

GOOD Short Stories

According to one account of the Parter telegram, it made Senator Tillman "so agitated that he almost cried." When his Virginia colleague resought him to be calm, he replied: "I always think the best, Senator Daniel, when I am greatly excited."

The old gentleman had just stepped into the crowded car, and had accidentally trodden on Algy Fitzgerald's foot. "Confound you, you careless old ruffian!" cried Algy; "you've crushed my foot to a jelly." "Ah!" said the old man, calmly, "call's-foot jelly, I suppose."

The late Miss Julia Moore (Sir John Moore's niece), like many very old people, was extremely proud of her age, and lost no opportunity of showing it. When she was asked by a friend if she was going to see the king's coronation, she answered: "No. I have seen out of London for the last three coronations, and I don't care to alter my record." What an exaltation one must feel at being able to say a thing like that!

"Economy," said Governor Chatterton, of Wyoming, "is always admirable. A Cheyenne hunter, though, was disgusted the other day with the economical spirit of a visitor to his shop. This visitor, a tall man with gray hair, entered with a soft felt hat, strapped in paper, in his hand. 'How much will it cost,' he said, 'to dye this hat gray, to match my hair?' 'About a dollar,' the hunter answered. The tall man wrapped the hat up again. 'I won't pay it,' he said; 'I can get my hair dyed to match the hat for a quarter.'"

As an illustration of carrying military discipline too far, this story is told by General Nelson A. Miles: "There was a colonel who, in the middle of a campaign, was seized with a sudden ardor about hygiene. He ordered that all his men change their shirts at once. This order was duly carried out, except in the case of one company where the privates' wardrobes had been pitifully depleted. The captain of this company was informed that none of the men could change their shirts, since they had only one apiece. The colonel hesitated a moment, and said, firmly: 'Orders must be obeyed. Let the men change shirts with each other.'"

Dr. Edward Waldo Emerson, of Concord, is fond of telling of an old servant whose heart was exceedingly kind, and in whom the qualities of pity and compassion were developed nearly to perfection. He was once driving his master and Emerson through the country. As they approached a new house that the master was building, they saw an old woman sneaking away with a bundle of wood. "Jabez, Jabez," cried the master; "do you see that old woman taking my wood?" Jabez looked with pity at the old woman, then with scorn at his master. "No, sir," he said, stoutly, "I don't see her; and, what's more, I didn't think that you would see her, either."

Judge Jonathan Dixon, of the Supreme Court of New Jersey, has a habit, well known to old practitioners before him, of asking three questions of counsel arguing at the bar. The first one is usually simple, and the lawyer answers it carelessly; the second one is a little more drastic, and the respondent replies with trembling uncertainty; the third is bound to be a poser fraught with humiliation. On one occasion Richard V. Lindabury, of Newark, was presenting a case to the court of errors, and when the first question was innocently propounded he said: "I don't know." "Don't know?" cried the judge; "why don't you know?" "Because I haven't heard the other two questions," said the wily advocate.

TO INSURE LONG LIFE.

Liberian Now Visiting in London Has a Mysterious Plant.

In one of the smaller hotels in the neighborhood of Charing Cross there is residing a young Liberian, who has come to London for the purpose of exhibiting (and selling) to the curious the mysteries of a plant which, he claims, insures long life to those who possess one of its leaves, says the London Chronicle.

His name is Gomita, and on Saturday he told one of our representatives that he was of royal blood, in proof of which he showed his passport.

"I have come to London direct from my home in Liberia, as I have heard that the British in all parts of the world want to live long. Out on the west coast of Africa there is a plant the mysterious virtues of which are known only to those who have royal blood in their veins." The secrets of the plant, he said, were remarkable, and he explained some of them at a meeting held at the Cavendish rooms, Marlborough street.

