

A Visit to the Pennsylvania Dunkers.

An hour's journey from Philadelphia on the Reading & Columbia Railroad through a valley more fruitful than Tompe's and within a diadem of timber-covered hills will bring you to Ephrata. The village has a history which is tender keeping with the halo of peace that encircles the rude cloister and quiet graveyard of the "Sieben Taeger" Baptists.

Driven by the hand of religious persecution from their homes in the Palatinate, other parts of Germany and from Switzerland, the German Baptists, "Taufers," found a brief resting place in Holland and Friesland and finally emigrated to these shores in the hope of practicing religion according to their own peculiar tenets. They were a mere handful then and came here in scattered groups. The doctrine of the Seventh-day worship did not obtain among them until many years later, when the pioneer, Conrad Beissel, effected the change. For years he lived a recluse inhabiting a cave on the banks of the Coacoico. His leadership was soon acknowledged and one by one of the faithful flocked to his standard. The monastic life of his association began as early as 1732, when a temple or hall was erected for public worship. Almost a century and a half has passed over its peaked gables, but it still stands a marvel of quaintness, ingenuity and strength. It occupies a bit of picturesque ground on the banks of the Coacoico, surrounded by a hundred acres of fertile land, from the cultivation of which nearly all the necessities of life were obtained. To it attached a large four-storied structure, known as the sister house, which, as its name implies, was devoted to the exclusive use of the females. All the buildings are of a mediæval style of architecture. The Saal and the Sister House occupy a position aloof from the others and are more pretentious edifices. Heavy oak timber was used for the walls and floors, and poplar for furniture. The windows are set in an irregular line some having four, some six and others eight panes of glass to a frame. There is no accounting for this freak. Another peculiarity is that these windows originally turned on wooden hinges. Their knowledge of the uses of iron was extremely limited. All the locks, bolts, hinges, latches, door handles and fastenings were of wood, generally of oak and made by hand.

Entering the temple you stoop through the low door and make your ascent to the upper floor by a steep, crude stairway. You tread on floors filled in with mortar and which from age have a lilt and unevenness. Traversing the narrow and unrequited passages of the "Kloster," into which the feeble light darts and vanishes with ghostlike presumption, you are reminded of some Old World castle where the captive, with gyved heel, was hurried through dark and tortuous ways to a subterranean dungeon. And this illusion is not easily dispelled by the gardener who chaperons you. Taking you into one of the many compartments or "Kammern," he points to the rough bench at one end and informs you that his ancestors slept there, with nothing for a pillow but a rude block of wood. He dressed in the habit of a Capuchin monk, which, with some modification, was the garment worn by the "Schwestern." Descending to the first floor we are in the temple of worship, where the Dunkers held their love feasts. The furniture is like that of a Quaker meeting house. It requires no stretch of the imagination to see the throng of devout worshippers, in their Capuchin robes, file through the open door and take their seats on the low-backed benches. From the desk the grave Beissel or intellectual Peter Miller holds forth on the doctrines of trine immersion. (Peter Miller, by the by, is credited with having translated the Declaration of Independence into seven languages.) And now the music swells in harmonies more inspiring than that of the Eolian harp, for the Dunkers had trained vocalists, and their choral services are represented as singularly beautiful and pathetic. Concerning this music it has been written that the style was taken from the tones of the Eolian harp.

"The tones issuing from the choir imitate very soft instrumental music, conveying a softness and devotion almost superhuman to the auditor. All the parts, save the bass, are lead and sung exclusively by females, the men being confined to bass, which is set in two parts, the high and the low bass, the latter representing the deep tones of the organ, and the first, in combination with one of the female parts, is an excellent imitation of the concert horn. The whole is sung in the falsetto voice; the performers sit with their heads reclined, their countenances solemn and dejected, their faces pale and emaciated from their manner of living, the clothing exceeding white and quite picturesque and their music such as thrilled to the very soul." Their musical compositions have been preserved, but the intoned service is never used. There remains to be told their curious skill in penmanship. The walls of the saal are hung with mementoes of the art executed on parchment sheets about three feet by four, in an elegant Gothic text. Some of these are Bible extracts; some importunate to celibacy; others, again, are sentiments breathing a spirit of devotion.

