PULPIT SERMONS ON WOMEN.

Few Things Said by Ancient and Modern Divines on Momentous Subject.

Why Eve was made from the rib of Adam has been explained by a witty sage of old. If she had been created from his mouth, she would have talked too much; if from his feet, she would have gone about too much; if from his ears, she would have listened too readily; but she was made from a rib, which is near the heart, to show that she must always be dear to man.

An English preacher in the seventeenth century spoke in similar fashion when he said, with the text, "To be or not to be," that woman should be like and unlike three things. She should be like a snail, always keep within her own house; but not like a snail, to carry all she had on her back. She should be like an echo, to speak when she was spoken to; but not, like an echo, always to have the last word. She should be like a town clock, always keep time and regularity; but not, like a town clock, to speak so loud that all the town might hear her.

A preacher in the reign of Charles II. was to receive £10 if in his sermon at the funeral of Madam Creswell he said nothing but well of her. She was rather a bad character and herself had dictated the clause in her will. So, after a general address on mortality, he thus concluded: "By the will of a deceased sister it is expected that I should mention her and say nothing but well of her; therefore is this: She was born well, she lived well and she died well; for she was born with the name Creswell, she lived in Clerkenwell and she died in Bridewell."—The Sunday Magazine.

LIGHT ON MEDICAL QUESTION

Scientific Analysis of the Ability of Individuals to Weep "Tears of Blood."

The belief that certain individuals are able to weep tears of blood is of such antiquity that the German equivalent for "bitter tears" is "blutige thranan," "bloody tears." There seems, however, no authentic instance of blood being actually secreted by the lachrymal gland.

Micas has published a very interesting article on real and false tears of blood. It is a clinical study on conjunctival hemorrhage. Some years ago the author was consulted about a boy aged 12 years who, from the slightest cause, such as laughing, or sometimes apparently for no cause whatever, wept tears of blood—an occurrence often repeated several times a day. The lad was pale and enervated from constant hemorrhage.

The source of the bleeding was the tarsal conjunctiva, which was covered with fine papillae, and light cauterization with the galvano-cautery resulted in a cure.

This case led the author to study the literature of the subject. He found that in none of the cases cited is it certain that the blood did not come from the conjunctiva or from the lachrymal passages. He feels that it is unwise to deny the possibility of sanguineous secretion from the gland, but that examples in which other sources cannot be shown to be present must be exceedingly rare.

German Publishing Centers.

The chief publishing centers of Germany are Berlin, Leipsic, Vienna, Stuttgart, Munich, in the order here named.

French Are Fond of Bread.

More bread is eaten in France per capita than in any other European country except Belgium.

Usually.

Teacher—"What is a Laplander?" Young Miss—"An awkward man in a crowded street car."

THE UNITED STATES IN 2009.

Student's Idea of the Changes That Time and Thought Are to Bring About.

What will be the destiny of the United States?

The answer to this can be supplied immediately by a comparison with the Roman empire. The establishment of Constantinople as the capital of the east, and the eastern empire's separation from Rome, are paralleled in the story of the American revolution. We may look, then, for a progressive decline in the strength of England, in inverse ratio to our own increasing power; Australia, already American in her political organization, will gravitate, with Canada, into the union; finally the English-speaking peoples will be reunited under American auspices. That is as far as we can look forward legitimately.

America will be absorbed in the solution of her social problems. Democracy, which has never really existed, will be coming into its own; and with its advent will disappear the comedy of representative government which, tried out through several centuries in the classical world, and found wanting, is destined to receive its coup de grace upon American soil.

The battle of socialism will be upon us, to be solved, probably, after some considerable bloodshed, by a sudden illumination of common sense. The loose, haphazard productive methods of to-day, and our costly and faulty manner of distribution, will have to be organized to prevent their complete breaking down.

The solution of this tremendous problem, which will be precipitated by the sudden failure of foreign markets when manufacturing and prohibitory tariffs are universal in all countries, will occupy our attention for at least a century to come.

