

GREAT SALT LAKE.

The Probable Outlet Accidentally Discovered by a Boy.

Peter Whitford, a farmer, living a few miles southeast of this city, and his son Frank 19 years of age, were looking for some stray cattle. They were on horseback, and followed the track of the cattle to within a few miles of the most southern point of the lake. Frank was riding some distance in advance of his father, and was grazing intently on the ground, as the tracks of the cattle was somewhat indistinct. While they were riding quietly along in this manner, Mr. Whitford was startled by a shout from his son, and looking quickly up, he saw Frank throw his arms about into the air, while his horse was plunging wildly as if terror-stricken. At the same time there was a deep rumbling sound, that seemed to come from the center of the earth. In an instant, and before Mr. Whitford had time to think, his son and the horse he rode had disappeared from view, and in the place where they had been a yawning chasm appeared, from the sides of which the earth was still caving and dropping down.

Mr. Whitford for several moments was stupefied with terror, and then, as he began to realize the terrible situation, he became almost frantic. The last piercing shriek of his son was ringing in his ears, and he could not tell how far he had fallen, or what dreadful fate he had met. The aperture seemed to be about fifty feet in width, and was nearly circular. Mr. Whitford noticed that on the opposite side from where he was standing the earth seemed comparatively solid. He therefore proceeded cautiously around, and, face downward, crept slowly and carefully forward until he was enabled to peer over the brink of the chasm. At first he could distinguish nothing but impenetrable darkness. The faint rush of waters far below was the only sound that greeted his ear, and after gazing intently for several moments he beheld the glimmer and foam of the water. He then began to "hello" loudly, and waiting a few minutes for a reply, he heard a faint response come up from the depths below. He was overjoyed by the discovery that his son was still alive, and immediately set about to devise some means for his rescue. Fortunately, he carried upon the horn of his saddle a stout lariat rope, about fifty feet in length, which he hastily procured and lowered over the side of the opening. Frank shouted up that it would not reach by several feet, and Mr. Whitford lengthened it by adding the bridle reins, when he was overjoyed by the discovery that it reached his son. Frank fastened the rope securely around his body and shouted for his father to draw him up. Although he is very small in stature, and does not weigh over 125 pounds, it was only by superhuman efforts that Mr. Whitford succeeded in drawing him up, and twice he came near being dragged over the brink himself. But he was finally successful, however, and the emotions of the father and son, when the latter was safely landed on solid ground, can be more readily imagined than described. Frank was entirely uninjured except a few bruises on the left leg. He described his sensations while descending as most terrible, and owes his escape from injury to the fortunate circumstance of his horse remaining under him. The animal struck the bottom first, and this broke the force of Frank's fall. The horse, Frank thought, was not dead, but he intended to return and shoot him. Frank described the cavern in which he descended as being about seventy-five feet in length. He had fallen on the west side of a shelf of rocks, just below which a foaming stream of water was rushing madly past. This stream appeared, as near as Frank could tell in the dim light, to be about fifty feet in width. The spray that was constantly being dashed over the rock on which he had fallen had left a heavy deposit of salt, from which it was evident the stream came from Great Salt Lake. The cavern narrowed down at either end, just leaving room for the channel of the stream. Young Whitford's escape was no less marvelous than was the wonderful discovery he made. This underground stream was flowing in a southwesterly direction, directly from the lake, and if it is not an outlet, what is it? The place where this occurred is about twenty-five miles from the city, and the locality will probably be visited by a party from this city in a few days.—Salt Lake Democrat.

The Joke of Idle Soldiers.

We were lying in winter quarters, and had days and days of nothing to do. I did not play cards, but my tent-mate did. He also had three special friends who played, and their meeting-place was in my tent. There they met day after day—in the morning, in the afternoon, and in the evening until late at night. Our tent was built for permanent quarters. In one end we made a door eighteen inches wide by three feet high. On the opposite side was a fireplace built outside of small sticks, like stone-work, and covered inside with clay mortar. The boys, as usual, were at their cards. I took a friend into my counsel, we procured a shell which had blown the load out without bursting. We fastened into this shell a long fuse. I then told my friend to go away several rods to an empty dry-goods box, and strike upon it so as to make it sound like the booming of distant cannon. "Hark!" said one; "do you hear that? That's from Lee's battery on the left. We may have other business than card-playing by daylight."

