



STATION.
any American pleasure resort.



A QUIET GAME WHERE THE JORDAN ROLLS.



HOLY LAND.
to the time of Christ.

canoe had perished. After several days their destination was sighted. The seas ran mountains high, and both boats were upset. None succeeded in landing. But the dead body of one of the native Christians was flung by the ceaseless movement of the waves against the wet, browned rocks of the shore, until one of the warlike cannibals dragged it out of the water. The warrior giants of New Nut Island cut up the body and ate it, with the exception of the right hand, which held in its viselike grip of death a small parcel.

The superstitious heathen took this hand, smoked and dried it, made a fetich of it and worshipped it. Some time afterward a boat laden with other Christian converts, although swamped, succeeded in landing its occupants in spite of the opposition of the inhabitants. Once on shore, whether to assist them to resist the invading company or for other superstitious reasons, the savages brought out the dried smoked fetich, a human hand. The chief of the landing party followed the example of the Apostle Paul; for, discovering that that shrivelled hand held in its grip a portion of the New Testament, he told them that the god which they worshipped had a wonderful story to tell. Thereupon he went on and told them the story of the life and death of Christ. So powerfully moved were the savages that the island chieftain appointed a day when he would address the whole of his warriors.

He was every inch a warrior and a prince, and he summoned his clansmen with a conch shell, and over the rough, volcanic soil they hastened to obey. Men, women and children appeared, even sick men dragging their emaciated bodies to the strange convocation, for it had been whispered that some startling project was in hand. Warriors came with full supply of weapons, for some thought it was the day set for the massacre of the strangers, and, if so, the luckless party would fare ill at the hands of the fighting men.

On a suitable elevation the chief gathered his henchmen and told the story of the trial and death of the Man of Galilee, and how the visitors had been changed from ferocious savages

to a Christian clan. Then he bade them mark him a willing convert to this new and weaponless religion. He seized his war club and led the people to the most important of the heathen fanes, and in a speech, violent and yet in reason, called upon them to demolish the place where night rites, incantations and quackery had deceived their ancestors and themselves. In that move the fate of their idolatry was sealed and every image was destroyed and every building consecrated to the savage ceremonies went up in flames.

To-day the 1,118 inhabitants of that volcanic island, which was populated with as violent, passionate and warlike cannibals as ever sat down to a human banquet, worship God in thirteen church buildings, and all of sufficient age can read, write and know musical notes at sight. And this is the reason why the mail is thrown from the Union Line steamer to the shore of New Nut Island, which lies in the midst of the most cruel sea in the world.

STUDENTS IN THE WOODS.

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fallen logs. Once at the "chopping," they take up the tasks which they hired to do. Some cut down trees, trim them and cut them into twelve foot lengths; some cut out paths over which to draw the logs to a convenient place where they are to be piled. Here another group do the piling while the logs are being drawn to them along the various pathways. At 12 o'clock the "greaser" comes along with a pack basket of warm "grub." Plates to eat from, knives and forks, etc., having been brought along in the morning, the men help themselves the best they can from the pack. When through, with a little rest, the labor is once more taken up. At 6 o'clock the men turn again to the camp. After washing the sweat and dirt from their hands and faces they once more line up around the wooden tables.

When through eating their day's labor may not yet be finished for there are the horses to feed and attend to and axes and saws to grind and sharpen for the next day. When the men get through for the day they sit around smudges built to keep away the "blooming" mosquitoes and punkies, or they listen to some old woodsman tell about hunting, fishing, lumbering, or almost anything pertaining to the woods. Quits and cards are favorite pastimes with woodsmen, and such games are sometimes indulged in until dark. Then every one goes to bed and falls quickly to sleep. The bunks in which the men sleep are built in a double row one over another, on both sides of the "shanty." Each row is divided so that two sleep in a bunk. The bunks are provided with sheets and blankets, which are usually pretty brown looking. The straw mattress, however, is not very hard, and the fellows don't lie awake long thinking about a small matter like brown sheets and dingy blankets.

Sunday is the one day looked forward to by all the workers in the woods. They spend the day doing various "stunts." The "stunt" may be lying around camp, reading old newspapers or magazines, or it may be going fishing. The cold mountain streams back in the woods are full of "scrappy" trout. They bite as fast as one can throw in and pull them out. It is nothing for one man to fill a basket in an hour. The cook is always glad to please the men by cooking the fish, with the result that the crew is often supplied with all the trout they can eat, or "swing to," as they say. Exploring expeditions are often taken in the form of long walks. With a compass, and perhaps a contour map, the men go out to find a mountain from

which a wide view may be obtained over the forest.

The experience in the camp does the young college men good. Besides learning considerable about lumbering, they learn much about the woods. They have an opportunity to get near to nature. They find it a good thing to get the corners of civilization worn off, and in the fall they enter the "stately halls of learning" with a saner view of the outside world, and with muscles that make the coaches' eyes shine.

STEAM VAPOR BATHS.

Finnish Residents of Maine Enjoy Them.

Bangor, Me., June 30 (Special).—The Finns, several hundred of whom reside in the vicinity of Long Cove, in St. George, Knox County, and who comprise a large proportion of the paving cutters and quarrymen in the granite works there, have a peculiar method of bathing. It has some features of both the Turkish and Russian baths, but the Finnish bath is curious. Wherever any considerable number of the nationality take up their residence they build a bathhouse. The Finnish bathhouse is built substantially of wood, and is about 8 or 10 feet square, with peaked roof. There is a small vestibule, with bench seats running on two sides, where the bathers may disrobe. The bathroom itself is provided with a furnace of masonry, with a circular receptacle on top that is filled and heaped up with rounded and smooth stones gathered from the seashore. When the apparatus is to be used a fire is lighted in the furnace and the stones are heated until they are all sizzling hot. Then the bathers enter and close the door, the single window and a small ventilation aperture near the roof. Water is then poured over the hot stones and at once converted into steam, which fills the little room with a vapor at a temperature so high that it is said that a novice cannot stand the heat. But the Finns, who have practised this sort of bathing all their lives, enjoy it.

High up on one side of the room, just beneath the roof, is a wide bench seat, extending all the way across, on which the bathers sit, and where they get the full benefit of the steam. Below it, at a convenient distance, is a plank on which they rest their feet. And there they sit and stew until their pores are opened up, scrubbing themselves with small boughs cut from bushes and trees having thick foliage. These peculiar towels are thoughtfully left for the convenience of the next set of bathers. The Finns generally undress at home and go to the bath with sheets wrapped about them. On summer evenings, as the white forms flit about the village, one might suppose that a parade of ghosts was in progress or a sheet and pillow-case party was on. Saturday evening is the time generally favored for the ceremony, and on that night the fires in the furnaces are kept burning to a late hour. Every Finn takes the bath at least once a week—men, women and children. There are five of these bathhouses in Long Cove Village, and some private residences are provided with them.

HE COULD TRUST HER.

Of young Marshall Field, now sometimes called the richest child in the world, this story was recently told at Lakewood.

The boy, according to the story, approached an old woman in a hotel and said to her:

"Can you crack nuts?"

"No, my dear, I can't," the old woman replied.

"I lost all my teeth years ago."

"Then," said the little boy, extending two hands full of walnuts, "please hold these while I go and get some more."



A TRAVELLING CIRCUS IN PALESTINE.