Die Lieb ist unser kron und heller tuzend Siegel;
Die Weisheit unser Lust, und reines Gottes Siegel;
Das Lamen ist unser schatz wir uns an vertragen
Und folgen seinem Yang als reinste Jungfrauen.

One of the more pretentious and laborious pieces of work represents the three heavens. In one Christ is gathering his flock; then we have three hundred Capuchins with harps and in the last is the throne, with archangels surrounding it. The task of executing these pen pictures, as well as all the ornamental writing, devolved upon the sisters, several of whom devoted their entire time to it.

Stepping over into the Sister House, chance may bring you into contact with the venerable Sarah Bauman, now past three-score. Her face is the idealization of peace, purity and contentment, and her conversation is beautiful with wisdom and godliness.

The burying ground of the association adjoins the public road. The Dunkers' manner of sepulture was

somewhat singular. Their dead were buried in close contact and in small groups. All the inscriptions are in German and begin with "Hier Ruhen." A quarter of a mile to the west of the association's grounds is a little knoll whereon the Konigsmachers and other public-spirited Baptists placed in course of erection a sandstone monument in memory of the soldiers of the Revolution who died there. After the battle of Germantown several hundred of the wounded were transported to Ephrata, where they met with kindly nursing at the hands of these people.—*Cor. Philadelphia Press.*

The Blessing of a Blunder.

A good piece of luck was that which fell to Miss Elizabeth Thompson, a lady whose paintings of scenes in military life can now command almost any price. The story goes that the first of her pictures that attracted much attention was the "Roll Call"—a picture with which many of our readers are doubtless familiar. The original purchaser paid \$500 for it and sent it to the Royal Academy. It was accepted and put in a good place and on Royal day the Prince of Wales who knows a good bit about pictures, took especial notice of it. "Who is the painter of this?" he inquired. "Miss Elizabeth Thompson, your Royal Highness," was the answer. "O, indeed! I know her very well," said the Prince; "the daughter of my old friend, Sir Thompson," mistaking one person for another. He was not corrected as most of the people present knew less about Miss Elizabeth Thompson than he did. The result was that at the Saturday dinner his Royal Highness remarked in the course of his speech that he had observed among the pictures one by Miss Elizabeth Thompson, which was destined to win much fame for its painter. He thought he was doing a good turn for a fellow member of aristocracy. The speech was published as usual and ten days afterwards Miss Thompson found herself famous. Policemen were stationed in front of her picture in the Academy to prevent people from being crowded upon it—for it was on the line—and spoiling it. The engraving dealers were besieging the young lady's doors, offering her fabulous sums for copyrights. She was thenceforth secure—her fortune was made. A London correspondent states that since that time she has received as much as 3,000 guineas, nearly \$16,000, for the right to make and sell an engraving made from a single one of her paintings. The Queen heard of the "Roll Call" picture and was anxious to see it. After her curiosity had been gratified, she signified to the owner her desire to possess it. He said that he did not care about parting with it, but that the Queen had expressed a wish, he had no choice but to comply with it. The Queen sent him a check for £120, exactly the price which he had paid and this was characterized by some daring critics as rather penurious. The gentleman thus deprived of his picture, at once gave Miss Thompson an order to paint him another one. Why did not the Queen do the same thing?—*Exchange.*

The Returning Tenderfoot.

The return of the tenderfoot has begun for the season. Yesterday I noticed a number of them trudging northward over the railroad track, their blankets on their backs and their clothes pretty well used up. They had come to Colorado on emigrant tickets and a grub-stake of twenty dollars, in the hope of stumbling across a bonanza. Of course they weren't hit very hard by a bonanza and now they are on the back track. I shall never forget the picture of one poor fellow sitting under a cottonwood tree, with his shoes off and his bare feet stretched on his blankets. What a look of appealing hunger he fixed upon the train as we whizzed by! I am still wondering if he has yet mustered up courage to put on his shoes and trudge along towards his father's farm in Kansas or Illinois. What a difference there is in an old-timer. Let him be broke and a thousand miles from home he is still as smiling as a California bride of a week on her way to the divorce court. Full of hope and running over with "sand," he is ready to tackle anything that offers, and always as happy as a clam at high water. You will never see him counting the ties on a railroad track. He is too true an American to turn back. If he can't go first-class to his destination he goes as a bullwhacker. If hungry to-day he'll probably get something to eat to-morrow. This is his country and he knows it. He is the iron soul that knows not difficulty or danger; and he is of that stuff that evolves civilization out of chaos and builds the cities of the trackless plains.—*Alamosa (Col.) Cor. Chicago Tribune.*

Madagascar Widows.

