Bible Tableaux.

HOW THE SUNDAY SCHOOL CHILDREN ATTEMPTED TO ILLUSTRATE SOME INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF JOSEPH.

The First Reformed Methodist Church of Brownsville, Ill., had been painted with a strawberry festival, carpeted with a fair, and lighted with a concert. It thus happened that, when it was desired to supply the Sunday school with a library, no method of raising the necessary funds suggested itself to the congregation. The idea of subscribing money was so directly at variance with modern ecclesiastical practice that it was obviously not to be thought of. In this emergency the pupils of the Sunday school undertook themselves to secure the needed money by giving an entertainment of the sort known in Western circles as "tabblows." There was a novelty in the proposal of an entertainment originated and managed entirely by children, and its financial success seemed so probable that the children were unanimously thanked and urged to go on in their good work.

Even now, after the affair is all over, no one doubts that the children meant well. The theory indignantly broached by an irasible Deacon that some wicked person attached to the opposition Baptist Church had fiendishly lured the children into a path certain to end in disaster, is no longer credited. When the leading boys of the Sunday School promised the pastor that their tableaux would be confined exclusively to Old Testement subjects, it was felt that the entertainment could not fail to be entirely unobjectionable, and, though the boy's judgment in the end proved to be at fault, of the rectitude of their intentions there can be no honest doubt.

When the audience assembled, and learned from the programme that the entertainment would begin with "Incidents in the Life of Joseph," there was a general feeling of delight and satisfaction. The story of Joseph has such a fine gypsy, camping-out flavor that it has always commanded the admiration of the young. Those children who took no part in the tableaux were charmed with the prospect of seeing Joseph cast into the pit, and the grown people among the audience were quite touched with the thought that the character of Joseph commanded so much respect in the Sunday School as to have his name placed at the head of the programme. So, after the choir had sung the opening chorus, the lifting, or rather the pulling aside of the curtain was awaited with pleasing impatience.

The first scene represented Joseph in the act of going to school, clad in his coat of many colors. With a happy combination of patriotism and realism, the coat was made of the American flag, and, in point of colors and general gorgeousness, was all the most exacting admirer of Joseph could ask. The small boy who personated the youthful patriarch was of grave and earnest countenance, and he carried his school books with the air of one to whom base ball and fishing presented no attractions, and who was utterly incapable of entertaining the bare idea of playing "hooky."

Of course the children meant well, and that fact ought never to have been for an instant forgotten. No one in the audience foresaw the terrible catastrophe which was to prematurely terminate the representation of Joseph's career, and hence it is absurd to say that the children themselves foresaw it. It was a sad, sad business, as the event showed; but the disappointment of the children ought to have saved them from a sneering misconstruction of their motives.

The second scene exhibited Joseph in the grasp of his unnecessary quantity of brothers, who were about to hurl him into a yawning pit, the pit being represented by Deacon Smith's family pew. This scene excited the enthusiasm of the juvenile part of the audience, who clamorously insisted upon its repetition, and loudly suggested plans by which Joseph could "lay out the whole bilin' of 'em," and avoid the impending fate. There were, of course, those who regreted that Joseph was not bodily flung into the pit, but it was well under stood that a "tablow has got to stand still," and that this limitation forbade the actual flinging of Joseph or anyone else.

The small boys who represented Joseph and his brethern enjoyed the performance quite as much as did the audience; only a heartless person could imagine they intended to deliberately ruin their own entertainment. Undoubtedly they had their faults, but they were young, innocent, and animated by the best of motives. Indeed, so far from blaming them, they deserve our tender sympathy.

The sale of Joseph to the Ismaelites constituted the third scene. The Ishmaelites had their faces blackened with burnt cork, and wore their jackets turned inside out. Carping critics found fault with these details, and said they tended to confound the ancient Ishmaelites with modern minstrels; but the majority of the audience was perfectly satisfied. The conduct of one of Joseph's brothers who was shown in the act of biting a fifty-cent piece, just received in payment for Joseph, in order to test its genuineness, was especially applauded, and it was generally admitted that this little incident displayed a high degree of histrionic power on the part of the brother in question.

