon.

Ninety-nine out of every hundred girls have had to practice economy all their lives; the word has been dinned into their ears, and made the basis of wearisome lectures until they are, oh! so sick of it. Besides, what does economy in the popular sense mean? Simply deprivation. It means that you are to have taste, and never to exercise it—wishes, and never to gratify them—

delight in whatever is beautiful, and sweet, and desirable, and never indulge it, or allow it to gladden your life. It means, as a rule, everything you do not like, and do not want. Darkness, harshness, dinginess, ugliness, narrowness, confinement within limits, and a treadmill round not only day after day, but year after year.

For the same conditions in most lives always exist, and if it is black alpaca to-day, it is black alpaca to-morrow, and so on to the end of the chapter, and the time never comes when we can take the colors which exist, and seem to brighten some other lives, and weave them into our own.

It is no wonder that girls are not much enchanted with this prospect. They are young; beauty invites them, softness allures them, sweetness captivates them, and the variety tempts them beyond mortal endurance, for the stoicism that withstands one charm yields to another. It is hard for them to see all that is dazzling, hear of all that is lovely and most attractive to the mind, as well as the senses, and still turn the grindstone to the same old tune, "saving," "economy," and the virtue of living and not spending.

The modern gospel for women is very different from this, and girls had better set to work to study it, if they would practice a true economy, which is to get as much of that which is best out of life as life can give them. It is not economy to sit down and mend an old garment, when you can earn the money for a new one in the same time. It is not economy to groan and grumble over the view of the back yard, when by the exertion of rising and opening the front door you can feast your eyes on a glorious prospect. It is not economy to starve yourself, when you can make the money by a little exertion to buy a good dinner.

Women have generally been accustomed to sitting still and *economizing* on the money that men were willing to give them, or performing in acknowledgment some such services as cooking, washing and ironing, mending shirts, taking care of children, and the like. Now, the world is open, and women will find there is more enjoyment, much greater advantage every way in earning the dollar, and spending it, than receiving a penny as a gift and saving it. Day by day art and science assist manufactures to fill the world with new and beautiful things, things we want, that our souls long for, and yearn after; let us work and possess them, that is the way; it is ever so much better than stifling all natural taste, desire, and instinct.

Suppose your tastes of to-day are not those of yesterday; what of that? Perhaps they will be different again to-morrow, stimulated by the new developments of competitive industry or your own enlarged opportunities; but must you starve to-day because you will have your dinner to-morrow? The beauty of to-day pines for appreciation and acknowledgment as well as the beauty of to-morrow, and we shall find plenty to-morrow who will enjoy what we enjoyed to-day. A grand picture gallery is not the work of an hour, it does not suddenly spring into existence; it is a growth, it is the result of years of accumula-

tive labor, of careful weeding out of what was inferior and not up to the highest and best standard. Yet the pictures that were ruthlessly expelled, sent to the auction-rooms, or given away to those who had none, had given pleasure in their time and have a place and value.

Do not think, however, that I am counseling foolish and indiscriminate spending; on the contrary, that is the only real extravagance. One may be as extravagant in spending pennies in useless and frivolous ways as in spending dollars on a coveted article of dress or ornament; more, indeed, for the first is only mischievous in its tendency, and gives us no permanent satisfaction, while out of the second we get at least temporary comfort and pleasure.

Moreover, it is not those who earn or have the most money who are most liable to spend it in foolish ways—increased opportunities, greater freedom, teaches wisdom in the employment of means; it is those who do not know how much more and how much better can be obtained for the money they expend who lavish it on poor and worthless objects.

Said a lady who had recently returned from Europe, and resorted to a much quieter style of living than that which she practiced before she went away

"Both husband and I feel like misers; we are not willing to throw away money as we used on expensive hotels, when we can live so much cheaper, and know how much there is upon which we want to spend money. Upon what we have been accustomed to expend uselessly we can go to Europe every year, see art galleries, cathedrals, the history of many peoples in their manners, in their living, in their magnificent architecture, in their accumulated treasures."

To Americans these are particularly valuable and interesting, because they can never have such historical associations as are to be found in Europe of their own. Castles are the remains of feudalism, and the great collective art centers, like the Louvre, only possible under despotisms that could convert the strength of a nation into resources for the gratification of luxurious and artistic taste. There are other ways also in which Europe feeds the craving of our souls; it is the home of our literature. But we are not considering Europe except as illustrating a point of true economy for those who wish for an experience abroad above every other earthly thing, and therefore cannot discuss it *in extenso*.

There are many other things which come for the majority of us before a trip to Europe. There are books, there are pictures, there may be a home in which to put them; there are father, mother, brothers, or sisters to help; there are clothes to obtain, there is desire for music, there are places worth visiting, and people worth seeing in our own land; and there are those who are making its history, and why should not we be among them? Life is here for girls, as well as for boys, and pulsates just as strongly within you; why should you sit down and spend your days in spreading thinly over the largest surface possible the little slice that is doled out to you, instead of

working vigorously for your own full share of it?

