MANY INSTANCES OF GOOD DEEDS DONE

[Concluded from Page 7.]

ed by an empty treasury, and for awhile the skies looked dark. It was a subject for grave thought and the possibilities were so dreadful that to be a Home manager was no sinecure. To close the floors of the Home was a heart-breaking thought, yet Homes cannot be run without money. The debt was a crushing load to carry and for current expenses we had nothing. Consultations and discussions were frequent, plans abundant and despair general. Little by little the skies have cleared, and though still far from the desired end we have taken heart of grace and are hopeful. Steadily for the last few months has come the increase to our bank account; very liberally are the friends of the institution responding to its needs. It has been a wonderful year in many respects; one on which we look back with profound gratitude.

As the treasurer's report shows, we have reduced the debt three thousand dollars since the middle of December. We still owe thirty thousand. Could we sell our old Adams avenue property it would wipe out more than half our indebtedness.

The day before Thanksgiving, among the merry group of children who came from one of the schools laden with their bountiful offering of good things for the cheer of the household, were two very little maidens, who approached the matron, each with a special gift. One curly head, shyly and without a word, handed her a tiny box of matches; the other gravely entrusted her with a bag containing three small cookies wrapped in paper, saying as she did so: "Lady, this is all I can do." Who can fear for the future of a Home where the children so think and act?

Scranton will never consent to the Home being given up; it has too strong a hold, too dear a place in the hearts of the citizens; it has become a necessity, sheltering, as it does, within its walls not only the little ones, but those who are "old in grief and very wise in tears." Working, hoping, trust, praying, let us all rest not until the time comes when we shall say as did our Thanksgiving visitors: "This is all I can do."

Anna R. Moffat,
Recording Secretary Home for the Friendless.

A. J. Colborn, esq., then gave an address, the value of which should be appreciated by a larger audience than that which listened last evening. He began with a tender reference to his mother, whose life had been largely devoted to such work as the Home for the Friendless. He desired at the request of the committee to place before the audience a brief testimony to the value of the institution.

MR. COLBORN'S ADDRESS.

The Society of the Home for Friendless Women and Children of Scranton has been doing a noble work for the sake of humanity for twenty-eight years, and looking back over the advancement that has been made in this special work during all these years, there is read in them a lesson of gratulation and hope—of bright hope for the yet veiled future. They speak volumes of encouragement. The noble women who have labored unceasingly for the success of the Home for the Friendless know the toil, effort and anxiety it has required to [illegible] on this work, and to them we owe a great debt of gratitude.

When one considers the singular apathy of the public in regard to this particular department of God's vineyard, the advancement you have made, and the glorious results that have crowned your labors, are indeed wonderful. No one but those who have had charge of the work of the society can fully appreciate its history—the sacrifices that had to be made, the perplexities and difficulties that came unsought, the heavy burdens that were imposed, and the many discouragements that arose, times without number, when you were at a loss which way to turn or how to meet the great obstacles found in your path, would have discouraged and disheartened most every one, but those who had this work in hand seemed to take new heart and hope when God, in His infinite love and wisdom, would give into their care and keeping some poor, homeless, trembling soul, and with hearts full of thanksgiving for the many mercies bestowed upon them, they would take up their work with a more resolute will, and would indeed "wait upon the Lord and renew their strength."

Truly they have done a noble work and are worthy the highest praise. And yet the society which has accomplished so much good for over a quarter of a century, and is doing so much good today, is struggling for an existence and prevented from doing a greater work because it is dependent upon individual benefactions. Our city contains as many good, honest, charitable citizen as can be found in any other city of its size. There is more Christian wealth here than one finds in most places of this size, and there is considerable pagan wealth here, too; some people of means in Scranton are doing nothing for their neighbor or for charities, and are gathering up such money as they can honestly, or dishonestly, and spending it for their own satisfaction, but they are indeed few in number. The one great trouble with this city in which there are so many charities; such wide and extensive philanthropy; and that is that its charities are not organized, and that in consequence there is a great deal of money and time wasted, and some money inevitably misappropriated. There might be more good done if the charitable and benevolent people of this city could be induced to work together.