Upon the death of any man of position or wealth, on the day of the funeral the wife is placed in the house, dressed in all her best clothes, and covered with her silver ornaments, of which the Sihanaka wear a considerable quantity. There she remains until the rest of the family return home from the tomb. But as soon as they enter the house they begin to revile her with the most abusive language, telling her that it is her fault that her husband or fate has been stronger than that of her husband, and that she is virtually the cause of his death. Then they strip her of her clothes, tearing off with violence the ornaments from her ears and neck and arms; they give her a coarse cloth, a spoon with a broken handle, and a dish with the foot broken off, with which to eat; her hair is disheveled, and she is covered up with a coarse mat, and under that she remains all day long and can only leave it at night; and she may not speak to anyone who goes into the house. She is not allowed to wash her face or hands, but only the tips of her fingers. She endures all this sometimes for a year, or at least for eight months; and even when that is over, her time of mourning is not ended for a considerable period; for she is not allowed to go home to her own relations until she has been first divorced by her husband's family.

A census enumerator in Albany, N. Y., has found a woman who gave her age as thirty-three, while admitting that her daughter had a boy of fourteen.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—There is no objection to bolters in the Millers' Convention.—*Graphic.*
—When a man's curiosity is piqued, he asks sharp questions.—*Boston Transcript.*

—Freakles are not so bad. It is said one girl does not object to seeing them on another girl's face.

—The sherry-cobbler drinker is a drowning man, if one may judge by the way he catches at straws.—*N. O. Picayune.*

—You never saw my hands as dirty as that," said a petulant mother to her little girl. "No, but your ma did," was the reply.

—My son, go not with them who go to seek buck-brer with them at the last it stings like the broadcloth hornet with the red-hot narrative and kicketh like the choleric mule.

—They say that the people of these United States are recklessly extravagant and yet the Vermont man who bought the wrong kind of pills for a sick wife, to avoid having them wasted, took them himself.

—What the world is in need of is fewer men of an inquisitive turn of mind—men who are contented with looking at a buzz-saw without a desire to feel it with their fingers.—*Danielsonville Sentinel.*

—When you see a man take off his hat to you it is a sign that he respects you. But when he is seen divesting himself of his coat you can make up your mind that he intends you shall respect him.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

—At a recent Philadelphia picnic, when it was discovered that the croquet arches had been forgotten, a wicked girl suggested supplying their places with the two bow-legged young men present.—*Philadelphia Chronicle-Herald.*

—A boy can imagine almost anything. He can lug an old shot-gun about all day without firing at a living thing and be under the impression that he is having a howling good time; but all attempts to induce a boy to imagine that he is killing Indians when he is sawing wood have proved futile.

—A young man with an extremely powerful voice was in doubt what branch of musical art to adopt. He went to the composer Cherubini for advice. "Suppose you sing me a few bars," said the master. The young fellow sang so loud that the walls fairly shook. "Now," said he, "what do you think I am best fitted for?" "Auctioneer," dryly replied Cherubini.

—Little Robby, aged three years, has attended Sunday School one or two months. He is an apt scholar and gives early promise of bearing rich ethical fruitage. At play with an older brother the other day his original Adam so far got the better of him as to cause him to clinch his little fist and strike his brother. Brother Tom was about to retaliate with his more formidable weapon when Robby cried out, "No, no, no! Teacher says so mu't n't strike back when oo is hit."—*Boston Transcript.*

Nervous Dread of Lightning.

