

with him to a great merchant, asked to see some suits of clothes, and told Aladdin to choose the finest one, and the one he liked best. You may be sure that Aladdin did not wait long, and soon left the store looking a very different boy from the one who had entered it a little while before.

When he saw himself so handsomely dressed from head to foot, he could not find words enough to express his gratitude to his kind uncle, and thanked him over and over again. The uncle, too, promised never to forsake him.

Then he led him into the streets where the finest shops were, and where he met the great merchants; his uncle saying at the same time: "If you are to be a merchant, you must become acquainted with these men, and learn their ways of doing business."

He showed him the richest mosques, and the palace of the king, and at last brought him to his own hotel. There he met many more merchants who were also stopping there, and the magician gave them all a great feast.

This lasted until night, and then he took Aladdin home to his mother, who was delighted and astonished at the boy's fine appearance.

"To-morrow," said the magician, "will be Friday, and the shops will be closed; but on Saturday I will hire for him the shop that I promised him, and fit him out as a merchant. To-morrow I will come and take him out for a walk, so that he can see the lovely gardens that are all about the city and the fine houses where the rich dwell. When Aladdin has become a great merchant, you yourselves may live in one of these."

From the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments"

Read the continuation of this pretty story.

THE CITY OF LISBON.

It is said by some historians that this city was founded by Ulysses, who gave it his name, Ulssipi, which in course of time got contracted into Lisbon. Others say that the name has a still more remote origin, and that it was built by a grandson of Abraham. Be that as it may, it was a flourishing place in the days when the Phoenicians ruled the southern seas, and it is reported that the cathedral stands on the site of an Assyrian temple dedicated to As-tate.

The city, like Rome, is built on seven hills, covered with buildings, interspersed with beautiful gardens, and looks like one huge marble palace, rising in the midst of pleasure gardens. The river itself is extremely broad and majestic—almost a lake. The largest ships of war and commerce anchor close to the shore.

On landing, the charm is somewhat dispelled; the streets are broad and well kept, but uninteresting, and the houses which line them are tall and handsome, being generally covered with a sort of stucco, to look like marble, and are sometimes decorated half-way up with blue and Dutch white tiles. The shutters are of wood, and painted a vivid green; but, although there is plenty of brightness and colour, Lisbon looks too new to please, especially to a tourist who has just come from Spain.

Tramcars run through the thoroughfares, where you rarely, if ever, see anything approaching a costume—even the handsome dark cloaks and white kerchiefs which the women of the lower classes used to wear a few years back, have entirely disappeared. Now and then a fisher-

man or woman wearing a broad-brimmed sombrero, made of felt, appears on the scene; but otherwise, as far as the costume is concerned, Lisbon is not picturesque. The great earthquake of 1755 ruined nearly all the monuments of the town, the old Gothic churches and the Renaissance palaces; and the Revolution of 1833 closed the monasteries. Till then Portugal was as stationary as old Japan. All the religious orders of the church were fully represented, and you could not go the length of a couple of streets without falling in with some grand procession or other. To-day the monks and nuns have long departed, and the majority of their splendid churches have been desecrated or else destroyed. None the less, there are literally hundreds of churches remaining, but only three or four of them are worth looking into. The Cathedral is a heavy Gothic structure of great age and ugliness which withstood the earthquake. The monastery and church of Belem are, however, grand exceptions to the depressing rule. Vasco de Gama built the church and cloisters as a thank-offering for his safe return from his voyage to the East Indies. That was in the days of good King Manuel, who was a great lover of architecture and introduced a style of his own, that still bears his name, and is seen in the cloisters of Belem. The beautiful columns in the lovely tropical gardens, surrounded by the fairy-like arcades, once seen, especially on a moon-light night, cannot easily be forgotten.

LISBON. (PART 2.)

The royal palaces of Lisbon are generally adapted monasteries; and even the House of Representatives was once on a time a conventual building. They are sombre, vast and gloomy, containing, however, some good pictures and much sumptuous French furniture of the eighteenth century, and a great deal of old priceless Japanese and Chinese porcelain.

The gardens of Lisbon must be seen to be appreciated. Tropical plants grow here to perfection. Camellia trees attain an extraordinary size and height, and yield a crop of many thousands of exquisite white flowers. In early summer the amazing size and variety of the roses baffle description. The public gardens, which are very numerous, blaze with colour. Palm trees nod their lofty fronds high above in the pure air, and the banana plant, even if it rarely bears fruit, flowers here even better than in the West Indies.

