

Warning from the Other World

A Cavalry Officer's Narrow Escape from a Trap in the Franco-German War.

We are living in an age of discoveries and solutions of great mysteries. Who, 50 years ago, would have dreamed of the existence of the X-rays, bacilli and serums?

Yet the human intellect is far from having attained the goal of its desire of investigation. On the contrary, the wonderful discoveries of the great scientists have but stimulated and urged it more swiftly than ever along the great race course whose prize and goal are invention and success.

What marvel if the learning of the twentieth century, which has already made so many impossible things possible, seeks to transform the pretense of conjuring up ghosts into earnest and to cast light even into the gloom of the grave?

Ghost stories are told by the thousand, and, if the tales of old women could be believed, we should all have walked long ago in a blaze of light and known that "precisely at 12 o'clock" skeletons danced in the churchyards and pallid ancestral dames wandered restlessly through every old castle.

But such tales would possess absolutely no interest for the public, who desire to see this subject treated seriously. Therefore the following one is related on the authority of persons whose character is a guarantee of trustworthiness.

The incident was related by Joseph Victor von Scheffel, the famous author of "Eikehard," by an intimate friend, a cavalry officer, whom he called S. and described in the following terms:

"His character excluded the possibility of any distrust. A thorough soldier, frank to bluntness, yet genuinely religious; a man who, though he never talks of his piety, in the hour of need sends forth a prayer from the inmost depths of his heart.

"He was a cavalry officer, and during the campaign of 1870 and 1871 was principally engaged in pursuing Franco-troops, a service for which his caution, coolness and courage bordering upon recklessness, rendered him specially fitted.

"The following story was told me with his own lips.

It was a warm moonlight night when, with a few picked men of my squadron, I set out to reconnoiter the enemy's position.

avored our approach, the wind and rain would drown the noise of the horse's hoofs. We had the best prospect of being able to reconnoiter unseen.

So we rode forward, first cautiously examining the ground; then, as it proved to be grassy, velvety meadow land, growing bolder and moving more rapidly.

We advanced for some time noiselessly and swiftly, then the ground suddenly became harder, and sometimes there was a grating noise, as if from loose pebbles.

Yet we rode on at a rapid pace, for we were coming nearer and nearer to the light, and, according to our calculations, must reach it in ten minutes at the latest.

It seemed strange that neither plowed land nor fences appeared in the vicinity of the house, but it was possible that these signs of habitation were on the opposite side, while the front overlooked the open moor.

The light burned steadily and brightly in the midst of the raging gale. I was riding in advance of my men, with my eyes fixed intently on the flame, whose brightness grew still more dazzling account of the darkness.

Suddenly I started so violently that almost unconsciously I reined my horse back, thus stopping the riders behind me. With dilated eyes and hair fairly bristling with terror I gazed at the white-robed form of a woman who had appeared out of the darkness, waving me back—my mother! Really, and in bodily form, the mother who had been sleeping three years in a German cemetery at home.

I saw her distinctly—every line of her dearly beloved face, her eyes, her lips, her figure in the white shroud, just as I had gazed at her for the last time in despairing grief—my mother.

Now she suddenly stood before me in the midst of the darkness of the night—in the enemy's country on the lonely moor.

"Mother!" I cried, "mother!"

"The corporal seized me by the arm in horror.

"For heaven's sake! Captain!"

"Then the strange apparition faded from my sight. Again, with every sign of the most intense anxiety, she motioned: 'Back! Back!'

Retrospection and Prospecction

Value of Past Experiences Realized in the Days of the Future.

New Year's Sermon by the "Highway and Byway" Preacher.

Chicago, Sunday, 1902. Text—"Days should speak, and multitude of years should teach wisdom."—Job 32:7.

THE value of the yesterdays is measured by the offerings which they make to the to-days. The to-days are wisely and profitably lived in so far as they appropriate and assimilate the lessons and experiences of the yesterdays.