Twenty years ago the writer remembers turning with a smile to others who shrank and cried at the peals of a terrible storm in a country house. The glare of a bolt coming down the center of the room caught the eye at that very instant; the next there was an explosion that shook the house, and insensibility followed. Two men in the same room were burned by the bolt, though no lives were lost; but I have never been able to smile at lightning since. To give any idea of the terror felt on a nervous organization by the shock would involve extravagance of terms. But, unfortunately, so far from being an exception, there are too many who suffer the same harassments with me. Nor are women alone subject to this nervousness. I knew a School Superintendent and canal contractor, a man over fifty, with a large family, who would hide in a closet in a storm, and had been known to rush from his bed with fright at lightning. Many will remember the Professor of Bowdoin College who always retreated to the cellar in a thunder-storm, although his house was bristling with lightning-rods. The strongest man I ever knew who could throw another man across the street, and work a hand-press in a printing-office as if he were a part of the machine, was discharged as a reporter because his desk was vacant every time there was a thunder-storm. The mother of Washington was afraid of lightning, and never failed to retreat to her room at the first flash of a storm, where she stayed till the last flash died away. The physical effects of this fear are most depressing. One woman knows when a storm is coming hours before by a prostration of strength and spirits, accompanied by symptoms like cholera. One of the most dauntless young women I know was sick in bed for hours after the great storm at Springfield, Mass., last year. She had received a shock of lightning years before and never fails to be ill in a thunder-storm since.

Reason and study of the laws of lightning have done much to lessen the fear of it. It is true we live between two magazines of electricity—one in the earth and the other in the air—and a cloud charged with electricity passing over a point or body in a negative condition will discharge its surplus by the very quickest and most congenial medium, which it finds in the human body, or a tree or house indifferently. But it is also true that, provide the lightning with a convenient and easy conductor in the shape of a stout iron rod higher than any point of a house and reaching well into the ground, where electricity may scatter harmlessly into the damp earth, it will prefer that conducting rod to anything in its vicinity, and people who stay indoors in a well-protected house are safer from lightning than any bomb-proof from bursting shells. Every accident from this cause I ever knew of came from careless exposure in situations known to be unsafe. The first I noticed after my own accident was that of a missionary's daughter who was killed while passing an open window, just as a woman was on Long Island last summer, while sitting at her sewing-machine. A young man in Malden, I think, was killed while sitting on a porch with his chair tipped back and his head against the knob of a door-bell, making an excellent connection

with the bell-wire. Many men have been struck while riding into a barn on a load of hay. Many will remember the frightful calamity at Scranton, Pa., where a party of women, out picking berries on one of the high hills, crowded into a deserted log hut in a sudden storm and seven were killed by one bolt. Steep hills with mineral veins cropping out are not places for persons to live on who wish to escape lightning, and unprotected houses there are doubly dangerous.

It is never too soon to go in the house when a storm is rising. When the clouds are fully charged with electricity they are most dangerous and the fluid obeys a subtle attraction which acts at great distances and in all directions. A woman told me of a bolt which came down her mother's chimney from a rising cloud when the sun was shining overhead. N. P. Willis writes of a young girl who was killed while passing under a telegraph wire, on the brow of a hill, while she was hurrying home before a storm. The sad accident at Morrisania, when two children were killed, should warn every mother that it is not safe to let her children stay out of doors till the last minute before the storm falls. People should not be fool-hardy about sitting on porches or by open windows, whether the storm is hard or not. Mild showers often carry a single charge, which falls with deadly effect. It may or may not be fatal to stay out; it is safe to be in the house, with the windows and doors closed. The air in the house is a reader conductor than the damp air outside and any draft of air invites it. A hot fire in a chimney attracts it, so to speak, and it is particularly those who would be sure of safety to use kerosene or gas stoves in summer and avoid heating the chimneys of the houses. People are very ignorant or reckless about lightning. I have seen a girl of eighteen crying with fear of lightning and running every other moment to the window to see if the storm was not abating, unconscious that she was putting herself in danger. If every one would hurry to shelter as soon as the storm cloud was coming and if they would shut the doors and windows and keep away from them afterward and from wires, stovepipes, mantels, chimneys, heaters and mirrors, with their silvered backs which carry electricity, and keep away from lightning rods and their vicinity and from metal water spouts, with good rods on their houses, they might diminish the fear of lightning from their minds, so far as it is a thing of reason and not impression.—*Hartford (Conn.) Times.*

Advice to Lady Travelers.