Lisbon is a delightful winter residence. The town is admirably drained, and is exceedingly clean and healthy. There are plenty of good shops, a magnificent opera house, numerous theatres, and a bull-ring in which the bulls and horses are never tormented, and the "fight," reduced to a fine spectacle, is of a mild and inoffensive character. Then again, there are endless excursions to be made in the neighbourhood; to that worldly Eden, Cintra, where Portuguese wealth and fashion resort for health and recreation in the summer and in holiday time; to the Escurial of Portugal, the palace monastery of Mafra; and the glorious Gothic monasteries of Alcobaca and Batalha.

In the eighteenth century Lisbon was a health resort with wealthy English folk. Fielding lies buried in the English cemetery. But since the earthquake of 1755 the Portuguese capital has never recovered its supremacy from this point of view. The climate is none the less infinitely finer, much milder, and more healthy than that of Nice or any place along the Riviera. Although almost tropical, the atmosphere of this part of Portugal is extremely bracing, being charged with the ozone of the Atlantic. The sunshine is brilliant, there are no cutting east winds, and the glory of the moonlight nights must be seen to be appreciated. Then again, Lisbon can boast of one of the finest markets in Europe. The meat is good, the fish unrivalled, and the vegetables and fruit abundant and of the best quality. Living is very moderate, house rent ridiculously low, and provisions are very cheap. All articles of clothing, however, are extremely dear. The hotels are numerous and excellent, and a winter can be passed on the banks of the Tagus for about half the price paid at a second-rate hotel or boarding house at Nice, or elsewhere on the Riviera or the south of France or Italy. One peculiar thing in Lisbon is the coinage, the unit being the *rea*, a thousand of which make a gold dollar, and about five hundred of them a Mexican dollar. When you go into a restaurant, and ask the price of your dinner, you are surprised to be told that it has cost you, perhaps FIVE HUNDRED REAS; and that you have to pay *fifty reas* for a ride in a tram-car.

Westminster Gazette. (Adapted).

A FRIENDLY LETTER.

1298 Bucareli,
Mexico,
December 2, 1903.

My dear friend:

You will be glad to hear that we arrived here safely after our long and tiresome journey. After leaving El Paso we had a slight accident, that detained us some four or five hours. Fortunately, nobody was injured, but the accident might have been more serious had the train been going at a very high rate of speed.

When we arrived at Chihuahua, Mr. J. came to meet us and took us to a very good hotel. We stayed at that city only till the next evening. Chihuahua is a pretty little place, and has some very fine public buildings. The theatre is very grand; one of the officials took us all over it. Just in front of it is the statue of the noble Hidalgo who was shot here in the year 1811. Of course you know all about that brave man. The journey from Chihuahua to Zacatecas is painfully monotonous. I was glad to stay there for a day, just for a change. It is a very peculiar city, very hilly; and they say, very cold in the winter and too hot in the summer. It was once much more prosperous than it is at present, though the country round is extremely rich in silver.

As we neared Mexico the country looked a little more attractive; there was more vegetation. The approach to Mexico is anything but inviting. You come through some of the outskirts of the city, very dirty places; but,

on leaving the train you are in a very pretty part of the town. The first object of interest is a statue of the great Columbus. After a few minutes' ride in the coach you find yourself in the Reforma, where most of the rich people live. Edward came to the station with a coach to take us to the rooms he had engaged for us. Bucareli is a beautiful street, near the Reforma, and very convenient for all the trains.

The day after our arrival, we took a long coach drive through the principal parts of the city. It is quite a new world, so different from anything you see in the States. Every now and then you come upon some grand monument of the Spanish occupation in the shape of a large church or a noble dwelling house, with its lofty entrance, and its carved door (called a zaguán). Then you go in and find yourself in a large square called a patio with rooms built all round, and you look up and see two or three storeys, and balconies supported by noble pillars, and the most perfectly formed arches you ever saw. There is an air of grandeur about the whole thing that quite takes away your breath. Then there are the fine old gurgoyles for carrying off the water from the roof. These gurgoyles are beautifully carved and are in the shape of cannon. Truly, these people had grand ideas. You stand in front of one of these magnificent mansions, and think, Oh, if these walls could but speak! There these mansions have stood for one hundred and fifty or two hundred years, and will last for two or three centuries more.

I revel in these monuments of antiquity. People laugh at me. The old residents of the place take them as a matter of course; but to a stranger, a person with any sentiment, or admiration for the beautiful, they are in-

tensely interesting. I intend to buy a camera and spend a month in photographing them.

