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I. O. O. F.

CALDWALL LODGE, No. 16, I. O. F. Hall new brick building. Regular meeting on Wednesday evening each week. Visiting brethren cordially invited to attend. S. N. MOZ, N. G.
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Pale withered hands, that more than fourscore years
Had wrought for others; soothed the hurt of tears,
Rocked children's cradles, eased the fever's smart,
Dropped balm of love in many an aching heart;
Now stirless folded, like wan rose leaves pressed,
Above the snow and silence of her breast:
In mute appeal they told of labors done,
And well-earned rest that came at set of sun.

From the worn brow the lines of care had swept
As if an angel's kiss, the while she slept,
Had smoothed the cobweb wrinkles quite away,
And given back the peace of childhood's day.
And on the lips the faint smile almost said:
"None knows life's secret but the happy dead."
So gazing where she lay we know that pain
And parting could not cleave her soul again.

And we were sure that they who saw her last
In that dim vista which we call the past,
Who never knew her old and laid aside,
Remembering best the maiden and the bride,
Had sprung to greet her with the golden speech,
The dear sweet names no later love can teach,
And Welcome Home they cried, and grasped her hands;
So dwells the Mother in the best of lands.

Margaret E. Sangster.

COOLNESS IN DANGER.

BY HARKLEY HARKER.

"There is no great secret about it," said the old soldier to me. "You must think about the danger and not about yourself. See?"

At first glance I confess I did not see. But upon further conversation with the veteran I caught his meaning. His idea was that panic was caused by a sudden self consciousness. One begins to imagine that a limb is crushed or the breath knocked out of him, or he forecasts the pain or misery of his hurts before he gets them. The danger itself, that is, the thing that is about to hurt you, possibly, but has not yet done so; the thing that is to be confronted, met, and vanquished; this is put out of mind by the terror with which it clouds itself, and so it has you at a disadvantage. Danger masks itself in terror. The terror blinds our wit and paralyzes our arm; we are thus at the mercy of our destroyer. The real danger we do not see—that is, the agent of evil—unless we are cool-headed.

There is a world of truth in the philosophy of this well-known general. Suppose one is in a theater at the time of an alarm of fire. Most people do not even smell the fire, much less see it. Most people are simply self-centered to that degree that they know nothing out of personal alarm. The real cause, who has the coolness to seek for it? Who inquires, where is it? Or who asks, what is your authority? Not one. All are thinking of self. I do not now mean to critise the selfishness of it, the moral phase of the matter. I only point out that personality, not the cause, fills every mind. Except of course the cool-headed man here and there who thinks to ask, "Now, I wonder if it is really so. I would like to know who said so." Such a man is not drawn into a vortex and trodden into the carpet. He studies the danger itself, and, as usual, nine times out of ten, discovers a way to match it.

A physician explains to me that the heart action, under the terror excited by danger, is in many cases equivalent to apoplectic paralysis. The blood is left to gorge the poor brain, and the person is insane. Or, in the reverse case, the arterial blood is not sent out, the brain is empty so to speak, the suffer is powerless. This is, in either case shock. Shock is the result of dread. Dread is the mind's action by imagination. The thing to do is to break the spell of imagination. One may accomplish this by resolutely putting away all thought of self, and thinking, insisting on fastening the attention on the cause of the alarm. It must be achieved early, before the heart is affected. I may be disputed as to imagination of the pangs of being hurt. It is not asserted that one is conscious of imagining, "Oh, I shall suffer so, if I am burned." No, that is too long a sentence to be thought out, consciously, in a moment of terror, yet the impression, instantaneous as lightning, is nevertheless there. If you afterward recall your thoughts, you will confess that I am correct. In battle men do not think of being hurt; the sight of shocking wounds does not awaken any thought of pain. It is before the battle that legs tremble and nerves of the whole body quiver with anticipated pains, till the man is a coward in spite of himself. In action the cause, those guns over there, those lines of the enemy, fill the mind's eye; consequently the soldier is cool.

I recently heard a lady relate that, when a fire began in her room, the blaze was so curious as it licked in along the cornice that she found herself saying, "How pretty that is!" As a result she was able to act coolly in escaping from the chamber. In another case a gentleman was saved from being run over by a horse from the fact that, as the mad animal was about to spring upon him, he thought, "What a close resemblance between that animal and my off one of a pair!" This gave him sufficient self-control to grasp at a passing street-car and swing himself out of harm's way. Whereas it is a well-known fact that many people are "struck powerless" by the very sight of a frantic runaway, and so neglect the opportune second of escape.

