

FAITHFUL ENGLISH SERVANTS.

Theories Regarding Modern Domestic Servants Hounded by Facts.

People who hold that the modern servant is a creature chock full of a total depravity which makes her or him unable to stay in one place longer than it takes her—or him—to become really useful, ought to read the records of the Domestic Servants' Benevolent Institution, an English society, says an exchange. On its books are names of several hundred servants, each of whom has been with the same employer for more than fifty years. William Sly, secretary of the society, says that his experience has convinced him that when servants are well treated they seek few changes.

One of these faithful servants was Hannah Jane Cook, who died recently at the age of 93 and who had been in one family since her seventeenth year. The death notice inserted in the papers by her employers called her a "most faithful friend," and as such, rather than as a servant, she was always regarded. Miss Caroline Chipp, also on the books of the society, is supposed to be the oldest domestic servant living. She is 101 years of age and eighty of these years have been spent in the service of one family.

Susan O'Hagan, who died last January at the age of 107 years, had served three generations of the Hall family of Lisburne, Ireland. Some touching instances of love and devotion come to light in the annals of these old English servants. One there was whose mistress was ruined by a bank failure. The mistress told the old domestic with great regret that she couldn't afford to keep her any longer. "Well, ma'am," said the woman, "then I'll just keep thee. I've saved up all my wages and I've got enough." And till her death, some years later, the former employer lived with this woman like a sister and was cared for by her at her expense in great comfort.

SHORT METER SERMONS.

Faith in God.—Faith in God is the hope of the future.—Rev. F. W. Hinckley, Presbyterian, Danville, Ky.

Life.—Life is more than the thinking of something else after death.—Rev. C. H. Jones, Baptist, Louisville.

Self-sacrifice.—Self-sacrifice is the door to the true spiritual life.—Rev. C. E. Harding, Episcopalian, Baltimore.

The Bible.—The Bible does not hold the place it once did. It holds a better place.—Rev. Dr. Eakin, Episcopalian, Toronto.

Greatest Dynamic.—Religion is the greatest dynamic in the world to-day.—Rev. H. Vanderwart, Reformed Hackensack, N. J.

Love Counts.—Wisdom, philosophy and science may fall and break down, but love never fails.—Rev. J. W. Chapman, Evangelist, Hartford.

Seeing Farther.—Religious men see farther on their knees than philosophers on their tip-toes.—Rev. E. L. Powell, Christian, Louisville.

The Index.—Stars and suns and seasons and laws and all the facts of the physical universe point to God.—Rev. E. F. Coyte, Presbyterian, Denver.

No greater Joy.—There is nothing in all the universe that can bring greater joy in the heavens than that one humble heart should repent.—Rev. A. H. C. Morse, Baptist, Brooklyn.

Seed-Sowing.—Thinking is seed-growing, and the fruit of your thoughts is either wheat or tares, good or evil, according to the sowing.—Rev. J. W. Francis, Presbyterian, Parkersburg.

Robbing God.—A man cannot rob God of that which rightly belongs to Him and expect lasting blessings upon either himself or his children.—Rev. L. M. Zimmerman, Lutheran, Baltimore.

Industrial Problem.—The industrial problem will never be solved on the principle of class selfishness, but only on the basis of the highest welfare for all.—Rev. J. H. Spear, Presbyterian, Denver.

Liberty and License.—The constitution of the government of God Almighty proclaims life and liberty; but if you turn this liberty into license there will be punishment.—Rev. G. M. Marsh, Congregationalist, Pittsburg.

What God Wants.—The thing that God wants us to do is to stand as representatives of Him, and realize that what He would do, we can do by the aid of His power in and through our lives.—Rev. D. W. Bartlett, Baptist, Los Angeles.

Where They Came From.—It is surprising from whence come so many common articles of food. The onion, the leek, garlic, and pea were invented in Egypt; rye and parsley in Arabia; the citron and currants in Greece, and radishes hail from China and Japan.