Just then "boom!" went the old dry-goods box, and instantly I dropped the shell, with the burning fuse, down the chimney. The shell fell upon the fire and rolled under the bunk on which the boys were sitting. "Teh—teh—teh" went the burning fuse. The boys thought it a message direct from Lee's battery. Two tried to jump through the door at the same time, and blocked up the narrow door so that neither was able to get out. A full evacuation of the tent was finally effected and a retreat made—not, however, in good order. No one was killed, but the boys waited behind distant trees for more than thirty mortal min-

utes momentarily expecting to see the tent blown to atoms. After a while these heroes came together, and in the council of war they held on the field of fright it was decided that they had been the victims of fraud. But there was no more card-playing in my tent.—Wellsboro Agitator.

Disgraceful Match-Making.

Mrs. Grundy and her circle of society gossips look askance upon any one who presumes to criticize marriage as it is, and these people cannot think of any word more appropriate than horrible by which to describe the ideas of social reform. Neither can we, who see the need of social reform, find any more fitting word than horrible to apply to some of the customs yet in vogue in "our best society." The London correspondent of the New York Daily Sun in discussing social topics has made a very just review of the proceedings by which Lord Durham endeavored to get a divorce from his wife. It appears that this gentleman met the young woman whom he married but little previous to marriage. He was attracted by her physique and beauty, but did not discover her mental failings. A match was practically fixed up by the lady's friends, and soon after the marriage the lord discovered that the lady was a fit subject for a lunatic asylum. Thereupon, he naturally sought a divorce and endeavored to prove that she was mentally unsound before marriage. He was now not successful in this nor in obtaining a divorce. The London correspondent says: "The greatest proof of the sad tragic character of this suit is that it has evoked less acrimony and more sympathy with both parties than any of a similar nature; that the enormous expense of the trial sinks into insignificance before the magnitude of the moral interests involved, and that all contumely will be reserved for those who were agents and tools in the execution of this cruel, unholy contract. We stand face to face with one of those transactions which in business would be called sharp practice, and in society pass under the name of a splendid match. Such transactions, so numerous and so common that unless their pitiful results come glaringly before us in the scathing lights of the divorce court, we hoodwink ourselves and attempt to hoodwink others into the belief that in England marriages are never of 'convenience,' never arranged, but that in our national and noble disinterestedness we follow only the dictate of our hearts. To all appearances, judging from the list of fashionable weddings, our feelings in variably walk hand in hand with grosser considerations, and hardly ever allow themselves to stray into impetuous and untitled grooves. Nothing apparently can be gained by not dissolving the marriage, while the maintaining of it would bind the husband eternally to a crazy wife and debar him from ever forming happier ties."

Some English families are so anxious to make a good match for a daughter that for the sake of it they will sacrifice all moral considerations and better feelings. One of the most brilliant and lovable of English women who has recently become a favorite with the American public, was married at the early age of fifteen to a man old enough to be her grandfather, simply because he had wealth and good position in society. The result could not be other than unfortunate, and in less than a year the young wife left precipitately the "happy home" which had been provided for her. Such match-making in a Christian community is as degrading, unholly and immoral as the worst things which are charged against Mormonism, and in such a community which assumes to be Christian and is credited with being in an advanced stage of civilization such match-making is vastly more reprehensible and wicked than is the similar custom among barbarian tribes of selling daughters for livestock or other commodities to the best advantage.—Dr. Foot's Health Monthly.

The Prepared Sermon.

