

WICHITA EAGLE IN JAPANESE CHURCHES

Priest and Congregation Refresh
Themselves During Service.

Women and Children Drink Tea and
Men Smoke Until the Air is Black
with the Fumes of
Tobacco.

During the progress of the sermons that I had the opportunity of hearing in the great Buddhist temples of Shiba and Nikko, in Japan, says a writer in the New York Tribune, both the preacher and the congregation were repeatedly refreshed with cups of tea, while everybody, men, women and children and priest, smoked till the air was thick with tobacco fumes. This, of course, tended to keep the congregation in an amiable frame of mind and as such more ready to take to heart the doctrine and recommendations of the preacher. It is impossible to deny that tobacco is conducive to calm reflection and good temper, and although nowadays we find members of church congresses in Europe and America arguing that it is wrong for ecclesiastics to smoke, yet our clergy in the last century were so thoroughly alive to the advantage of the herb nicotine, from a religious point of view, that they used to smoke not only out of church, but even when in the pulpit. Thus, Launcelot Blackburn, the lord archbishop of New York and primate of England, is on record as having interrupted his sermon, on the occasion of his holding a confirmation at St. Mary's, Nottingham, to order the church wardens to bring up fresh pipes and a supply of tobacco to the pulpit. Dean Swift used to smoke throughout his entire sermon, occasionally refreshing himself with a glass of port, while Bishop Duncan, of Dundee, is described as being so voracious that he was wont to make a practice of coming to church without his tobacco pouch, and then, after ascending the pulpit, of inquiring who among the congregation would be willing to accommodate him with theirs. It is from those days, too, that date those delightful old-fashioned pews in the English church churches, fitted up with cushions, cushions, fire-places, polers and tongs, where the squire slept and smoked away the entire length of the sermon.

"Another glass," as Rev. Dr. Barrow remarked each time that he turned upside down the hour glass on his pulpit during his three-hour sermon before the lord mayor. Why should the pulpit be retained as part and parcel of the furniture of our churches? A sermon is far more impressive when delivered from a pulpit which, no matter how beautiful the carvings by which it is adorned, can never under any circumstances add to the impressiveness of the discourse. Pulpits, indeed, should have no place in Christian churches, as they are of Mohammedan origin, the earliest examples recorded being the tubs fastened upon tops of poles, forming the sort of crows' nest from which the ulama of Mecca and of Cairo were wont to address the followers of the prophet that thronged the mosques every Friday. Curiously enough, they have now been abandoned by the Mohammedans, except in a few isolated cases, and are only to be found in Christian churches. The Japanese and Chinese priests whose sermons I have heard likewise dispensed with pulpits, preaching from behind a table holding the rolls of the sacred books, and seated in those high, back-breaking armchairs that adorn every Buddhist temple. In conclusion let me, with all reverence, endorse the opinion put forth by King Francis I. of France in his memorable dispute with King Henry VIII. of England, on the field of the cloth of gold, with regard to the relative merits of the liturgy and the sermon. King Francis preferred the latter, while King Francis pronounced himself in favor of the liturgy, basing his argument on the undeniable fact that the founder of our religion has assured us that it is not sermons nor ethical discourse that are most acceptable in the sight of the divinity, but prayer.

Edicts Against Coal.
It is said that when coal was first used in England the prejudice against it was so strong that the house of commons petitioned the king to prohibit the further use of the infernal and noxious fuel. A royal proclamation having failed to abate the nuisance, a commission was appointed to ascertain who burned "coals" within the limits of the city of London; to punish by branding for the first offense and by demolition of the furnaces for the second. Finally, when minor punishments had no effect, a law was passed making coal-burning a capital offense. In the records of the Old Tower there is an account of a man who was hanged there for no other crime than that of using coal for fuel contrary to royal edict, this in the time of Edward I.

Macready Scared Him.
Macready was playing in a country town, and, upon a night, when he proposed to perform Macbeth, a small scene-painter was cast to act the "bleeding sergeant." At rehearsal the "star" was quiet enough, merely scanning the local performer as one prize-fighter might judge of the points of another. When the night came, however, a very different scene was enacted. The sergeant dashed on, dropped upon his knees and said: "My lord, as I stood upon my watch upon the hill, Methought that Birnan Wood 'gan move towards Dunsinane."

Thereupon Macready, with a growl of rage and the words: "Liar and slave!" rushed at the little man and shook him till his teeth rattled. The mauled performer made a bolt for it, and, at the same time, justified his conduct by screaming out: "It's true, s'elp me, Mr. Macready, sir; the stage manager told me to tell you!"