By the year 2009, therefore, no radical changes will have occurred upon the map of the new world.—Henry Paradyne, in Harper's Weekly.

TRUE TO HIS HIGH CALLING.

Act of Gifted Physician Reads Well in These Days of Struggle for Filthy Lucre.

Many anecdotes are told of the kindness, as well as skill, of the late Dr. W. T. Bull, whose loss is not only regretted by New York's "'400," who knew his ministrations there and at Newport, but by the poor as well. An acquaintance tells this true story as typical of the man: "Shortly before he was stricken with his fatal illness a young East Side physician called at his office and said that he was attending a poor girl over in his neighborhood who would surely die unless operated on. The family was too poor to pay and the doctor did not feel that he was equal to the operation. Would Dr. Bull give him a little advice as to how to proceed?

"'Well, I guess we had better go and take a look at the patient,' said Dr. Bull, putting on his coat.

"They found the patient in an East Side tenement, and in less time than it takes to tell it Dr. Bull had the room cleared and began the operation. When he was leaving the father of the girl met him in the hall and forced a quarter into his hand. Dr. Bull thanked him and went off feeling as happy—happier than if he had received a $1,000 fee. The girl got well."

Honesty.

"Your honor," exclaimed the lawyer for the defense, "we retained that witness and here he is shamelessly testifying for the state."

"You will explain," remarked the court severely.

"Ie regarded the money paid by the defense as an option only," said the witness. "The other side made a better mid, and the option expired."

"Well, we'll get our money back, that's all," rejoined the lawyer, hotly. —Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Chief Industry of France.

Flour making in France is the most important industry in the country in amount of capital invested and value of annual output.

An Important Point.

Most of the enemies we make wholly overlook the fact that they assisted in the making.

Pigeons Sacred to Russians.

Russians do not eat pigeon because the Scriptural dove is a holy bird

WILL WELCOME MOVEMENT.

Male Sex Can Be Counted on to Indorse Abolition of Washing and Scrubbing.

Mrs. Tillinghast of Titusville propounded this conundrum to the State Federation of Pennsylvania Women at a recent meeting:

"What effect, think you, will an endless round of cleaning and scrubbing, washing and ironing have upon a human soul? How far toward the ideal in moral and spiritual development will such a soul be able to advance?"

The effect of these things upon a human soul, if it be the soul of a man, is altogether detrimental. If a man comes home during the progress of spring cleaning and finds his books all dusted and misplaced in the bookcase, his slippers hid carefully away where he cannot find them, the book he was reading concealed behind a row of volumes on the upper shelf, his papers all gone, buckets of suds here and there for him to fall into when he trips over the broom handles that have been so placed as to entrap him, pieces of soap cunningly disposed on the floor so that he will place his foot upon them and slip, he will be apt to say things which will damage his soul and shock his family. It is not hard to answer this conundrum proposed by Mrs. Tillinghast of Titusville. The effect upon the human soul of cleaning and scrubbing is ruinous And when the man with the soul gets up in the early morning and disposes his bare foot upon the carpet tack, so placed with the business end pointing to heaven that he will be sure to step upon it, the ruin of that soul is accomplished. There is not a man within the four seas who will not arise promptly and with zeal to second the motion of Mrs. Tillinghast of Titusville to abolish scrubbing and cleaning.

PANAMA GOOD OBJECT LESSON

All Nations Will Profit by the Sanitary Standard Set by Great Undertaking.

The building of the Panama canal and the sanitary record of the Japanese in their war with Russia are the two great object lessons of recent years, demonstrating that men can neither work nor fight to the best advantage unless protected from infectious and preventable diseases.

The civilized nation which will hereafter put an army in the field or undertake a great engineering problem without first preparing the way by adequate sanitary engineering and equipment will be regarded by the other nations, says the Medical News as quite as foolish as a government which would build a vast fleet of modern warships and then arm them with muzzle-loading ordnance of 100 years ago.

