

AN ARAB SHEIK.

The cut on this page is an admirable illustration of an Arab sheik. They are generally muffled up about the head like an old woman. The headgear is not nearly so graceful as the turban worn by many other Moslems. The face often is a kind of fixed scowl which does not always express ill-nature, but is produced by an involuntary contracting of the eyebrows from the glare of the sun. Often their headgear is pulled over the forehead to offer some slight protection. The fez, the headdress of the Turks, a close red skull-cap, offers absolutely no protection, and is as ill adapted to their needs as can be imagined, yet from the Sultan and Khedive down to their lowest soldier and the British officers employed by either potentate, all wear this fez, which, by the way, although a national headdress, is made in the Swiss Canton of Glarus. You observe in the girdle of this sheik a perfect arsenal of weapons: pistols and knives of various sorts, a curved scimeter at his side and a long-barrelled gun at his back. These sheiks are held in great regard by their tribes and are often employed as guards for tourists travelling through the Orient.

THE YOUNG FAWN.

BY REV. E. PAYSON HAMMOND.

DEAR young friends, I wish to tell you the story of a beautiful young fawn we chanced to meet with in a strange manner away out in Oregon. On going from San Francisco to Alaska we had to travel two hundred and seventy-five miles by stage-coach. Day and night, over mountains thousands of feet high, and through deep valleys, we pressed on our way. Mount Shasta, towering 14,440 feet high, and covered with snow even in July, was a glorious sight to look upon. It was very pleasant to sit behind six fleet horses in the daytime, and ride near mountains covered with snow all the year; but to be jolted all night from side to side of an old-fashioned stage-coach, is not very agreeable.

One night we were passing rapidly along through the deep forest of tall pine trees, when suddenly, as we rounded a corner, we saw a huge camp fire.

Near it, in the middle of the road, stood a man, shouting "Stop! Stop!"

We at once thought of the robber stories we had heard so much of, and we feared that we might the next moment see a gun pointed towards us. But a meek-looking man approached, holding in his arms a beautiful young fawn, which he had caught that afternoon. He wished to take it down into the valley, to give to his children.

He had shot its mother; and what do you think the little thing, only about four weeks old, did?

I hear you say, "Why, of course, it started to run away and hide."

No; it stayed right still beside its dead mother. As soon as this hunter went up to it, and petted it a little, it followed him.

When we saw it, only a few hours after, it seemed quite tame, and licked my hand as if it had known me for a long time.

When the stage stopped it was given its freedom; but it did not try to run away, but followed us around like a dog.

If that tiny fawn had run away into the forest, after its mother had been killed, no doubt it would have died. And so, my dear young friends, if you run away from Jesus, you will die another kind of death.

If you do not understand me, ask your parents, Sunday-school teacher, or minister, what the Bible means when it speaks of the "second death." I pray that you may never know the meaning of it by experience.

In one of the meetings in Portland, Oregon, a little child sat weeping for her sins. At first she felt she could not be saved; but when told more about Jesus,

not, for they were "dead"; that is, as I think you have read—they were dead in trespasses and sins.

The dear child stood between them and wept; but their hard hearts seemed unmoved.

As soon as the inquiry meeting began, to which all were invited to remain, the child arose and led her home, though she wished very much to stay, that the Christians

PIGS IN PASTURE.

BY NINA S. SHAW.

THE northern woods of Russia are full of hogs which run almost wild except for a little care the peasants keep over them. There in the beautiful forests the wild men and hogs have picnics day after day, feasting on the fruits and nuts that fall from the trees. At certain seasons of the year large numbers of hogs are selected, and driven to pasture around the candle manufactories, and are fed on tallow until they are sleek. In summer they are made to run and crowd into yards, where their bristles are pulled from them, then the hogs are once more at liberty until more bristles grow. All this travelling that the world be supplied with brushes. Each bristle has a tuft of fur at the roots which protect the hogs from the cold of Russia. Many pictures have been painted with the soft white bristles that come from France. In Germany the peasants save every bristle from the hogs they kill, until men come to buy them. The bristles are washed, combed and bleached; those that come out white bring the highest prices; those that remain dark are dyed. Even the shoemaker finds bristles useful for his wax ends, but he does not select the Russian, for they are too long. About four hundred years ago a Spaniard brought the first hogs into America. Now the hogs from the western prairies supply the United States with bristles. Poor pigs have always been abused, from the time the Greeks sacrificed them to Ceres, the goddess of harvest, and the kings and noblemen found exciting sport in hunting the wild hogs through the woods, while they in rage and terror stood their bristles up on their backs as they were brought to bay, until now, when every part of them is made use of. Even the tails have been used, as some grandmothers can tell how, when they were little girls, they would take the tails, roll them in paper and lay them before the fire in the old-fashioned fireplace, and then eat them when browned. Many people think the hogs do not need clean pens, but they like everything clean and to be petted. They have even been trained to point to game for hunters, and also to find in the earth where the fragrant truffles grow, so men can dig them up and sell them for pies. The hogs' reward is something they like to eat. When a cold evening comes when they are in the fields, several of them will run and fill their mouths with dry grass and carry to a place, each one laying his hay down side by side until they form a circle. Then in this good bed they huddle together to sleep.

A SHORT HISTORY.

DR. GUTHRIE once told the following story:

"One of our boys, a very little fellow, but uncommonly smart, entered the lists and carried off a prize against the whole of England and Scotland by his answer to the question: 'Can you give the history of the Apostle Paul in thirty words?' His answer was, 'Paul was born at Tarsus, and brought up at Jerusalem; he continued a persecutor until his conversion, after which he became a follower of Christ, for whose sake he died.'"

WHEN a friend is in trouble don't annoy him by asking if there is anything you can do; think of something appropriate and do it.



MUSTAPHA, THE ARAB CHIEF.

she came to him as quietly as that little deer did to the hunter. She then knew that her sins were all forgiven, and that God was her heavenly Father, and the heavenly kingdom would be her abiding place forever.

Her heart was filled of joy and peace in believing in Jesus. A few nights after, she came to one of the meetings with her father and mother.

At the close, all who wished Christians to pray for them were asked to arise. She at once stood up, and kept pulling, first at her father and then at her mother, to induce them to rise also; but though tears rolled down her cheeks, they would

might plead with her parents to come to Jesus. You see that men and women are like the old deer, ready to run away; but little children are like that beautiful, soft, black-eyed fawn.

The first thing the hunter did when he got to his home was to get some sweet milk for his little pet.

Just so Jesus, if you will come to him, will not only save you, but he will also carry you "in his bosom," and lead you in green pastures.

Will you come to-day, if you have not done so before? Do not run away from him, for if you do you will certainly be lost.