

THE WONDERFUL BAOBAB; OR PEOPLE WHO LIVE IN TREES.

We read wonderful stories of the immense trees one sees in California, but they all sink into insignificance beside the Baobab tree which I found in many parts of Western Africa, principally just south of the Desert of Sahara. It is not distinguished for its extraordinary height, which rarely reaches over one hundred feet, but it is the most imposing and magnificent of African trees; many, it is said, are over one hundred feet in circumference, rising like a dwarf tower from twenty to thirty feet, and then throwing out branches like a miniature forest to a distance of one hundred feet, the extremities of the branches bending toward the ground. The botanical name of this curious tree is *Adansonia digitata*. The first, in honor of its discoverer, Adanson; and the second, descriptive of its five-parted leaf. The leaves are large, abundant and of a dark-green color, divided into five radiating lanceolate leaflets. The flowers are large and white, hanging to peduncles of a yard in length, which forms a striking contrast to the leaves. The fruit is a soft, pulpy, dry substance about the size of a citron, enclosed in a long, green pod; the pulp between the seeds tastes like cream of tartar, and this pulp, as well as the pressed juice from the leaves, is used by the native Africans for flavoring their food. The juice is greatly relished as a beverage, and is considered a remedy in putrid fevers and many other diseases.

The Baobab tree is said to attain a much greater age than any other tree, thousands of years being hazarded as the term of life of some specimens. It has extraordinary vitality; the bark, which is regularly stripped off to be made into ropes, nets for fishing, trapping, and native clothing, speedily grows again. No external injury, not even fire, can destroy it from without; nor can it be hurt from within, as specimens have been found in full splendor, with the inside of the trunk hollowed out into a chamber, which could hold a score of people. One-half of the trunk may be cut or burned away—even the tree may be cut down, and while lying on the ground, so long as there is the slightest connection with the roots, it will grow and yield fruit. It dies from a very peculiar disease—a softening of its woody structure, and it falls by its own weight a mass of ruins. The native villages are generally built around one of these immense trees and under its far-spreading branches, which form an agreeable shelter from the sun, is the "Kotla," or place of assemblage, where all the public business of the tribe is transacted. The circuit described by the extremities of the lowermost range of branches is fenced around, so that none but those privileged to attend these meetings can intrude. In thinly populated districts of Southern and Central Africa, where lions, leopards, and hyenas abound, the natives live in huts like gigantic beehives, firmly fixed among the large branches of the tree. On the approach of night they ascend to their huts by means of rude ladders, while the lions roar about their campfires until the approach of day drives them to their lairs.

As many as thirty families have been found to occupy a single tree. In many instances, natives who till the ground at any great distance from their tribe, build these huts for nightly accommodation. In travelling through the country one frequently sees these trees alive with baboons and other kinds of the monkey tribe, busy in collecting the fruit and indulging in ceaseless gambols and chatter; for this reason it is commonly called the monkey bread tree. When the tree is not occupied

as a habitation, the hollow trunk serves by the natives as a sepulchre for executed criminals—the law of the people denying them the right of burial, inside of which the bodies dry up and to a great extent resemble mummies. To a European, this tree is a marvel; coming across one inhabited by monkeys, it is extremely dangerous to shoot any unless one is with a party, for if any are wounded, the whole colony take up the battle, and more than once I found that a retreat in short order was necessary.

My first experiences of living in the air was very novel; the first night was one continual growl, roar, etc., so much so that I found it an impossibility to sleep; finally, the most horrible squeals broke out directly under me; it was very dark and being unable to see any objects but knowing something was wrong, I threw a can containing water out of the hut door down in the direction from where the noise proceeded, but with little results, though the squealing became fainter; in the morning a small pig we had been keeping and put in a pen over night was missing. What took him nobody ever knew, as no traces remained; it only went to illustrate how we might have fared had we been camping on the ground. Having found a friendly tribe who placed their huts at our disposal, this saved us much anxiety of mind, and a few days later a number of

"Oh, a lovely silk suit, with a bonnet of the same. I got the idea of it from seeing Miss B— (a wealthy merchant's daughter) with one on. And I've got the loveliest new bracelet on payment. Only fifty cents a week! Just think!"

"Why, I'll get one? I can skimp some way to save that; I can go without my dinner two or three days in a week, and save that way."