At one time, when the writer was pastor of the Summerfield Church, the Rev. Herman Bangs was the presiding elder. His appointment to preach was for Easter Sunday. He came and preached an admirable and appropriate discourse on the resurrection of Christ. At the close Mrs. Anna Knapp, a widow of four score years and daughter of the Rev. Smith Arnold, one of the pioneers, came to the altar, and in the hearing of the writer thus addressed "Uncle Heman," as the venerable preacher was affectionately called by those who had known him long. "Brother Bangs, I enjoyed your sermon very much. I heard you preach it forty years ago. I liked it then. I heard you preach it again about twenty-three years ago, and it was good then, and to-day it was as good as ever." "Uncle Heman," with a look which those who saw it will never forget—of mingled good humor and a quizzical spirit—replied: "Well, Sister Knapp, has there been any change in the facts about the resurrection of our Lord in the last forty years? If it was good the first time you heard it, why should it not be just as good now?" Said the old lady: "Well, Brother Bangs, we shall soon be where you won't have to make an argument to prove it, as you did to day." Neither their piety nor the infirmity of old age had dulled their wits.—Christian Advocate.

The Force of Habit.

One of the dry goods stores has lost a customer, one of the handsome clerks has lost his situation, and all through his miserable education at the telephone. The lady in question is deaf and carries a little tube, with the usual mouthpiece to speak into. The other day she came up to the counter, and as a preliminary to the conversation touching her proposed purchase, she put the tube to her ear and handed the mouthpiece to the clerk. He immediately put his mouth to it and called out "Hello!" and before he recollected himself the customer had flown out of the establishment.—San Francisco Chronicle.

The Last Days of the Year 1000.

It was believed in the Middle Ages that the world would come to an end at the expiration of one thousand years of the era. This expectation in Christian countries was universal. The year 1000 was a year of suspense, terror and awe. The histories of this dark period give vivid accounts and incidents of the state of the people under the influence of this awful apprehension. A writer in Sunday at Home reproduces the picture with much distinctness, and relates an incident of the manner that the hours were numbered on the supposed final night of that year, which might aptly suggest a dramatic subject for a poet:

When the last day of the year 999 dawned the madness had attained its height. All work of whatever kind was suspended. The market places were deserted. The shops were shut. The tables were not spread for meals; the very household fires remained unlit. Men when they met in the streets scarcely saw or spoke to one another. Their eyes had a wild stare in them, as though they expected every moment some terrible manifestation to take place. Silence prevailed everywhere, except in the churches, which were already thronged with eager devotees, who prostrated themselves before the shrines of their favorite saints, imploring their protection during the fearful scenes which they supposed were about to be displayed.

As the day wore on, the number of those who sought admission grew greater and greater, until every corner of the sacred edifices, large as they were, was densely crowded; and it became impossible to find room for more. But the multitude outside still strove and clamored for admission, filling the porches and doorways, and climbing up the buttresses to find refuge on the roofs which they could not obtain inside.

A strange and solemn commentary on the text which binds men to watch because "they know not whether the Master of the house will come at even or at midnight, or at the cock-crowing, or in the morning," was presented by the multitudes which filled the churches that night. Watch in very truth they did. Not an eye was closed throughout that lengthened vigil; not a knee bent in humblest supplication; not a voice but joined in the penitential chant, or put up a fervid entreaty for help and protection.

There were no clocks in those days, but the flight of the hours was marked by great waxen tapers with metal balls attached at intervals to them. These fell, one after another as the flame reached the strings by which they were secured, into a brazen basin beneath with a clang which resounded through the church.

At the recurrence of each of these warning sounds the awe of the vast assembly seemed to deepen and intensify, as each in terrible suspense supposed that between him and the outburst of Divine wrath until the briefest interval now remained. At last the night, long as it was, began to draw to an end. The chill which precedes daylight pervaded the air, and in the eastern sky the first pale gleam of morning began to show itself. The light grew stronger in the heavens, and the flame of the candles paled before it, and at last the rays of the risen sun streamed through the windows on the white, anxious faces of the watchers. The night had passed away. A new day, a new century had begun. The text that says that "no man knoweth the day nor the hour," had a new meaning.—Youth's Companion.

Kiss Me Good-bye, Dear.