An epidemic of typhoid fever in a military camp should be considered a greater disgrace to an army than a defeat in battle since defeat may come in spite of the greatest exertions and the highest wisdom, while typhoid and yellow fever would be the result of ignorance or disregard of well-known laws of prevention. All nations will profit by the sanitary lesson of the Panama canal.

The scourge of yellow fever against which the French struggled in vain, has not been there since May, 1906, although it exists at several points to the north and south of the canal zone. Bubonic plague has not appeared since August, 1905, but that disease also has broken out not far away. No case of smallpox has been reported during the year.

Freckled on One Side.

For years this particular young woman had been troubled every spring by having her face decorated by a coat of "perfectly awful" freckles just as soon as the sun began to put on its customary vernal power. She made up her mind recently to beat Old Sol by staying indoors, and arranged to do a lot of family sewing, not so much as a Lenten penance as to overcome the desire to sally forth into the streets. So for the entire six days she remained alone at home in her apartment while her mother was away, siting at the window, always with one side of her head to the sunlight. When her mother returned the first thing the old lady did was to exclaim: "Why Ellen!" The daughter sighed. "Yes, mother," she said. "Old Sol got in his fine work as far as he could. One side of my face is a mass of freckles."

Baldwin Apple Honored.

A chance seedling that grew up on a farm near Lowell, Mass., about 1740 became the first Baldwin apple tree, but it was not until 1784 that Col. Baldwin became interested in the apple, developed it and gave it his name. The original tree lived till after 1817, and the place where it grew is now marked by a monument. The Baldwin is the only apple thus honored.

Spoiled Her Sleep Word.

A little girl of four years was heard repeatedly murmuring a long word. Her father, thinking to please her, told her the meaning of it. She burst into tears. At last, with her mother's assistance, the father learned the meaning of her grief. "It was my word that I put myself to sleep with, and now you've spoilt it."—M. Loane in "An Englishman's Castle."

Characteristics of Servians.

Servians in their good nature and love of humor are said to remind travelers of the Irish peasantry. They are hospitable to strangers; their patriotism is vehement, almost quixotic, and they take great interest in politics. Many of the domestics in the towns and cities come from abroad, as the Servian girl is too independent for domestic service.

Intellect Ruled by Superstition.

A man more absolutely governed by pure reason than Lord Macaulay could not well be found, but in his diary he refers to an after-dinner talk about the feeling which Johnson had—of thinking one's self bound to touch a particular rail or post and to tread in the middle of a paving stone, and he adds: "I certainly have this very strongly."

DO WELL WITH THEIR FARMS

Canadian Indians in the Province of Saskatchewan Both Industrious and Prosperous.

The Indians of the great Canadian prairie province of Saskatchewan are disproving the theory that an Indian won't work unless he has to. They are becoming industrious and prosperous.

There are nearly 8,000 Indians in the province and last year they had about 9,000 acres under crops. They raised 150,572 bushels of grain and roots and 36,0000 tons of hay, worth $136,023.

The department of Indian affairs reports that the Indians are turning more and more to the soil for a living. The agent of the Assiniboine agency, which may be regarded as typical, writes:

"I was greatly pleased to find that the area under crop was almost double what it was the year before. The band had about 600 acres of wheat and 200 acres of oats. The Indians of this agency are beginning to farm on a large scale, and if they continue to do as well as they have in the last two years there will be some good-sized farmers among them. One man had 155 acres in crop and another 125 acres and several had 70 acres each. There was a decided improvement in the way the land had been farmed."

SWELLING "THE DIDN'T CLUB"

Hendrik Hudson Is Added to the Ranks and Awful Possibility Suggests Itself.

The overlong procession of great men who didn't do the thing that made them famous has a new recruit. On the heels of Paul Revere, lately unhorsed, comes trotting along old Hendrik Hudson, who, it now appears, did not discover the Hudson river at all. Just who did do it is not known, but who didn't do it is fixed beyond all question forever, and that man is Hendrik Hudson. On the whole, however, we think that Hudson's name is likely to stay out. There are so many millions of people who have discovered the river since it first became known that there is a certain distinction in not having done it, and from this we may as well let the sturdy old Englishman with the Dutch name profit. We shall look with interest for the next member of "The Didn't club." Peradventure it will be Mr. Carnegie, and they'll be telling us he never discovered America!—Harper's Weekly.