The horse chestnut is a native of "The Forbidden Land;" and the mulberry tree, walnut, and peach travel eastward from Persia. Very few believe that oats originated in North Africa at a time when Egypt was the granary of the world.

The chestnut came from Italy, cob beans from Germany, spinach from Asia, the sunflower from Peru, and corn from India. Tobacco is a native of Virginia.

Seedling's Emblem.—The Deceit made it a rule never to attack an enemy by night, on account of the cowardice, but upon one occasion they broke this rule. On they went, bareheaded, recklessly and unobserved, when one of them slipped on a thistle, which made him cry out in pain. Alarmed by the cry, the Deceit fell upon the party and he was then with fearful laughter, to see that the thistle had been adopted as the emblem of Scotland.

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GOOD SHORT STORIES

It was Senator Elkins, who, when President Roosevelt said he had "turned on the light" as to some of the methods in Wall street, said that the result of the effort of the President seemed to him to indicate that "instead of turning on the light he blew out the gas."

It is recalled that Sir Beerbohm Tree and the late Wilson Barrett gave London their production of "Hamlet" almost contemporaneously. A well-known wit who was asked his opinion of the dead Hamlets nonchalantly made answer: "Trees' Hamlet is funny without being vulgar, but Barrett's is vulgar without being funny."

Herr Goldmark, the composer, who was said to love the children of his brain with a truly fatherly affection, and never to lose an opportunity of seeing how they were treated, was once traveling to hear a performance of his opera, "The Queen of Sheba," and in the train got into conversation with a lady, in which he became much interested. He longed to make himself known to his fair companion, and at last ventured to say: "I suppose, madam, you do not know who I am?"

"No, sir, I do not," replied the lady. "Well, then, I am Carl Goldmark, the composer of 'The Queen of Sheba.'" "Oh, indeed!" was the lady's reply; "and is that a very good situation?"

Wrapped in his dressing-gown and with feet incased in slippers, Franz Liszt was sitting comfortably one evening in his arm chair, ready for work and inviting inspiration. On the floor above, in the apartments of a banker, a noisy musical soiree was in progress. Polonaises had succeeded waltzes, and nocturnes had followed polonaises, when suddenly the door of the salon opened, and Liszt entered, still wrapped in his dressing-gown.

The astonishment of the company may be imagined. With slow steps Liszt walked toward the piano, and the young key-pounder who was sitting at it quickly left his place. Liszt sat down at the instrument, carelessly swept his fingers over the keys as if to prelude, and then, suddenly, he shut down the cover and put the key in his pocket. He was sitting comfortably one evening in his arm chair, ready for work and inviting inspiration. On the floor above, in the apartments of a banker, a noisy musical soiree was in progress. Polonaises had succeeded waltzes, and nocturnes had followed polonaises, when suddenly the door of the salon opened, and Liszt entered, still wrapped in his dressing-gown.

Some years ago the excursion steamer returning from Alaska to Seattle dislocated its propeller in a dreary portion of the inner passage and came to a forced stop. For two days the vessel's engineers and machinists labored to repair the break, but without success. Two of the boats were manned and dispatched for aid to Victoria, three hundred miles away. In the meantime it was discovered that the ship's stores were not abundant. Alarm bred in the minds of pessimistic passengers, and the contagion spread. Starvation might assail the vessel before help arrived.

A former California official took it on himself to reassure his timid companions, but his effort was not perfectly adapted to raise drooping spirits. In fact, his closing sentences but added to the gloom. "Let us be brave," he said. "If the worst comes and that dread necessity which in such misadventures has met others must be faced by us, let us remember that it is good to die that our friends may live. The one or more that may be sacrificed will be consoled by that thought." There was a moment's silence, awful in its intensity, then a cheerful voice was heard. "You should be taken first, Governor Booth. You know the bravest are the tenderest." And even the terror-stricken smiled once more.

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transverse mountain chains. It is here that climatic conditions approach those of the northern part of the United States and Canada, and here similar agricultural products are raised. Here, too, the absence of regular precipitation is a great drawback, so that the wealth of the country cannot be developed without assistance by irrigation. But the more striking wealth of this region lies in its mines—mines that for centuries were the marvel of the world in their apparently inexhaustible supply of precious ores. Yet, though for three centuries the Spanish masters enriched themselves from the products of these mines, which had already from time immemorial been worked under the Incas and their predecessors, all these workings are merely superficial.

