

possession of the water works at South Pittsburg, steel works at Beaver Falls, stock in coal mines, the fee simple in oil lands, preferred stock in the Lake Shore and Fort Wayne railroads, bonds in any number of incorporated companies, and the land of the entire township of Economy, their wealth being estimated at from \$10,000,000 to \$20,000,000.

Economy is a modern Acadia—a dream of peace and plenty. Although the trains of the great Pennsylvania Railroad System carry the travelling world past it many times each day, yet little is known of the religio-commercial Commune within its gates. The stranger, who walks through the quaint place for the first time, feels that he has passed the bounds of modern commercial life. The glare from the furnaces near Pittsburg, and the passing trains are all there is to remind him that Economy is touching elbows with the great centre of civilization. The town is typically German. The architecture is curious, and it is safe to say that there is no other town like it in America. The situation is one of the loveliest imaginable. It begins on the very edge of the bluff, overlooking the Ohio river. The streets are at right angles with the river's course, and all bordered with cherry trees. Back of these rows of trees sit the 300 prim, two-storied brick houses, all as much alike as eggs in a nest. Each house is decorated with grape-vines, that have been trained to espaliers, to fill the space between the bottom ledge of the upper windows and top ledge of the lower windows. In using the grape-vine for ornamentation, and the cherry trees for shade, it will be noticed that these people carried out the idea of "economy" to the very letter of the law. This blending of the useful and the ornamental is one idea that can be understood, but why they should have built their houses without front doors, and the town clock with but one hand, are economic mysteries still unsolved.

Single-handed the old clock in the quaint church ticks off the sun time it was first made to tick. Like the people for whom it tells the hour, it is not to be switched by any new fangled ways. Only the hours are told, minutes not being worth recording in a place where time passes so slumbrously. The Economites do not have to catch trains, nor to lift notes at the bank, nor to hurry to offices and a few minutes more or less can make no difference. Nothing hurries in Economy, not even death. These people, show the fruit of right-living, of regular habits, undisturbed nerves, unimpaired digestion and ease of conscience, by living to extreme old age.

The place might fitly be called the Silent Village for not a sound is heard more disturbing than the rustle of the leafless branches of the trees, the slow clanging ring of the bell that tells the hour, the rumble of a passing train, the puffing of the locomotive under the bluff, or the Sunday-like crow of the so numerous rooster which has the freedom of the burg.

The President's house is the hub of the little community. It is to Economy what Rideau Hall is to Canada or the White House is to the United States—the "Executive Mansion," though to the Economites it has always been known by the name of "The Great House." This house and the one hotel are the only houses that have front-doors. All other dwellings can only be entered by passing through the yard at the side of the house. The Great House stands face to face with the church, from the prim pulpit of which has been preached, for nearly three-quarters of a century, the hard law of celibacy.

"Father Rapp," as he was always called, was regarded by the Harmonites as in a special sense the vice regent of the Deity; and the doctrines he taught were acknowledged as inspirations. Although ignorant of scholastic theology and a stranger to the training of the University, this rustic vine-dresser of Germany became, by