That is the phrase heard in the hallway of many a home as the man of the house is hurrying away to exchange daily labor for daily bread in the mart of commerce. Sometimes it is the wife who says it, sometimes infant lips prattle the caressing word, holding up a sweet flower face for the kiss that is its warm sunshine of life, and the strong man waits a moment to clasp his treasure, and is gone; and all day he wonders at the peace of his heart; at the nerve with which he meets business losses, or bears business crosses. The wife's kiss did it, and he realizes that it is not wealth, or position, or luck, that makes our happiness, but the influence we bear with us from the presence of those we love.

Kiss me good-bye! O lips that have said it for the last time! would you ever ask again in those pleading tones for the kiss so tardily given? Would we not remember that the relation the flower bears to the universe is as carefully provided for as that of the brightest star; that the little action of a loving heart goes side by side with the deed of heroic worth; that love is the dew of life; that the parting of a day may be the parting of a lifetime.

"How many go forth in the morning That never come home at night! And hearts have broken For kind words spoken That sorrow can never set right."

Many tears have been shed over kisses—over those "dear, remembered kisses after death." Kiss your children, man of business, before you leave home; kiss the mother of your children, and then go about your day's work with a "thank God" in your soul that you have some one at home to kiss.—Pneumatological Journal.

Against a Rothschild.

I hear that Meissonier Alexandre Dumas are leading the campaign against the candidature of the Baron Alphonse de Rothschild at the institute. Dumas considers that the Rothschilds ought to content themselves with being millionaires, and Meissonier shares that opinion, all the more heartily as his own genius is not represented in the Rue St. Florentin in that gallery of pictures and objects of art which M. de Rothschild has formed without any efforts or researches on his own part. After all, when one is rolling in gold there is no particular merit in ordering one's steward to pay fabulous sums for rare works of art, duly guaranteed according to invoice by those who offer them for sale, the more so as this guarantee is not always a proof of genuineness.—London Herald.

UPPER CANADA.

A Country Which Had Slavery Until 1793—The Days of No Stoves—The Old-Fashioned Fireplace-Baking in the Ashes—Leeks as Food—Popular Beliefs in Witchcraft.

In a former letter, writes a correspondent to The Toronto Globe, I briefly spoke of slavery as once existing in Ontario. Many persons who have not looked into the history of our country closely have been almost disposed to doubt my statement. The subject is so interesting that I will speak more fully on the point. Great Britain abolished slavery in the British West Indies as late as 1833, and paid £20,000,000 for the slaves to their owners. It is difficult at this time to tell why our forefathers in Ontario were so much in advance of the mother country as well as the United States, for we find that they abolished slavery from Upper Canada in July, 1793. Of course there were not many slaves in Upper Canada at the time; still there were some, but it seems no compensation was ever paid to the owners for such slaves. Just think what a fearful cost of treasure and precious lives the United States were called upon in the late war to stand, in order to rid their country of slavery. Had they abolished slavery at the time our forefathers did, no doubt the great war of the rebellion would have been averted, and besides, in 1793, when we abolished slavery, they could not have had very many slaves at the most, and even if they were paid for they would not have cost anything like so great a sum as Great Britain paid for her West India slaves in 1833.

Then I maintain that our forefathers in Upper Canada in 1793 were far in advance in public spirit and true philanthropy of our American cousins, for we do not find that the Americans at this time made any great agitation to rid their country of the curse of slavery.

If there were no other fact to be proud of in our early history or proud of our country, this act of our forefathers is one in which we can justly take pride and makes us more fervently prize our peerless Upper Canada. Not wishing to be too elaborate on this subject, yet I feel that I must insert the act abolishing slavery in full. In July, 1793, at its first Parliament, called together at Niagara by Lieut. Gov. John Graves Simcoe, passed an act as follows:

CHAPTER 7, SECTION 1. Hereafter no person shall obtain a license for the importation of any negro or other person who shall come or be brought into this province after the passing of this act, to be subject to the condition of a slave; nor shall any voluntary contract of service be binding for a longer term than nine years.