TEACHING DICK TO EAT.

"Come and get your dinner!" cried Mrs. Cozzens to her husband. He was standing by the canary bird's cage, holding a morsel of bread between the bars. "He's got to come and eat this bit of bread while I'm holding it in my hand," responded Mr. Cozzens, not stirring. "You know he won't eat it out of your hand," remarked his wife. A writer in the New York Evening Sun tells the story.

"I know he will," replied Mr. Cozzens, with some spirit. "I tell you he won't," replied his wife. "I tell you he will," repeated the man.

"Well, then," said the woman, "why doesn't he?" The bird was at this moment at the farthest end of the cage. "Because he's a fool!" snapped Mr. Cozzens.

"If you don't come right away," said Mrs. Cozzens, "and finish your dinner, I'm going to clear the things off."

"I don't care," said Mr. Cozzens, stoutly, "this bird has got to be tamed."

"Tamed!" scoffed his wife. "I said tamed!" replied her husband, with some asperity. "What does he want to jump away for every time I bring him a bit of bread?"

"It's his nature." "Then I'm going to change his nature," said Mr. Cozzens. "Come and finish your dinner, dear."

"I tell you I won't come and finish my dinner till he comes and pecks this bit of bread out of my hand."

The shadows lengthened and twilight fell. Mr. Cozzens stood obstinately at the cage and held the bit of bread while Dick tried his best to get away from it. Mrs. Cozzens began to clear away the dinner things, as she had threatened.

"What are you doing?" she called from the next room, after a while. "Nothing," said Mr. Cozzens, hastily. "Where are you?" asked Mrs. Cozzens, putting her head through the doorway. "I'm here," said he; "where do you suppose I am?"

He was sitting in his chair, and the cage was on the floor by his side. "Where's Dick?" asked Mrs. Cozzens, with sudden alarm. "Sh!" cried her husband. "Can't you see? He's perching on my finger."

"The little dear!" said the lady, advancing a step. "Don't come near," warned the other. "You'll frighten him, and he might break his leg or something."

"Why should that make him break his leg?" asked his wife. "Well," said Mr. Cozzens, "you see, I've got him tied."

MISSION FURNITURE.

How the Term Originated and Became Commercialized. People often ask about the origin of "mission" furniture, and how it came by that name. The general belief is that the first pieces were discovered in the California missions and that these served as models for all the "mission" furniture which followed.

This is an interesting story, says the Craftsman, but the fact is no less interesting, because of the commercial cleverness that saw and took instant advantage of the power of a more or less sentimental association. The real origin of "mission" furniture is this: A number of years ago a manufacturer made two very clumsy chairs, and legs of which were merely three-inch posts, the back straight, and the whole construction crude to a degree. They were shown at a spring exhibition of furniture, where they attracted a good deal of attention as a novelty. It was just at the time that the California missions were exciting much attention, and a clever Chicago dealer, seeing the advertising value that lay in the idea, bought both pieces and advertised them as having been found in the California missions.

Another dealer who possesses a genius for inventing or choosing exactly the right name for a thing, saw these chairs and was inspired with the idea that it would be a good thing to make a small line of this furniture and name it "mission" furniture. This illusion was carried out by the fact that he put a Maltese cross wherever it would go, between the rails of the back and down at the sides; in fact, it was woven into the construction so that it was the prominent feature and naturally increased the belief in the ecclesiastical origin of the chair. The mingling of novelty and romance instantly pleased the public, and the vogue of "mission" furniture was assured.

One view of it. "Be good and you will live long and—" "Well?" "Even if you don't live long it will seem long."—Houston Post.

No man can tell his side of the story fairly to the man on the other side of the controversy.

Some men never settle down until the earth is carefully tamped and leveled above them.