"Your smile," he continued, "denotes that you disbelieve my statement, but I can assure you that the plant possesses those qualities which I state, for they have been proved. Moreover, they are regarded as so astonishing that the greatest anxiety has been shown by foreign travelers to possess one. But the secret has been well guarded, and no professional botanist could discover the plant. In fact, I possess my royal blood, had to be shown before I was told what it was, and I had to pay heavily for it. It is of slow growth, and it grows in a warm, damp, and shady place."

leaves. Swallow one of these leaves and you may be certain of adding from ten to twenty years to your life. If you rub one on a wound you are immediately healed. And when one is placed in a coffin the dead body does not decay, but is preserved. Indeed, in Liberia the coffins of the great men all contain these leaves, as we find this is better than the old Egyptian method of embalming."

The Liberian talked on—he speaks English very well—for several minutes, until I asked him the cost of one of the plants.

"I could not sell a plant, but a leaf would cost anywhere from £100 to £500, and it would be cheap at that price. I suppose I shall have some difficulty in convincing Londoners, but probably a few will listen to me at my meeting, and will not be unwilling to test my statements. It does not follow because you in London have reached so high a standard of civilization and knowledge that all nature's secrets have been disclosed to you."

Gomita rose from the table at which we had been sitting and put forward his hand for me to shake as a signal that he did not wish to proceed further with the conversation.

"Just one word more," I said. "Will you tell me the name of the plant?"

"No," said Gomita. "It is a secret known in Liberia only to the few."

IS IT RUDIMENTARY INSTINCT?

Why Some People Seek Chairs Next to the Wall.

"Why is it," asked the elderly man with the contemplative air, "that we instinctively choose the tables and chairs next to a wall in a restaurant? Why are the tables in the center of the room always the last taken?"

"Don't know; never thought of it," responded his companion. "But I'll bet you have a theory to account for it."

The elderly man smiled knowingly, and continued: "You will notice that the corner seats are always taken first. It's the same in street cars or railroad coaches. Every man or woman instinctively takes to a corner and screws his or her neck back into it. Have you noticed, too, that when passing people along a wall you always edge inward if you possibly can?"

"Why is it? Simply instinct—an instinct the origin of which dates back to prehistoric times, when men had not yet learned the use of metal weapons. It is the instinct we inherit from our cave-dwelling ancestors, who had only clubs with which to defend themselves. Instinct is only an unconscious disposition to make use of previous experiences."

"When the prehistoric man wanted to eat his meal in peace he huddled into some cranny in a cliff or against the side of a big rock. In that position he felt secure, for nothing could attack him from the rear and he could observe everything that approached his way. It must have taken ages of experience to have bred that instinct so deeply within us, for even now, when cave bears and mastodons do not frequent our eating resorts, we prefer walls, and especially corners, every time."

"I suppose, too, that's why men naturally walk on the outward side of women along sidewalks. In case a winged ichthyosaurus should swoop down upon them he could bang her over against the shop window and stand off the beast."

"It is another rudimentary instinct which has survived the need of it. Man instinctively protected woman by having a cliff on one side of her and himself on the other, and to this day she expects it."

The Assyrian Dead.

It is a curious fact that in Assyria the ruins speak to us only of the living, and that of the dead there are no traces whatever, says Lagason's "Story of Chaldea." One might think people never died there at all. Yet it is well known that all nations have bestowed as much care on the interment of their dead and the adornment of their last resting place as on the construction of their dwellings—nay, some even more, for instance, the Egyptians. To this loving veneration for the dead history owes half its discoveries; indeed, we should have almost no reliable information at all on the very oldest races, who lived before the invention of writing, were it not for their tombs and the things we find in them.

It is very strange, therefore, that nothing of the kind should be found in Assyria, a country which stood high in culture. For the sepulchres which are found in such numbers in some mounds, down to a certain depth, belong to later races, mostly even to the modern Turks and Arabs. This peculiarity is so puzzling that scholars almost incline to suppose that the Assyrians either made away with their dead in some manner unknown to us or else took them somewhere to bury. The latter conjecture, though not entirely devoid of foundation, is unsupported by any positive facts, and therefore was never seriously discussed. The question is simply left open until something happens to shed light on it.