But you will be tired of hearing all this, I am afraid; you must excuse me if I bore you. I am an enthusiast in these matters.

To turn to a different subject—the other side of the shield; the slums of the city are painfully disagreeable. The peons, as the natives are called, are herded together in the most hideous manner, and they are far from clean. They literally swarm in the poor parts of the city, and the sanitary arrangements are anything but satisfactory. But the Government is doing all in its power to bring about a better state of things, and great improvements are being made everywhere. In the course of ten or twelve years this city will be one of the finest in the world.

But, if I attempt to describe all the wonders of this wonderful old place, I shall never finish my letter.

You will be glad to hear that I have very comfortable quarters, and that the cooking is all that could be desired. The weather is charming for the time of year, lovely sunshine, and cloudless skies. As I write, hundreds of vehicles are passing my window on the way to the bull fight; but you know that has no attraction for me. Today's performance is a special one for the benefit of a poor fellow who was terribly wounded by a ferocious beast about three months ago. It is a wonder he ever recovered; but, the doctors here are very clever.

Well, good-bye for the present. I am afraid you will be tired of reading this long gossiping letter.

Believe me,

Yours very truly,

H. Mallett.

WONDERS OF A WATCH.

"Much in little," can be said more truly of a first-class watch than of almost any other product of human ingenuity and industry. The watch one carries in his pocket, unless it is of the cheapest "pocket-clock" variety, has in its movement more than 150 parts, and this number does not include the case which holds the movement.

A glance at the movement is enough to show that most of its parts are very small, but one can scarcely realize how minute some of them are. Take, for example, the numerous screws which hold the parts together. Some of them are so tiny that it takes nearly 150,000 of them to weigh a pound. One must use a good microscope to see the threads in these screws, and each of the threads must be absolutely perfect and true, or the screw is useless.

There are screws in a small-sized watch, such as ladies usually carry, which have a thread of 260 to the inch. The weight of one of these screws is the one hundred and sixty thousandth part of a pound.

The diameter of the pivot of the balance wheel in a watch is only one two-hundredth part of an inch, and pivots are classified by a gauge which measures down to one ten-thousandth of an inch. The jewel hole into which the pivot fits is one five-thousandth of an inch larger than the pivot, so that the latter may have sufficient play.

Jewels in a watch movement are cut from slabs of garnet, ruby or sapphire, one-fiftieth of an inch thick. Then they are "surfaced," drilled through the centre and on the convex side a depression is made for an oil cup.

The largest hair-spring stud is four one-hundredths of an inch in diameter and nine one-hundredths of an inch in length.

To make the complete movement of a good watch more than 3,700 different processes are employed. It takes about five months to complete a single watch of the best grade, but as all the processes are carried on simultaneously the finished product is turned out continuously by the manufacturers.

The balance in a modern watch must make 18,000 vibrations every hour. A change of only one beat will cause the watch to gain or lose four and one-fifth seconds in 24 hours. Think of the wonderful delicate mechanism and equally delicate adjustment that puts together more than 150 pieces of almost microscopical size, and turns out a watch that will not vary one second in 24 hours; and then take off your hat to the manufacturer.

(New York Herald.)

THE DISCONTENTED PENDULUM.

1. There was once an old Clock, that had stood for fifty years in a farmer's kitchen without giving its owner any cause of complaint. Early one summer's morning, however, before the family was stirring, it suddenly stopped. Upon this the Dial Plate (it we may credit the fable) changed countenance with alarm; the Hands made a fruitless effort to continue their course; the Wheels remained motionless with surprise; the Weights hung speechless. Each member felt disposed to lay the blame on the others.

2. At length the Dial instituted a formal inquiry into the cause of the stop, when Hands, Wheels, and Weights, with one voice, protested their innocence. But now a faint tick was heard from the Pendulum, who thus spoke:

3. "I confess myself to be the sole cause of the present stoppage, and am willing, for the general satisfaction to give you my reasons. The truth is, that I am tired of ticking." Upon hearing this, the old Clock became so enraged that it was on the point of striking.

4. "Lazy Wire!" exclaimed the Dial Plate.—"As to that," replied the Pendulum, "it is very easy for you Mistress Dial, who have always, as everybody knows, set yourself up above me—it is very easy for you, I say, to accuse other people of laziness—you who have nothing to do all your life but to stare people in the face, and to amuse yourself with watching all that goes on in the kitchen.

5. "Think, I pray you, how you would like to be shut up for life in this dark closet, and wag backward and forward year after year, as I do."—"As to that," said the Dial, "is there not a window in your house on purpose for you to look through?"