I have yet another case in mind. A gentleman in the Wild West, about to be assaulted by a scoundrel in a way-side ranch, says: "I saw him draw the weapon. I knew he was crazy drunk, and that he had mistaken my peaceable, commercial self for a pal with whom he had had a quarrel. As he drew on me I thought. Is he German or American? I shouted to him in German. 'When did you leave Fatherland?' It struck his ear in time. The next minute I had what they call out there the drop on him; that is, I covered him with my own weapon."

Then, evidently, mere panic, ducking the head, or raising an elbow, or a shout of terror, would have been utterly useless. The conception of rationality abstracted the imperiled man's mind from terror; he was then instantly ready to apply to the man's love of the old home across seas. The reasoning was quick as lightning, but as correct as arithmetic, for if the brute could be caused to think of something else beside his rage, even for an instant, the volition to murder would be for that instant impossible.

There is scarcely any danger which does not change its phases as it approaches. Like a cloud in an angry sky. The changes are the things to be looked out for—they are your openings of possible escape. "Certain destruction" has never happened till you are actually destroyed—at which time, it is hoped, all fear is forever over, if you have behaved well in this world. Never submit to be killed without an effort. While there is life there is hope, if your mind is cool enough to snatch at the hope; it may be a very small and obscure hope, but it is always there—yes, always—while you are yet breathing. It is not, in my opinion, a matter so much of custom of having been often in danger, that makes the cool man. Fatigue, hunger, or any previous overstrain of the nervous system will often cause the usually cool man to forget himself. Good health and a clear conscience are helps. A cheerful disposition and a profound trust in God's care are the best of all contributors to the hours of peril—an hour, by the way, that no one ever escapes meeting sometimes.—New York Weekly.

LIFE IN THE SEVERED HEAD.

The Survival of Consciousness After Decapitation Proved.

A volume has just been published at Paris in which Dr. Paul Loye, under the title of "La Mort par la Decapitation," studies the question as to whether, after decapitation, consciousness survives for a short time in a severed head and physical suffering is felt in both parts of the executed body.

Every time a head falls under a sword or under the executioner's ax, says Dr. Loyle, the imagination of the spectators has, in the physiognomy of the victim, looked for proofs of the survival of will and consciousness. The eyes turned, which was a sign of pain; the lips moved, which showed that they wanted to speak; the mouth opened, in order to bite, in a kind of fury. There is not a movement of the face which has not been interpreted as a mark of the continuation of feeling. And ever since the guillotine mowed down the heads of multitudes during the reign of terror, scientists have stood around the scaffold, bidding all their humane faculties vanish, and concentrating their whole intellect on the one question. "Does consciousness remain after the victim's head is severed from the body?"

In connection with this belief Dr. Loye quotes a terrible story told by M. Petitgand about an Anamite who was beheaded by the sword in 1875 at Saigon:

"The place of execution was the Plain of Tombs, a vast sandy tract, serving as cemetery to the Anamites and the Chinese. Four Anamite pirates, taken with their arms in their hands, were to be beheaded. The chief of the band, a man in the prime of life, energetic, muscular, brave without boasting, and firm to the very last, had attracted my special attention, and I decided to make my observations on him only. Without losing sight of him for a single moment I exchanged a few words in a loud voice with the officer in charge, and noticed that the patient was also looking at me with the liveliest attention. The preparations having been completed, I took my stand at the distance about two yards from him. He knelt down, but before bending his head he exchanged a rapid look with me.

"His head fell down at the distance of about a yard and a quarter from where I stood. It did not roll in the usual way, but stood with the surface of the wound resting on the sand, a position by which the hemorrage was accidentally reduced to a minimum. At this moment I was terror stricken at seeing the eyes of the doomed man fixed frankly on my eyes. Not daring to believe in a conscious manifestation, I went quickly to one side of the head lying at my feet, and I found that the eyes followed me. Then I returned to my first position, still the eyes went with me for a short distance and then quitted me quite suddenly. The face expressed at that moment a conscious agony, the agony of a person in a state of acute asphyxia. The mouth opened violently as if to take in a breath of air, and the head thrown off its equilibrium by the motion rolled over. This contraction of the maxillary muscles was the sign of life. Since the moment of decapitation from fifteen to twenty seconds had passed."—New York Press.

Authors' Full Names.

Literary Gossip.