Four succeeding scenes were each thoroughly successful; and the parents of Joseph, of his brothers, and the leading Egyptians, were so delighted with their children that they mentally resolved to take an early opportunity to express their feelings in candy. It was not until the eighth incident in Joseph's life was placed on the stage that this parental satisfaction was changed to amazement and horror, and the performance broke up in disorder and dismay.

The children had confidently expected that the eighth incident would be more loudly applauded than any other. They had done their very best to make it effective. Joseph had even gone so far as to tear the skirts of his coat, and the boy who had borrowed his sister's garment in order—

But why go into details? There was a grave mistake made, and cannot now be unmade. Whether the occasion warranted eleven maiden ladies of advanced years in fainting on the spot, or eighteen middle-aged men in dragging their families precipitately out of the church and in demanding the return of their money at the door, may perhaps be doubted; but there was certainly no excuse for the unseemly haste with which the Sunday School Superintendent leaped on the stage, boxed Joseph's ears and publicly promised a most tremendous whipping to Mr. Potiphar, who was the Superintendent's own son, and who was waiting with a large horse-pistol to take part in the next scene. Of course, all Brownsville rang with the affair next day, and it is intimated that from twelve to fifteen boys held painful interviews with their respective fathers in the wood shed before going to bed that night. But that the children meant well ought to be conceded. If they were indiscreet, they have terribly expiated their error, and if the affair leads to the purchase of a Sunday School library without the aid of a previous show of any kind, perhaps Brownsville will have no cause to regret the failure of the tableaux.

Take the Baby.

Oh! yes take the baby along by all means. Babies love dearly to ride in cars, and toddle about in steamboats. Why, the baby is the life of the party. Have not whole rooms full of people been entertained by one—hour after hour? Sleeping or waking, the pretty little creature, that can lisp a little English or French—one can hardly tell which—is the universal delight, and many a party has been stupid just for the want of one. In olden times, when they used to journey in stagas, a lady who had a sweet little child with her could scarcely call it her own the whole way, the gentlemen were so fond of carrying, keeping and kissing it. Even the bachelors loved to play with and dandle it on their knees, though at first they might be a little bashful, and awkward in taking hold of the strange and unaccustomed thing. But the smiles and winning ways of the baby were always irresistible, and sure to overcome at last the most obstinate. People love babies as they do flowers. Gentlemen especially, who like flowers, like babies—the sweetest of them all to carry in their hands—just as they would put a carnation in their button-holes.

How babies and butterflies do swarm in summer to be sure. It is then they are on the wing. Pray, do not try to keep them from flying about and alighting here and there when sometimes strikes their fancy, opening and shutting their hands and wings awhile, then flitting away again. Ye that have babies, do not go pleasuring without them. Better leave your purse behind, it will be less missed. The light of your eyes will be quenched, and your tongue will miss its inspiration. What a literally everlasting topic is the baby. She does this, she did that, Baby laughed in her sleep! Her mother does believe it was because she saw something which one so lately from the skies could only behold. Baby can say this word, and hides away sometimes from her mamma, though all but her nose and eyes are in plain sight.

Ye who have no baby! get the lawful ownership of one as soon as possible. You don't know what a fountain of pure felicity it is. The baby is the light and joy of the whole house. The sweetest little creature is the brightest jewel in your cabinet, and ornamental to your drawing-room; the choicest garland in your garden; most inexhaustible of entertaining company. Thers is no solitude where a baby is. Care and trouble disappear at the approach of the laughing little child. She is choroform to your anxieties, and exhilarating gas to your pleasure.

Mr. Wimple Agrees to Let His Boy Go to the Circus.

"Pa," said Mr. Wimple's boy the other day, pretending to hunt behind the counter for his ball, while in reality he was stowing his pockets full of peanuts, "Pa," mayn't I go to the circus, when it comes? Say, pa, mayn't I?"

"Well, my son," said the parent, with his usual pomposity of manner and utterance, "if you are a duteous boy, persecute your studies zealotly, I will consider the matter favoritely."

