

is the broad leather girdle ornamented with shining brass buckles and buttons. Then, too, there are numerous representatives of the Hebrew race, dressed in their caftans, and with long locks of hair hanging down on either side of their temples.

The traveller's attention is also attracted by the grayish-black buffaloes, with their peculiarly formed, backward-curving horns. These animals are highly valued here on account of the rich milk they yield.

The salt mines have been worked for centuries; they still contain an enormous quantity of pure salt, estimated at more than two hundred million tons—a supply sufficient for many centuries. A steam lift conveys us in three minutes to the floor of the pit, about 460 feet below the surface of the earth. We find ourselves in an immense hall, the size of which may be imagined when we say that the cathedral of St. Stephen at Vienna, spire and all, would have room in it. In the midst of the hall stands a huge obelisk of salt, which is left intact as the salt around it is excavated, so that it is constantly increasing in height. It already contains over 63,000 cubic feet of salt, representing quite a large sum of money. At the foot of this lofty pillar is an altar, where mass is celebrated every year on the festival of St. Kunigunde; the miners' band then plays the solemn church music, which echoes through the spacious hall and produces a sublime effect. The fine old hymn, "*Hier liegt vor Deiner Majestät*," never made so much impression upon me as when I heard it sung in this immense cathedral of salt, with its glittering walls of crystal. The entire space in which mining operations are going on is illuminated with the electric light. In one of the rooms are preserved the ropes of hemp and bast, the ladders and other utensils formerly employed by the miners, before modern science and invention had come to their aid.

WINTER SUNSET.

BY SUSIE E. KENNÉDY.

The door of heaven opens,
And floods of golden light
Stream out across the pathway
With winter fruitage white,
O'er which the day, aweary
With life's unceasing quest,
Hastes onward to the haven
Of everlasting rest.
MOOSUP VALLEY, R.I.

But ere the portal closes
Behind her lagging feet,
I fain would ask what raptures
The weary stranger greet.
O, tell me, swift-winged angels
Who at the entrance wait,
What are the bright revealings
Beyond the sunset gate?