"That's so. Why, I often make a cup of tea on a spirit lamp, and only eat a roll for my breakfast. And—do you know it?—it's a fact that I go three or four days without meat or vegetables. It's the only way to save for my clothes, and I will dress well!"

"So will I; but one has to skimp awfully on seven dollars a week to do it."

"Yes, but I'd rather do it than dress as some girls do."

"So had I."

So they doubtless did, at the cost of health, and they will be fortunate if this is the only folly into which their vanity leads them. Simple clothing and little ornament becomes one of simple means, and best commands the respect of those whom it is well to know. Good taste and neatness and simple adornments indicate character, and character is more than outward appearance.—*Youth's Companion*.

whiter than snow." The words used carried conviction to the father's heart, and he became an earnest and devoted Christian.

A NEW EVANGELICAL ENTERPRISE.

A Gospel waggon has been undertaken by the Central Union Mission of Washington, D. C. This waggon, an ordinary omnibus, containing a cabinet organ, six or eight good singers, several persons to make addresses, etc., visits three centres of non-church-going people every Sabbath afternoon. Singing, prayer, and brief addresses, occupy an hour at each point, when all present are invited to visit the mission. The last stop is made near the mission, and just before its evening service. From one hundred to five or six hundred persons of all ages and classes, give quiet and respectful attention to the services. No policeman is needed. The attendance, especially at the Sabbath services of the mission, has largely increased. This mission is conducted by a committee representing the evangelical churches of the city. The committee are a body of able, zealous, active men, who are responsible for the financial support, and the conduct of the fourteen or fifteen weekly meetings mainly.

MISTAKEN STANDARDS.

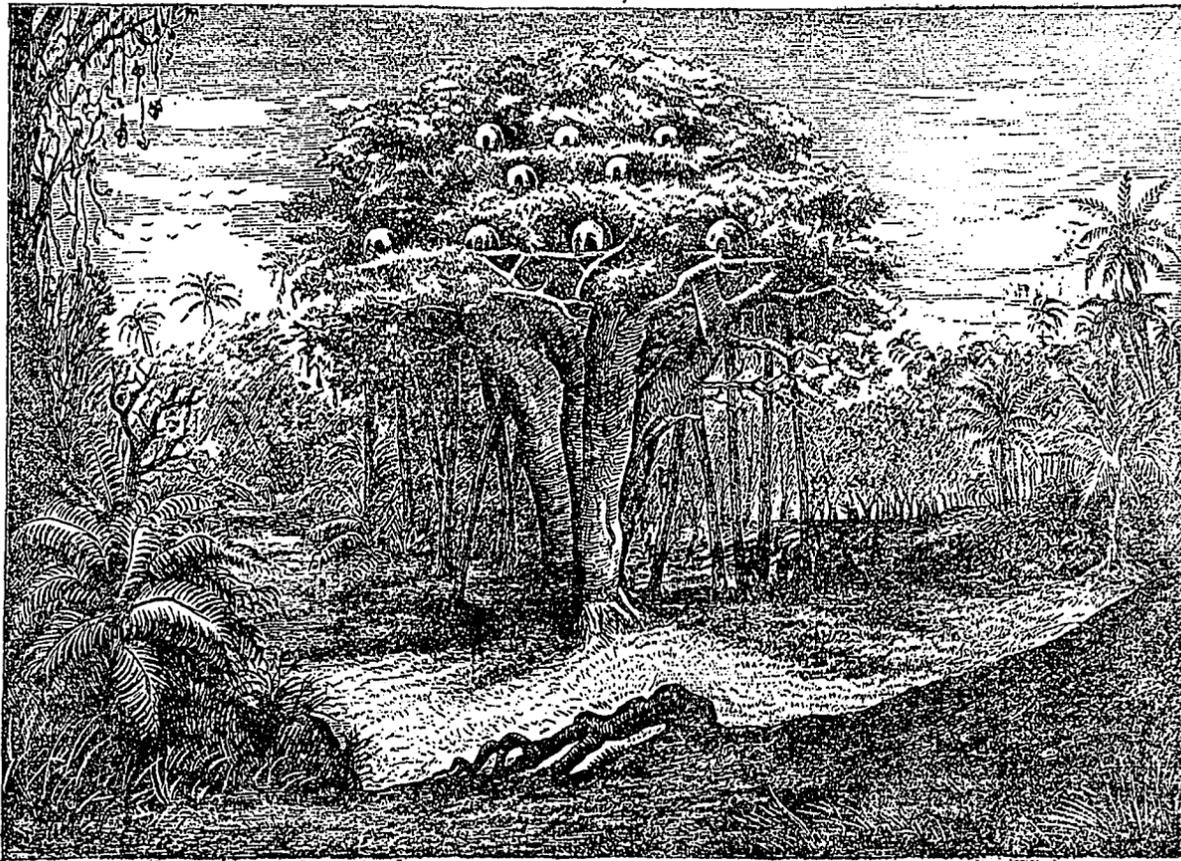
False standards of what constitutes a good figure lead hundreds of women to offend in the very domains in which they attempt to please; having no knowledge of the laws of proportion, they offend our sight. Large women wearing shoes two or even three sizes too small, walking with a cramped and wobbling gait, all freedom of motion gone, and an expression of suppressed agony on their faces, pitiful to behold. Gloved hands, so stuffed looking that unconsciously the mind runs to the butcher's window and its rows of sausages, and we give preference to the sausages as works of art because of their conformity to their natural outlines. Every woman who wears tight shoes or gloves pays the penalty in cold feet and hands, impaired circulation, and, as a result, a pinched and purple complexion.

