RELIGIOUS

Life in the Tower.

Twenty-six years ago there emerged from the theological seminary a sad young man, whose plans for life lay buried in the grave of his young wife. Accepting a work that offered a hard field and a small salary, he plunged into the smoke of a manufacturing district on the outskirts of a great city. There, amid the heaps of red ore and the piles of black coal, he gathered a church, the story of which would fill a volume, and may not here be told. Wifeless, childless, homeless, he wrought his life into other lives and home, and became the comfort and blessing of a multitude.

After a while he got a church building, and there he gathered his congregation and his Sunday school. And to the plan of the church as originally designed, he added a feature of his own in the shape of a tall square tower.

He had to borrow the money for the tower, for it was all he could do to get enough to build the church; and the money to pay for it came largely out of his own meager salary. But it furnished him a home.

This is the plan of the tower: The first floor is the vestibule of the church—a room 18 feet square, fronting both streets, and with doors wide-open and inviting. The door of the next floor opens out of the gallery of the church, and offers a short path to the pulpit when the minister descends, and an easy way to the reception room when a member of the congregation wants to see the minister. It is a committee-room also, and a place for conferences of many kinds. There committees of labor unions have met committees of the employers. There, in one single June, were twenty-six weddings, modest and quiet, but legal and holy as if performed before the altar, with a great organ playing the wedding march. It is said that the minister lives on his wedding fees and gives away his salary. This room and those above would be eighteen feet square, but out of each one comes a stairway and a little hall.

The next floor contains a bedroom and living room. There are two beds,—double beds,—for sometimes the minister has another minister visiting him; and sometimes he takes in a homeless man; and there have been times when the room was so full it was said its occupants had to go down-stairs to change their minds.

The next floor contains his kitchen and dining-room; and in the kitchen one need not walk far to reach everything in the room; and the dining-room, although elastic, is not spacious.

Then, far up in the top, with two windows opening to the east and two others opening to the west, is the study. Two walls are lined with bookcases. On one side the view is toward the city; the other is toward the sunrise and the great lake; and no man among the million of the city sees more—or more glorious—sunrises than he who lives in the tower. Across from him, and nearly on his level, the great chimneys put forth their flames. The material and the spiritual look across at each other; and there he does his work.

These are the rough outlines of the picture. Most of the rest must be filled in from the imagination. But there are stories of the times when he has rushed down the stairs to comfort homes where accidents had come; stories of how he has helped tottering men step by step up to the first floor of his house-on-end, and thence up the long ladder to the recovery of a lost manhood; stories of how he averted a strike by his just and tactful mediation; stories of how he has put his own life in peril again and again, and put new life and heart into toiling men and anxious women.

Why should his name be written here? To publish his deeds would rob him of his crowning glory. Hidden from the world, and laboring with great and difficult problems, he has made his tower a lighthouse, the beams of which have cheered and guided a multitude of people out of the smoke and turmoil to the life of gentleness and peace.—Youth's Companion.

Thy Joy Is Sorrow.

Give me Thy joy in sorrow, gracious Lord,
And sorrow's self shall like to joy appear!
Although the world should waver in its sphere
I tremble not if Thou Thy peace afford;
But, Thou withdrawn, I am but as a chord
That vibrates to the pulse of hope and fear;
Nor rest I more than harps which to the air
Must answer when we place their tuneful board
Against the blast, which thrill unmeaning woe
Even in their sweetness. So no earthly wing
E'er sweeps me but to sadden. Oh, place Thou
My heart beyond the world's sad vibrating—
And where but in Thyself? Oh, circle me,
That I may feel no touches save of Thee.
—Chauncey Hare Townshend.

The Teaching of Christ.