Bayard Taylor's first name was James; only a few others than Wilkie Collins' intimate friends know that his name is really William Wilkie Collins, and Austin Dobson was Henry Austin Dobson before he took up literature, and Edmund William Gosse is to-day known to the world only by the first and last names. "Henry R. Haggard" sounds strange to thousands of ears who know "Rider Haggard." Brander Matthews, and Duffield Osborne is in reality Samuel Duffield Osborne. Lawrence Hutton is a contraction of James Lawrence Hutton, and Howard Seeley is Edward Howard Seeley, jr. Frank Stockton is really Francis Richard Stockton, while Joaquin Miller is a corrupiton of Cincinnatus Hiner Miller.

Two Good Stories.

A bit of a bet which took place in a broker's office here recently may be of interest, says Arlo Bates in the Providence Journal. A man who has investigated pretty carefully certain lines of western stock was laying down his theories to a couple of friends, who laughed at his ideas and told him good-naturedly that he did not know what he was talking about.

"I'll show you whether I know what I am talking about or not. I will bet you $50 that I can clear $250 on these stocks before the board closes."

"Done,'" cried the other. It lacked only twenty-five minutes of the time for the closing of the board, but Mr. X hastily scribbled an order, which he sent off at once. Then he calculated a moment and dispatched a second. What he bought and what he sold I do not know, but in any case the result of his twenty-five minutes' transactions was that he gained, over and above commissions $250. One of the men who were present told me the story, and I said to him in comment:

"I am profoundly ignorant of speculative transactions, but can you tell me why in the world, if Mr. X knew how to make the money, he didn't do it without the the stimulus of a wager?"

"Oh, of course he ran his risks," was the reply, which, I suppose, must have been satisfactory, although it did not sound so, "and he probably was not sure enough of the way things would turn to go in in cold blood."

All of which illustrates the game side of stock speculations. Another stock story which is mildly diverting relates how Mr. A, a young lawyer, purchased some mining stock three or four years since, and it soon after became worth nothing whatever. At his club a few weeks since he mentioned the circumstances to Mr. B, a doctor of his class at Harvard.

"Well," was the answer, "I am in the same fix of some manufacturing stock. I'll tell you what I'll do and I'll change you for luck?"

The exchange thus jokingly proposed was effected, and a few days later A told Mr. C, a third classmate, of the transaction. "I was caught the same way on some railroad bonds," C observed, "and if you like I'll trade them for your manufacturing stock."

It struck A that there was something amusing in this exchange of paper which purported to represent so much and was really worthless. He made a second exchange in the same spirit as that in which he made the first. The odd sequel of the tale is that since this took place, early in the winter, both the manufacturing stock and the mining stock have appeared above the surface, and, although they are not at any very lofty figure, they are yet far better than nothing, while the railroad bonds which A got on his second exchange are still of no appreciable value whatever. A declares that he is particularly marked out by fate for misfortune, and, of course, there has been a good deal of fun over the matter.

Health and Beauty.

Ladies' Home Companion.

To be beautiful, a woman must be healthy; the delicacy which comes from physical weakness is not an element of beauty. The grace of perfect form is the result of sound bone and flesh; health strengthens the muscles, and the proper conditions of the stomach and lungs is of great importance—on the perfect circulation of the blood and its freedom from all impurities depends the beauty of the complexion. The skin must be kept healthy by frequent bathing and proper diet, as well as plenty of exercise in the open air. The English are wont to say the paleness and sallow tinge of the American girl's complexion is due to insufficient nourishment, the want of strengthening food. A French author of note says: "A train of exact and rigid observation has demonstrated that a succulent, delicate, and careful regimen repels to a distance, and for a considerable length of time, the external appearance of old age. It gives more brilliancy to the eyes, more freshness to the skin, more support to the muscles, and as it is certain in physiology that it is depression of the muscles that causes wrinkles, those enemies of beauty, it is equally true to say that, other things being equal, those who understand eating are comparatively ten years younger than those who do not understand that science." Our dry atmosphere, it is true, is somewhat unfavorable to clearness and brilliancy of our complexion, and our climate is more or less exhausting to the constitution of women, yet with care and attention to certain rules any woman not actually diseased may have good health, and with it some degree of beauty. Bathing is one of the first requirments, as it produces a healthful condition of the skin. Therefore, the daily bath, with a walk of an hour or more in the open air (not the exercise of housework), and a plentiful supply of good, well-cooked, nourishing food—plain food, not pies, puddings and sweet-meats—will add not only to a woman's attractive appearance, but improve mind, body and soul, for health, happiness and virtue go hand in hand.

Touched The Old Man's Heart.

Nebraska State Journal.