SEC. 2. This clause enables the present owners of slaves in their possession to retain them or bind out their children until they attain the age of 21 years.

SEC. 3. And in order to prevent the continuance of slavery in this province the children that shall be born of female slaves after the passing of this act to remain in the service of the owner of their mother until the age of 25 years, when they shall be discharged.

Provided, that in case any issue shall be born of such children during their servitude or after, such issue shall be entitled to all the rights of free-born subjects. By this simple act of our first parliament our country was effectually rid of this pest without shedding a drop of blood or the expenditure of a single dollar in money. All honor to our forefathers and a thrice for our banner free province. Our forefathers at this time and long after had no stoves in their log-houses. All cooking as well as heating was done by the fireplace. A crane swung on hinges into this great fireplace, which could be swung out from the fire at pleasure. Attached to this crane was an iron having notches therein, and fitting over this pendant iron rod was another shorter iron, with a link as of a chain on the end thereof. This link fitted into the notches on the first mentioned iron. By this means the lower iron could be raised or lowered. Now, by hanging a pot on the lower end of the shorter iron rod it could be raised or lowered into or above the fire at pleasure. Thus our forefathers did their first cooking in Upper Canada. The corn cake, or wheat cake, when they had it, was baked in the ashes, and wonderfully sweet old persons thought it. The fact that it was covered with some loose ashes did not detract from its sweetness; these were soon brushed away, leaving the toothsome cake within.

The first improvement in the culinary art of our forefathers came the bake-oven. These were tin trays, as it were, open on one side. They would be set before the fireplace, with the open side fronting the fire. Thus the rays of heat would be collected, and in a measure confined within the oven, and the bread or cakes within were soon nicely browned and baked. It was considered an immense stride by our forefathers when they got these bake-ovens, and for years they did not aspire to anything better.

Ovens out of doors were built by some of stone. Such were conical in shape and open in the center. An immense fire would be built in this outdoor oven and, when burnt to real live coals, would be all drawn out. Its stones would thus be thoroughly heated. Into the cavity in which the fire had been the bread would be inserted and the door stopped up. Enough latent heat would remain in the stones to thoroughly bake at least two batches of bread. But this was done at a fearful waste of wood, which, of course, was an account at that time. The advent of stoves changed all that, and now a fireplace of wood in an Ontario home is more a luxury than a necessity, and but few are to be found.

Wild leeks were then used as an article of food. As soon as the snows disappeared in the spring they would be found in abundance in the forests, and were gathered as the first spring vegetable. Their unsavory smell, or that imparted to the breath of the eater thereof, seemed to be no bar to their use. When all pastook of the leek not one could detect the odor