You have feet, and hands, and eyes, and brains. You can think, and plan, and execute. Do it.

If you make a mistake, retrieve it; if you fall down, get up again; but all the time keep a strong grip on something, and there is no danger of failure. But we have many steps to take backward before we can take one forward. Before we can have money to spend on what we do want, we must learn to economize time, as well as utilize our faculties, and save on what is unnecessary. The time of American girls, as a rule, is left quite too much at their own disposal, and no account of it being demanded of them no wonder they learn to look upon it as of little value. Even when mothers, acting from a dim sense of duty in this direction, endeavor to furnish them with occupation, it is usually of so desultory a kind and possesses so little motive as to inspire no ambition.

It is really curious how the possession of time is left entirely out of account in the catalogue of resources; we look upon a reserve in the bank, which may disappear with a defaulting clerk—upon railroad stock, which may be swallowed up in a "crisis"—upon houses, which may be filled by destructive, non-paying tenants, as values to be counted upon; but time, which is our own, which is always with us, which cannot be taken away from us, which we can put to such good and profitable use, that we waste recklessly, and without a thought of what we are throwing away with it.

Economy can only be exercised in the use, not in the abuse, or neglect of anything; and time is the most certain, the most precious, the most absolute of all our possessions. We talk about the advantage which a man has over a woman,—one of the greatest is the habit of making profitable use of time. Time can be turned into money, clothes, jewels, pictures, trips abroad, travel, and pleasure at home, but of course it takes time and some patience to do it. We do not start with the trip to Europe, or with making a purchase of a fine house, or a horse. We begin by economizing every moment of every day, and putting each one to the best and most profitable use we can; and we work up in this way until a habit of life is established, and then helpful things and circumstances gravitate toward us, as needles toward a magnet.

This is another way of saying that Providence helps those who help themselves; it is how Providence does help those who help themselves. It is in the natural order of things for a center to enlarge, and attract toward itself that which has a sympathy for it. We do not give our seed-corn to the winds, we drop it carefully in the furrow; and then the sun and the rain find it.

It is sincerely to be hoped that women in the future, will find some other way of economizing besides doing without. It is the poorest way of economizing in the world. It is often said that the rich are the only persons who can be truly economical, and the reason is that they can provide themselves with what is fitting for every occasion, and do not waste or destroy

by using what is unsuitable. But it is not necessary to be rich in order to accomplish this,—many a modest home, many a quiet, obscure little individual, who earns her own living, are more perfectly equipped for their needs than the mansion and wife of the millionaire; and a principal reason is that in the one instance the wants and their supply have been an outgrowth, an evolution, of gradually developing tastes, as well as necessities, supplied with exact knowledge and loving sympathy as expanding means permitted; while in the other case the work of supply is done by contract, in accordance with the general demand of society, rather than special proclivities. It is more economical to earn five dollars than to save one, but, if you cannot earn the five, try to earn the one, and see how cleverly you can make it do the work of five by putting a little of your time with it. There is nothing disagreeable about economy; on the contrary, it imparts beauty even to poverty, for it teaches neatness, and care, and the preservation of whatever comes into our lives that is good, and sweet, and wholesome. It is waste that is repulsive, that destroys even what is strongly desired, and most needed; not perhaps intentionally, but because wasteful people, like the wicked, know not what they do. It is criminal to neglect, disparage, or fail to put to the best use the possibilities of our lives, and to do this is to use the truest economy.

A Picture.

BY GRACE H. HOOD.

HUNGRY and pale and soiled and cold and poor,
A woman sat beside a rich man's door—
She sat and munched a dry and moldy crust;
She munched her moldy crust sprinkled with dust.

SHE did not whine to me, nor ask for alms;
She did not stretch to me her open palms,
But pressed a little creature to her breast,
And oh, how much those baby eyes expressed!

QUICKLY left behind the abject woman;
I passed as if she were not something human;
I did not like to touch my little store,
Although the Father well could give me more.

QUICKLY pass, but soon my steps retrace,
And look again upon the pauper's face;
I said, "Are you a beggar at this door?"
She only could reply, "This woman's poor!"

O poor in love and speech and food and dress,
Content, she hugged her baby to her breast!
She eat her crust, and told me o'er and o'er,
"This woman's poor;" just what I knew before.

O poor in words! Worse than I thought, said I;
So calm, yet speechless in her poverty!
I took the mites from out my little store,
And dropped them there, beside the rich man's door.

GENTLE dames, who sometimes breathe a sigh
If but a roseleaf rumple where ye lie!
Who thankless are for bounties heaven bestows,
Is this a lesson sent to you?—who knows?