All the teaching of Jesus was closely related to the lives that his life touched. He never taught by dogmas or formal statements, but always by personal appeal and practical precepts that could be taken up into life. He never meant by truth what we generally meant by it—a fact, or body of facts, simply; He meant life-principles, something to be lived rather than told. With this conception of truth the teaching of Jesus was always penetrated. His teaching was, therefore, not so much the communication of certain correct ideas to the intellect; it was rather the inspiration of the whole life with new aims and purposes.

Happiness To-Day.

Have you ever had your sad path suddenly turn sunshiny because of a cheerful word? Have you ever wondered if this could be the same world, because some one had been unexpectedly kind to you? You can make to-day the same for somebody. It is only a question of a little imagination, a little time and trouble. Think now: What can I do to-day to make some one happy?—old persons, children, servants—even a bone for the dog or sugar for the bird. Why not?—Maltbie D. Babcock.

The Good that Lives.

We may be sure that after our work is done in the world our friends will gain more comfort and gladness from recalling our deeds of mercy and kindness while we were here than from any other achievements we may have made, no matter how much applause they may have won from the world.

Duty's Lesson.

One by one thy duties wait thee,
Let thy whole heart go to each,
Let no future dream elate thee,
Learn thou first what these can teach.
—Adelaide A. Proctor.

A BOY PIONEER.

In 1844, when emigrants from the Middle States were going to make homes in Oregon, many young boys joined the pioneers and made the hard journey over the plains and mountains. One of these lads, Joseph Watt of Missouri, is described by the author of "McDonald of Oregon." He was about 17 years of age, and was employed to drive cattle. He walked most of the way to his new home.

"I have borrowed two dollars and a half, Joe, to fit you out," his father had said at parting; and with that the young man had bought a pair of boots, and invested the rest in pins and fish-hooks to trade with the Indians. But new boots! He slung them over his rifle and put on moccasins.

At a certain point in the journey, away back on Burnt River, the man for whom Joe was driving said, "You had better leave us and hurry on into Oregon. Provisions are getting scarce. We shall need all there is for the children."

"All right. I can take care of myself." Without a morsel of food Joe Watt and Elisha Bowman struck out with their rifles—and Joe's boots.

"If we could only eat the boots!" sighed Joe. Bare to the knees from continually cutting off his trousers to mend his moccasins, he strode through the lacerating sage-brush.

"How are you going to get down?" inquired the boatman, when every other eager passenger had piled on the Hudson Bay bateau sent up by Dr. McLoughlin. Alone on the shore stood Joe Watt. "How are you going to get down?"

"I don't know."

"Have you any provisions?"

"No, nothing."

"Can you sing or tell yarns?"

"Yes, both."

"Very well; climb on to the bow of that boat." So they started.

"Well, Figurehead, pipe up!" was the present demand.

With sad and solemn eyes, without a smile, Joe sang, told stories. Everybody laughed. The weary emigrants needed entertainment, and Joe was a born comedian.

The doctor was building a flour-mill at the falls, and, with some misgivings, Joe was engaged as a carpenter. At night he slept in the shavings. The first pay-day he was rich. With twelve dollars in hand, clothes, soap, Hudson Bay blankets were his.

Never blankets felt so soft. Passing his hand thoughtfully over the wool, within sound of the potential falls, a great idea came into the heart of Joseph Watt: "I will build woolen-mills on this Pacific coast." Years later the boy fulfilled this resolve.

Had to Take Him Down.

"Why does Mrs. Everson have her own baptismal names engraved upon her card instead of those of her husband? She isn't a widow, is she?"

"No, but I understand that she had a batch of cards engraved once upon which she styled herself 'Mrs. William Edgar Everson,' and he was so puffed up over it for two or three days that he actually seemed to think he was the head of the family. It is never safe to give some people too much leeway, you know."—Cleveland Leader.

Another Comparison.

"She has a face like an incandescent globe."

"Mercy, what a shape!"

"I wasn't referring to the shape."

"What, then?"

"To the fact that it lights up so beautifully."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

She Sidestepped.

He—Do you think your father will object to my suit?

