#### A GENTLE PROFESSOR

# sodictos of an Old-Time Tale

Dr. Pwight, in his "Memories of Tale La's and Men," gives many a glimpse of the gracious men who made for themselves a good name at the same time that they built up the reputation of the university. College life half a century ago was as unlike the life of to-day as the instruction now given is unlike the work of the old recitation room. Dr. Dwight tells two stories of Professor Silliman, one of which illustrates the educational and To meet their dad, wi' flichterin' noise the other the disciplinary spirit of the time

I had presented myself before him, on a certain occasion near the end of my academic course, for an examination on studies in his department. He asked me to take a chair near him and then, in a way peculiar to himself, than embarrassing to the student,-he questioned me on various points for half an hour.

Then, rising and going to his table he looked at some papers, and select ing one, said:

"I suppose you would like to have me give you a certificate that your examination has been satisfactory, which you may hand to the president."

I gave him, of course, an affirmative answer. He then handed me the paper, saving:

"Not doubting that you would pass I wrote the certificate before you came In.

The professor was requested to give the first vote in the decision of a mat ter of discipline. He took the college catalogue, which was lying on the table near him, and opening it, he said: "What is the student's name, Mr.

#### President?"

"Jones," the president replied. "Ah," said he, after turning over the

pages somewhat carefully, "Jones of the junior class?" "Yes," was the reply.

"I notice that he is from Baltimore," the professor answered. "When I was lecturing in that city his father enter tained me most hospitably at his house. I think I would treat the young man as leniently as possible.

## BRIDE WHO WAS THE

## IDEAL OF A NOVELIS

After the recent marriage in Chicage of Miss Carrie Woolfolk to Granville W. Browning, it was divulged that she had been the girl selected from all oth ers by Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster a the living prototype of the ideal girl who is the heroine of her latest novel



1



The Cotter's Batarday Night. At length his lonely cot appears in view Beneath the shelter of an aged tree: Th' expectant wee things, toddlin' stacher thro'

an' glee.

His wee bit ingle, blinkin' bounily, His clean hearth stane, his thriftie wifie's smile.

The lisping infant prattling on his knee. Does a' his weary, carking cares beguile, An' makes him quite forget his labor and his toil.

-a way that was very helpful, rather Belyve, the elder bairns come drappin'

Įn, At service out, among the farmers roun', Some ca' the plow, some herd, some tentie rin

A cannie errand to a neebor town.

But now the supper crowns their simple board,

The halesome parritch, chief o' Scotia's food:

The sowpe their only hawkie does afford, That 'yout the hallen snugly chows her cood:

The dame brings forth in complimental mood,

To grace the lad, her well-hain'd kebbuck fell-

An' aft he's prest, an' aft he ca's it guid; The frugal wifie, garrulous, will tell, How 'twas a towmond auld, sin'lint was

I the bell. The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious

face, They, round the ingle, form a circle wide;

The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace, The big ha' Bible, ance his father's pride;

- His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside, His lyart haffets wearing thin an' bare;
- Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide, He wales a portion with judicious care; And "Let us worship God!" he says,

with solemn air.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,

How Abram was the friend of God on high; Or, Moses bade eternal warfare wage With Amalek's ungracious progeny;

Or how the royal bard did groaning lie Repeath the stroke of Heav'n's aveng ing ire;

Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry; Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire;

Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

- Then kneeling down to Heaven's Eternal
- King. The saint, the father, and the husband

prays: Hope "springs exulting on triumphant

wing," That thus they all shall meet in future

days: There ever bask in uncreated rays, No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear. Together hymning their Creator's praise In such society, yet still more dear; While circling time moves round in an

# eternal sphere.

Ther homeward all take off their sev'ral WAY;

The youngling cottagers retire to rest; parent-pair their secret homage pay, The And proffer up to Heaven the warm re-

quest,

on the importations of rough diamond increased year by year, at first grad-usily, but finally by leaps and bounds, until at present they are running up in the neighborhood of \$10,000,000 a year and still increasing. And the importation of uncut diamonds is, needless to say, an exact measure of the growth of the industry. Diamonds are quoted because dia-

monds are recognized as the most difficult of all the gems to cut. Not merely are they the hardest gem known, but they require a more complicated cutting and a greater skill in bringing out their beauties. And with diamonds, the importations in the rough represent absolutely the quality cut, for there is practically no home production, while almost every other known gem is produced in marketable quantities somewhere in the United States. So that the increase in the rough imports is a more than fair measure of the growth of the gemcutting industry.

