

HISTORICAL TREES.

THEY CONNECT THE PRESENT WITH THE PAST.

Creatures Around Which Cling Many Tender Memories of Far-Off Colonial Times—Fading or Gone, Their History Is Still Revealed.

There have been no Methuselahs since the flood. Man's maximum of life is a century. Only the elephant and the tortoise feebly imitate the longevity of the antediluvians. But there are living things that outlive them all—things stately far than the tallest man or largest quadruped, living things that were companions of the gray beards before the flood and lived to bless their hoary-headed grandchildren. Such are now the only living link between us and the remote past. They are trees—grand

mentioned. Charles II. granted the charter that was concealed in the old oak and he himself hid in the hollow of an old oak in England after the battle of Worcester.



THE WASHINGTON ELM AT CAMBRIDGE.

In the Kensington precinct, Philadelphia, there stood until 1810 an old elm, known as Penn's Treaty Tree, because under it the renowned Quaker made his compact with the Indians. "I will not call you children," said Penn, addressing the Indians, "for parents sometimes chide their children too severely; nor brothers only, for brothers differ. The friendship between you and me I will not compare to a chain, for that the rains might rust or the falling tree might break. We are the same as if one man's body were to be divided into two parts; we are all one flesh and blood." Would that that sentiment had been preached and practiced elsewhere!

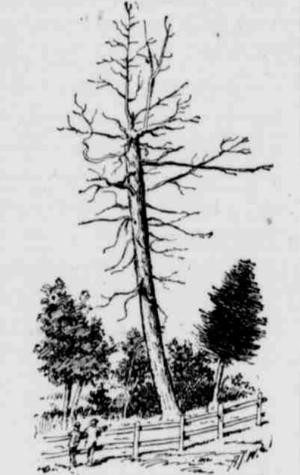
Until 1860 there stood in New York a venerable willow tree that has an interesting history. When the English poet, Pope, built his villa at Twickenham, he



THE BIG TREE.

old trees, about which memories cluster like the trailing vines. In the shadows of the dark forest, in the light of the lofty hills, in the warmth and beauty of the broad plains of the great globe, they stand in matchless dignity. But they are few. They are patriarchs in the society of the vegetable kingdom, receiving the homage of myriads of children. With what mute eloquence do they address us? With what moving paths do the trees of Olivet discourse of Jesus, his beautiful life and sublime death? How the cedars of Lebanon talk of Solomon and Hiram, and the great temple of Jerusalem? In our own country and our own time there have been and still are ancient trees intimately connected with our history as colonists and as a nation, and which command the reverence of every American heart.

Probably the most ancient of these living links, connecting the present and the past, was the Big Tree that stood on



THE JANE M'CREA TREE.

planted a small twig that a friend had sent him from Smyrna, and the little twig became the parent of all its kind—the sally Fabyonica, or Weeping Willow—in England's and in the United States. One of the British officers who went to Boston in 1775 to crush the American rebellion had with him a twig from Pope's



THE CHARTER OAK.

the bank of the Genesee River, near the village of Genesee, N. Y. When the white man first saw it it was the patriarch of the Genesee Valley, and was so revered by the Senecas that they named their village "Big Tree." It also gave name to an eminent Seneca chief, who was the friend of Washington and his cause. During a great flood in the Genesee valley in 1857 the Big Tree was swept away and buried in the bottom of Lake Ontario. The trunk measured 26 feet 9 inches in circumference.

Probably next in age to the Big Tree was the famous Charter Oak in the City of Hartford, Conn., which was standing in the height of its glory and estimated to be 600 years old when Hooker and his followers planted the seeds of a commonwealth there. On a stormy night in



WAYNE'S BLACK WALNUT.

willow to plant in his American grounds. The twig was presented to Mr. Custis, Washington's stepson, and was planted at Abingdon, Virginia. In 1791 General Gates planted a shoot from it on his farm on Manhattan Island, and it became in time a beautiful willow, the grandchild of Pope's willow at Twickenham.

When the battle of Bunker Hill was fought the great conflict for American independence was begun. Washington was appointed Commander-in-chief of the continental forces, and on July 2, 1775, he took up his headquarters at Cambridge, Mass. On the following morning he proceeded to a great elm



PENN'S TREATY TREE.