SYMPATHY WELL DIRECTED.

Charity means sympathy. You cannot do any good to anybody without sympathy. Organization means intelligence. Sympathy does not count for much unless it is intelligently directed. Charity means good intentions. It is a beautiful thing to have good intentions. Organization means good intentions realized. That is still better. Everybody knows that the most uncomfortable place to live in is the place that is described as being paved with good resolutions. Charity means love, and organization means light. You will remember in Westminster Abbey there is a memorial to Charles Kingsley, and another to Frederick Denison Morris; two names that will ever be lovingly remembered by those engaged in works of benevolence; one is inscribed "God is Love," the other, "God is Light."

I believe the great success that has attended your labors in caring for the homeless and the friendless is because in the organization of your charity you have brought Love and Light together. That is God's way of dealing with us. God does not simply deal with us according to the principles of love. He uses a great deal of intelligence, discrimination and justice about it. The sun shines on the just and unjust, and the rain falls alike on every one promiscuously; and some argue from that that we ought to be as promiscuous in our charities. But you will find that the soil of the man who does not cultivate it never yields anything from the sun and the rain; God does provide the appliances but does not make the things grow unless we do our share.

You have nobly done your share in the purely charitable institution you have helped to build up, and I fondly hope and trust that this year may bring the people of this community in fuller sympathy with you and your work, so that a more abundant financial support may be given you to increase and broaden your work.

No more important subject can claim the attention of any citizen than the proper rearing of the children of the state, especially those who have, from any cause, been deprived of careful and loving parental training. Years of experience have demonstrated that the placing of poor, unfortunate, needy and homeless children of the state in almhouses, surrounded by pauper influences, and knowing nothing of family life, was one of the most prolific sources from whence pauperism and crime were multiplied. The best moral, religious, and even physical life of a child demands that it be trained in a home where it may enjoy to the full the existence God has given it, in the way He ordained as the best—as one of a family. The needs of one of the most important phases of charity work has been grasped by the band of intelligent, self-sacrificing women who brought about the organization of the Home for the Friendless in which they have tenderly and effectively cared for the helpless offspring of poor unfortunates, and trained for future useful citizenship those who would otherwise, doubtless, become either criminals or vagrants, and possibly both.

WISER THAN WE KNEW.

When we remember that these rescued ones become the parents of future generations, and that thus the good work done by these noble women of the Home widens as it passes on, we are led to feel that you are building wiser than you know. But the good your institution has been doing has not been confined alone to caring for the homeless and destitute children. You have cared for friendless and homeless women into whose life no sunshine has ever entered, who have been left alone and friendless, battling as best they could against poverty and starvation, with no one to comfort, aid, or assist them, until you gave them a home and brought to them a peace, happiness, and contentment in their declining years such as their poor, lonely lives had never known.

Such work is worthy the highest commendation and entitled to the most liberal support. Unlike most societies of this kind, you are ever watchful of the children for whom you are finding homes, and even after they have left your institution you look after them to see that they are properly cared for and surrounded by good influences with that solicitude which only a woman knows. "In faith and hope the world will disagree, but all mankind's concern is charity." J. G. Holland once wrote: "If God and the God-like element in woman cannot help, there is no help."

In this crowded world she is no longer quiet; age or environment does not suspend her activity, neither do the shackles of fashion any longer withhold the sensible woman from advancing into any field of usefulness where duty calls her. All her energies and intuition are called forth in the prosecution of the work of your society. Mahomet once said, when asked what constituted Charity: "Every good act is Charity. Removing stones and thorns from the road is charity. Putting a wanderer in the right patch is charity. A man's true wealth is the good he does in this world. When he dies, mortals will ask what property has he left behind him; but angels will inquire, 'What good deeds hast thou sent before thee?'"

SOME TRIVIAL DIFFERENCES.

As things now are there must be evil in the world, hatred among men, cruelty and the suffering that comes of cruelty on every side. It remains for those who aspire to do good, who would live in the spirit and not in the gratification of bodily passions and desires, who would be glad to see the kingdom of God on earth a reality and not simply a theory, to sink their trivial differences of creed and doctrine, to open and tear down the selfish barriers that separate their forces, and to labor together in fraternal union and unfailing sympathy to make their own lives better and nobler, and to help each other over the rough places, and to care for the destitute, homeless, and friendless.