Beginning and End.

Singleton—So you were married by a justice of the peace, eh?

Wedderly (sadly)—Yes; but that isn't the worst of it.

Singleton—Well, come on with the rest of your sad story.

Wedderly—The justice aforesaid was the first and last peace contracted with my matrimonial experience.

Velocity of the Wind.

At the height of one mile the average velocity of the wind is four times as great as at the surface.

WOMEN

Growing Power of Women.

This international assemblage of women brings a new power into world politics. Though as yet not fully recognized as a political force, even in their respective countries, they are that force none the less, and make it felt in more ways than one. The influence of women is not denied; indeed it is urged by those who would deny them any more direct expression, but this influence is by no means wholly good. While altogether personal in her activities, limited in ambition and responsibility to the domestic circle exclusively, the woman could bring to public affairs only a narrow and reactionary policy; but these women of to-day—learning by personal experience the conditions of the outside world, learning by travel and contact the great lesson of our age, the unity of social life—bring to the consideration of our common affairs a new spirit and a new power. So long as the mothers of the world give to their children only the intensely personal sentiments of the primitive home, no social advance of the father can wholly counteract their heavy influence. He, growing and broadening in an ever wider contact with humanity, may transmit to the child the racial advance; but she, in her immovable position, steadily restocks the infant mind with our oldest prejudices and strengthens anew that ancient egoism which is the strongest barrier to social progress.

In this new life, this broad humanitarian work, we are building a new motherhood of immense advantage to the world. It is not only in direct physical heredity that this is felt—for our young girls are naturally not the ones who form international councils—but in the broader social heredity, which works far more rapidly.—Charlotte Perkins Gilman in Booklovers Magazine.

Praise of Homely Women.

Prate not of pretty girls to me
Or ruby lips and dreamy eyes,
That beauty cannot cause to be
An ever fresh and sweet surprise;
I care not tho' her face be fair
And framed as in a wreath of curls—
For pretty maids I do not care,
I sing the praise of homely girls.

I sing of her whose nose is pug,
Though even to the side 'tis tipped,
Whose figure, like old Omar's jug,
Which mourned the potter's hand had slipped;
And say you that she squints a bit?
What odds? And in her speaking halts?
Nay, girls who squint possess the wit
To squint a man's most glaring faults.

A dainty, slender foot, no doubt,
Is pleasing, when all's said and done,
But husbands later find it out
That larger feet are best to run
Their little errands, fetch their shoes
When home comes at a winged demise,
For dainty feet possess no wings—
Big-footed girls are for the wise.

The peaking, peachbloss cheek has fears
Least curiosity spoils its lovely tint,
Cerulean eyes dare shed no tears,
Or show of sympathy a hint;
The hand of Venus smooths no brow,
Unless it be a duke's or earl's—
And so when you would choose a frau
Do not neglect the homely girl.
—William Wallace Whitelock in Philadelphia Press.

England's First Woman Preacher.
Miss Gertrude von Petzold enjoys the distinction of being the first woman in England to be called to a pulpit in that country. Recently she accepted the charge of the Unitarian Church in Leicester, situated on the Marlborough road—the first Unitarian church in point of time in England and one whose members are conservative and wealthy. Miss Petzold is a gifted speaker and has received an advanced education. She has been devoted to church work since she was a small girl and possesses a charming personality. Great opposition developed to her when her name was first coupled with the pastorate of the church. The contemplated change was wholly without precedent and although the fact that women were no longer an experiment in the United States was brought home to the congregation the conservative element was hard to rout.

Different Ways of Resting.
I hold, in theory, that every woman should lie down every afternoon and relax, taking an hour's interval of entire repose, not even thinking of anything that taxes her, and thus repaying the waste places of her life after a busy morning. This is my theory, firmly held and warmly recommended to you. Let me whisper, in strict confidence, that this is not a thing I ever do myself. To take a nap in the daytime would be for me one of the impossibilities, and the mere suggestion is enough to keep me wide awake. My preference is a rocking-chair and footstool and a bright short story in the half-hour after the midday meal.