August, 1854, the old oak was prostrated. Connected with it is a curious episode. When James II. ascended the English throne he took measures to suppress the growth of free government in America, and sent over Edmund Andross to take away the charters from the different Colonies and rule over them as Governor General. Connecticut refused to give up her charter, and when Andross attempted to seize it during a night session of the Assembly, Capt. Wadsworth bore the charter away and secreted it in a hollow of the old oak. When James II. was deposed and Andross banished



THE RHODE ISLAND SYCAMORE.

tree at the north end of Cambridge common, and, drawing his sword, formally took command of the army of Boston. The old elm tree was known afterward as Washington's elm.

Near the dividing line between North and South Carolina stood a famous tulip tree, marking the spot where the Americans in October, 1780, defeated a portion of Lord Cornwallis' army. After the battle the Tories were suspended from their branches and the tree was afterward called the Tory Tulip Tree.

Until about 1852 a majestic pine tree stood by the highway between the villages of Fort Edward and Sandy Hill, on the upper Hudson. Upon its trunk was carved "Jane McCrea, 1777." The story of Jane McCrea is a sad one. She was a New Jersey clergyman's daughter, and on his death removed to her brother's place near Fort Edward. A neighbor's son became her lover, and being a loyalist entered the army of Burgoyne. In 1777 Jane was captured by Indians. Pursuit was given and a bullet intended for the savages pierced her heart, kill-



GATES' WEeping WILLOW.

from New England, the charter was taken from its hiding place and the government re-established under it. In this connection an interesting fact may be

ing her instantly. Her lover purchased the locks of his beloved, deserted the army and retired to Canada, where he bewailed his betrothed's fate until the end of his life.

In 1779 Washington sent Gen. Wayne—Mad Anthony—to storm the fort on Stony Point, in the Hudson Highlands. Under a black walnut tree, in the stillness of night, Wayne gave his orders to his little band, and stealthily as tigers they approached the fort and surprised it. In the early morning Wayne, who said to Washington when asked if he could carry the fort, "I'll storm hell if you will only plan it," wrote to the chief, "The fort and garrison and Col. Johnston are ours." The walnut tree has perished.

Near Seaconnet, R. I., stood a venerable sycamore tree, the only one left in that section of the State by the British when they evacuated it in October, 1779. Seaconnet Channel was the scene of one



THE MAGNOLIA COUNCIL TREE, CHARLESTON.

of the most dashing exploits of the war of independence. The British had blocked it up with a floating battery, the Pigot, armed with twelve 3-pounders and ten swivels. Captain Silas Talbot undertook the capture of the Pigot. Embarking sixty men on the Hawk, a coasting schooner, armed, beside small arms, with only three 3-pounders, he sailed down under cover of darkness, grappled the enemy, boarded, drove the crew below, coiled the cables over the hatchway to secure his prisoners, and carried off his prize to Stonington.

In Charleston there stood until 1849 a beautiful magnolia tree whose branches spread over more than 200 square feet. It was under this tree that Gen. Lincoln held a council in 1780 to determine whether Charleston, which was then besieged by Sir Henry Clinton, should be evacuated. It was resolved to remain,



THE TORY TULIP TREE.

but a few weeks later the Americans surrendered to the British army, which had then been re-enforced by Lord Cornwallis.

At Drummond's Pond, in Dismal Swamp, Virginia, is pointed out a tall tree under which Washington is said to have passed a night in colonial times. When Moore, the Irish poet, visited Norfolk in 1834, he heard the story of the young man who, on the death of a girl he loved, became insane. He believed she was not dead, but had made the swamp her abode, and under that impression he wandered into its solitudes and perished. This was the origin of his touching ballad, commencing:

"They made her a grave too cold and damp
For a soul so warm and true;
And she's gone to the Lake of the Dismal
Swamp.
Where all night long, by her fire-fly lamp,
She paddles her white canoe,
And her dre-ful lamp I soon shall see,
And her paddle I soon shall hear:
Long and loving our life shall be,
And I'll hide the maid in a cypress tree
When the footsteps of death are near."

At the junction of the St. Mary and St. Joseph Rivers, where they form the Maumee River, Indiana, is the site of the most noted of the Miami (Indian) villages. There Little Turtle, the famous Miami chief, was born and lived until late in life. He and his people have long since passed away, and only a single living thing remains with which they were associated. It is a venerable apple tree, which, if not standing, was at least bearing fruit a few years ago. It is opposite the city of Fort Wayne.

The last in our order of historical trees stood in the eastern part of the village of Flushing, L. I., a few miles from New York. George Fox, the founder of the



THE FOX OAK AT FLUSHING, L. I.