"Days should speak, and multitude of years should teach wisdom." That is, the yesterdays should speak their message of admonition, of encouragement, of hope to the to-days; they should bring of their stores of wisdom which have been gathered as the fruitage of years and give instruction to the young to-days. The words of our text are the words of Elihu, the young man who speaks after Job's three aged friends have concluded their long harangues to the afflicted man. Elihu was modest, or at least affected to be, and with a becoming deference, of which he is conscientiously proud, he waits until the men of gray hairs have spoken. Well would it be if young men of to-day were as modest and deferential in the presence of their elders. Men of mature years and venerable age should speak first, says Elihu. But in his words there is an implied rebuke which is suggestive. It is as though he said to these three aged philosophers: The days and multitude of years of your observation and experience and learning should have enabled you to speak and teach wisdom, but, he goes on to say in the ninth verse, "great men are not always wise; neither do the aged understand judgment." Years do not always bring wisdom, nor do they always qualify a man to speak profitably and wisely. "Days should," however, "speak, and multitude of years should teach wisdom." Each day should bring forth its treasure to add to the life, and each year should teach its lessons and bestow the wealth of wisdom with which it has been endowed. But too often the days melt into weeks, and the weeks are melted into months, and the months are soon lost in the years as they glide swiftly by, and thoughtlessness and heedlessness, worldliness and self-seeking rob the days and weeks and months and years of their offerings of true wisdom and enduring blessing.

CUSTOM has marked the first day of the New Year as the occasion for noting in an special way the flight of time. From the most ancient times the beginning of years as marked by the calendars of the different nations and peoples has been characterized by ceremonies and observations of special recognition. The Jews, the Egyptians, the Chinese, the Romans, the Mohammedans and other nations, although differing as to the time from which they reckoned the commencement of the year, all regarded it as a day of special interest. Americans in the larger cities of the country where the Chinese are found in any numbers are reminded at the present day of the difference between the calendar commonly in use among the principal nations of the world and that of China, by the elaborate celebration of the Chinese New Year. It is the great day of the Chinaman's year, and the day is given over to festivities and religious ceremonies of various kinds. The Jews to this day observe the New Year's day of their own Jewish calendar with great faithfulness and solemnity. The celebration of New Year's day is of pagan origin. The early Christian fathers—Augustine, Ambrose and others—forbade in Christian use all festive celebration of the day, because of the immoral and superstitious observances of the pagan festival. The Christians, however, were directed to open the year with a day of prayer, fasting and humiliation. But New Year's day is not a religious or church day, except in the Roman Catholic church, where it is observed as a holiday of strict observance and religious ceremony. Upon the Christian of the Protestant denominations it has no direct claim, and yet there is scarcely an organized body of Christians in the world but in some manner and to some degree gives recognition to the day. It may be in a watch night service, in which the closing hours of the Old Year and the dawn of the New Year are passed in songs of praise and worship, in prayer, Scripture reading and testimony. It may be a prayer service or other manner of religious exercises on New Year's day. It may be a New Year's dinner or social, or it may be only a thought and reference to the day at the regular religious services preceding its dawn. It is a time of accounting, a summing up of days past and a thought for the days which the New Year will count off day by day, and only give up the secrets of those days as they are revealed by the day's unfolding. "Days should speak," and the New Year's day is the time when the days of the year which has gone should have opportunity to speak and cast the influence of their experience upon the days of the year just begun.

IT is an old and trite saying that "time is money." It is a good commentary upon the material worldly standards of the majority of people that this definition of time is considered full and complete; that it is all that can be said for time. But is time to be weighed only in the world's perishable gold? Time may be money; it may give man the opportunity of gaining heaps on heaps of the shining metal in barter and trade, but it is more than money, it is a sacred trust. Days should speak, but they should speak of something else than mad rush after wealth; they should speak of something else besides self-seeking and indulgence in pleasures and all manner of excesses. And days do speak in condemnation and judgment to those who will hear them speak in no other way. The sowings of the year—