The following rules for the regulation of lady railway passengers are laid down by the Burlington Hawk-Eye.

1. Be sure you know where you want to go before you get on the train.
2. When you purchase your ticket you will have to pay for it; no use to tell the ticket agent to "charge it and send the bill to your husband." And if he says the price of the ticket is \$2.96, don't tell him you can get one just like it of the conductor at the other store for \$2.50; he won't believe you, and may laugh at you.

3. Never travel without money. It requires broad views, liberal education, keen discernment and profound judgment to travel without money. No one can do this successfully but tramps and editors.

4. Beware of the commercial traveler. Don't give a stranger your ticket and ask him to go out and check your trunk. He will usually be only too glad to do it. And what is more he will do it, and your trunk will go so effectually checked that it will never catch up with you again. And then when the conductor asks for your ticket and you relate to him the pleasing little allegory about the stranger and the baggage, he will look incredulous and smile down upon you from half-closed eyes and say that it is a beautiful romance, but he has heard it before. And then, you will put up your jewelry or disembark at the next station.

5. If you are going three hundred miles don't try to get off the train every fifteen minutes under the impression that you are there. If you get there in twelve hours you will be doing excellently.

6. Call the brakeman "conductor;" he has grown proud since he got his new uniform and it will flatter him.

7. Put your shawl-strap, bundle and two paper parcels in the hat rack; hang your bird-cage to the corner of it, so that when it drops off it will fall into the lap of the old gentleman sitting behind you; and your four house-plants on the window sill set your lunch-basket on the seat beside you; fold your shawls on top of it; carry your pocket-book in one hand and hold your silver mug in the other; put your two valises under the seat and hold your band-box and the rest of your things in your lap. Then you will have all your baggage handy and won't be worried or flustered about it when you have only twenty-nine seconds in which to change cars.

8. Address the conductor every ten minutes. It pleases him to have you notice him. If you can't think of any new question to ask him, ask him the same old one every time. Always call him "Say," or "Mister."

9. Pick up all the information you are really traveling. Open the window and look forward to see how fast the engine is going. Then when you get home you can tell the children about the big cinder you picked up with your eye and how nice and warm it was and what it tasted like.

10. Don't hang your parasol on the cord that passes down the middle of the car. It isn't a clothesline. It looks like one, but it isn't.

11. Keep an eye on the passenger who calls the day after Monday "Chew-day." He can't be trusted a car's length.

12. Do not attempt to change a \$20 bill for any one, if you have only \$9.35 with you; it can't be done.

13. If you want a nap always lie with your head projecting over the end of the seat, into the aisle. Then everybody who goes up or down the aisle will wash your hat, straighten out your frizzes and knock off your back hair. This will keep you from sleeping so soundly that you will be carried by your station.

For Young Readers.

A BIRD STORY.

It's strange how little boys' mothers can find it all out as they do. If a fellow does anything naughty or says anything that a mother would like to hear, you just as a moment, they'll be in your bosom swells, and then they know all about it—
For a little bird tale!

Now where the little bird comes from, or where the little bird goes, if he's covered with beautiful plumage, or if he's as big as the king of the crows; if his voice is as loud as a raven, or clear as the ringing of bells, I know not—but this I am sure of—
A little bird tale!

The moment you think a thing is wicked, the moment you do a thing bad, are angry or sorrowful or hateful, or get ugly or afraid or mad, or tease a dear brother or sister—
That in that your sentence he knells, And the whole to mamma in a minute
That little bird tale!

You may be in the depths of a closet where nobody sees, but a mouse, you may be all alone in the cellar, you may be on the top of the house, you may be in the dark, and the distance, or out in the woods and the dells—
No matter, wherever it happens,
That little bird tale!

And the only contrivance to stop him is just to be sure what you say—
Sure of your facts and your facts, sure of your work and your play; Be honest, be brave and be kind, Be gentle and loving as well, And then—
You can laugh at the stories
The little birds tell!

The Travels of the Stones.