She—I don't see why he should. He himself wears one almost as bad.—San Francisco Bulletin.

It's so much easier to congratulate a man on his success than it is to sympathize with him in his misfortune.

THE GROCERYMAN

"Willie's goin' to git married, Evelina," said the groceryman to the pretty cook after he had unloaded his basket.

"Is that so?" asked the cook, with an appearance of great interest. "Who's he goin' to marry?"

"Some girl," replied the groceryman.

"Smarty!" said the cook. "I s'pose he couldn't marry a widow, could he?"

"Easiest thing in the world. I b'lieve I could marry a widow myself if I gave my mind to it. I could marry two or three for the matter of that."

"Think you'd have enough mind to go around? I don't."

"You're prejerdiced, Evelina," said the groceryman. "Jest because I let you do about what you want with me you've got a poor opinion o' my interleck. That's jest the way with you wimmen. 'S a general thing you can't git any married woman to b'lieve her husben's got any sense. 'If he had,' she thinks, 'he wouldn't let me boss him the way I do. He'd jest take a club an' wear it out on me when I git to actin' up. He wouldn't try to argue with me an' make me hear reason.' But ain't it funny about Willie?"

"I don't see anything funny about it," said the cook.

"That's right, all right, come to think of it," said the groceryman. "It's sad. A feller oughtn't to laugh. Why do they do it, Evelina?"

"Because they want to, I guess," hazarded the cook.

"I've often studied about it," said the groceryman thoughtfully. "I guess they do want to. Sometimes they do, anyway."

"Why do they do it other times?"

"Because the wimmen want to," said the groceryman. "You take it when there's a woman that's a good looker, an' who's got money saved up an' cooks a good meal o' vittles an' puts up a bluff at havin' a sweet an' lovin' disposition—take a woman like that an' let her git to hintin' around that she's kinder stuck on you an' thinks you ought to have a home of your own an' it's hard to hold out if you think anythin' of her. A man may be a chump to do it, but he often does it for no better seasons than them."

"If you wait till you've got as good reasons you'll wait a long time," said the cook. "When does the weddin' come off?"

"It ain't comin' off; it's sorter comin' on," said the groceryman. "Willie's got to the point where he is lookin' in at the windows of the furniture stores. That's one o' the symptoms, ain't it? But it's foolish of him, to my notion. If it was a girl like you I wouldn't blame him so much."

"I thought you didn't know her."

"I didn't say so, but I don't, just the same. But I know she ain't like you."

"Why isn't she?"

"Evelina," said the groceryman, "there ain't no girl like you. There couldn't be. You've got 'em all beat to a standstill. You show me the girl that's got your looks an' that's as smart as you are an' earns the good wages you do, an' I don't know but I'd take a few chances myself."

"Think she'd take any chances?" asked the cook.

"She wouldn't be takin' any if she took me," said the groceryman. "She'd have a feller that couldn't do enough for her."

"She'd have a feller that wouldn't."

"You can't tell about that till you try," said the groceryman.

"If I was ever fool enough to do it I'd be ashamed to tell about it," retorted the cook. "Shut the gate after you as you go out."—Chicago Daily News.

GOOD Short Stories

A criminal from the rural districts who had heard all about appeals to the Supreme Court, and who had been convicted of a penitentiary offense, was asked by the judge if he had anything to say. "I jest want ter ax one question, jedge." He stooped down, picked up his slouch hat from the floor, as though ready to depart, and said: "Whar 'bouts is this here Supreme Court at?"

An Irishman who wasn't much of a hunter went out to hunt one day, and the first thing he saw to shoot at was a bluejay sitting saucily on the top of a fence. He blazed away at the bird and then walked over to pick it up. What he happened to find there was a dead frog, which he raised carefully at arm's length, looking at it with a puzzled air. Finally he remarked: "Well, begobs, but ye was a devil of a foine-looking burd befur Oi blew ther fithers off o' yerse!"—Judge's Library.