As the young scamp sidled out of the back door to hide the bulge in his northerly pantaloons pockets, Mr. Wimple turned to a little group of admiring customers and explained his sentiments.

"Yes, I'll let 'im go, I guess. Boys need a little relaxity once in a while, and beside he'll be culturatin' his mind there as well as at school. Observin' the animals'll larn 'im sumthin' of zoogony, an' rarin' curcus birds from the far-off condiments of Asia and Afrika 'll give 'im new idees of ornatehealogy. The incitin' feet of the actrobats on the flyin' trapezium will larn 'im the capacious endurance of the human sistim and simulate 'is taste for the study of phizvignominy. Then again the woman with the iron jaw will remand 'im of his stepmother (Mr. W——is living with his second wife) and thus revive his domestic infections and all the sweet affluences of the home circlet. He's a pretty good boy, if he is a little pertinent to me an' fugacious to other boys sumtimes; so I think I'll let him make a Roman holiday of himself, as the poet Byronicus says an' go to the circus. Sum church members think it makes boys worse to tend such places, but I find there is no change to speak of about my boy when he comes home from any kind of a show, tho' I offun give 'im a dime besides his ticket money when he starts.—*Kansas City Times.*

UNNECESSARILY SEVERE.—A man holding a large cylindrical machine between his knees attracted considerable attention in a "depot" car the other day. An old gentleman who had been talking about the war cast his eye on it and said:

"Let 'em go ahead with their ironclads; some Yankee'll invent a torpedo that'll fix 'em. You see."

Instantly the man with the cylinder became the center of attraction.

"Ain't loaded, is she?" said a lank countryman, giving it a rap with his horney knuckles that would have exploded a twenty-four-pounder, and causing a nervous man to hastily seek the rear platform.

"An invention of yours, my friend?" said a bald-headed man with spectacles, on the opposite seat, bending over curiously, in which he was joined by his neighbors.

"Waal, not edzackly," said the man with the cylinder, tugging at the top of it until the curiosity of the whole car was aroused.

"I'm an agent for it," he continued, as he pulled off the cover. "It's Jenkins' patent back-action fam'ly b'iler. Kin put yer week's wash in the bottom, and bile yer dinner in the top; will fit enny cook stove; price only dollar narf; take a cirkelar, it's the only reliable—"

Putting the man off the car was certainly justifiable, but jamming the tin kitchen over his ears on to his shoulders and booting him from the front platform seemed unnecessarily severe—*Boston Bulletin*

MUCH has been written against the accordion, but the first evening after a young man who practiced on one moved into the second floor of a house on Union street, a smile lit up the face of the aged citizen who lay in sickness on the floor above. He said that he was now reconciled to death. — [Norwich Bulletin.

How the Tides are Produced.

There has always been a difficulty in the minds of teachers, as well as in the minds of learners, to comprehend the theory of the tides as presented in our text-books. This theory fails to give a satisfactory account of the cause of the tides on the side of the earth most remote from the sun and the moon. According to this theory, at that part of the earth's surface which is turned away from the moon or from the sun, a less amount of attraction is felt by her waters than anywhere else on her surface; and the whole earth is therefore, in effect, drawn away from the waters on the far side of her, and thus, the water being left behind, a tide is produced on this side, as well as on the side at which the force of gravity acts directly. That so great an absurdity could have been accepted so long by our writers of text-books is truly marvelous. It is, indeed, so contrary to all known facts and laws of physics, that, if no other influence were felt by the waters at the far side of the earth than attraction, there would be just the opposite effect produced to that alleged by this absurd hypothesis. This can be demonstrated by an actual experiment, and as conclusively as any other fact coming within the reach of experimental philosophy. It has been proved experimentally that all bodies on the surface of the earth at midnight are heavier than at any hour of the twenty-four; and that when the new moon occurs at midnight this increase of weight or gravity felt by matter on this part of the surface of the earth is still greater. Now, if this theory were correct, attraction would produce just the opposite effect; that is, matter would weigh less at midnight than at other hours of the twenty-four. On the side of the earth facing the sun and moon, the weight of bodies is diminished, as it should be, according to the theory which I propose to establish in this article.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

AN INGENIOUS MAP.—About the 1st of January, 1876, Prof. Hitchcock, of the Geological Survey, and his assistants began the construction of a raised map of New Hampshire, the design of which was to combine all the present knowledge of the geography of the State which had been obtained in the geological survey made by Prof. Huntington, Prof. Hitchcock and others. This map has just been completed, and on Tuesday was placed in the State House.

