

yards and harvest fields. The scene in haying season must have been particularly attractive, for women as well as men worked in the fields. In return for their services, each person secured every necessity of life from the common fund. All dry goods and groceries were supplied from the co-operative store; the village shoemaker made their new shoes and kept the old ones in order; the village tailor did the same for their clothes. Every family had its cow and was entitled to keep as much milk as was needed, but the surplus was given to the driver of the little blue milk-wagon, when he called morning and night. This residue was taken to the butter and cheese factory, from which place each family got its supply. There was a common bakery where, from the rosy-cheeked baker, each one received his measure of bread. When a beef was killed, the announcement was made to the brethren and a representative from each family came for its portion. Everything that man or woman needed, or thought they needed, was to be had for the asking, except tobacco. Fore-swearing the weed had been considered another step toward purification, and when the vow of celibacy had been taken, all tobacco then in stock had been taken to the church yard and there publicly burnt. "A little wine for the stomach's sake" was not considered harmful, so the Economites continued to make it and to drink it, each family being entitled to so much daily; and every one could use it freely when working in the harvest field; and on their feast days it was placed on the tables in pitchers, the same as water. Their wine cellar, built at the same time they built the town, is still one of the quaint town's show places. There one sees casks having a holding capacity of 1,000 gallons each, and one may sample whiskey and wine made half a century ago.

Another curiosity is the co-operative

laundry, which is exactly as it was in those pioneer days, except that it is now fully equipped with modern machinery, and there each family in the village does its washing once in two weeks. If any one is sick the society doctor attends him, and if he die he is sure of a decent, though by no means elaborate burial. The village cooper makes the coffins, and it is against the law to give them further embellishment than one coat of black paint on the outside, and one layer of thin muslin, without any upholstering, on the inside. The coffin is of pine wood and shaved as thin as possible, the idea being to allow the body to return to the original elements as quickly as possible.

The Harmonites do not wear black for their dead. They bury in an orchard, and in the order in which they die, regardless of sex. There are no marble shafts, nor so much as painted boards to mark the graves. Not even the founder was so honored. Neither are the mounds kept in shape, nor a flower planted to distinguish one grave from another. "By their deeds alone we shall remember them" will be the answer, when one inquires after their idea in not marking the graves.

One grave there is, however, that has a rose-bush planted upon it, and thereby hangs another romance too good not to be included in this story; the hero and heroine being Jacob Henrici, afterwards leader of the Society, and Gertrude Rapp, granddaughter of Father Rapp. These young people lived under the same roof at the "Great House," had many tastes in common, but particularly that of music. To this day their respective pianos stand in the Great House parlor just where they left them; and the two organs, upon which they played together at Sunday services, still stand in the church, but played by other hands, for both "Father Henrici," as he was afterwards called, and his Gertrude lie in the orchard; she at the end of one row of graves, he at the beginning of an-