When the Boston attorney, Mason, was preparing the case of E. K. Avery, and had examined about 200 witnesses, somebody called to see him. The legal gentleman sent word that he was occupied and could not be interrupted. "But the man is a witness—a Methodist minister." "Call him up," said Mason. "Well, sir, what can you testify?" "I had a vision—two angels have appeared to me, and told me that Brother Avery is innocent—" "Let them be summoned," said Mason, as he resumed his work.

Senator Morgan once threw down a magazine with a sneer. "Another nature fake!" he exclaimed. "Why, these things are as absurd as—as absurd as—" And then he laughed and said that it reminded him of an address that he once heard an absent-minded missionary make. "'In China, dear friends,' said the missionary, 'human life is regarded as of but slight value. Indeed, if a wealthy Chinaman is condemned to death, he can easily hire another to die for him; and I believe many poor fellows get their living by thus acting as substitutes.'"

From his farm Judge Blank was in the habit of supplying the preachers of all the churches with flour, corn, hay, and vegetables free of cost. He also kept the country supplied with venison from the herd of deer which he kept for many years. He built a big smokehouse in the rear of his grounds. One night, unseen himself, he saw a man emerge from the smokehouse with a side of pork on his shoulder. He recognized the intruder, but said nothing. A week afterward the fellow approached him, saying: "Judge, I understand you had some meat stolen from your smokehouse?" The old judge raised his hand deprecatingly and said: "Sh! No one on earth knows anything about that but you and me."

Men's Corset Bills.

Since corsets are generally regarded as exclusively destined for feminine wear, it may come as a surprise to many readers to learn that the annual corset bill of many a smart man is much larger than that of the average smart woman. That is, nevertheless, a fact, says the Pall Mall Magazine.

A leading corsetiere who supplies most of them puts down a good customer's bill at £150 a year. Let no one imagine that it is only fops who wear them.

The majority of wearers are military men, who, I learn, require a greater amount of padding than civilians. Others are ordinary well-dressed men, given to manly sports, and by no means effeminate.

A man's figure has to be gradually coaxed into shape and it is first of all put into a soft silk corset, with scarcely any bones, until he attains by degrees to the full glory of the perfect figure. This process usually takes three months, and five special makes of corsets are employed in the development, or perhaps it would be more accurate to say the "repression" of the figure.

The corsetiere to whom I am indebted for this information is loud in praise of her male clientele. They are not fidgety, they have good taste, and no matter what other bills they have unpaid, she is always sure of her money, possibly because few men would dare face a summons from such a quarter.

Magnet Lifts Six Tons.

Electro-magnets are much used in connection with cranes and other conveyors for lifting heavy pieces of iron and steel. The Illinois Steel Company has a magnet weighing 1,200 pounds which lifts six tons. In Belgium magnets are used to lift tons of hot metal in foundries and rolling mills. The power of the electro-magnet is regulated by the switch controlling the current. The magnet is lowered to the object needed with the current turned off. When the switch is closed the magnet becomes active, holds the article to be lifted while they are raised and transported to their destination. When they are lowered the switch is opened and the magnet immediately releases them. As the operator of the crane controls the action of the magnet through the switch, this one man can attend to all the details of transferring heavy metal objects. No assistant is needed to attach them to the conveyor or to release them when they reach their destination. Another use to which the electro-magnet is put is in breaking old castings so that they may be melted and utilized. To accomplish this the magnet is made to lift and drop a steel ball weighing from one to six tons.—Technical World Magazine.

The Man Who Does.

Do you see the man?
I do see the man.
What is he doing?
Nothing.
Why is he doing nothing?
Because there is nobody he can do.
—Judge.

Used to Scraps.

She—"So you were out in one of those skirmishes with the Indians. Weren't you frightened?"

He—"Mercy, no. I've been in politics all my life."—Detroit Free Press.