The map is fourteen feet ten inches long, representing one hundred and seventy-eight miles in length (being constructed on a scale of one mile to the inch) and ninety-three miles in width, from the mouth of the Piscataqua river to the northwest corner of Hinsdale, showing the entire surface of the State, nine thousand three hundred and thirty-six square miles. It also shows all the rivers and brooks, ponds and lakes, hills and mountains, and the town and county lines, railroads, etc. The names of all cities and towns, rivers and principal brooks, lakes and ponds, mountains and high elevations, are given conspicuously, so that any one can find at a glance what they desire to look up. The height of the hills and mountains is given on a scale of one inch to one thousand feet, and actual measurements are given when known.

The map is constructed of pine and bass wood, and the process of the work was this: A map was first drawn on paper of the same size as the raised map, with all the lines of towns, streams, ponds, etc., and contour lines for each five hundred feet were drawn. Tracings of the contour lines were made on inch layers of pine and bass boards, maintaining as accurately as possible the relative size and shape. These are fastened upon each other, and the valleys are bevelled out with chisels.—*Concord (New Hampshire) Monitor.*

STRUGGLE BETWEEN A BOA AND A BULL DOG.—A correspondent in Sung hie Ujung, writing under date of April 16th, gives the following account of a remarkable encounter between a boa fifteen feet long and a bull dog. The boa had been confined in a cage for some days, but having been disposed of to a Chinese doctor for its gall, to be used as a medicine, he was hauled out of the cage on the 16th, to be taken away. "The boa was immediately attacked by the dog, who had formerly had a passage of arms with him. For some time the boa was quiet, and only now and then mad a snap. The dog got hold at last, and seized the snake by the head, but the tables were soon turned. In an instant the boa caught the dog by the upper lip and held firmly on, the dog backing vainly and trying to get away. In less than half a minute the whole of the snake's body had enfolded the dog in so close an embrace that the head only could be seen. Before choppers could be procured, blood was gushing from the dog's mouth, and I heard his bones give one crack, and it was only by chopping the boa to pieces that we saved the dog. I found on examination that the boa has very strong, sharp, recurved teeth, not only in the jaws, but also in the palate bones, which accounts for the dog being unable to extricate himself in the first instance, for the teeth being like the 'Vacune beeche' of South Africa, the more he struggled backward the tighter he was held by the boa. I may add for the information of the friends of the dog that he is none the worse for his squeeze."

AROUND THE WORLD IN FORTY-SIX WEEKS.—Mr. Brassey and his family arrived at Hastings on May 26, in the yacht Sunbeam, after traversing 36,000 miles under steam and canvas and making a trip around the world. The voyage occupied forty-six weeks. As soon as the vessel hove in sight two naval gigs, manned by the local royal naval artillery volunteers, rowed off to her and heartily cheered the ship's arrival. The men clambered up the shrouds and jumped on board to offer congratulations. The Brasseys, father and son, have built railroads in all parts of the world and amassed an immense fortune. Commodore Vanderbilt, who was somewhat interested in railroad development during the latter part of his career, once went to Europe in his own carriage, and that carriage was the finest steamship then afloat, and when he returned his first greetings were paid to his aged mother at her house on Staten Island. The younger Brassey has made a similar voyage under his own colors, and the members of the naval corps that was founded by him were the first to welcome him home.

THE man who, about house-cleaning time, sells to you a first-class furniture polish, will, in a day or two have the same article for sale at the sea-side as an infallible remedy for the removal of freckles.