A neighbor of mine has always a white shawl on hand, and knits when she wants to relax. I could not tell you how many white shawls this lady has made and given away, but she is so proficient in their manufacture that she knits like an automaton. This

posture is her sedative, and she would not forego it on any account.

Certain men among my friends say that a day's fishing rests them to an extent that nothing else does, and they affirm that the rest is in the fishing, not in the catch. I think, as I am sure you do, that everybody who is busy—and most of us women are—must have an occasional rest. Some of us get it, if we are sociable souls, in the homes of our friends or in little excursions abroad; some of us never really rest well except in our own beds, and we hate to leave home even for a night. Which of us can dictate to the other? Your road to Arcady and mine may lead across different rivers, and through diverse valleys. It does not matter much, if we reach our goal, by what route we make the journey.—Margaret E. Sangster in the Woman's Home Companion.

Too much food and too little nourishment is doing a great deal of harm to many little ones. For infants who must be "bottled," milk diluted with barley water, a grain of salt and a pinch of sugar added, given lukewarm from an absolutely clean bottle and nipple every two hours (never oftener), is, I consider, a perfect food, and a fat, jolly baby will result. But common sense must be used. A mother can soon tell whether her baby cries from hunger or from overfeeding. Don't ask any one; judge for yourself.

For children the simpler the meals, the fewer sweets, candies and unecessaries, the better. For breakfast in the summer give them bread and butter, milk, sliced tomatoes or any fresh fruit but oranges, which would not agree with milk. Pineapple is indigestible, though the juice is good.

In winter give porridge, and be sure it is well boiled and that too much sugar is not added. The porridge may be made from oat meal, rolled wheat, cracked wheat, hominy, corn meal, bread or milk or sliced bananas (no purgative medicine is ever needed if fruit be given in mornings when necessary). On Sunday an egg, poached or boiled.

For dinner give any meat but pork, soup or fish, all vegetables (except corn), a plain pudding, no pie or boiled paste.

For tea give bread and butter, milk or cocoa, occasionally preserve, maple syrup, rhubarb or honey.

The more moderation is exercised in eating, the better. The food should be plain, good and appetizing, and the children should be given all they want.

If children's appetites are not spoiled by sweets they will enjoy everything put before them.—Woman's Home Companion.

Health and Beauty Hints.
If you would stay young associate a great deal with young people; take a lively interest in their hopes and ambitions, and enter into their sports with enthusiasm.

German medical journals are recommending as a remedy for appendicitis walking on all-fours twenty minutes four times a day. The exercise strengthens the abdominal muscles.

Nose corsets in three sizes have been introduced in France. By means of this ingenious contrivance women, it is claimed, may gradually change the shape of their noses, the most determined snub being converted into a graceful aquiline.

For a double chin massage up and down along the cheeks and sides of the face, down along the jaw, horizontally on the side of the neck and back and forth under the chin. Ten minutes' vigorous massage two or three times a day will often produce in a fortnight a remarkable result.

Once a week the teeth should be cleaned with the finest pumice stone. Take a little of the very finely powdered pumice and place it on the tooth brush. Brush the teeth lightly and remember that while pumice is good in its way it will take off the enamel if used too vigorously.

Woman Who Often Wonders Why.
She will sit in a draught in a low-necked gown with her arms and shoulders bare. But she will go out on the hottest afternoon with her head and neck tied up in a thick chiffon veil.

She will forget to pay a bill of \$5 for months. But she will make herself conspicuous in a street car squabbling to pay for her friend a 5-cent piece which she doesn't owe. She will wear a skirt about six inches longer than it ought to be for walking. But she will hold it up about six inches higher than any walking skirt that ever was made.

She is up in arms when she sees a horse whipped. But she will drag a poor little dog on a shopping bag that would enfeeble a good-sized man. She has a will that no power on earth can bend.

THE POPULAR PULPIT



THREE FORMS OF PRIDE.