Fifteen or twenty years ago there was not a gem-cutting establishment of any importance in the city. One leading firm had a cutting department which was mainly engaged in recutting. It existed, that is about all, because it was necessary to the completeness of the establishment. But like all the other jewelers in the country they imported practically all their gems ready cut And the two or three struggling lapidaries that did manage to keep their heads above water in some dingy, obscure corner of the jewelers' district were chiefly engaged in recutting. All of them togther could not have made one establishment of any reputation for solvency, although there are many such to-day on Malden Lane and Nassau and John streets.

### FEW DICKENS HOUSES LEFT.

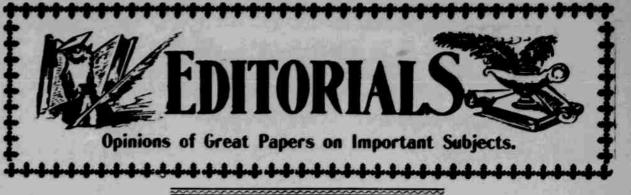
March of Modern Improvement Re aponsible for Their Damolition.

Very few of Dickens' houses remain. One after another of the quaint old buildings described in his novels or in which their scenes were laid are being torn away to give room to modern oflice buildings. "The Old Curiosity Shop," the home of little Nell, can still be identified in an old paper and junk warehouse in Portsmouth street, near the courts, and near by, at No. 58, in the home of Mr. Tulkinghorn, the lawyer in "Bleak House." It was occupied for a long time by John Forster, the blographer of Dickens. Oliver Goldsmith lived and died in No. 2 Brick court, Middle Temple Lane, up two flights of stairs, and is buired in the adjoining churchyard. Blackstone wrote his commentaries in the next. building, and his room may be seen today. Thackeray and Tom Taylor lived at No. 10, and Milton spent several years in the same locality. Nearly every one of the old buildings is identified with historic characters.

Over on Holborn, one of the great arteries of trade, several of the Dickens houses may be easily found by the use of the Dickens Dictionary. Dombey & Son are real people and have a tailor shop in the city. Mr. Dombey's house, which Dickens says "stood on the shady side of a tall, dark, dreadfully genteel street," may be one of a dozen or more answering that description. Admiral Lord Nelson, Lord Byron and Turner, the celebrated painter, ived in the same block. Sairy Gamt

and Betsey Prigg lived in a shop in

Kingsgate street which is now occu-



#### Church Advertising.

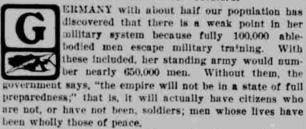
HERE is extremely doubtful propriety (in the moral and religious sense) in the practice of some ministers of using sensational advertising devices to "drum up" patronage and crowds. The preacher who feels the necessity of adopting the methods so long nearly monop-

We believe there is nothing in the narrative of Christ's ministry which would justify the faintest suspicion that he either used or indorsed such methods. His habits of speech and exhortation were anything but sensational. Only two of His disciples seemed to favor spectacular arts. We refer to Peter and Judas. Peter wanted his Master to call on the Celestial powers for a sensational rescue, and there is an uninspired legend which says Judas betrayed the Savior with two ends in view: First, he wanted to replen ish the depleted treasury of the Twelve, and, next he confidently expected to see the Master effect his own complete deliverance from the hands of the enemy by means of some astounding miracle. The tradition further states that it was Judas' bitter disappointment that drove him to

None of the great apostles, prophets, noted clergymen or renowned reformers deemed it necessary or justifiable on any conceivable grounds to resort to the auction bell or the scenic artist's daub, or the harlequin's contortions, or the yellow journal trick, to stampede the broad road crowd or to touch the souls of intelligent doubters.

In short, there is a growing conviction among a very devout portion of intelligent churchmen that it is not in harmony with the eternal fitness of things to try to stock the Celestial fields with the kind of souls that find more to move them in a circus tent or a display "ad" than in the Word of Divine Inspiration !- Dayton (Ohio) Journal.