Near a house where I often visit there lies in a wall a fragment of rounded stone some two feet in diameter, of peculiar appearance. Its large white crystals of feldspar in the darker mass make it very noticeable to even the careless observer. Yet no ledge like this stone has been found anywhere in the vicinity. Where did it come from? Did it drop out of the sky? We might think so if it were not the fact that seventy-five or eighty miles north of this place there are ledges of just such material, and along the line toward these ledges many similar stones are found. There can be little doubt that in some way they came from those ledges.

It is not always so easy to recognize a stone, but all over the country, where there are rounded stones at all, many of them will be found on examination to belong to quite distant ledges. We cannot help asking how stones could travel so far.

The wind could not blow them along. No beasts or birds can be thought of as having carried them. There are wild stories about some of the most rocky regions that evil spirits hurled the rocks at one another, or at angels, in furious combat. But if we can find any more natural way of explaining the moving of the stones to their present places it will be safer to accept that than to fall back on legend and poetry.

To begin with the simplest example, sometimes even large stones may be carried several miles by a brook or river. Though a stone will not float in water, yet a boy can lift a stone to the top of the water which is too heavy for him to lift out of the water. In time of freshet, after heavy rains or when the snow is melting in the spring, there is sometimes force enough in the full, rapid current to sweep and roll along stones several feet in diameter. This is one of the ways angular stones are rounded into pebbles.

At the close of our northern winters, when the ice breaks up in the rivers, whatever is on or in the ice is carried down the stream. The melting raft becomes weaker mile by mile and drops its burden sometimes near the starting point, sometimes miles away. In these ways the rivers may carry the stones. Rivers do not all run now in their old channels, so that what they brought down hundreds of years ago may to-day be high and dry far away from their present beds.

The rivers alone, however, will account for the transportation of only a very small part of the stones that have wandered away from home. Many of them are on the tops of hills where no river could flow. I remember seeing a great boulder of granite on the top of a high island in Massachusetts Bay. There is no other granite on the island and the shore is several miles away. No river could have brought this stone across the strait. Some other means must be thought of.

We know that icebergs float hundreds of miles, and sometimes they have carried animals and even men long distances. We know, too, that the sea has in former ages covered great regions that are now land. Lake Champlain, for example, is now nearly a hundred feet higher than the sea, but along its shores and many feet higher are clay beds in which are many salt water shells. Once the sea filled all that valley and overflowed into the valley of the Hudson River, so that icebergs may have floated through that arm of the sea, scattering as they melt some of the strange stones we now find in such strange places.—*Christian Union.*

A Tree Album.

Many of our boys and girls, we venture to say, would like to know how to make a collection of specimens illustrating the trees of their own neighborhood and of other parts of the country. We hardly need remind them that the only way to get a complete knowledge and to enjoy the beauty of natural objects is to examine them closely, and find out all their little peculiarities. We may take long walks through the groves and woods, and spend a great deal of time there, and yet when we get home we may know very little about them. We might remember that we had seen a great many trees, but not be able to tell of what kinds they were, how their branches and leaves were shaped, or what they were, or anything about them.

Now such knowledge is very pleasant to have, and will afford a great deal of pure enjoyment. The more we know about the beautiful trees, the more we will value them, and find entertainment in admiring them.

It is a good plan to bring home from our rambles small portions of them, so that we can examine them minutely at our leisure. The bark, the leaves, and the blossoms are the most important; they are what we look at to recognize a tree, and we should have specimens of each. The first necessary step is to find some way of arranging and preserving them. A good method is to get some paste-

board or stout paper, and cut it into sheets of convenient size—say eight inches long and five wide. Then a box will be needed to keep them in, so that they will not get lost or soiled. Give one sheet to each tree, and upon it paste a piece of the bark, a leaf and a blossom. The bark should not be taken from the tree where it is too coarse and clumsy, but where it is nearly smooth and perfect, and gives the best idea of the tree; nor should too thin a piece be taken, as when it gets dry it may wrinkle up and crumble to pieces. It may be well to take off with the bark a thin layer of the wood to stiffen it and keep it smooth. A piece of bark about three inches long and two wide would be of a good size.