Once upon a time an old man called his three sons to him in the dusk of the evening, and in a faltering voice said to them: "My boys, in a little while you will have no father. I am standing on the shore of the river of death and soon I must launch my boat upon it. Now, I have as you know, a splendid farm, upon which one man can thrive, but as there are three of you I have been sorely preplexed as to which should have it. I have therefore decided to give each of you two dollars that you must spend tomorrow, and to the one making the wisest purchase shall the farm be given. Come to me tomorrow evening at this time and tell me how you have each expended your money. Now, good-night, and heaven bless you all." On the the following evening the three sons assembled before their father. "Reginald," said the latter to the eldest, "what did you purchase with your two dollars?" Father," returned the son, "I pondered long that I might make wise use of the money, and at last I bought a pair of strong shoes." "Well done, well done; the journey through life is rugged and hard, and the thorns are thick upon the way. You have shown prudence and forethought, and I love you the better for it. And what did you buy, Augustus?" "I too thought long and deeply," responded the second son, "that I might not purchase anything trivial or foolish. Since the cap that I wear is worn and ragged, I bought a hat with a wide brim, which I show to you, my father." The old man regarded him with a glance of pride and affection, and said: "You too have done well, Augustus; often in the world the brow is fevered and the sun rays beat fiercely upon the aching head, and your hat will comfort you. I rejoice that my sons are so filled with wisdom. And you Theophilus, what did you buy?" "My father," answered Theophilus, "I didn't ponder worth a cent. As soon as I left you last evening I blew in my stuff for five tickets to the base-ball games.' With tears of joy streaming down his furrowed face, the venerable man embraced Theophilus, and murmured in a voice hoarse with emotion: "Had I a farm as large as Texas, with a wind-mill on it, it would be yours!" And then Reginald and Augustus moved sadly away into the gathering gloom and while the one tried to keep the flies off himself with his hat, the other kicked himself severely with his boots.

Honey and the Bat.

An amusing anecdote is related of George Honey, who, some years ago, while on a tour in the provinces, had taken lodgings in a house on the outskirts of a town. Soon after retiring, he was awakened by a fluttering noise, as of a bird, around the curtain of his bed. He sprang up struck a light, and saw a small, dark creature, with wings, blundering about the room. Not being well versed in natural history, he did not recognize it as a bat; but thinking it queer sort of a bird, he resolved to catch it, and examine it by daylight So he took his felt hat and attempted, for a long time in vain, to capture the intruder; but at length he pounced upon it, carefully removed it from hat with his hand, shut it up in a drawer, listened while it struggled for a few moments to escape, and then went to bed and was soon asleep. But he was not destined to sleep long. Hardly had he dozed off when a further fluttering awakened him, and lighting another match, he found a second bat.

He had an exciting scramble before he caught this one, but finally he succeeded and put it in the drawer with its companion, and again retired. Again, however, he was awakened in a similar manner; bats come not in single spies, but—if the expression be allowed—in "battalions." Each specimen was carefully deposited in the drawer. At last, after an unusally long chase, he was so heated that he opened the window, and having retired exhausted enjoyed a few hours sleep. When he awoke he jumped out of bed and opened the drawer very cautiously, to look for the prizes of the night; but lo! there were no bats there! He opened the drawer wide, and then discovered it had no back to it. He had, in fact, spent his night in catching the same bat, which had flown out at the back of the drawer as soon as he had put it in at the front, and when the window was opened had finally escaped.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Queer Trees.

Among the queer things in Connecticut are its trees. Up in Middletown it was necessary to cut down a tree in the rear of Dutting's cigar store. Several bricks were found imbedded in the roots, so that only the corners were visible.

Over in Cobat a large and particularly straight tree was felled and drawn to the sawmill. After starting the saw the attendant heard a grating of the saw teeth, and stopped the mill. He tried another cut, but again the grating sound was heard, and he had to shut down again. Several further attempts to saw the length of the log proving futile the trunk was sawed across, and an old log chain and a dozen harrow teeth were discovered imbedded in the hard grained wood.

In Westfield a bowlder weighing over half a ton is to be seen about ten feet from the ground in the crotch of an enormous apple tree, and the old residents say that they remember when that bowlder could be sat upon, so near to the ground was it when they were young.

A Saybrook farmer tells the story about his hanging his scythe in a maple tree several years ago, after a day's mowing. The scythe was left there all winter and the next summer, until the time for haying came around again. On going to get the scythe he found the blade so deeply imbedded in the soft bark of the maple as to be immovable, and he let it remain. The tree is still standing in the front yard of a fashionable residence in that village, and from each side of the trunk project two arms, forming a letter T, apparently part of the tree themselves. The scythe blade has been entirely covered with bark. The handle of the scythe years ago rotted off.—New York Sun

THE TRIBUNE

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EDISON'S FIRST BANK CHECK.

