

exercise, travel, a visit to the seaside, to the mountains, or to the baths is required, the physician feels his helplessness. He sees that the patient cannot recover her nervous tone in her present environment. But there is no seaside except at impossible distances and in impossible climates. A visit to the mountains would mean being shut up in a little dirty village, whose houses are mud hovels, the chief industry of whose women is the milking of goats and sheep, and working up beds of manure with bare feet, and moulding it by hand into cakes for fuel. Or, if the husband have both the means and the inclination, for her sake to make an encampment upon the mountains large enough to afford security from robbers and wandering tribes, she would be confined largely to the precincts inclosed by the canvas wall surrounding the harem. She rides only in a *kajava*, or basket, or in a closed *takhterawan*, or horse litter, or, as she sits perched high up, astride a man's saddle, looking in her balloon garments, and doubtless feeling, more insecure than Humpty Dumpty on the wall. In her outdoor costume, the Khanum never walks. At best she can only waddle, therefore she is almost as effectually shut out from this important form of exercise as the women of China. In both countries the peasant class are blessed with more freedom than those of higher rank, and the village women, dispensing with the baggy trousers and in some districts also with the *chader*, or mantle, swing by on the road with