The blossoms will have to be pressed and dried before they are attached to the sheet. Take care to lay them so as to show the face and the inside parts as plainly as possible. It may be well in some cases to press two or more blossoms, laying them in different positions, so that every part can be seen.

The leaves will be easy, as they are mostly flat. If they are small, several may be taken, or a little twig. If the under side of the leaf is very different from the upper, or is remarkable for its hairs, or for any reason, one leaf should be placed with the under side upward.

Care should be taken to do the pasting neatly, so that the sheet will look prettily, and the parts can be readily examined by the eye alone, or with a magnifying glass, or microscope, which reveals many interesting facts that cannot be discovered by the eye unaided.

In this way the trees can be studied at any time, even in winter, when the world outside is bare and dreary, and the evenings are long, and afford fine opportunity for such amusement. And what is more important still, the sheets prepared as we have shown can be sent through the mail to distant parts of the land, where the trees displayed on them do not grow, and are wholly unknown.

Thus our young readers, scattered over the United States and Canada and elsewhere, can supply each other with specimens, so that each may make up a collection from the trees growing over a very wide area.

Most trees are very long lived, and some are still living that are known to be hundreds of years old. Certain kinds of wood, too, seem almost incapable of decay if protected from the weather.

Probably the oldest timber in the world which has been used by man is that found in the ancient temples of Egypt, in connection with the stone-work, which is known to be at least four thousand years old. This, the only wood used in the construction of the temple, is in the form of ties, holding the end of one stone to another. When two blocks were laid in place, an excavation about an inch deep was made in each block, into which a tie shaped like an hour-glass was driven.

The ties appear to have been of the tamarisk or shittim wood, or which the ark was constructed—a sacred tree in ancient Egypt, and now very rarely found in the valley of the Nile. The dovetailed ties are just as sound now as on the day of their insertion. Although fuel is extremely scarce in the country, these bits of wood are not large enough to make it an object with the Arabs to heave off layer after layer to obtain them. Had they been of bronze, half the old temples would have been destroyed years ago.—*Harpur's Young People.*

The Young Man Who Went West.

Here, too, is the very young man from some pleasant New England village. This is his first venture out in the world. He has just left a home where everybody knew everybody else for miles around—where families were knit together by the contact of generations—where people socially rated more or less through family, as in old settled countries—where the streets had run in the same old curve for centuries, and the elm overshadowing were almost as old as the streets, and where nightly in the summer time he sat with the girls, his cousins, and others not his cousins on the doorstep. He is here in Kansas City "looking for a situation," homesick and heartsick amid all this to him chaos and disruption. Everything is on the move, nothing is finished; the Missouri is disgustingly mammoth and muddy in comparison with the clear waters of his home river; his cakes, coffee and bread are not those of "mother's baking;" there is no social circle into which he has grown, pushing his way rapidly ahead, already a town councillor or a delegate, or on the road to Congress. Smith, the almost despised in Fogumville, Conn., is now one of influence, and our lone young man is as yet almost a nobody and unknown in Kansas City, but he is learning that when merit and ability, be it of whatever order or quality it may, has a fair chance and start, why social grades and all that are revolutionized. This is what happens still at the West. Let us be up from infancy and take his place without effort. It is all strange, unfamiliar, and seemingly heartless. It's a bitter dose, but it's good discipline. The young man will in time find that he has been overprotected and nursed in the old home, that he has enjoyed social privileges he may never have earned. Perhaps he sees young Smith from his own village, Smith who rated socially a grade or two below him, and who never aspired to being to tea at the biggest and whitest house in the place, now a "rising man," thankful that there is still some of the "far West" left. There will not be by 1900 at this rate of "progression."—*Prentice Mulford, in New York Graphic.*

A TRAMP bill passed by the New York Legislature provides that every tramp upon conviction as such shall be punished by imprisonment, at hard labor, in the nearest Penitentiary, for not more than one year, and that all persons who rove about from place to place begging, and all vagrants living without labor, or visible means of support, who stroll over the country without lawful occupation, shall be held to be tramps within the meaning of this act.

"If I should meet the Bostonly rebel that shot me," said a Dastardly war veteran on drawing \$1,600 in pension arrears, "he'd have to swallow half a bottle of wine."