#### Men and Material for Soldiers.



In our country we should regard such a condition as promising only as the number of soldiers steadily decreased. We shy violently at the thought of a standing army of 100,000 men. We rightly regard every man taken into the service as so much lost to the productive interests of the country. Having regard, however, for Germany's political situation, and that France maintains a first reserve only a few thousand less than Germany, while the standing army of Russia, her ally, is over a million on a

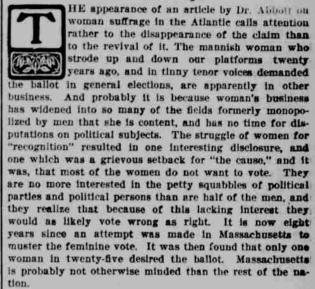
peace footing, and we arrive at the point of view of the German general staff in demanding the increase. It is a fact, too, that German military training reforms a large proportion of its human material to its positive betterment. The uncouth peasant becomes the more of a man and the better citizen for his term in the barracks. He is educated in more than strictly military affairs. So that, on the whole, there is some return other than that of national defense in a policy that regards every man as primarily material for a soldier only .- Detroit Journal.

## **Co-Education and Marriage.**

haps seen in the small and diminishing rate of marriage among college graduates of both seres.

This same small and diminishing marriage rate is observable quite as markedly among the graduates of onesex institutions as among those of co-educational colleges. It is furthermore observable to some extent-probably an equal extent-in society at large, where the average age of marriage is advancing and the rate of marriage is declining, as in Massachusetts, where the present yearly number of marriages per 1,000 of population is about 17, contrasting with a rate of 20 three decades ago, and from 22 to 24 fifty years ago. Education, of course, cannot be held responsible for this change. Its influence, if any at all, can only be very small, because of the comparatively small number in the population affected thereby. We must look for other causes, and those will prove to be of an economic rather than of an educational nature. There is, moreover, very little co-education of the higher sort in Massachusetts, and hence co-education would have to be relieved of the charge made by President Hall, if education in itself is held indictable .- Springfield Republican.

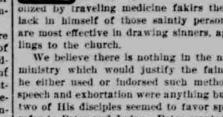
#### Woman Suffrage.



After all is said, the woman's domain is the home. It is her own choice. For those women who, unfortunately, refrain from marriage the professions are open, and in various callings they fill no less a place than they would as mothers of families and wives of good men. The proposition that they shall invade all industries and pursue all vocations is as absurd as if men were to propose themselves as candidates for feminine employments. A few women have shown an aggressive and even martial spirit; but we should choose for companionship the woman who was not a soldier. Even her sisters would prefer a womanly woman .- Brooklyn Eagle.

#### The Growing of Insanity.

OT until Jan. 1, 1859, was the number of lunatics officially registered in this country (Great! Britain). At that date there were 36,762 insane persons-a proportion to the population of 1 to 536. To-day they number over 113,000proportion to the population of 1 in 293-and he tendency of much of the insanity which comes under treatment to-day is to end in dementia and to become incurable. Melancholia has shown in recent years a conderable rise among the educated and private classes of the insane, and recovery is rarely the happy issue of nelancholia, more especially in men. \* \* \* But relief nay be at hand nevertheless, and may come from the same lirection as the evil. The increased intellectual activity, which is now reproached for bringing in its wake a train f psychological ills, will become more disciplined in its working, when the mental health of the people will imgrove, and the blessings of the fuller life which modern ducation and modern invention have brought within their each will be enjoyed with impunity .- London Lancet.



ouzed by traveling medicine fakirs thereby confesses the lack in himself of those saintly personal qualities which are most effective in drawing sinners, agnostics and world-

the final act of desperation.

"Janet Ward." The frontispiece o the book, supposed to represent a ideal girl, was really a portrait of Mis Woolfolk, which had been used by he permission. In her book Mrs. Sangste describes the ideal of the day as on who is restless and who longs for career, but in the end finds true hag piness in a good man's true love anher career bounded by the four wall of home. The girl in real life ha longed for the successes of an art ca reer, but like the girl in the book, en braced the sphere of a home-maker.

A Lady of the Last Century.

George Meredith recently said of late brilliant and beautiful leader o English society, "She did not merel, shuffle the cards; she was one of th pack."

An earlier leader, Lady Holland, wa not one of the pack, to borrow th phrase, and she was inclined to shut fle her cards-which included prince; peers, politicians and poets-with mor or less flourish.

She exacted homage; it pleased he to see distinguished men fetch an, carry in her drawing-room. It wa one of her little habits to drop he handkerchief for some one to pick u and return to her on bended knees.

One evening at a dinner at Hollan House, when she had dropped he handkerchief three times in close suc cession, Count D'Orsay returned it t her the third time, saying:

"Pray, my lady, had I not bette take my seat under the table?"