By Rev. Olin Scott Roche.

God resisteth the proud and giveth grace to the humble.—1 Peter, v. 5.

There are three distinct forms under which "pride" commonly displays itself—pride of birth, pride of intellect, pride of riches.

We naturally would suppose that "pride of birth" would be confined to such countries and places as are under the dominion of kings and emperors, where nobility of birth carries with it the added dignity of place and power. But such is not the case, for we may find it as clearly defined and as strongly developed in democratic America as in the effete monarchies of the old world.

We frequently meet with people of meager attainments, brusque manners and vulgar bearings, who yet are filled with haughty assurance, professing to be descended from illustrious ancestors. And how sad, often, is the contrast between the profession and the insignificant individual who makes it. Unless such claims have the support of unusual grace, goodness and virtue, they are more foolish and absurd than those of the forlorn old woman of whom Hawthorne writes, whose sole title to gentility consisted in a few rusty silk dresses and her recollection of having formerly tithed a harpsichord, danced a minuet and worked an antique tapestry stitch on her sampler.

If the knowledge of gentle birth impels men to imitate noble deeds of honorable ancestors—to uphold virtue and triumph over vice—then, assuredly, its power need not be ignored. But unless this is the case it is far better to be honest, upright and Christian, without any certain knowledge of one's percentage, than, while having the bluest of blood, to be boastful, intolerant and careless of the rights of our fellow men.

Next there is "pride of intellect." An active and vigorous brain is a splendid endowment. Whoever adds to the world's treasury of wisdom is worthy of honor, but to look down upon our associates because of such mental endowment is a proof of weakness and must be obnoxious to the Almighty.

Let the wisest man compare the knowledge he has attained with that which still lies beyond his grasp or even his comprehension and he will be forced to confess himself ignorant and ill informed. Complete knowledge is unattainable by any human being. Why, then, should anyone be proud?

The temple of the great goddess Neith, at Sais, in lower Egypt, was once the center of wisdom for Greece, whose foremost men in the early days went thither for their training, and upon her veiled image was this significant inscription:

"I am all that was, that is and that is to be, and my veil has been lifted by no man."

Another form of pride arises from the possession of riches. This is one of the most glaring, offensive and contemptible of all the exhibitions which pride makes of itself. It shows itself most frequently in the desire to assume great state and dignity. It is even happy if it can arouse jealousy. To have many houses, to ride out in grandeur, to wear fine clothes, to fare sumptuously, to own a yacht, a private car, to command an army of servants, to outdo one's neighbors—surely this does not seem like a very high ambition, yet it invariably fosters pride.

There undoubtedly are rich persons who are an honor and an ornament to society, who are liberal, conscientious, thoughtful and beneficent; but there are others who care only for their own pleasures and prominence—avaricious to the last degree, utterly inconsiderate of their fellow men, their joys, sorrows or sufferings.

You recall the incident narrated to illustrate the condition of society in France before the awful revolution, and which produced that catastrophe. An aristocrat, whose carriage had crushed the life out of a child, stopped his horses for a moment, tossed a gold coin to the father of the dead child and drove on. But the coin was flung after his carriage, and rang upon its floor. "Hold the horses," cried the aristocrat. "Who threw that?" There being no answer, he shouted: "You dogs, I would ride over any of you very willingly and exterminate you from the earth."

Possibly this incident will recall some of the accidents that occur in our city. Certain it is that some among our rich are becoming scornful and overbearing. They should take heed.

"Pride goeth before destruction and a haughty spirit before a fall."

A PROPHET OF VENGEANCE.

By Rev. Orrin R. Jenks.

Of late years the majority of critics have denied to the book of Jonah a place among the historical books of the Bible. But it must be remembered that Jesus, the highest critic, explicitly asserted the personal existence, miraculous fate and prophetic office of Jonah. And with a great body of Christians this is sufficient to settle the matter.