Theater Folk Are Superstitious.

Theatrical people are proverbially superstitious. I know of one great actress who never goes on the stage without first crossing herself to insure good luck. Some of our greatest stars would perhaps retire from the stage if they should lose the horseshoe which is nailed to the lid of one of their trunks, and could not get another. Mrs. Leslie Carter always raps three times on the wings before walking on the stage, and she thinks this precaution will banish all evil influences. When Mary Anderson was on the stage she never dared to peep through the curtain while the house was filling. Many theatrical people constantly carry around with them for luck "the left hind foot of a graveyard rabbit killed by the light of the moon."

Bargains Is Bargains.

The lady shopper gazed dubiously at the 75-cent article.

"I don't think it's worth more than 50 cents," she objected.

"Marked down from 77," observed the salesgirl.

"I'll buy it," said the lady shopper instantly.

Legends of Wallenstein.

It was reported that he had ordered an officer to be put to death for appearing at his levee with the clank of spurs, and that he had hung a valet de chambre for presuming to wake him without orders. It was said that his palace was built on the ruins of a hundred houses, that his stables were of the most sumptuous description that each horse had a rack and manger of polished steel, and that the stalls were divided by intercolumna stalls were divided by intercolumnia. Davenport Adams.

TOUCHED HEART OF MARSHAL

New York Server of Eviction Papers Moved by Tragedy of Which He Was Chief.

Thirty little children sat on cheap wooden benches in the second-story room at 11 Suffolk street the other day. Every one of them was ragged. Most looked as though they had not had enough to eat. But they were bright-eyed and alert and not for a moment did their attention stray from the white-bearded old rabbi who was teaching them Jewish prayers, although the smeary little pictures on the walls and the myriad of noises of the roaring East side street must have been a constant temptation. And then the door opened and City Marshal Lazarus stepped in, dispossess warrant in hand, says the New York correspondent of the Cincinnati Times-Star. The struggling little congregation of the synagogue hadn't been able to pay the rent. Their few pennies were needed to keep their own roof trees and give their little ones a meager fare. The old teacher stood silent, with bowed head, as the poor furnishings were ripped from the place and stacked in the street below. Tears trickled down his beard. The children carried the tidings through the squalid neighborhood and in a moment the street was choked with shrieking, gesticulating, weeping men and women. They begged the marshal's men for mercy. As each bit of the poor furnishings appeared they redoubled their outcries. The rabbi, no longer erect and venerable, but a poor, old, grief-stricken man, his eyes red with tears, his hands shaking, moved among them, trying to repress their emotion. Marshal Lazarus was moved by the agony of this, perhaps the most poverty-stricken congregation in all New York. He went to the old rabbi and handed him a little money. "That's to keep you going for a few days," he said kindly.

The old man accepted it. "But it is for my people," he said proudly. "Myself, I can starve. But who will watch my little children here?"

WRONG SYSTEM IN PORTUGAL

Land Cut Up Into Portions on Which Comfortable Living Cannot Be Made.

The Portuguese are an extremely conservative people. Every man follows rigidly the methods employed by his father and forefathers. In very many parts of the country the old wooden plows are still used.

When a man dies instead of one of the heirs taking the whole property and paying the remaining heirs for their parts the whole property is divided into as many parts as there are heirs. More than this, each separate part of the property is thus divided.

Thus if a property consisted of ten acres of pasture land, 80 of vineyard and ten of grain land, and there were ten heirs, each heir would receive one acre each of grain and pasture land and eight acres of vineyard. This process has been going on for a very long time, so that now in the most fertile part of Portugal the land is divided into incredibly small portions.