"If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them." May you who have the work of the Home in hand labor on with the same unfaltering zeal, and may a grateful public contribute most generously, financially and otherwise, to the success of your institution.

"Scatter the gems of the beautiful in
the depths of the human soul;
They'll bud, and bloom, and bear their
fruit while the endless ages roll.
Plant with the flower of Charity the
portals of the tomb,
And the fair and pure about thy path
in Paradise shall bloom."

At the conclusion of Mr. Colborn's address a vote of thanks was tendered him and Rev. Richard Hiorns spoke briefly of his interest in the work. He was followed by Dr. Lansing, who gave a bright and most pleasing address in which he emphasized the fact that more preventive methods were needed in the world to remove the causes of suffering of the homeless and wretched ones of earth.

Judge Knapp closed the meeting with a tribute to the secretary's report and remarks which voiced the general hopefulness of the assemblage. He spoke in particular of the anxiety to sell the old building. It should be stated here that to Judge Knapp's advice and practical assistance is largely due the scheme of fifty dollar subscriptions toward the building fund. A vote of thanks was given him, also the retiring treasurer, Mrs. Dale and the library authorities for the use of the hall.

USE OF POISONED WEAPONS.

How Barbarious Nations Make Sure of Dealing Death.

From La Nature.

From the age of stone up to the time when the art of killing one's neighbor led to the discovery of powder and firearms, primitive people, owing to the insufficiency of their weapons to cause prompt death, have invented means of giving them poisonous qualities. Poisoned weapons, whether they are arrows, knives, lances or what not, may get their fatal properties from either vegetable or animal poisons. The South American Indians use curare; the natives of India, Indo-China, Borneo and the Moluccas employ (or rather did employ) the upas to poison their weapons; the negroes of the Soudan and the Congo still make use of a poison extracted from different varieties of strophanthus called m'boumou or ine, according to the regions where it is employed; the people of South Africa, the Hottentots, the Bushmen, the Kaffirs and the Akkas poison their arrows with the venom of divers serpents, the cobra de capello among others; certain tribes of equatorial Africa, the N'Dris and the Banjiris, use their arrows, after long burial in decomposing corpses, to communicate blood poisoning, which results in speedy death; in Oceanica the natives of New Caledonia, the Hebrides and the Solomon group give their enemies lockjaw by soaking their arrows in marshes containing large quantities of the bacillus of the tetanus.

The first three kinds of poison are practically of vegetable origin, though the local medicine men mix with their preparations red ants, snakes' venom, toads' eyes, etc.; they are the characteristic alkaloids of plants which serve as the basis of a deadly poisonous mixture, Curare, upas and m'boumou have as their principal elements plants whose species vary with the tribe, and which all belong to the strychnine family. The three last named poisons, except that of the South African negroes, are of microbial origin.

What are the value, duration and activity of these poisons? Curare keeps indefinitely; in 1757, in the course of experiments in physiology made in France with curarized arrows brought in 1752 from equatorial America by La Condamine, a fowl scratched with one of these arrows died in seven minutes; among the Oulteto Indians lumps of curare handed down from father to son have preserved all their poisonous activity although covered with mold. The same may be said for the upas, which, kept in little sections of bamboo for seven or eight years, retains the same active qualities as when freshly prepared. Malay weapons, even those of steel, always keep their poisonous properties. The black races that use ine claim that it will keep only a short time before it spoils. Now ine, which is an aqueous maceration of strophanthus seeds, to which is added the juice of a fig or of a euphorbia, and generally also vipers' venom, becomes covered with mold at the end of a few weeks, but notwithstanding it has preserved all its toxic properties; guinea pigs have been killed in a few minutes by being scratched with arrows whose points had molded. In fact, the vegetable poisons used by primitive peoples for their arrows keep indefinitely and always make effective weapons.