Infant Marriages in India.
A regulation to prevent infant marriages in Mysore has just been drafted by the legislative department of that state. By it the minimum age of a girl has been fixed at eight years and a boy fourteen. Any person causing or abetting the marriage of an infant, and any person under eighteen marrying a girl under eight years, is to be punished by imprisonment or fine, or both. Any man over fifty marrying a girl under fourteen will also be punished.

Brooding Snakes.
How the Python Mother Hatches Out Her Young.
The python lays eggs and hatches them by developing a high degree of heat, as has been proved in the case of the Indian and African species. The first careful investigations of this subject were made in 1841 by the renowned naturalist, Achille Valenciennes, in the Jardin des Plantes, Paris. A python there laid fifty eggs within the hours, which at first were oval, but pointed toward the poles; the shells were soft and of a gray color; they soon changed to a perfect egg-shape and became white, and the shells hardened somewhat, although they remained pliable, like leather, and were lusterless and rather rough. Their length varied from two and a half to four and a half inches.

After laying the eggs the snake gathered them together in a heap under the cover she had in her box, wound the rear part of her body around the base of this heap, and then formed a cone-shaped spiral of the rest of her body around the whole, her head closing the top. Not a single egg was visible.

After fifty-six days the first young ones crawled out. They were about two inches long. The temperature in the center of the heap of eggs was 105 degrees Fahrenheit, while that of the box was only 72.5 degrees Fahrenheit.

Two other pythons tried to hatch their eggs in the London Zoological garden—one in 1862 and the other in 1863. In these cases the difference between the temperature inside of the heap of eggs and the outside air was much less; but the eggs were spoiled and no young were hatched.

An Experienced Doctor.
He East Indian missionary tells an odd tale about one of his converts. One day Chodja, while mending the roof of his house, fell to the ground and broke a rib. A friend went hurriedly for a doctor. "Have you ever fallen from a roof and broken a rib?" was the question Chodja asked the doctor. "No, indeed," was the laughing reply. "Then go away at once," cried Chodja; "I want a doctor who has fallen from a roof and knows what it is!"

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MONGOLS OF KO-KO NOR.

Brigandage is the General Profession of Ambitious Young Men.

Our road first lay through the district inhabited by the agricultural tribes on the frontier. Then we entered the country occupied by the Mongols of the Ko-ko Nor, says a writer in the National Review. The pasture there was the richest I have ever seen in any part of Tibet; but an idyllic pastoral life is by no means practiced by the inhabitants. Brigandage is the general profession. The young men spend their time either in making raids on travelers and on encampments of their tribes, by which means they mostly acquire their cherished horses, or in practicing the art of warfare. I witnessed a military tournament, at which some riders at full gallop fired one after another at a small given mark.

These Mongols are tall and fierce looking, though they proved amiable when friendly. The men shave their heads. Both men and women dress in a gown of sheepskin, girdled round the waist, high boots of felt and skin, bound below the knee with a leather strap or cotton garter, and long white felt coats, which they wear over the sheepskin when it rains. Their summer hat is of white felt, in shape something like the top hat worn by the old Welch market women. The cap they wear in winter is of white astrakhan, shaped like a sugar loaf, with a red and green cotton brim.

The women dress their hair in little plaits, more than a hundred, caught together at the ends with a wide band of colored cloth, which is embroidered with gay silks and gold thread, and studded with coral and turquoise, silver coins and brass buttons, which they get from Liassa. The tents are round; the inner sides of trellis-work, the top of wooden ribs, giving an umbrella shape, and the whole covered with white felt, with an aperture for a small door of wood, and a hole in the roof to let out the smoke.

TREACHEROUS SNOW.

Dangers to Which the Chamois Hunter Subjects Himself.

One of the perils which the chamois hunter must face is that which lurks in the snow. Mr. Buxton, in his Short Stalks, tells the story of Herr S's adventure, which graphically illustrates this danger. He was following with one companion, in the depth of winter, the trail of a wounded chamois. The track led them across a steep corral filled with deep, loose snow, into which they plunged up to their middles.

When half way across this the mass parted just above them, and moved downwards with ever-accelerating speed, sometimes covering them deep with a surging mass, and then again tossing them into the air.

At last S— felt himself suddenly and violently arrested by some protruding substance, which afterwards proved to be a broken stump of a tree. After a time he recovered consciousness, and succeeded in shaking himself free.

The first thought was for his friend, of whom nothing was to be seen. But as he gazed over the waste of snow he saw at a distance a twig, which had been pressed downwards, recover itself and spring up.

Thinking it might be the sign of some life he made his way to the spot, and close by it found a boot protruding from the surface. Scraping the snow away as best he could with his naked hands he at length uncovered the body so far as the face.

The man was apparently dead, and his face was almost black; but presently he came to, and was little the worse, while S— himself, in turn, fainter from the injuries he had received, and was laid up for six weeks before he recovered.