6. "But what of that?" resumed the Pendulum. "Although there is a window, I dare not stop, even for an instant, to look out. Besides, I am really weary of my way of life; and, if you please, I'll tell you how I took this disgust at my employment.

7. "This morning I happened to be calculating how many times I should have to tick in the course only of the next twenty-four hours. Perhaps some of you above there can tell me the exact sum?"—The Minute Hand, being quick at figures, instantly replied, "Eighty-six

thousand four hundred times."—"Exactly so," replied the Pendulum.

8. "Well, I appeal to you all if the thought of this was not enough to fatigue one? And when I began to multiply the strokes of one day by those of months and years, really it is no wonder if I felt discouraged at the prospect. So, after a great deal of reasoning and hesitation, thought I to myself, 'I'll stop!'"

9. The Dial could scarcely keep its countenance during this harangue; but, resuming its gravity, thus replied: "Dear Mr. Pendulum, I am really astonished that such a useful, industrious person as yourself should have been overcome by this suggestion.

10. "It is true, you have done a great deal of work in your time; so have we all, and are likely to do; and though this may fatigue us to *think* of, the question is, Will it fatigue us to *do*? Would you now do me the favor to give about half a dozen strokes, to illustrate my argument?"—The Pendulum complied, and ticked six times at its usual pace.

11. "Now," resumed the Dial, "was that exertion fatiguing to you?"—"Not in the least," replied the Pendulum; "it is not of six strokes that I complain, nor of sixty, but of millions."

12. "Very good," replied the Dial; "but recollect that, although you may *think* of a million strokes in an instant, you are required to *execute* but one; and that, however often you may have to swing, a moment will always be given you to swing in."

13. "That consideration staggers me, I confess," said the Pendulum.—"Then I hope," added the Dial Plate, "we shall all immediately return to our duty, for the people will lie in bed till noon if we stand idling thus."

14. Upon this, the Weights, who had never been accused of *light* conduct, used all their influence in urging him to proceed; when, as with one consent, the Wheels began to turn, the Hands began to move, the Pendulum began to swing, and, to its credit, ticked as loudly as ever; while a beam of the rising sun, that streamed through a hole in the kitchen shutter, shining full upon the Dial Plate, made it brighten up as if nothing had been the matter.

15. When the farmer came down to breakfast, he declared, upon looking at the Clock, that his watch had gained half an hour in the night.

JANE TAYLOR.

A FAITHFUL DOG.

A French merchant, having some money due to him, set out on horseback to receive it, accompanied by his dog. Having settled the business, he tied the bag of money before him, and began to return home.

The merchant, after riding some miles, alighted to rest himself under a tree; and taking the bag of money in his hand, laid it down by his side. But on remounting he forgot to take with him. The dog observing this, ran to fetch the bag; but it was too heavy for it to drag along.

It then ran after its master, and, by barking and howling, tried to tell him of his mistake. The merchant did not understand these signs; but the dog went on with its efforts, and after trying in vain to stop the horse, it at last began to bite its heels.

The thought now struck the merchant that the dog had gone mad; and so, in crossing a brook, he looked back to see whether it would drink. The animal was too intent on its object to think of stopping for this purpose; and it continued to bark and bite with greater violence than before.

The merchant, feeling now certain that the dog was mad, drew a pistol from his pocket, and took aim. In a moment the poor dog lay weltering in its blood; and its master, unable to bear the sight, spurred on his horse.

"I am most unfortunate," said he to himself; "I had almost rather have lost my money than my dog." Thereupon he stretched out his hand for his treasure; but no bag was to be found! In a moment he discovered his mistake, and upbraided himself for disregarding the signs which his dog had made to him.

He turned his horse, and rode back to the place where he had stopped. He saw the marks of blood as he proceeded; but nowhere was his dog to be seen on the road.

At last he reached the spot where he had rested, and there lay the forgotten bag, with the poor dog, in the agonies of death, watching beside it!

When he saw his master, he showed his joy by feebly wagging his tail. He tried to rise, but his strength was gone; and after stretching out his tongue to lick the hand that was now fondling him in deep sorrow, he closed his eyes in death.

THE MONKEY AND THE CATS.

Two hungry cats, having stolen some cheese, could not agree between themselves how to divide their booty. They therefore went to law, and a cunning monkey was to decide their cause.

"Let us see," said the judge (with as arch a look as could be:) "ay, ay, this slice truly weighs heavier than the other;" and so saying, he bit off a large piece, in order, as he told them, to make the shares equal.