WEATHER BUREAU'S VALUE DESCRIBED BY ITS CHIEF.

SINCE the year 1895 Willis L. Moore has been at the head of the United States weather bureau, the greatest institution of its kind in the world. Under his direction the work of supplying forecasts of the weather has expanded until it now employs 200 men in different parts of the United States, who send twice a day to the national capital the principal facts about the weather—velocity of the wind, temperature, rainfall, barometric readings and other details, at a cost of \$1,500,000 a year. In an interview with James B. Morrow, published in the New York Tribune, Professor Moore, after deprecating popular superstitions concerning weather forecasts by such means as the goose bone, the thickness of husks on corn and the singing of catbirds, tells of his work. The interview in part follows:

"Do sailors and ship owners rely on your forecasts?" "Absolutely, on the Great Lakes; also on the rivers and very generally along the oceans by mariners engaged in coastwise business. The captains of ships on the northern lakes depend on us to a larger degree than do other sailors, because we can more accurately predict the velocity of the wind than we can forestall a storm of rain, which occasionally changes its path and goes somewhere else. Remember, that where the pressure of the air is greatest upon the earth it will flow to where the pressure is the least—precisely like water going down stream. Our instruments of measurement are so perfect that we can figure out the velocity of the wind at certain places several hours in advance—knowing the high pressure in one region and the low pressure elsewhere. We forecast wind storms on the lakes, while along the Atlantic Coast we give warnings about West Indian hurricanes.

"On two occasions, after warnings of severe storms had been given, our men saw all the customs officers on the seaboard, from Maine to Florida. We found that ships valued at \$65,000,000, taking no account of the cargoes, had remained in the various ports until the storms were over. Authorities outside of the bureau have estimated lucky time to embark on any enterprise, although most marriages in Scotland are said to take place on that day. In Walsh's 'Curiosities of Popular Customs,' is told the story of the brig, Friday, of Wilmington, whose builder defied superstition by giving her this whimsical name and launching her on Friday. He also sent her upon her first voyage upon the sixth day of the week, but on the succeeding Friday a home-bound vessel 'saw the hull of the brig pitching heavily in the trough of the sea, while her crew ran about the deck, cutting loose the wreck of the masts that dragged and bumped alongside.' This was the last of the 'Friday,' concerning whose fate the shipbuilder's wife more fully said when she heard of it: 'I told thee so, Isaac. This is all thy sixth-day doings. Now thee sees the consequences.'"

Another reason for the supposed unluckiness of Friday lies in the crucifixion of Jesus on that day. It is from a similar historical source, indeed, that the "thirteen" superstition is believed to have sprung; a natural distaste grew up for the number representing the circle of the disciples with the addition of Judas. Yet it seems as if by this time the world might be willing to forget its ancient superstitions and regard every day and every number with equal respect.—Providence Journal.

Among the curiosities of tree life is the sofar, or whistling tree, of Nubia. When the winds blow over this tree it gives out flute-like sounds, playing away to the wilderness for hours at a time strange, weird melodies. It is the spirit of the dead singing among the branches, the natives say, but the scientific white man says that the sounds are due to a myriad of small holes which an insect bores in the spines of the branches. The weeping tree of the Canary Islands is another arboreal freak. This tree in the driest weather will rain down showers from its leaves, and the natives gather up the water from the pool formed at the foot of the trunk, and find it pure and fresh. The tree exudes the water from innumerable pores situated at the base of the leaves.

Playing Cards in Moscow. In Moscow playing cards are sold only by the municipal government, and the vast income derived from that source is applied toward the maintenance of orphan asylums.

"So you want to marry my daughter, eh?" "Yes, sir. We are sure we can get along together." "Yes, but are you sure you can get along with her mother?"—Detroit Free Press.

Some Married Meditations. By Clarence L. Cullen.

The average fat woman would rather have you call her a murderess than to say that she waddles.

"Money makes the mare go," but what number of the mare's family goes out and gets the money?

The woman who essays to hold her husband by a short-strapped halter needs first to be pretty sure of her halter's material.