Take Turns Walking.

When walks the ghost quite frequently
The stage folk ride in whizz carts new,
But when it walks not sequently,
The actors do.
—Kansas City Times.

One way to forget other people's faults is to remember your own.

WHAT TO EAT AFTER AGE OF 40.

English Authority Lays Down Diet Rules to Lengthen Life.

Dr. Cohen, a noted London physician, has furnished a diet that people may eat after middle age to keep from growing old too rapidly. Among the foods most likely to have the effect of keeping the body youthful as stated by him are the following, which any one past forty should use in preference to the heavier and richer articles, and which all city people will probably find most suitable from the age of 28 or 30 onwards:

Mutton—It is better than beef for sedentary people. The leg is the best, according to Dr. Burney Yeo. Young and tender fowl and game. Eggs lightly cooked or cooked in every form.

Milk—It is better always to boil it. It is as good in puddings, cocoa, coffee, etc., as alone.

Potted meats and games, if genuine and unadulterated, are nutritious and digestible.

Fish, particularly white fish, such as sole, whiting, cod, flounders, smelts, etc. Fish is better boiled than fried.

Grilled bacon.

Sound, pure bread. It is best when home-made.

Porridge of rice, tapioca, sago, arrowroot, macaroni, made with milk and eggs (not egg powders).

Vegetable purees of all kinds.

Stewed celery, stewed onions, spinach, artichokes, and nearly all vegetables.

Stewed or baked fruits of every kind, and raw, well-ripened apples, pears, grapes, oranges, strawberries, etc.

Tea, coffee, chocolate, are all good. Tea and coffee, however, should be light and quickly made.

Hard water is probably an active agent in aging the body. It is said to produce calculus and may harden the arteries. With hardened arteries one cannot be young. Use soft water for drinking.

These are only some of the foods that may be used. It is a mistake to restrict the dietary too much. Moderation is the thing to keep always in mind.

With attention to food, air, exercise and the hygiene of the mind, most people might be ten or twenty years younger than they really are. The great scientist, Dr. Metchnikoff, thinks we ought to live ten times as long as the period we take to develop. That is from 230 to 250 years. There is no reason, therefore, why we should not remain youthful until we pass seventy or even eighty. Some people accomplish it, and it is possible for a great number.

Do not eat heavy suppers.

Avoid rich meats and pastry.

Do not grow fat by eating too much.

Fat people seldom reach a good old age.

The youthful old man is lean.

Lessen your food continually as you grow older.

Over-eating produces all the diseases that make one old.

Under-feeding shortens life.

Just enough and a trifle over is the ideal.

Soapberry Tree.

The soapberry tree, Sapindus marginatus utilis, has been quite extensively cultivated in Algeria for its berries, which are rich in saponin, and are sent to Germany for use in the manufacture of soap, says the Scientific American. Similar qualities are possessed by the Florida soap tree, Sapindus manatensis utilis, commonly known as the China soap tree, from the fact that it was originally introduced from China. E. Mouline, of Jacksonville, Fla., has recently been engaged in promoting the cultivation of this tree in the southern states by a free distribution of seeds.

The tree grows to a height of forty or fifty feet and begins to bear fruit in the sixth year. The berries are about the size of cherries and consist of a hard, yellow-brown wax-like shell, inclosing a large black seed. The shell is rich in saponin, and if bits of it are agitated in water a lather will at once begin to form. By grinding the shells a brownish soap powder is obtained which possess valuable cleansing properties. The hard, black seeds of the mulberry tree have been used in the manufacture of beads; they also yield a fine oil useful in soap manufacture, as well as in other industries.

Good and Osgood.

The subject of ancestors is often an interesting topic of conversation. A lady extremely proud of her mother's family created a sensation and made her listeners wonder a little when she remarked: "My father filled many responsible positions. We all have the greatest respect for him. My father was a good man, but"—and a certain stiffening of the shoulders and an added expression of firmness in the good lady's face added importance to her conclusion—"my mother was an Osgood!"