#### Nonsense About Sneesing.

"When a man sneezes heartily, h may know himself to be healthy. N person in poor health even sneezes, says the eminent doctor, Sir Jonatha Hutchinson. This statement will b challenged by those familiar with th plague, who know that hearty sneezin, is its first symptom. Everyone know that a series of sneezes comes in th first stages of catching cold, and that the hay fever victim sneezes to hi great discomfort.

#### Water Rights Involved.

At the dinner of the Associate Press recently, Congressman Beds, c Minnesota, said that there was so muc water is some of the present day trust that he doubted if the stockholder he is, could not master this one. But id realize even the riperies right that was the turning point. From then to any real girl.

Chat He, who stills the raven's clam rous nest. And decks the fily fair in flow'ry pride. Would, in the way his wisdom sees the best. For them and for their little ones pro-

vide: But, chiefly, in their hearts with grace

divine preside. O Scotia; my dear, my native soil!

For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent!

Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil Be bless'd with health, and peace, and sweet content

And, O! may Heaven their simple lives prevent

From luxury's contagion, weak and vile Then howe'er crowns stal coronets be rent,

A virtuous populace may rise the while. And stand a wall of fire around their much-lov'd isle.

O Thou! who poured the patriotic tide That stream'd thro' Wallace's undaunted

beart. Who dared to nobly stem tyrannic pride Or nobly die, the second glorious part: (The patriot's God peculiarly thou art, His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward!)

O never, never, Scotia's realm desert; But still the patriot, and the patriot bard.

In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard! Robert Burns.

#### AMERICAN DIAMOND CUTTERS.

Gem Industry Is Now Fully Established in New York.

Gem cutting in America has ceased to be an experiment and become a rec ognized industry-recognized not merely at home as one more thing that Uncle Sam can do well, but recognized abroad as one more thing in which Yankee competition is to be fared. says the Brooklyn Eagle. Time was when the cutting of precious stones was admittedly one of the things that

Europe could do better than America, and America made no attempt to dispute the supremacy. And for Europe one might almost read "Holland." for Holland had practically a world's monopoly of the industry. And all this not more than a generation ago.

It was in 1873 that the first rough or uncut diamonds were imported into

this country-and then a few only, valued at only \$176,426. For five years the experiment continued with so little success that in 1878 the imports had dropped to \$63,270. I' rather looked as if Uncle Sam, jack of all trades that

pied by a barber; Furnivals' Inn, formerly one of the most plcturesque buildings of old London, in which Dickens wrote "The Pickwick Papers," "Sketches by Boz," "Oliver Twist" and 'Nicholas Nickleby," has been torn down within the last two years, and in its place now stands a magnificent structure of red brick and terra cotta belonging to the Prudential Life Insurance Company. St. Andrews' Church, across the street, is identified with Oliver Twist and Bill Sykes, who stopped and counseled under its shadow one night on their memorable burglary excursion .- W. E. Curtis, in Chicago Record-Herald.

#### The Reasoning Child.

It was in a Philadelphia public school the other day that a class in spelling was going over a lesson in words of two syllables. One of the words was "mummy." "Children," said the teacher, "how many of you know the meaning of the word 'mummy' "? After a long silecne one little girl raised her hand.

"Well, Maggie?"

#### "It means yer mother."

The teacher pointed out her mistake, and explained fully the meaning of the word. Presently the word "poppy" had to be spelled. "Who knows what 'poppy' means?"

asked the teacher.

The same little girl raised her hand, this time brimful of confidence. "Well, what's the answer, Maggle?" "It means a man mummy," replied the child.

#### Short of Material.

A successful merchant, whose bald head is like an ivory billiard ball, was lecturing his 14 year old son, whose tastes are becoming a little bit extravagant, according to his father's standard. "My boy." he said, "when I started out in life I did not have a penny to my name. I am a self-made The incorrigible youth whisperman. ed to his mother, who was sitting nearby: "Say ma, there must have been a corner in the bair market when pa was making himself."

The men lack one resource open to the women: they can't put a veil over their summer bat, and wear it all win ter.