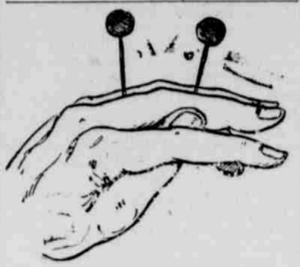
Society of Friends preached under it in 1672, and afterward it was held in deep regard by the Quakers. It was a white oak.

A FACE OF YOUR FINGERS.

This is a Simple Device with Which to Amuse the Children.

One of the most convenient accomplishments is to know how to amuse children easily. Whether we be bachelors or benedicts the occasion always comes, and sometimes pretty often, when we are taxed to our wits' ends to keep the little tots "good."

Here is a simple little device that I have many times found efficacious. It is to make an old woman's face, and so grotesquely comical is the likeness that



HOW THE OLD WOMAN IS MADE.

it never fails to amuse. I have even known children of a larger growth to be startled at it when the weazen, monkey-like looking face is suddenly shown them.

A handkerchief, two black braided hat-pins such as ladies use and your hand are all the materials that are needed to juggle with.

Double up one hand with the middle joints of the fingers protruding. Between the second and third fingers on either side of the joints place a hat pin, with just the black head protruding, for eyes. Shoe buttons will do quite as well if you can hold them be-



THE OLD WOMAN.

tween your fingers. Let the tip of the thumb be thrust through the angle between the first and second fingers, which forms the mouth. It will appear like a tongue.

And there you have the whole face. The first finger forms the chin, the second the nose, and the third the forehead. Now fold a handkerchief and draw it over and around the hand, thus arranged to resemble a cap, and the transformation is completed.

By moving the first finger and thumb a very ludicrous expression, like a numbling pantomime, is attained.

Try it on the baby, and see if the little one does not crow with delight and insist on its frequent repetition.—*New York Herald.*

THE GERMAN A HERO.

But the Italians Were Spiritless and Cowardly Wretches.

The recent experience of the steamship Sophie, Captain Von Hugo, shows of what contemptible stuff most of the Italians who come to America are made. The Sophie had just weathered a heavy gale, and her officers were still keeping anxious watch, when the morning light disclosed a bark near by in desperate peril. Her masts gone, her decks awash, and her crew lashed to the taffrail. Despite the unfavorable conditions, Captain Hugo determined to attempt a rescue. To the call for volunteers his four officers responded with a will; but not a single one of his crew of cowardly Italians could be induced to aid in saving the unfortunate mariners from certain death. Appeals, expostulations, threats, and promised rewards were alike futile; the miserable wretches would not stir. Not daring to leave his ship without an officer in the hands of the Italians, the brave Captain had determined to stand by and render such aid as further time might make possible, when up from the cook's galley, with his white cap and apron on and his arms covered with flour to the elbow, came Henry Schmit and coolly said he was willing to try his hand at an oar. The boat was manned, and in two trips between the little steamer and the sinking bark fourteen lives were saved.

The ancient rhyme has made everybody familiar with the cook:

And a red cook was he,
Who care more for his kettles and pots
Than he did for the depths of the sea.

But the cook of song and tradition is not the hen of this shipwreck on the edge of the Grand Banks. That brave fellow may or may not be able to impart the flavor of Ambrosia to plum-duff and put a soul into lobscouse; but he has shown the whole world that he has a big heart and a cool head, and that both are at the service of his fellow-men. Hats off to Henry Schmit, cook of the steamer Sophie in fair weather, able seaman in an emergency!

School Luncheon.

In filling the lunch basket, and a pretty one should be provided for every child, a clean napkin, a small knife, fork and spoon, with a little china or plated cup, should be placed in the bottom. The bread should be cut thin, and buttered neatly, next a slice from the lean part of a joint, the fat and ragged edges trimmed away. Cakes and pies, folded in clean white paper, custards and jellies put in pretty cups. We were once much amused by hearing a grown woman, the mother of a family, whose fastidiousness had survived her childhood, in speaking of a former schoolmate, "Oh, she was the girl who always brought horrid chunks of bread and meat, wrapped in brown

paper, to school for lunch. She sat close to me, and the sight of it took my appetite for the contents of my own dainty basket. I do not wonder, notwithstanding her educational advantages, that she grew up coarse and unrefined." And, indeed, such indifference on the part of a mother to the preparation of food to be eaten by a child is well calculated to produce such a result.