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RENTING A HOME.

The Trials of the "Mover-On" in a Big City.

A Plea for a Genuine Bed—Are There No Places Where Refined People Can Tolerate Their Neighbors and Pay the Rent?

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"A dweller in Tom's-all-alone, and a mover-on upon the face of the earth," says the oily Chadband in "Bleak House," with a wave of his hand towards poor Jo, who has been brought in homeless from the streets of London.

A mover-on upon the face of the earth! What a sickening feeling comes over you when you realize that you have got to move again. It makes you suddenly suspect that you have never had a real home, and never will succeed in finding one. The limitations of your income rise up and confront you, and if you are inclined to take life seriously, you begin to feel that even the poor who swarm in the tenement houses have a surer place in the world than you have.

In the course of my own searches, I have come to the conclusion that either society is all wrong, or else I am. I prefer, of course, to think that it is society. Why should it be so hard for a person of moderate income to live in any sort of a refined way in New York city? House rents are so high that the majority of people cannot afford to pay them in any sort of a suitable neighborhood. Everything goes by neighborhoods in New York city. No one can live in a cheap neighborhood. It is all well enough in theory, but in practice it means proximity to tenement houses, noisy and bad, not to say extremely untidy little children, saloons, smells, cheap grocery stores, and men who lounge upon the sidewalks.

It cannot be that all the refined people are rich. Some of them must be poor, or comparatively so—that is to say, living on an income of a thousand dollars, or near that amount. Such people cannot afford to pay nine hundred dollars for a house or flat, and two thousand dollars, the average rent in a location such as these unfortunate ones would naturally choose, is of course out of the question. There is a good deal of sympathy bestowed upon the poor. It is my opinion that they suffer much less, and in a much more comfortable way, than those without money who have been trained to aspire.

The cost of good flats is also very high. Here again cheap rent means cheap neighborhood, with all the unspeakable terrors implied thereby. In fact, a cheap flat is worse than a cheap house. Here the annoyances invade the establishment, and rage to your very doors. You are startled by hear-

ing, soon after you move in, that the lady living above you has more of the good things of life than she has of good reputation. She justifies these suspicions by getting drunk. You distinctly hear, through the inevitable air-shaft, her terrible conversations of reproach and rage at such time, addressed to her husband, who endeavors to soothe her. The janitor is a tyrant. You get into difficulties with him on the subject of the steam heat, and sending up your coal in the mornings. His little children swarm over the front steps, with very dirty faces, and mortify you when your friends come to make you a visit. The rooms are small. All the space is given to the parlor, which carries off triumphantly, also, the only windows that open to the outside air. A dark shaft is supposed to furnish to your sleeping-room the air and sunshine which you, as a refined being and a student of hygiene, consider a necessary part of life. You sleep in a folding-bed, though your soul rebels against it; you devise ways and means to hang up your possessions upon the walls; you pile things in corners, in the way and out of it, until your progress from one end of your flat to the other is a kind of modified hurdle race. You fight your neighbors' roaches, who invade even your bedroom. You lure them with powdered sugar and borax and every deadly device known to the mind of man. You struggle with poor servants. You wear yourself out keeping your small quarters clean. At last you give it up and decide to try boarding.

Then how tantalizing is a trip in search of a flat to a person of small income! You cut out a long list of advertisements from the paper, choosing such locations as you like, and which are within the bounds of reason—choosing also, taught by bitter experience, a few in locations you don't like. Armed with this list, you put on your best clothes—always put on your best clothes when you go house-hunting—and you visit flat after flat, finding in one the refined air, the quiet, and the elevator for which your soul longs, the price from nine hundred to twelve hundred dollars a year, and in another the sunny rooms of a fairly decent size, the price beyond you again. You decide that you could put up with the wall paper in a third, your crushed spirit indifferent to such trifles, for the house is quiet and the neighborhood pleasant, but alas, you cannot climb all those stairs. You are worse than limited in income, you are not strong.

The boarding houses at the present moment seem to solve most nearly the problem of cheap living with the least amount of discomfort and care, though they solve it very badly. I would suggest, refined, cheap and exclusive boarding houses as a new philanthropy! If you should happen to think it easy to find such a boarding house go forth and try it, and be thankful if you do not return wholly misanthropic. I remember my first experience, and since then I have had more like it. My heart sank as the days went on and I had discovered nothing but some new varieties of human nature, and the relation which a profusion of bric-a-brac