The immediate result of this, according to the United States consular reports, is that the product of the land is barely sufficient at best to sustain its owners. South of the river Tagus, on the other hand, there are enormous tracts of excellent land lying unused, but it has been found impossible to induce the farmers of the north to move into this region and take up large holdings.

For Nose Bleed.

For obstinate and persistent nose bleeding either put an ice pack or a cloth wrung out of ice water at the back of the neck just at the base of the brain, or drop cold water from a sponge held well above the head so that it will strike the crown of the head with considerable force.

The head should be kept well elevated; even in cases of extreme weakness do not allow the patient to lie down, and small wads of absorbent cotton wet with a weak solution of carbolic acid should be used to plug the nostrils.

If the arms are held above the head five or ten minutes the bleeding, if not severe, will usually stop.

His Business Ability.

In the Adirondacks lives a man too lazy to work, but evidently of great business ability. One winter, when he was sitting around smoking, his family came so near starving that some of his neighbors, who could ill afford to help him, took up a collection and bought for the suffering family a barrel of flour, a barrel of pork and a load of wood. They were not considerate enough to cut the wood, but the business man knew how to manage. He hired some of his neighbors, who had not contributed to his donation, to cut the wood, and paid them with half the pork and half the flour.—Lippincott's.

Shingles from a Tree 1,100 Years Old.

A lumber company at Buckley, Wash., recently sent out a number of souvenir shingles that were cut from a tree 1,100 years old.

The tree from which the shingles were cut had 350 rings, which fact denotes that it was 350 years old when it fell. The stump of a tree which grew over it has 750 rings, and as this could not have started to grow until some time after the first fell, it is practically certain that the original tree was thriving in A. D. 800, which was 700 years before the discovery of America.—Popular Mechanics.

Essentials.

"You have an original idea for a novel?"

"Yes," answered the publisher.

"Do you mind telling the plot?"

"Oh, the plot's no secret. But I'm not going to give away the title or the cover design."

Tree Has Many Qualities.

While the seeds of the dorowa, an East African leguminous tree, are extensively used for food, the pods and leaves form an excellent cement when mixed with crushed stone.

CLOCK MADE MUCH TROUBLE.

Alarm Had Been Set to Do Its Duty at a Certain Hour, But Jim Didn't Know It.

One of the elevator men in a big office building up town found that there was something the matter with his alarm clock, says the New York Times. Knowing that one of his colleagues was a good deal of a mechanician, he decided to save the price of having his clock fixed by getting Joe to fix it for him.

Joe agreed with great enthusiasm; took the clock home and tinkered with it, and when the two went "off the job" at six o'clock one afternoon last week, Joe turned the clock over to Jim with the assurance that it was fixed. So it was; and Joe had set the alarm for 6:45, but Jim didn't know that and Joe forgot to tell him.

Joe and Jim were traveling toward the far end of Brooklyn on an elevated train at 6:45 that night, and were just passing Greenwood cemetery when the alarm went off. Everybody in the car gave either a yell or a jump. Joe turned to Jim with a look of surprise.

"What are you making all that noise for?" he yelled, in a voice that dominated even the uproar of the alarm.

Red in the face, perspiring, glaring-eyed, Jim was trying to suppress the deafening clamor. The guard was elbowing his way through the crowd to find out if somebody had set off a dynamite bomb. A pretty girl in the next seat had bounced up and was trying to climb the roof, and a stolid German had promptly sat down in it There were all the symptoms either of a panic or a circus.

As for Jim, he wrestled vainly with the clanging thing, and turned off everything in his excitement but the right stop. Meanwhile Joe, the author of his confusion, was looking at him with an air of mild inquiry.

"Doing it on a bet, Jim?" he asked, kindly.

With an oath, Jim arose and hurled the thing through the window. It lighted in Greenwood, still going off and a policeman, at whose feet it landed, gave a shriek and leaped six feet. Then he arrested it as a dynamite bomb, and the train moved on.

Repeating a Newspaper.

Dr. Macklin used to tell a story of man proud of his great mental retentiveness. He offered to give any proof of it desired, and was asked to read a newspaper and then to repeat every word of it from memory. The host held the paper while the man repeated it verbatim and every word in its proper place.