Mothers, then, who have the health and welfare of their children at heart, should do all that is possible to give the school luncheon an appetizing and dainty appearance to the little people who depend so largely on it for the brain force and working powers of their long, tiresome school day.—*Table Talk.*

The D parted.

An up-town clubman who is very much in trade and keeps an eye always on the main chance came to grief the other day through inviting to his country house a visitor from the West who was visiting the city to spend a lot of money in a business way. The clubman-merchant wanted the visitor's custom and took this hospitable way to secure it. The visitor found at his host's a company who were laying plans for horseback rides and other bucolic sports. In order to make himself congenial to such a company he appeared at dinner wearing spurs. His host's friends were unable to repress their amusement. This proved so embarrassing to the visitor that when supper was passed to him he upset it, spilling the scalding liquid in his lap. The mishap was too ludicrous to excite sympathy. Its reception in a spirit of levity decided him to leave the table. Doing so in some haste, one of his spurs caught in the table-cloth, and in less time than it takes to tell it he had hauled the cloth off, dragging with it to the floor the soup of the guests and a jumble of cut glass, silverware, cutlery and other table appointments. The visitor did not stop to apologize. His room was handy, and before the debris could be removed the host and guests spied their Western friend, luggage in hand, hat set back on his ears and his spurs flashing, bounding down the road toward the railway station. That was the last seen of him to date.—*New York Times.*

Why Snow is White.

The pure white luster of snow is due to the fact that all the elementary colors of light are blended together in the radiance that is thrown off from the surface of the crystals. It is quite possible to examine the individual snow crystals in such a way as to detect these several colors before they are mingled together to constitute the compound impression of whiteness upon the eye. The snow is then clothed with all the varied hues of the rainbow. The soft whiteness of the snow is also in some degree referable to the large quantity of air which is entangled among the frozen particles.

Snow is composed of a great number of minute crystals, explains London *Tid-Bits*. More than a thousand distinct forms of snow crystals have been enumerated by various observers. One hundred and fifty-one were noticed during eight days in February and March 1855, by Mr. Glashier, which were carefully drawn, engraved and printed in a paper attached to the report of the British Meteorological Society for that year.

The minute crystals and prisms reflect all the compound rays of which white light consists. Sheets of snow on the ground are known to reflect beautiful pink and blue tints under certain angles of sunshine, and to fling back so much light as to be painful to the eyes by day, and to guide the traveler, in the absence of moonshine, by night.

Thirteen a Lucky Number.

The old superstition that the number 13 is unlucky is supposed to have its origin as far back as the last supper, when Judas betrayed his Lord and afterward hung himself. There are, however, instances where 13 has been a lucky number, as in a baker's dozen, where one loaf is added to the dozen for luck.

There is also an account of a British soldier in the reign of William and Mary who was court-martialed for having fallen asleep at midnight when on sentry guard upon the terrace at Windsor. He most solemnly declared that he was innocent of the offense, and to prove it swore that he heard the clock Tom of Westminster strike 13 when it should have struck 12.

The court refused to believe that he could hear the clock at that great distance, and sentenced him to death, but when a number of people came forward and made affidavit that the clock did actually strike 13 on the same night he was pardoned.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Decisive Battles of the World.

Of modern battles the following were very important in their results: The victory of the Americans over Burgoyne at Saratoga, 1777; the battle of Valmy, 1792, in which an invading army of Prussians, Austrians and Hessians, under the command of the Duke of Brunswick, were defeated by the French under Dumouriez; the battle of Waterloo, 1815, in which the French, under Napoleon, were defeated by the allied armies of Russia, Austria, Prussia and England, under the Duke of Wellington; and the great naval battle of Trafalgar, on October 21, 1805, when the English under Lord Nelson defeated the French and Spanish. It destroyed the hopes of Napoleon as to a successful invasion of England. Lord Nelson was killed.

Excellent Cause.

"Why, Johnny, how is this? Willie is crying very hard, and says you've been pinching him and pulling him all around the yard."

"Well, mamma, I should think I had good cause."

"Pray, what was that?"

"Why, he said that he liked you a great deal better than I did, and I liked you two years before he was ever thought of."

Rivals.

He—Miss Sharp has a very fine voice.

She—No wonder. She grinds it so much.

Confirmed.

The favorable impression produced on the first appearance of the agreeable liquid fruit remedy, Syrup of Figs, a few years ago, has been more than confirmed by the pleasant experience of all who have used it, and the success of the proprietors and manufacturers, the California Fig Syrup Company.