He Was Very Much Afraid of Being Held Up and Robbed in Wall Street.

The other day a smooth faced man, wearing handsome clothes and displaying a soiled collar and a necktie all awry, and shoes that never experienced the skillful manipulations of a bootblack, and finger nails that never experienced a manicure, leaned his elbow on a Washington counter and talked in the jollifest way to a circle of newspaper friends. He looked like a tramp, but he really is one of the most famous men in the world, and his name is known in every part of the globe. Of course he is an Ohio man. His name is Thomas Alva Edison, and he was once a peanut boy and news butcher on a jerk-water railroad in the Buckeye state. During a little luncheon Edison, between hearty drinks of beer his favorite beverage, told in his quaint way the story of his first acquaintance with any large sum of money. It was in the days when he was struggling along with his early inventions, and didn't have big capitalists to back him. In fact, he didn't have any bank account himself, and hardly knew what one was. Bank checks were things he never had occasion to use, and had about as much idea of their value as the man in the moon.

Edison had finally sold his patent on the gold and stock indicator to the Western Union Telegraph company for $40,000, and was coming over to New York to get his money.

He had heard of Wall street and its bulls and bears, and had been told that it was full of "sharks," who would fleece a man very quick. So he made up his mind that Wall street was a very dangerous place, and that if ever he had occasion to go there he would be lucky if he got away without losing his overcoat and umbrella.

At that time Gen. Lefferts was president of the Western Union. One morning Edison came into the company's general offices to close up the sale of his patent. After a few preliminaries he was given a check for $40,000.

He looked at it curiously for a moment or two, and appeared to be puzzled what to do with it. He knew he had sold a patent to the Western Union company for $40,000, but he did not see any money. Observing his perplexity, Gen. Lefferts told him that if he would go to the Bank of America, in Wall street, he would get the check cashed. "So I started," said Edison, "after carefully folding up the check and went toward Wall street. So uncertain was I in regard to that way of doing business that I thought while on the way that if any man should come up to me and offer me two crisp thousand dollar bills for that piece of paper, I should give him up the check very quick."

On arriving at the Bank of America he hesitated about entering, fearing still that something might be wrong. At last, however, he mustered up courage and determined to try it. He knew that Gen. Lefferts had told him he would get his money here, so braced ahead and half trembingly shoved his check out to the cashier.

The latter scutinized it closely, gave Edison a piercing glance, and said something which Edison could not understand, as he was hard of hearing.

That was enough. He was now more than ever convinced that his "check" wasn't worth $40,000, and again thought as he rushed out of the bank with it that any man who would give him $2,000 could walk away with the check.

He hurried back to the Western Union and said he couldn't get any money. Gen. Lefferts then sent a man with him to indentify him. He said. "This man is Mr. Thomas A. Edison, to whose order the check is drawn."

"Why, certainly, Mr. Edison," said the cashier, very obsequiously: "how would you like your $40,000—in what shape?"

"Oh, any way to suit the bank, it doesn't make any difference to me so long as I get my money."

Edison was given $40,000 in large bills. After dividing the roll into two wads of $20,000 each, he stuffed one into each trousers pocket, buttoned up his coat as tightly as possible, and made a break to get out of Wall street as quick as he could. The next day Edison began work on his first laboratory in New York.—F. D. Mussey in Cincinnati Commercial.

Head of That Family.

An uptown landlord last week leased the principal story and basement of one of his houses on Broadway to a man with whom he was well acquainted. The next day after the family moved in he received a summons to call at the house forthwith. He did so and was met by his tenant's wife, who pointed out various things she wanted done, and she imperiously insisted on having them done at once. The landlord demurred. "Madam," said he, "when I let this house I let it to the head of the family, and I can only deal with him." "Head of family," echoed the woman scornfully, "Well, if there is any other head of this family besides myself I would like to know it. I am the head, and it is I who desire these changes made." The landlord collapsed.

Deaths at the Eiffel Tower.

In talking with the workmen at the Eiffel tower I was surprised to hear of a number of fatal accidents which have never been made public. I was sure that these amounted to nearly a hundred; but the census would not be taken until all was over. As the French say, omelets cannot be made without the breaking of eggs.—Leeds Mercury.

After each rain the ground should be cultivated lightly to prevent evaporation of moisture. The loose dirt serves as a covering and shields the earth from the direct effects of drying winds and the heat of the sun.