The other scale had now become too heavy, so this upright judge helped himself to a mouthful from the second slice.

"Hold! hold!" cried the two cats; "give each of us our share of what is left, and we shall be satisfied."

"If *you* are satisfied," said the monkey, "justice is not: the law, my friends, must take its course."

Upon this, he nibbled first one piece and then the other, till the poor cats saw that their cheese was in a fair way to be all eaten up. They therefore most humbly begged him not to put himself to any further trouble, but to give them what was still left.

"Ha! ha! ha! not so fast, good ladies," said the monkey; "we owe justice to ourselves as well as to you; and what remains is due to me as the lawyer."

So he crammed the whole into his mouth at once, and very gravely broke up the court!

This fable teaches us that it is better to put up with a trifling loss, than to run the risk of losing all we have by going to law.

THE CATARACT OF LODORE.

(This reading of this piece affords excellent practice for clear, distinct pronunciation and enunciation.)

"How does the water
Come down at Lodore?"
My little boy asked me
Thus once on a time;
And, moreover, he tasked me
To tell him in rime.
Anon at the word,
There first came one daughter,
And then came another,
To second and third
The request of their brother,
And hear how the water
Comes down at Lodore,
With its rush and its roar.

I.

As many a time
They had seen it before
So I told them in rime—
For of rimes I had store;
And 'twas my vocation
For their recreation
That so I should sing;
Because I was Laureate
To them and the King.

II.

From its sources, which well
 In the tarn or the fell;
 From its fountains
 In the mountains,
 Its rills and its gills;
 Through moss and through brake,
 It runs and it creeps
 For a while, till it sleeps
 In its own little lake.
 And thence at departing,
 Awaking and starting
 It runs through the reeds,
 And away it proceeds,
 Through meadow and glade,
 In sun and in shade,
 And through the wood-shelter,
 Among crags in its flurry,
 Helter-skelter
 Hurry-scurry.
 Here it comes sparkling,
 And there it lies darkling;
 Now smoking and frothing
 In tumult and wrath in,
 Till, in this rapid race
 On which it is bent,
 It reaches the place
 Of its steep descent.

III.

The cataract strong
 Then plunges along,
 Striking and raging,
 As if war waging
 Its caverns and rocks among;
 Rising and leaping,
 Sinking and creeping,
 Swelling and sweeping,
 Showering and springing,
 Flying and flinging,
 Writhing and ringing,
 Eddying and whisking,
 Spouting and frisking,
 Turning and twisting,
 Around and around
 With endless rebound;
 Smiting and fighting
 A sight to delight in;
 Confounding, astounding,
 Dizzying, and deafening the ear with its sound.

IV.

Collecting, projecting,
 Receding and speeding,
 And shocking and rocking,
 And darting and parting,
 And threading and spreading,
 And whizzing and hissing,
 And dripping and skipping,

And hitting and spitting,
 And shining and twining,
 And rattling and battling,
 And shaking and quaking,
 And pouring and roaring,
 And waving and raving,
 And tossing and crossing,
 And flowing and going,
 And running and stunning,
 And foaming and roaming,
 And dinning and spinning,
 And dropping and hopping,
 And working and jerking,
 And guggling and struggling,
 And heaving and cleaving,
 And moaning and groaning.

V.

And glittering and frittering,
 And gathering and feathering,
 And whitening and brightening,
 And quivering and shivering,
 And hurrying and skurrying,
 And thundering and floundering.

VI.

Dividing and gliding and sliding,
 And falling and brawling and sprawling,
 And driving and riving and striving,
 And sprinkling and twinkling and wrinkling,

And sounding and bounding and rounding,
 And bubbling and troubling and doubling,
 And grumbling and rumbling and tumbling,
 And chattering and battering and shattering.

VII.

Retreating and beating and meeting and sheeting,
 Delaying and straying and playing and spraying,
 Advancing and prancing and glancing and dancing,
 Recoiling, turmoiling, and toiling and boiling,
 And gleaming and streaming and steaming and beaming,
 And rushing and flushing and brushing and gushing,
 And flapping and rapping and clapping and slapping,
 And curling and whirling and purling and twirling,
 And thumping and plumping and bumping and jumping,
 And dashing and flashing and splashing and clashing;
 And so never ending, but always descending,
 Sounds and motions for ever and ever are blending,
 All at once, and all o'er, with a mighty uproar:
 And this way the water comes down at Lodore.

ROBERT SOUTHEY. (1774-1843)

The object of this poem was to amuse the children,
 to show the command he poet had over words, and the
 impression a cataract makes on the beholder.