from the other. Likewise the cowslip a little later in the season, which grew in shallow ponds, furnished a diet of greens to our forefathers. To show how difficult it was at this early day for the poor settlers to obtain money, I will relate an anecdote of about 1807. Levi Annis, whom I spoke of in a former letter, was living at this time with his father in the county of Durham. During the summer and fall of 1806 they had chopped and burned a fallow of thirty-one acres, which they had sowed to fall wheat. As a preparation for sowing the land was not plowed at all, but was loose and leafy and ashy from the burning. The wheat was sown broadcast by hand among the stumps. It was covered by hitching a yoke of oxen to the butt end of a small tree, with the branches left hanging thereto. The oxen drew this to and fro over the fallow among the stumps and thus covered the wheat. This was called bushing in and was the first harrow used by our forefathers among the stumps. However, the fallow upon which the wheat was so bushed in produced as fine a crop of fall wheat as ever grew, falling not much below thirty bushels per acre. Now this wheat could be exchanged for store goods at will, but not for money. Levi Annis, however, took the first load of it to Bowmanville, and was told by his father that he must get \$5.50 on account of the whole crop to pay his taxes, for he must have the money to pay his taxes, but the rest he would take store pay for. The merchant with whom he dealt actually refused to advance the \$5.50, saying he could get all the wheat he wanted for goods. The young man had to drive to another merchant and state his deplorable case to him and his urgent need of \$5.50, and that if he would advance him the money he should have the whole crop of thirty-one acres. Finally, the second merchant took pity upon the young man in his dilemma and advanced the money. Thus it was with the utmost difficulty that he could get \$5.50 in cash out of the thirty-one acres of wheat. This shows us to-day how difficult it was for our forefathers to get money. Since the early American colonists burnt witches at Salem, their descendants, who came to upper Canada as U. E. loyalists, brought the belief of witchcraft with them, and many of them who came here about 1800 and before really did believe in witches. I have heard my forefathers relate a witch story in all seriousness which I think worth repeating, as showing to us that the New England people who burnt witches were really sincere in the belief. About 1800 a settler in the spring of the year did not enjoy very good health. Nothing serious seemed to be the matter with him, only a general want of inertia or a general seadiness. There was no medical man to consult, so he did the next best thing by consulting his nearest neighbor. The neighbor upon being told his symptoms, at once pronounced him bewitched. An old woman in the locality was at once picked out as the bewitcher. Now for the remedy to break the spell of the witchery. A ball must be made of silver, and they melted a silver coin and made a rifle ball of it. An image of dough must be made to as closely resemble the supposed witch as possible, and it was made. Just as the sun rose the bewitched must fire at it with his rifle and the silver ball, and the dough image was set upon a top rail of the fence, and as the sun rose he fired and just grazed the shoulder of the dough image. In about an hour the old witch came to the house in great haste, and wanted to borrow some article. Were they to lend her the article desired the spell would come on again, but refusing, the spell was broken; of course, like sensible men, they did not lend the article. Even they went on to say further that the witch was hit and wounded slightly on the shoulder, where the dough image was struck by the silver ball. However, be that as it may, they asserted that the sick man speedily got well, and was never again bewitched by the witch in question, nor any other. Of the efficacy of the unerring aim of the silver ball I do not vouch, but I do vouch for the real bona fide belief of the old narrators of the whole tale.

Muscles and Brains.

One of the strongest arguments that can be brought to bear against the present ascendancy of the athletics in our colleges is their damaging effect upon the studies of the men making up the teams. In the college offices the other day the register kindly showed the records of the university base-ball nines of 1881 to 1884, inclusive. The nine of '81 had an average rank of 76 in a class of 100. The nine of '82 averaged 53. The nine of '83 averaged 52, while the nine of '84 averaged 54. With the exception of '81, each nine contained two or three men of high standing, whose record showed that a man can study and play ball as well. Each nine showed also two or three men standing in the middle of the class. Finally each nine contained several professional ball-players with whom every examination must have been the nature of a lottery. Upon the whole, however, the figures were higher than we expected, and were encouraging to one who believes that running bases does not unfit a man for intellectual work. One of the first duties of a captain is to look after the college standing of the men under his charge. A few teams in good standing will silence the critics of college athletics.—Princetonian.

The Richest Cabinet Lady.

The richest lady in Washington now probably is Mrs. Whitney, whose husband is Secretary of the Navy, and whose father is the millionaire Senator Payne of Ohio. It is said one of her brothers gave her a cool million within a year or two, and as a trilling Christmas gift gave her a \$10,000,000. The diamonds she wears are very large and brilliant. Her earrings of solitaire diamonds and the three solitaires which were set in a bar brooch are unusually large and pure.—Washington Letter.

A. H. Stephens.

The following letter was written to one of the two biographers of the late Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia, who was chosen by himself to write his life. The gentleman, now in this city, was present with Mr. Stephens in his last hours, and knowing how Mr. Stephens estimated the general, felt sure the regard was reciprocal. His own acquaintance with Gen. Grant having been limited to one interview across the lines at Vicksburg, and to letters, the request to which the following is the reply was sent by their mutual friend, Gen. James Longstreet.