This is not the case with poisons of animal or microbial origin. As we have seen above, the Bushmen, the Kaffirs and the Akkas poison the points of their arrows with serpent venom, especially that of the cobra; at the end of two or three weeks their arms have lost all harmful quality. This is due to a single cause. The venom of snakes, which is preserved indefinitely in alcohol, becomes covered in air with a peculiar mold, which has not been studied hitherto, and which removes all poisonous effects from the venom. The poison used on the arrows of the N'Dris of the upper Ubanghi is nothing else than the septic vibrio (microbe of blood poisoning), which dies in the air if it is not in the presence of decomposition. Thus these arrows are harmful only during a very short time. As for the arrows of the New Caledonians, which infect their victim with tetanus, authorities do not agree about the duration of their harmful action, although it is proved that the bacillus of Nicolaier cannot live except in a very moist medium and, together with other bacilli, harmless or otherwise, such as the septic bacillus, which, as we have seen, dies in a short time.

Thus in all cases the poisoned arrows of the races that make use of vegetable alkaloids are much more to be feared than those of the tribes that employ poisons of animal or microbial origin.

Pushing Along the Good Work.

"My wife got up a charity card party last week."

"Did she have any success with it?"

"I should say she did! Took in almost enough to pay for the prizes."—Chicago Times-Herald.

All's Well That Ends Well

I AM SO SORRY this has happened," she said, with forced calmness. "I like you much and thought we were always to be friends, but you can see that it is impossible for me to marry. It is my duty to take care of papa and my brothers and try to take the place of my poor mother."

"I felt from the first," said Harry, sorrowfully, "that it was hopeless to think of you. You are too good for me."

"Don't say that, please, for I like you much more thany any one I know. If I ever did lo—marry, it would be just such a man as you—good, clever and generous. But you see that is impossible, don't you?"

He looked into her appealing eyes, but could not answer. Nothins is so sublimely tragic as the beautiful girl sacrificing herself to a mistaken sense of duty, and she appeared so sublime to him that he couldn't help thinking her in the right.

In affairs of the heart a man, especially a young man, needs a disinterested woman to guide, to encourage, or to check, as the case may require. Now Harry Watson was so fortunate as to have a charming widow as his confidante and friend. She was several years his senior, and he was much in love with her—or thought he was. She had pooh-poohed his proposal and told him that, although she thought him a fine, clever young fellow, she had no desire to take a boy to raise, and that he mustn't talk nonsense. Of course, he was tragic and went out west to hunt for grizzlies, hoping to be masticated by one, but he presently came to his senses and returned to the city. He was naturally rather shamefaced when he met the widow, but she was so jolly that he soon forgot his previous absurdity and they became fast friends.

"You poor boy!" said the widow in humorous sympathy. "What would become of you if it were not for me? But if you obey my orders I will guarantee that you will win her."

After talking the matter over Harry felt comforted, and he felt that the clever widow was going to do all in her power to help him. But he did not imagine that while they were discussing the subject the peerless, self-sacrificing Esther was weeping bitterly and almost rebelling against her fate. It was only by magnifying her duty to an appalling grimness that she finally recovered her composure and soothed the pain at her heart to an aching numbness.

As soon as the widow felt that Harry had recovered from the first bitterness of his disappointment, she ordered him to go and call on Esther. He obeyed and a few such calls restored to some extent their old relationship, and they could talk more like brother and sister. And one evening she talked to him in a most sisterly fashion, warning him wistfully to beware of the widow.

"You know I look upon you as a brother and would not like to see one of my brothers as much in her company as you are. Of course, she is nice, but people say she is so designing."

"The little minx," said the widow when she heard of it. "I know I am designing, but she will find that it is for her happiness I am doing it now—and incidentally for my own—or just the reverse."

She, of course, diagnosed the case as one of jealousy, and was pleased. Harry didn't understand the last part of her remark, but he did not question.

"Are you going to the Madison musicale?" the widow asked.

"Yes, Esther and her father will be there," Harry replied.

"Well, I shall be there, too, and I may want you to do me a favor. Will you do it?"

"Certainly."

On the night of the musicale the widow was triumphantly beautiful. There was the light of battle in her eyes, and that with good reason, for she had brought her own affairs and those of several other people to a crisis. But no one could look at her perfect figure and animated face without feeling that she could conquer the most obdurate by her charms and have her will.