The so-called "intuition" of women doesn't prevent a lot of them from picking out mere four-flushing grandstand players as spouses.

A man is just as proud of his wife when she goes out with him in an entirely new and dainty set of scenery as she is in wearing the things.

Why is it that some married women sniff contemptuously when they read about a man who has killed himself because his wife has refused to return to him?

Ever notice how, after you've once told a woman that she has a rosette mouth, she keeps biting her lips and twiddling them with her fingers all the time to keep 'em red?

When a woman looks mad, when she hears that song, "I Love My Wife, but Oh, You Kid!" it's fairly safe to conclude that everything isn't exactly as it should be up at her house.

Did you ever suffer a certain whimsy little pang over the promptness with which your normally forgetful wife reminds you to pay your life insurance dues when the time comes round?

You may know that a woman has developed a phantasmia of the sky because of the imaginary beauties of her "finger" when she wears a pair of these light-laced tube corsets underneath her bathing suit.

A new thought woman of our acquaintance tells us that she can "will" her husband to come home immediately from anywhere she wants to. Apparently, though, she never wants to, for he always comes home just about when he gets ready to.

A POPULAR SUPERSTITION. Origin and Basis for Belief in Ill-Luck of Friday.

The bad luck supposed to attach to Friday is said to be traceable to the worship of the goddess Freya, the Venus of the north, who felt herself slighted if anyone began a journey on this, her festival, in punishment for the dishonor thus brought upon her Freya was wont to direct misfortunes to assail the offender, so that it came to be thought that Friday was an un-

lucky time to embark on any enterprise, although most marriages in Scotland are said to take place on that day. In Walsh's 'Curiosities of Popular Customs,' is told the story of the brig, Friday, of Wilmington, whose builder defied superstition by giving her this whimsical name and launching her on Friday. He also sent her upon her first voyage upon the sixth day of the week, but on the succeeding Friday a home-bound vessel 'saw the hull of the brig pitching heavily in the trough of the sea, while her crew ran about the deck, cutting loose the wreck of the masts that dragged and bumped alongside.' This was the last of the 'Friday,' concerning whose fate the shipbuilder's wife more fully said when she heard of it: 'I told thee so, Isaac. This is all thy sixth-day doings. Now thee sees the consequences.'"

Another reason for the supposed unluckiness of Friday lies in the crucifixion of Jesus on that day. It is from a similar historical source, indeed, that the "thirteen" superstition is believed to have sprung; a natural distaste grew up for the number representing the circle of the disciples with the addition of Judas. Yet it seems as if by this time the world might be willing to forget its ancient superstitions and regard every day and every number with equal respect.—Providence Journal.

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that a West Indian hurricane—which by the way, is the most dangerous general storm we ever have—sweeping the Atlantic Coast without warning would destroy property to the value of from \$2,000,000 to \$5,000,000. I send ten men to different points in the West Indies each year just before the hurricane season opens, where they remain until all danger is over. They report to us daily by telegraph. At the end of the season they nail up their stations and come home.

"While we are on the subject," Professor Moore continued, "I would like to say, in order to clear up the confusion of the public mind which leads to an absurd mixing of terms, that a cyclone has an area from 100 to 200 miles and a tornado, which invariably occurs in the southeast quarter of the cyclone and is an incident of the cyclone, an area of from 1,000 feet to 1,000 yards. The velocity of the wind during a cyclone is from fifteen to twenty-five miles an hour, during a hurricane it varies from fifty to 100 miles an hour, while it is so great during a tornado that no instrument can measure it. In all three kinds of storms the wind, of course, is rotary, or twisting, as it is commonly described.

"But the weather bureau," Professor Moore went on to say, "is not alone of value to people in the matter of wind storms, but is of tremendous service in forestalling periods of flood. Twice we forecast the height of the Mississippi River at New Orleans—beating the flood five days in one instance and a week in the other. On both occasions our mathematics covered a tremendous area of the United States."