past year and see if you can find one day which is free from failure or mistake. Most of the days are stained with sin of heart and life, and the cleanest and best days of the year are not without the evidences of human weakness and failure. Are we afraid to face them and hear them speak? This is not manly; this is not right. But oh, how many turn from the memory of past failure, or wrongdoing, past mistake or trouble, and refuse to hear these days speak or learn the lessons which they might teach! How many try to forget, and rush feverishly into the New Year with the deluded thought that it will know no such record! When Paul declared he was going to forget those things which are behind he did not mean that he looked the past in the chamber of forgetfulness and oblivion and rushed headlessly onward in hope of winning the prize. No; but he did mean that the failures and sins and mistakes of the past were not to handicap and discourage him in the race which lay before him. But those same failures and mistakes and sins were to be the helpful signposts to him by which he would avoid those same pitfalls again. The runner circling the track stumbles because of unevenness of ground. When next he comes to that place he would be foolish indeed if he forgot all about the dangerous spot. He must remember it so that he may avoid stumbling there a second time. But on the other hand he must forget the failure. He must not let the impression prevail that he stumbled there once and must therefore stumble there again.

DAYS do speak of failures and sins, but their true message is not one of discouragement, but encouragement. The Devil points to the days of failure and says: See how you failed; of course you will fail again. But God points to the days of failure only that He may point out the cause of failure and help to victory at another time. It is not man's fault that he cannot blot out or rewrite the past, but it is man's fault if he does not learn the lessons of the past as a help to the living in the present. Lord Melville, the noted English statesman of the hundred years ago, who the New Year's day he was called a Happy New Year, exclaimed: "I hope this year will be happier than the last, for I scarcely recollect having spent one happy day in the whole of it." He could not recall the year and live it over again. For this he was not to blame, but he was to be censured that he did not search out the reason or reasons for the unhappiness of that year, and prevent their recurrence in the New Year. The New Year brings with it the worthy impulse to do better, and from this impulse is formed the New Year's resolutions—resolutions hastily formed and easily broken. It is all too commonly the tragedy of the New Year. And wherein does the trouble lie? Not in the making of the resolution, but in failure to listen while the days of the past speak their message for the future. "Days should speak, and multitude of years should teach wisdom," and especially should this be true as one year draws to its close and the other, bright and fresh and untarnished, begins to unfold.

AND in the speech of the days of the future is found a prophecy of the future. No one who stands upon the threshold of the New Year but wonders what is hidden within its bundle of days. Man never possesses more than the present; God is the custodian of the future. But the days of the past may furnish something more than a hint sometimes of what the future will be. The sowing of the past brings the reaping of the future. Do you fear to let the days of the past speak because they may prophesy of an unhappy future to be garnered from the days of sowing gone by? Perhaps; but will foolish blindness and refusal to hear the message of the days of the past avert the undesirable reaping of the future? Nay, verily! "Days should speak, and multitude of years should teach wisdom." And if we patiently and humbly receive their message we may be able to change defeat into victory, and failure into success. And what is the supreme message of the days and the years? It is not of man and his doings, but it is of Christ and what He has done for man. The days of Christ upon earth have not ceased to speak. Christ the Son of God, Christ the perfect man, Christ the sacrifice for sin, Christ the Saviour of the world. And every day since Christ wrought out the redemption of man from sin has been laden with the message of the Christ.

IT is the presence of Christ in our days which makes them worth living, even though we fail to recognize that Christ and yield to Him obedience. It is the certainty of Christ in the days to come which fills them full of hope. It is Christ Who can help you interpret the days of the past, and it is Christ who is able to help you out the days of the New Year; hopefully, victoriously and successfully. Retrospection without Christ to interpret and reveal the lessons of the past is a failure. Prospecction without Christ to cheer and encourage is discouraging and perilous. New Year's resolutions without the Christ as the inspiration and the dynamic force to execute are sooner or later a sad and dismal failure. Samuel Johnson gave expression to this truth when he said: "I have now spent 55 years in resolving; having, from the earliest times almost years? What an admission for a great man. But we all have to make the same distressing confession where we are trying in our strength to make and keep New Year's resolutions. But Samuel Johnson did not rest there. His prayer was finally: "O God, grant me to resolve aright, and to keep my resolutions, for Jesus Christ's sake!" And it is right here where every one must end the Old Year and begin the New if we would have the days of the past speak a true and faithful message to his soul, and be girded and equipped for the future. "Days should speak, and multitude of years should teach wisdom," and they will if we have the mind of Christ to understand and the will of Christ to do.