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and gilding is supposed to bear to respectability. Each landlady was worse than the last—on a sort of rising scale as it were. It was something of a surprise to find such faces in possession of dignified and noble old brown stone houses. Odors of every known thing under heaven abounded, reminding one of the pathetic little song about the expiring Peespey, who "had fried eels for supper." The parlors swarmed with chairs and bristled with pictures in heavy gilded frames. The sleeping rooms were furnished with the deadly folding bed. Can no one stay the ravages of the folding bed? One could sleep in any style of furniture one chose. One room offered me contained a cabinet organ, in which I was privileged to sleep at night. An innocent-looking mantel piece in another room turned out to be a bed, and other articles of furniture developed in the same manner until I began to regard them all with suspicion. I had been having some painful experiences with a sideboard in which I had been sleeping. I wanted a plain, old-fashioned bed, with the sweet, clean sheets and counterpane, and the cool pillows which invite sleep, open to the air day and night—just a real bed, which had no other mission in life than to be a bed. I longed for it with a wistful and pathetic yearning. I paid no attention to the velvet carpets and barbarous stuffed chairs and heavy hangings, the bait by which the casual boarder is caught. I wanted a quiet, clean and refined home, not elegance, or colored doortenders with suspiciously tinted aprons, or bric-a-brac or pictures, or wanted sweet air and absolute cleanliness, genuine bed, sunshine, wholesome food, and a table without a castor on it. For these real luxuries, I was able to pay but ten dollars a week, if I wished to have anything left for clothes, travel, books, amusement, gifts and charities, not to speak of car fares, a serious item of expense in a large city. Life costs so much more than mere rent. Finally, I did find a house such as I had sought. Experience has led me to suppose that this house is the only such one in the city, and if this is the case, it is time that something was done about it.

Then the agonies of moving! I don't know how other people feel about it, but the mere act of moving humiliates me. Did you ever notice how utterly respectable everybody's things look on a furniture van? You may think you possess one or two belongings which are quite presentable, but pile them on a wagon and see how they look then. I have a feeling of deep sympathy for the owners of those shapeless masses of chair and table legs as they are escorted in triumph through the streets, and I know they are at home hiding their surprised and

received and carried to the point of triumphant and practical perfection by a woman, lacks as yet but one thing for completion—a man. Warned by the failures of woman's cooperative schemes, and the difficulties of feminine boards of administration, the women of New York wait for some practical business man, who knows a good thing when he sees it, to build an apartment house for women, to be run on the usual strict business principles, and as a matter of business profit. The only wonder is that this has not been done long ago. Already, every apartment in the enormous building designed has been applied for, before the matter has been advertised, or the first stone laid, and the class of applicants, tested by the most exacting references, is the safest and surest in the city.

AN INNOCENT-LOOKING MANTEL.
AN UNPARDONABLE OUTRAGE.

Reggy—I was frightfully insulted by a haberdashery in there, just now! Cholly—What did the brute say? Reggy—I asked for some beef, and the wretch said: "Wheeah's youah pitchah, sonny?"—Puck.

A Conquered Peace.
Mrs. Wiggig—What kind of a time did you have at the church social, Mrs. Spriggins? "Oh, lovely! Everything peaceful and joyful, and—"

"Was Mrs. Tragg there?" "O, yes; she and the whole class were there, but they didn't dare open their mouths—we were ready for them."—Cleveland Plaindealer.

'Twould Be Too Improbable.
Novelist—I'd like to have my heroine do something absolutely unique! Friend—Yes? Why do you have her faint when there's no one looking?—Boston Globe.

Her Design Perfected.
"You say Tom is going to marry you, Miss Caspitt? Why, he never told me so?" "Probably not. He doesn't know it himself yet."—Chicago Record.

Children Cry for
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Wounded feelings. "Do see that lot of old stuff," the passers-by remark. Old stuff indeed! Alas, that one could so disrespectfully speak of the careful accumulations of years of economical travel, varied with trips to the auction rooms! But this is only the final pang of the mover-on upon the face of the earth. And the question still remains, what is to be done about it?

The women, being those of the community who most suffer from the lack of refined and inexpensive homes, are the first to act in the matter, and in this city a genuine plan is on foot for their relief. This plan, though con-

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Enough
Pearline
has been sold to put a girdle of it round about the earth, and a good deal over. Hundreds of millions of packages, in the last fifteen years, have made washing easy for millions of different women. This suggests a question—to the timid women who think that because Pearlline saves so much work it must do some harm. Could Pearlline have been sold and used in this way and for this time, if it were dangerous? And another, addressed to all women: Isn't it better to be sure with Pearlline, the original washing compound, which has been thus proved, rather than to risk it with some imitation about which you know nothing.

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has been sold to put a girdle of it round about the earth, and a good deal over. Hundreds of millions of packages, in the last fifteen years, have made washing easy for millions of different women. This suggests a question—to the timid women who think that because Pearlline saves so much work it must do some harm.

Send it Back
Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearlline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearlline, be honest—send it back.

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