Caution.

"I can't say your speeches were very interesting."

"Didn't want 'em to be," answered Senator Sorghum. "I merely wanted to say enough to show I was keeping busy, without starting an argument."—Washington Star.

His Motive.

"So you are going to lecture?"

"Yes," answered Senator Sorghum, "not that I care for the money, but it is a pleasure to get away from your stony-faced colleagues in Congress and face an audience that really wants to hear you talk."—Washington Star.

POEMS WE ALL REMEMBER.

"THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME."

Oh, the day was dark and the hour was sad
When Mary Jane declined me,
But oh, just think of the luck I had
With the girl I left behind me!

She's fair and fat and forty, too,
I wonder what inclined me
To ever want to wed and woo
The girl I left behind me!

DO NOT WANT SAFETY DEVICES.

Street-Car Managers Are Backward in Making Use of Them.

In an article entitled "The Needless Slaughter by Street Cars," in Everybody's, the writer, John P. Fox, tells of his discovery of the fender in use in Liverpool:

"I learned that up to the time of my first visit twenty-one persons had actually been in the way of cars equipped with this fender and not one of them had been killed! Not only had every man, woman or child been pushed off the tracks, clear of the wheels, but in every case this had been done without anything approaching serious injury. From the official records of this fender one may learn that, within the last five years, out of 344 persons who have fallen on the tracks, not one has been run over and killed.

"Full of enthusiasm over this wonderful record of success, I promptly sent accounts of this fender back to Boston and to New York, so that American managers might lose no time in learning of it. I smile now as I think of my innocent confidence. On returning from Europe, I went to the managers of the Boston Elevated and was talking with the secretary, when he called out to General Bancroft, the president:

"'See here, general, just listen to what Mr. Fox says he has found in Liverpool. He has been telling me that they have a fender over there so perfect that three times it pushed off the track a man who was trying to commit suicide, and without even hurting him.'

"And this was General Bancroft's reply:

"'You send that man over here and we'll kill him quick enough.'

"Doubtless it was a jest. For personally, General Bancroft is a humane and considerate man. But as a jest it seemed to me rather grim. And so it proved, for nothing could better illustrate the whole attitude of American managers, I will not say toward anything in the way of life-saving devices, but toward anything that comes from Europe. They think, they know, that 'we do things better over here.' They are patriotic and they are proud of it. Since the day when I stood in his office General Bancroft's road has killed upward of 100 persons."

Knew His Place.

The village carpenter had given so generously of his services and sound advice toward rebuilding the little memorial chapel that when it was completed all the summer people agreed that he should be asked to speak after the luncheon which was to follow the dedication exercises.

The day and the carpenter's turn came duly.

"Ladies and gentlemen—dear friends—" he began, his good, brown face very red indeed. "I am a good deal better fitted for the scaffold than for public speaking!"

Then he realized what he had said, and sat down amid roars of laughter.

A Safe Perch.

At the crowded downtown corner the frightened pedestrians were scurrying out of the way of street cars, automobiles, delivery wagons and policemen on horseback.

"Gosh," exclaimed the window washer, looking down on them from his perch on the narrow ledge of a fifteen story window, "I'm glad I ain't in that crowd!"—Chicago Tribune.

Reassuring Him.

"The views I express about religion," said the tiresome controversialist, "may seem rather too broad to most people, but——"

"Not at all," replied the candid man. "To most people they seem not so broad as they are flat."—Philadelphia Press.

Cause for Anger.

"What's the trouble between Henpeck and his wife?"

"She overheard him telling a friend that his hair was coming out in large handfuls, and she has always been proud of the smallness of her hands."—Houston Post.

Very Select.

"Well, I can say that the man who bought me so he wouldn't be lonesome picks his company, all right, all right," observed the mandolin.—Toledo Blade.