To Save Street Car Men.

Fifty temperance women of the North and West sides of Chicago have organized to open club rooms for street car men, with the idea of attracting employees from the saloons. The plan is to rent rooms in the vicinity of each car barn, where the railroad men can rest while off duty. The only place of resort they at present have is the back room of some saloon.

FOR FEMINE WEARERS.

The latest in Belts and Stocks Are Striking and Handsome Novelties.

The new stocks and belts possess the distinguishing characteristic of being novel. They are really and truly different from any ever seen before and they are less expensive than one expects to find them.

The most fashionable belts, just at the moment, are made of skin of one kind or another. The very wide suede belt, which is crushed down around the figure and which fastens with a big leather buckle in front, is one of the best of belts, and, as it comes in a great variety of colors, one can always find something to suit, says the Brooklyn Eagle.

But a more spectacular belt is the calfskin belt, with the hair left on. A belt of this kind was about three inches wide in the back, tapering a little toward the front, where it fastened with a little round brass buckle. The color was a reddish brown, a regular calf color, with white places upon it. The hair was short and if rubbed the right way felt very silky.

A very neat belt is the pigskin belt, and there are all the crushable kid belts of the year, dyed in red and green, brown and black.

The popular taste runs just at present toward the belt which must be crushed down in the back, for it is too wide to fit the waist. The front is cut tapering. This belt is hooked around the waist, is fastened low in front and is pushed down as far as possible, for the low front is still the vogue. The back and sides take on little natural wrinkles until a waist is formed. It is important to put the belt on carefully the first time, for the creases will remain just as they were at first.

The stocks are departing from their simplicity, for they show the oddest of features. Many are partly of fur and there are stocks that are made of silk, while a velvet strap goes over the silk and hooks in front.

The Armenian belts and stocks are wonderfully conspicuous, and consist of linen embroidered in many colors. Some of them are as vivid as gorgeous silks can make them and are carried out with a degree of native fidelity that is surprising. The embroidering of a handsome belt makes a fascinating piece of fancy work, and the woman with time on her hands and skill in her finger tips can get busy on this very useful piece of industry.

Old-fashioned canvas is used again for belts, and wonderful patterns are worked in the canvas with the outside—filling in the pattern—done in bright silks or in beads. The head belts have by no means gone out and the new ones are prettier than the old. Particularly good are the Apache belts, which are made in the most intricate designs.

There are a few sealskin belts to match the sealskin cloaks, but this makes the waist too bulky for beauty.

RABBITS IN SEASON.

Good Substitute for Chicken and May Be Prepared in Various Ways.

A very acceptable change for the meat-eater and a food that has the advantage of being cheap as well as good, is the common wild rabbit, says the Washington Star.

When young, fat and tender, they are fine eating, and the peculiar gamey flavor of the flesh recommends it to the lover of "wild meats." Like other wild game, it is best eaten in the fall and early winter. Then the young rabbit is well fleshed and has reached an age and condition of savoriness, while the meat is still tender and of delicate flavor.

The young rabbit may well substitute chicken, and be prepared in various similar ways, if done by skillful hands. The flesh is mostly lean and similar to the dark meat in chicken, and while young is very digestible. It has the same fault as chicken if served too frequently. It satiates more quickly than most other meats.

The fact that the meat of the young rabbit compares so favorably with chicken has led to its being employed very frequently in preparations where its detection is difficult. In soups, purées, canned and potted chicken, in croquettes and like mixtures, and in chicken and meat pies it may easily masquerade for the more expensive young and tender poultry.