"Is your bureau of any practical service to farmers?" "By means of the system of rural free delivery of mail our forecasts go each day into the homes of 1,000,000 farmers. As many more farmers get our forecasts by telephone. As a matter of fact, thousands of farmers put telephones into their homes for no other reason than to be informed about the weather—our forecasts, you understand, being for the day on which they are made and practically for the day following. We have been of great service to the cranberry growers of Wisconsin, the cane growers of Louisiana and the orange growers of Florida in giving warnings against frost. Cranberry marshes are flooded, cane is quickly cut and piled in windrows and smudges are started in orange groves as effective measures of protection. Let me add," Professor Moore went on to say, "that the train dispatchers of all the railroads in the country get our morning and evening forecasts, and thus are enabled to know about the coming cold waves in winter and each year to save millions of dollars' worth of perishable merchandise such as fruits, vegetables, certain kinds of chemicals and other manufactures."

lucky time to embark on any enterprise, although most marriages in Scotland are said to take place on that day. In Walsh's 'Curiosities of Popular Customs,' is told the story of the brig, Friday, of Wilmington, whose builder defied superstition by giving her this whimsical name and launching her on Friday. He also sent her upon her first voyage upon the sixth day of the week, but on the succeeding Friday a home-bound vessel 'saw the hull of the brig pitching heavily in the trough of the sea, while her crew ran about the deck, cutting loose the wreck of the masts that dragged and bumped alongside.' This was the last of the 'Friday,' concerning whose fate the shipbuilder's wife more fully said when she heard of it: 'I told thee so, Isaac. This is all thy sixth-day doings. Now thee sees the consequences.'"

Another reason for the supposed unluckiness of Friday lies in the crucifixion of Jesus on that day. It is from a similar historical source, indeed, that the "thirteen" superstition is believed to have sprung; a natural distaste grew up for the number representing the circle of the disciples with the addition of Judas. Yet it seems as if by this time the world might be willing to forget its ancient superstitions and regard every day and every number with equal respect.—Providence Journal.

Among the curiosities of tree life is the sofar, or whistling tree, of Nubia. When the winds blow over this tree it gives out flute-like sounds, playing away to the wilderness for hours at a time strange, weird melodies. It is the spirit of the dead singing among the branches, the natives say, but the scientific white man says that the sounds are due to a myriad of small holes which an insect bores in the spines of the branches. The weeping tree of the Canary Islands is another arboreal freak. This tree in the driest weather will rain down showers from its leaves, and the natives gather up the water from the pool formed at the foot of the trunk, and find it pure and fresh. The tree exudes the water from innumerable pores situated at the base of the leaves.

Playing Cards in Moscow. In Moscow playing cards are sold only by the municipal government, and the vast income derived from that source is applied toward the maintenance of orphan asylums.

"So you want to marry my daughter, eh?" "Yes, sir. We are sure we can get along together." "Yes, but are you sure you can get along with her mother?"—Detroit Free Press.

Some Married Meditations. By Clarence L. Cullen.

The average fat woman would rather have you call her a murderess than to say that she waddles.

"Money makes the mare go," but what number of the mare's family goes out and gets the money?

The woman who essays to hold her husband by a short-strapped halter needs first to be pretty sure of her halter's material.

The so-called "intuition" of women doesn't prevent a lot of them from picking out mere four-flushing grandstand players as spouses.

A man is just as proud of his wife when she goes out with him in an entirely new and dainty set of scenery as she is in wearing the things.

Why is it that some married women sniff contemptuously when they read about a man who has killed himself because his wife has refused to return to him?

Ever notice how, after you've once told a woman that she has a rosette mouth, she keeps biting her lips and twiddling them with her fingers all the time to keep 'em red?

When a woman looks mad, when she hears that song, "I Love My Wife, but Oh, You Kid!" it's fairly safe to conclude that everything isn't exactly as it should be up at her house.

Did you ever suffer a certain whimsy little pang over the promptness with which your normally forgetful wife reminds you to pay your life insurance dues when the time comes round?

You may know that a woman has developed a phantasmia of the sky because of the imaginary beauties of her "finger" when she wears a pair of these light-laced tube corsets underneath her bathing suit.