But the vital question is dealing with this fragment of early literature is to discover what was the purpose

of its author in writing such a book. It should be noted that Jonah lived at a time when his nation was taking revenge upon one of her great enemies. Jonah is, therefore, a prophet of vengeance.

To an alien nation Jonah was sent. He preached vengeance and destruction. The people listened, repented and were pardoned and spared. The plain purpose is this: God was teaching Jonah and his people that to the gentiles also was granted repentance unto life. The book teaches the infinite love of God in contrast to the narrow selfishness of man.

MEANING OF UNIVERSALISM.

By Rev. Joseph H. Mason.

To say that God is our father and yet to affirm that he will even cease to love his children or that he will doom them to hopeless evil or sweep them out of existence is to use words in an unwarrantable sense. As human parentage stands for sympathy, forgiveness, loving, if sometimes severe, discipline, and a care that never changes, so divine fatherhood means the same thing. This is confirmed by the character of Christ. "He that hath seen me hath seen the father," said Jesus, and what do we see in him? A sympathy that brought him to the happy and festive scenes of human life and a love so disinterested and deathless, even for the unworthy, that it led him to pray in his dying moments, "Father, forgive them!"

This is our standard and interpretation of divine fatherhood. Moreover, this relation is universal and impartial.

Now, what are the influences of this great affirmation of the divine fatherhood? One only I can mention here, and that is that we are all brethren, the white, the black, the bond and the free, the capitalist and the laborer, all brethren, and should live with each other and treat each other as brothers.

Think of the influence of this faith, if earnestly cherished by all men! The Indian question, the race prejudice of the South, the labor war, the persecutions of the Jews in "Christian" Russia—these and a thousand other relations of the human family would all be happily solved if we only really believed that God is the universal, unchanging father of humanity, and had the courage of our convictions.

PEARL OF GREAT PRICE.

By Rev. Gur Hooper.

"The Kingdom of heaven is like unto a merchantman seeking goodly pearls; who, when he had found one pearl of great price went and sold all that he had and bought it."

It ought to come with force to this practical age that the kingdom of heaven is, by Christ's own testimony, like unto a merchantman. It is not like the dreamer or the poet only, but like the man of business—the prudent, sagacious, practical man, the man of energy and of action, the man who keeps his books and carefully lays his plans.

This parable is as true to the life of our time as to that of 1900 years ago. Our age has been variously characterized as the age of silver, gold, steam and electricity. There is one word in this parable which, I believe, describes the present age more clearly than any other word in the English language. It is the word "seeking." There never was a time when men were seeking so intently, so widely and so variedly as now. And like the merchantman of the parable it is "goodly pearls" for which they seek. We are all seekers in preaching, in business, in thinking in literature, music and art—everywhere—we are seeking for pearls of the greatest worth.

From the Christian's viewpoint there is but one star, the "star of Bethlehem," and Jesus would have us guided by that. He declared the kingdom of God to be the pearl of great price. "Seek first the kingdom of God." The kingdom of God for you and me is Christliness here, now, yonder and forever.

Public Opinion.—Public opinion is the main is not intellectually nor ethically unsound. It is enforced by the honest common to Christian communities, and its record shows it to be a slow but a sure remedy for these evils of grasping monopoly and the selfishness hidden behind legal quibbles.—Rev. S. P. Cadman, Congregationalist Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Gospel of Joy.—The gospel of Christ is one of joy. There are some straight-faced, pious people who make one uncomfortable. We don't want to put into your life anything like that. Life is full of sacrifice. There is no trolley car to enliven. Cut your selves off from anything that would hamper your growth in the Christian life.—Rev. William Ross, Congregationalist, Boston, Mass.

Consecration.—A man is a Christian in nothing unless he is a Christian in everything. Consecration is our name for some bowing of the head or moment of silent prayer. Consecration means to pray for it! "There is no such thing! It is a mere word; and a word is a breath. Make it concrete. Consecrate a hand; a voice; a pocket; a day—that is the Christian program."—Rev. N. H. Waters, Congregationalist Brooklyn, N. Y.

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