Not so very many generations have passed since the rabbit was regarded as unfit for food, the ancient Briton refusing to eat hares from religious objections to them. Presumably the same reason prohibited the Jews from eating them. Why it should occupy such a equivocal position is not quite clear, as it is a strictly vegetarian animal and a creature of most particular and cleanly habits, in sharp contrast to the natural propensities of the common hen. Perhaps one reason why the rabbit is not regarded in higher favor as a table delicacy is because of its cheapness, being so plentiful in some sections as to become a plague to the farmers by despoiling growing crops and fruit trees. If it were scarce and required careful guarding and fostering, the market value of its meat would probably also increase the quality and place it among the luxuries.

Authorities tell us that the rabbit must not be too young or too old. It is safe, however, to conclude that after the first season's has well set in the rabbit cannot be too young for most methods of preparation for the table. Beware of rabbits old and rabbits tough, unless you intend to use them for broth or soup. The meat is stringy and indigestible.

Unless the young rabbit is in good condition it will become hard and dry and not very savory when cooked. In fact, rabbits are best served in some manner which calls for extra fat, such as bacon or salt pork, plenty of butter or cream, or accompanied with plain boiled rice to supply the deficiency of carbohydrates. Many of the modes of preparing the rabbit, and they may be served in almost every variety of form in which fowls or chickens—previously cut into small joints—are directed to be cooked. Well dressed they make nice entrees, such as filets, patties, or minces or saignons, all kinds of quenelles and boudins, ragouts, fricassees and braises, and served with a puree of turnip and giblet sauce, glazed sweet potatoes, apple and celery salad, and a creamy old-fashioned baked rice pudding, makes a dinner that will not only satisfy waiting appetite, but kinde the lagging one as well.

Old-fashioned crape lisle is used for the greater part of the neck ruchings for costumes of heavy fabric.

Trimnings on evening skirts this year are noticeably toward the middle of the garment. The lower edge is often finished with a simple hem a few inches in width.

White gloves are not very much worn on the street in the morning, tans, grays and reds having superseded them. Driving gloves of suede with dogskin palms are a novelty.

A LEGEND OF HARVEST.

In ancient Israel, so say the seers, Two brothers lived in peace—as brothers should. And tilled that ground whereon in after years King Solomon's illustrious temple stood. A common heritage, each gave the field. His honest share of toil, and took therefrom An equal portion of the summer's yield. Nor grudged his part—nor held in doubt the sun.

But on the night the harvesting was done, And all the corn lay heaped beneath the eaves. The elder kinsman sat in thought alone And gently reasoned with himself this wise: "My brother is not strong, and suffered sorely. Beneath the heat and burden of the day, Lo, I will take some sheaves from out my store. Unknown, and add to his across the way."

And, reasoning thus, he did; then found sweet sleep. Not so, however, the younger of the twain. Who lay awake and said: "How can I keep My great, full half of all this golden grain. I who am still but one, whilst he must feed His wife and little children from his share?" So that same night, to meet a greater need, He, too, in secret did what he deemed fair.

DISTRIBUTION OF SEEDS.

Congressman Sheppard Advocates Change in Present Methods Which Involve Excessive Expenditures.

Representative Sheppard, of Texas, has introduced a resolution providing a change in the method of seed distribution at the department of agriculture. The resolution directs that "the present indiscriminate and inequitable distribution of vegetable seeds by the department of agriculture be discontinued, and that the secretary of agriculture be requested to submit to congress plans restoring the original purpose of the seed distribution, which contemplated the introduction of new varieties in various localities and the determination of their adaptability to the soil, but which has degenerated into an expensive and farcical allotment throughout the country, regardless of the character of the soils and industries of the respective communities, and the occupations and pursuits of the people thereof, and suggesting other ways, such as soil surveys, good roads, extermination of pests, encouragement of horticulture, establishment of experimental farms, cultivation of early maturing cotton seed, dissemination of valuable agricultural literature, and such other methods as may suggest themselves by which the large amount heretofore appropriated in the useless manner above described may be expended more logically and more effectively in the interests of the agricultural masses of the United States."

Lord Littlecreek (lovingly)—You are my son. Edith—Yes; I told papa that. "Oh, what did he say?" "Said you didn't earn enough to keep your soul and body together."—Tit-Bits.