Harry had never seen her so bewitching, for he had never seen her so thoroughly alert and aroused. Had Esther not been present to allure and yet repel him with her lily-like sweetness and nobility of soul, it is possible that old thoughts might have been aroused. But his eyes were dwelling constantly on her pure, calm face, and she seemed to him more than ever unattainable. When the evening was well advanced, the widow tapped him on the shoulder with her fan.

"I have come to ask you for that favor," she said.

"I am ready to do your bidding."

"Take Esther into the conservatory and propose to her."

"I can't."

"You must. If you do, I think I can promise you that you will win her—if not tonight, soon afterward. But you must propose tonight."

Hope made him courageous, and he did as he was directed.

When he had found a sufficiently retired alcove in the conservatory, he renewed his proposal with the stately beauty. But it was in vain.

"It cannot be," she answered. My duty is quite clear to me, and I must sacrifice my own feelings to it. I feel that to take care of my father in his declining years is a trust imposed on me by my dead mother."

"Then you are not indifferent to me?"

She was too honest to deny her love. She bowed her head in assent and the tears welled in her eyes.

"I must get papa to take me home."

She turned and walked away from him quickly. Before he had gone a dozen paces she stopped, as if transfixed, and looked with dilated eyes into an alcove she was passing.

Then she ran back to Harry and, almost fainting, caught his arm.

"Take me home! Take me away from here!"

He hastened to call a carriage. When they had entered it, Esther began to cry, and he tried to console her. Instinctively he put his arm about her and she did not resist. A moment after—it was the natural thing to do—he kissed her, and, leaning her head on his shoulder, she wept until her sorrow had abated. He could not imagine what was the matter, but when they arrived at her home she enlightened him. As she was leaving him in the conservatory, she had seen her father kneeling before the widow, proposing to her, and had seen her grant him a kiss of acceptance. All her illusions about duty vanished in an instant. Her father was getting another to take care of him, and her occupation was gone.

"I shall leave home!" she cried, angrily. "If he marries her I must leave home.'"

"I have a home to offer you," said Harry.

It never occurred to Harry that the widow had ordered him to propose to Esther so that she could bring her father, as if by accident, to see the little scene. She had watched his movements, and, judging the correct moment to a nicety, had brought Mr. Townsend to that part of the conservatory. He liked Harry too much to interrupt, which the widow had taken care to learn before she took the step, but he was naturally surprised. Of course she promptly sympathized with him on losing his housekeeper, and so wrested from him the proposal which she had long age planned. She had not counted on Esther overlooking her part of the drama, but that only hastened the action of the plot, and she was not sorry when she heard of it.

Harry was naturally profuse in his thanks, for his happiness so blinded him to everything else in the world that he thought it was for his sake that it had all been done. When this dawned upon the widow she laughed loud and long.

"Oh, go away," she laughed, "to your billing and cooing with Esther! You are such a pair of fools you should be happy together." And she added, somewhat mischievously.

"You see, I am, in a sense, taking a boy to raise, after all. But you will find me an indulgent mother-in-law."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

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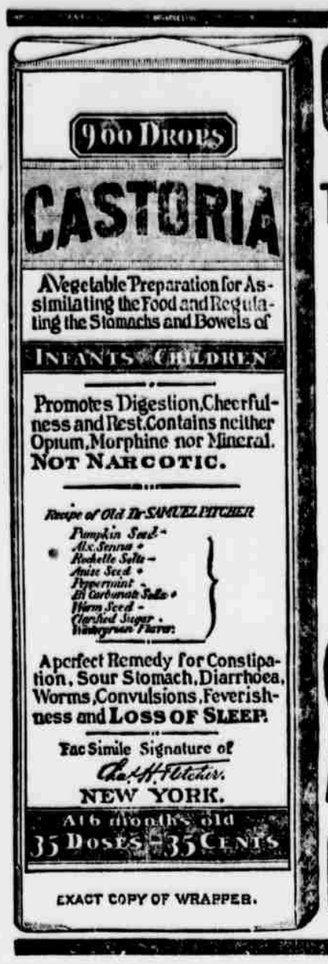

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