Sanitary Instincts.

A contributor to *The Forum* calls attention to the fact that the unwholesomeness of artificial sugar is recognized even by our dumb fellow-creatures, and that wasps and bees turn with an angry hum from the chemical product known as saccharine. But the same argument might be used against the dependents of the alcohol habit. There are animals to whom the odor of putrefaction seems to be a most attractive aroma, and salt does not wholly protect meat from the attacks of certain insects; but neither insects, birds nor beasts can ever be driven by extremes of heat to quench their thirst with brandy. The mere odor of distilled fluids is so repulsive to our instinct-guided fellow-creatures that in the preservation of anatomical curiosities alcohol is a better pickle than arsenious acid.

A Fragile Structure.

A system which chronic indigestion has depleted and rendered nervous and feeble is, indeed, a very fragile structure, a tenement fast tottering into irrevocable decay. Excessive irritability of temper, abnormal and causeless anxiety, hypochondria, hysteria, and sleeplessness—these are some of the manifestations of nervousness. That grand, invigorating nerve, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, tranquillizes by strengthening the nerves, accomplishing the double result through the medium of renewed digestion and assimilation. No tonic in existence exhibits such thoroughness, produces such speedily appreciable effects as the Bitters. It is perfectly reliable safeguard against malaria and dangerous kidney trouble, and renouves completely liver and bowel inactivity and disorder. Nervous invalids should not fail to fortify their systems with this benign protective, which merits a persistent trial.

A Ship Canal Through Scotland.

A new scheme has been brought forward for the construction of a ship canal across Scotland, to connect the German and Atlantic Oceans by means of a waterway navigable by ocean-going steamers. The total cost of the work would be about \$30,000,000.

SCIENCE HELPLESS.—All doctors agree

to enjoy good health the mind must be kept in a cheerful condition, but no doctor on earth can give a man points that will make him joyful when his collar doesn't fit, and in this connection it is very fitting to remark that Dr. White's Pulmonaria has brought joy and gladness to thousands of women by its wonderful cures of loved ones who had been given up to die of consumption.

Very Accommodating.

Mrs. Wedayear with a small attack of the grippe, and a large attack of blues—And if I should die, Ernest, would you come and sit by my grave? Earnest—Oh, gladly! gladly!

True generosity does not consist in obeying every impulse of humanity, in following blind passion for our guide, and impairing our circumstances by present benefactions so as to render us incapable of future ones.

A PHYSICIAN recently said: "Probably Lydia E. Pinkham has done more for woman-kind than all the doctors combined. A woman understands those matters better than we do."

"But there is so much to learn!" returned Mercy, in a hopeless tone. "That is the joy of existence," Ian replied. "We are not bound to know; we are bound to learn."—*George MacDonald.*

S. K. COBURN, Mgr., Clarie Scott, writes: "I find Hall's Catarrh Cure a valuable remedy." Druggists sell it, 75c.

WHAT a man is at home, that he is indeed, if not to the world, yet to his own conscience and to God.

The good health of every woman depends greatly upon herself; delays through false modesty are dangerous. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will cure nine cases out of ten.

HABIT is a cable. We weave a thread each day until it becomes so strong we cannot break it.

THE best cough medicine is Piso's Cure for Consumption. Sold every where, 25c.

HABITS are to the soul what the veins and arteries are to the blood—the courses in which it moves.

FTTS—All fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No fits after first day's use. Mailed on receipt of 60c. Treatise and \$2.00 trial bottle free to fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 301 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

HAPPINESS is like the statue of Isis, whose veil no mortal ever raised.

Don't Feel Well,

And yet you are not sick enough to consult a doctor, or you refrain from so doing for fear you will alarm yourself and friends—we will tell you just what you need. It is Hood's Sarsaparilla, which will soon lift you out of that uncertain, uncomfortable and dangerous condition into a state of good health, confidence and cheerfulness. You've no idea how potent this peculiar medicine is in such cases as yours.

N. B. If you decide to take Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to buy anything else instead.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. 75c. per bottle. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

IF YOU HAVE Malaria or Piles, Sick Headache, Costive Bowels, Dumb Ague, Sour Stomach and Belching; if your food does not assimilate and you have no appetite,

Tutt's Pills

will cure these troubles. Price, 25 cents.

The Soap

that

Cleans

Most

is Lenox.