We object to the word "wincome straying out of a novel to be applies

RESIDENT G. STANLEY HALL of Clark P University, believes in early marriages, and regards with disfavor anything which tends to prevent. This is all very well, but when, in his address at the Boston gathering of educators, he charges to education an influence in that direction, he is probably in error. His argument is that the sexes in co-education see too much of each other. disillusionment ensues, and the motives for marriages are weakened; "and one of the results of co-education is per-

QUEEN OF OUTLAW BAND. Something About the Career of Dora Fox of Okiahoma,

Dora Fox, the queen of the outlaws of Oklahoma, has been caught, says the Kansas City Journal. No woman ever led a stranger life than has Dora Fox. She is only 23 years old, but for eight years the slim, bronze-faced cirl, with a mouth and features that not even her life in ontiaw camps has relieved of their beauty, has been the leader of an outlaw band. She has es caped from jail under the eyes of her guards; she has led her band through a dozen fights with sheriffs; she has disguised herself and visited towns where the officers who were after her were resting and now at last she has been captured after a chase of years, which extended across three States and ins been participated in by a dozen determined sheriffs. The story of this remarkable girl, told by herself, is as follows:

"My parents died when I was very little. They left nothing. I had lived all my life on the plains. I knew horses and cattle and I knew nothing else. Naturally, I turned to the cattle camps to earn a living. That was when I was 14. I cooked and sometimes I helped the cowboys. A year after this I commenced the life that brought me here. I was working on a range in Eastern Texas. There was a pretty hard crowd of boys on the ranch and at last I overheard a conversation which showed me that the three of the men on the ranch were Martin, Jack Simmons and Bert Casey, all notorious outlaws. They were planning a raid one evening when I overheard the whole thing. In my excitement I made a little noise and they discovered me. I was selzed and in half an hour I was

galloping over the range in the direction of the rendezvous with my arms bound behind me.

"When we reached the place Sim say I am cruel. They say I have no mons told me on account of what I womanly instincts. That is a lie. I had overheard I would have to remain am not cruel, and even though I have a prisoner in the camp or become one lived my life on the prairie and in hard en are apt to think it is love; but it is of the gaug. "Take your choice, little | camps I have a woman's heart."

## KING BABY.

King baby on his throne

King baby on his throne

His throne is mother's knee

His throne is mother's knew

Where none may sit but he

So curly O, so curly O!

girl,' he said. 'I knew you well enough

to know that if you take an oath to

stand with us you'll do it like a man.

Don't do it, though, unless you want

for me to do, but I had no other

"I had not been with the gang two

of the boys were captured, but Sim-

mons and I escaped. For years I was

compelled to wear men's clothing as a

disguise. After the fight we were

pretty well broken up and I went to

work on a cattle ranch as a cowboy.

Some one recognized me and I was

"They say I am an outlaw. They

say I am a thief, a leader of train rob

bers, horse thieves and murderers

Well, I don't care about that. They

captured.

His crown it is of gold.

His crown it is of gold.

In shining tendrils rolled.

So tender O, so tender O'

Sits reigning all alone.

His kingdom is my heart. Sits reigning O, sits reigning O! So loyal O, so loyal O! His kingdom is my beart, His own in every part.

> Divine are all his laws, So simple O, so simple O! Divine are all his laws, With love for end and cause

King baby on his throne Sits reigning O, sits reigning Of King baby on his throne Sits reigning all alone. -Lawrence Alma-Tadema.

#### Delicious Freedom.

Dr. Hurd, bishop of Worcester, was perfect type of the eighteenth century scholar and gentleman. He was At first it seemed an awful thing devoted to the Church of England, and his habit of thought led him as far as friends, so I swore to be true to them. possible from dissenters; yet one story told of him shows him in the light of weeks when they were surrounded by a charity greater than creeds.

a posse and we had to fight our way In the course of his preaching he had out. I had committed no crime, but for a long time noticed a poor man I was pointed out as the most desperwho seemed very attentive to his serate woman on the range. There were mons. The bishop had talked with! stirring years after that. We were in him and made him little presents; but Old Mexico and all through the South- suddenly he missed his humble audiern States. Half of the time posses tor. Then one day they chanced to were on our trail, but we fooled them meet, and the bishop said, "John, I time after time. Once we were cor- don't see you at church as usual. How nered and had to fight again. Three is that?"

> John hesitated. Then he spoke out. "My lord," said be, "I'll tell you the truth, and I hope you won't be offended. I went one day to hear the Methodists, and I understand their plain words so well that I've attended there ever since."

The bishop pulled a sovereign out of his pocket, and bestowed it on his old friend.

"God bless you!" mid he. "Go where you get the greatest profit to your soul.

When a man is in trouble, the wom more apt to be money.

SAME TO LLI