Tight lacing is a violation against health that offends against the law of God; a violation that is even greater than self-murder, as it destroys the vital organs of child-bearing. All this is done with the mistaken idea that the form of woman is improved by lacing, made to conform to the lines of beauty, and that the Venus of Milo is rivalled! The "Popular Science Monthly" gives the proportions for a perfect female figure:

"To meet the requirements of a classic figure a lady should be five feet four and three-fourths inches tall, thirty-two inches bust measure, twenty-four inches waist, nine inches from armpit to waist, long arms and neck. A queenly woman, however, should be five feet five inches tall, thirty-one inches about the bust, twenty-six and one-half about the waist, thirty-five over the hips, eleven and one half inches around the ball of the arm, and six and one-half inches around the wrist. Her hands and feet should not be too small."

THE TEMPERANCE REFORM is the most comprehensive of earthly benedictions with the exception of the gospel of the Son of God. In aiding this we push forward every plan for relieving the race of its vices and sorrows, and trample upon nearly every enemy to its peace and progress.—*Zion's Herald*.

THE SUREST WAY to become watchful is to become loving. He guards most carefully his heart who loves the most.



THE WONDERFUL BAOBAB.

their men accompanied us a considerable distance to the south, not, however, going outside the precincts of their country.

This wonderful tree is also found in India, and is there held in great veneration by some natives, so much so that any one guilty of cutting the trees down is regarded by them with great abhorrence.—*American Agriculturist*.

DANGEROUS.

If a girl earning her own living makes the endeavor to dress richly and fashionably her highest ambition, she is risking her happiness, and is likely some day to repent of her folly. Her inability to satisfactorily accomplish what she desires, owing to the meagreness of her income, is always the subject of comment by her acquaintances. Two somewhat stylishly dressed young girls were lately overheard in animated conversation on a horse-car. Their remarks were as follows:

"I'm going to have one of those elegant tailor-made suits this spring, with gloves and hat to match."

"Are you?"

"Yes; and it will take nearly all of my wages for the summer to pay for it, but I'm determined to have it."

"I don't blame you a bit."

"What are you going to have?"

WHITER THAN SNOW.

The Rev. A. R. M. Finlayson, in the course of an address to the Liverpool Young Women's Christian Association, mentioned an interesting incident suggested by the visit of the Prince of Wales. The speaker said a certain nobleman, a widower, had a little daughter under ten years of age. Her nurse was an earnest Christian, and she stored the child's mind with Scriptural truths. One night, when the little girl came in after dinner to dessert, she asked her father, who was not a Christian, "Father do you know what is whiter than snow?" "No," said the father, "I do not." "Well," said the child, "a soul washed in the blood of Jesus Christ is whiter than snow." The father was surprised, and said, "How do you know?" "Nurse told me," the child replied. The father told the nurse not to mention these subjects to his daughter, as she was too young, and, moreover, he feared she might grow up with a gloomy view of life. Not long after the Prince of Wales was visiting the house, and the little girl was present. The Prince, with his usual affability, noticed the child, and thus encouraged, she said, "Prince, do you know what is whiter than snow?" "No," said the Prince, smilingly, "I don't think you can have anything whiter than snow." "Well," said the child, "a soul washed in the blood of Jesus Christ is