"NEW YORK, June 14, 1883.—DEAR SIR: Your letter of the 13th of May, inclosed to me by Gen. Longstreet, in which you ask a few words from me in regard to my estimate of the late Alexander H. Stephens, reached my office during my absence in the west. Since that time I have been in my office but three or four days, and, finding an accumulation of letters, which I am not yet through the disposal of, is my apology for not answering you at an earlier day. I never had the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with Mr. Stephens until he, with Mr. Hunter and Judge Campbell, visited my headquarters at City Point, Va., during the last year of the civil war. I had, however, known him by reputation for many years, and placed a high estimate upon his character and ability, as well as statesmanship. Our personal acquaintance, though we differed so widely in matters affecting our common country, only served to increase my admiration for the man. As I understood, without being a man of large means, he devoted largely from what he could earn to "the greatest good of the greatest number." Through him many a deserving young man has found the means of acquiring a fine education to give him a start in the world, and in most cases, if I am correctly informed, he has been compensated for his generosity by seeing those who had these favors conferred do honor to their benefactor.

"In all his public utterances Mr. Stephens impressed me as a man who was never afraid to speak his honest convictions without regard as to whether they would be popularly received or not. To the day of his death I retained the high estimate of his life and character formed before I knew him, increased by a personal acquaintance. Very truly yours, U. S. GRANT.

It may be said that two copies of the above letter exist, both in the hand of the great general, and that the second one was made with rare delicacy, seemingly to correct the inadvertent use of the word "rebellion" which was corrected in the second copy to read "civil war."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Jewish Longevity.

In enumerating the causes which have made the Jewish people so strong and vigorous, particular mention must be made of their observance of the Sabbath. This day was appointed for the double purpose of securing a set portion of time for the worship of God and affording rest to the body wearied with its six days' labors. Obedience to this primeval law is held by the Jews to be as strictly binding on them as any other religious obligation. In Christian countries where the Sunday is kept sacred or observed as a holiday, another day of rest in addition to their own Sabbath is obtained, thus fortifying them against the crushing toil and nervous strain of modern life. The loss accruing from this enforced abstinence from business worries is more than counterbalanced by the gain in nerve power with which periodical cessation from any harassing employment is compensated. This is doubtless one of the factors which have helped to invigorate both mind and body, and to develop in them those high qualities for which they are justly distinguished.

To sum up: the longevity of the Jew is an acknowledged fact. In his surroundings he is on a par with his Christian neighbor. If the locality in which he dwells is unhealthy he also suffers, but to a less degree. If the climate is ungenial, its influence tells on him, too, but with less injurious effect. His vigorous health enables him to resist the onset of disease to which others succumb. These advantages are for the most part owing to his food, his temperate habits, and the care taken of him in sickness and poverty. No doubt he is specially fortunate in inheriting a constitution which has been built up by attention, for many centuries, to hygienic details. His meat is drained of blood, so that by that means morbid germs are not likely to be conveyed into his system. It is also most carefully inspected so as to prevent the consumption of what is unsound, hence his comparative immunity from scrofulous and tuberculous forms of disease.

The bible is regarded by some scientists as an old-fashioned book; but its teaching in relation to hygiene, even they will confess, has not become antiquated. It must be credited with having anticipated and recorded for our instruction and profit doctrines as beyond dispute in this department of knowledge. In the Mosaic law are preserved sanitary rules, the habitual observance of which by the Jew, from generation to generation, has made him superior to all other races in respect of health and longevity.—Leisure Hour.

"Bucking Agin Capital."

Every one in Cleveland knows Jacob Perkins, the millionaire philanthropist. Not long ago Mr. Perkins was witnessing the raising of a derrick in West Cleveland. More help was needed and the millionaire seized the end of a rope and began pulling. His visa-vis was a sturdy, raw-boned Irishman who smiled when Mr. Perkins began pulling on his end of the rope. The Irishman pulled and Mr. Perkins pulled. The millionaire who is a strong man was gradually showing his superior strength over the Irishman, when the latter threw down his end of the rope in disgust. "Why, what is the matter," asked Perkins. "Matter, is it," replied Pat, angrily; "buckin' I always say it was no use for labor to be buckin' agin capital."—Cleveland Factory Fair.