The surprise of the host, however, was even greater and his skepticism taxed beyond bounds when the visitor, to show how easy the feat had been, offered to repeat the words backward.

"This is impossible."

"Not at all. If you will listen, I will do it."

And he did it. Beginning at the end of the last word of the last column, he went to the beginning of the first word of the first column without an error. Dr. Macklin fails to give this prodigy's name.—Sunday Magazine.

A Wall Street Confession.

The broker runs the most profitable end of the game. Perhaps you have never realized that most New York stock exchange houses with any sort of clientele maintain their offices on what they make on interest charges, which every monthly statement shows, and which not one of a hundred speculators can verify. The commission and interest charges that go to the brokerage firm make the percentage an almost impossible one to overcome. This percentage is far bigger than in roulette. Do you think you can win in the long run playing roulette? If you think you can, then go ahead and speculate. If in doubt, then let me tell you that in almost three years I had over 200 accounts, and not only have I never seen anybody make any money to keep, but I have seen many a fortune wiped out.—Everybody's.

How Teacher Got Even.

A New York teacher took occasion recently at a public meeting to criticise the good taste of women teachers who sit and laugh and otherwise amuse themselves while they are present for the supposed reason of improving their minds by listening to the speakers. The teachers were naturally indignant and declare the teacher took this method of getting even with them because some of them tittered when she stumbled as she walked across the stage, the men restraining all impulse to laugh.

A Too Hilarious Fireside.

"Bliggins' children are wonderfully clever."

"Yes," answered Miss Cayenne. "He says they are always singing or reciting or saying something clever."

"His home must be very happy."

"Perhaps. Only it must be a little too much like a perpetual musical comedy."

HOUSES UNDER THE GROUND.

Dwellers in the Desert Make Practical Use of Walls Erected by the Ancient Romans.

Concerning the mysterious underground dwellings in the desert back of Tripoli Hanus Vischer writes in the Geographical Journal: "On the northern edge of the mountains the little land of Gharian with its villages and gardens, stands like an island among the general destruction. To this day the old Roman terraces have withstood the keen wind from the sea and the winter rains and give one an idea of the country's former prosperity. The village of Gharian lies among ancient olive groves and large fruit gardens, built on the old terraces. Ruined castles look down from every little hill, old Roman or earlier towers. The present inhabitants live in underground houses, hewn out of the solid rocks, the ancient dwellings probably of some prehistoric race.

"A curious maze of earth mounds, which rose on either side of the road, showed the position of the village. From one of these mounds, the rubbish taken out of the ground when the house was built, I looked down into a square courtyard about thirty feet below the ground, with walls hewn perpendicularly out of the red rock Around the walls several doors and narrow slit windows showed the different rooms. The master of the house then led us to a door which was built above the ground, like the entrance to some cellar, and down a narrow passage or tunnel to the courtyard below. The first apartment we came to held donkeys and some goats and was used as a stable.

"The living rooms were all whitewashed and, like the courtyard, exceedingly clean. It looked most picturesque—the little house with the whitewashed arches leading into the rooms, the red sides of the rock covered partly by a fresh green creeper, and over it all the square of dark-blue sky. The inhabitants praise their houses, for they are cool in summer and warm in winter, when the cold northeast wind blows, but they knew nothing of the original builders."

Thinking One's Self Old.

If at 30 you expect to be an old man or woman at 35 you will be one, because the mind makes the material correspondence of whatever it sets itself permanently upon.—Health Record.

A Financier.

Customer—Please, mister, I can't remember what ma sent me for, but you can give me two cents' worth of peppermint candy, 'cause she said I could keep the change.—Century.

A Toast.

To Eve, who, recognizing the value of a higher education, secured it for herself and her descendants, while Adam thought only of tickling his palate.—Life.

Gentility.

Burleigh: Gentility is nothing but ancient riches.

No Cheap Grades.

There are no varying degrees of sincerity.