DOESN'T KNOW RIGHT HAND.

Some Women, Says This Account, Find It Difficult to Distinguish Right from Left.

In some of the little things of life women are absurdly ignorant, says the Chicago Chronicle.

"I saw by a paper last week that a colored woman was excluded from testifying in court because she didn't know her right hand from her left, and was, therefore, esteemed too ignorant for her evidence to be of any value," said an observant Chicago man the other day. "Now, do you know I don't believe one woman out of six knows her right hand from her left without stopping to consider the matter.

"I was standing in the foyer of a theater the other day at a matinee watching the audience, mostly feminine, as it passed in. Well, each maid handed her check to the usher and he called out: 'First door to the right,' or 'Second door to the left,' as the case might be. With hardly an exception those girls turned in the wrong direction; then they'd pause to consider, exclaim: 'We're going the wrong way,' and skurry back again.

"This happened so often that I spoke to the usher about it.

"'They always do it,' he replied, laconically. 'I usually point so they'll know the way, but I've neglected to do that to-day. They're all right if they stop to think, but they never do think.'

"I myself know an intelligent young woman who has to make a little motion as if she were writing with both hands before she can determine the right one, and she declares that all her acquaintances are affected in like manner, so, perhaps, this is a general feminine failing, and the colored witness was unjustly excluded."

AMERICAN DUEL IN GERMANY.

A So-Called Affair of Honor Between Heidelberg Students Is Fatal.

During my residence at Heidelberg a lamentable and terrible affair took place that threw a profound gloom over the university and the entire town, says a writer in Science. Two German students, having quarreled, decided the earth was not large enough for both of them to live in, and resorted to the diabolical practice called the "American duel." In a darkened room the two young men drew lots, having sworn that he who drew the black ball would commit suicide. The unhappy loser went to his room and discharged a bullet into his breast, but missed his heart, and lingered for several days on his deathbed. His parents were summoned by telegraph and besought him on their knees to disclose the name of his antagonist, but he steadfastly refused and died with the secret locked in his breast.

The students not only excused his conduct, but praised his courage, and when his remains were taken to the railway station to be transported to a distant city they accompanied the funeral cortege with torches and music. The students claimed he was not a suicide, for he was killed in an honorable duel, and they maintained that his opponent was not accessory to his death, because he shot himself. I had many arguments with them and never could convince them of their extraordinary tergiversation.

Mrs. Bunt—The new tenants next door are not a bit neighborly." Mr. Bunt—"No; I notice they keep their confounded piano going almost constantly."—Philadelphia North American.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson in the International Series for May 20, 1900—Parable of the Sower.

[Prepared by H. C. Lenington.]

THE LESSON TEXT.

Matthew 13:1-8 and 18-23.)

1. The same day went Jesus out of the house, and sat by the sea side.

2. And great multitudes were gathered together unto Him, so that He went into a ship, and sat; and the whole multitude stood on the shore.

3. And He spake many things unto them in parables, saying: Behold, a sower went forth to sow;

4. And when he sowed, some seeds fell by the way side, and the fowls came and devoured them up;

5. Some fell upon stony places, where they had not much earth; and forthwith they sprung up, because they had no deepness of earth;

6. And when the sun was up, they were scorched; and because they had no root, they withered away.

7. And some fell among thorns; and the thorns sprung up, and choked them;

8. But other fell into good ground, and brought forth fruit, some an hundredfold, some sixtyfold, some thirtyfold.

18. Hear ye, therefore, the parable of the sower.

19. When anyone heareth the Word of the Kingdom, and understandeth it not, then cometh the wicked one, and catcheth away that which was sown in his heart. This is he which received seed by the way side.

20. But he that received the seed into stony places, the same is he that heareth the word, and anon with joy receiveth it;

21. Yet hath he not root in himself, but dureth for awhile; for when tribulation or persecution ariseth because of the Word, by and by he is offended.

22. He also that receiveth seed among the thorns is he that heareth the Word; and the care of this world, and the deceitfulness of riches, choke the Word, and he becometh unfruitful.

23. But he that received seed into the good ground is he that heareth the Word, and understandeth it; which also beareth fruit, and bringeth forth, some an hundredfold, some 60, some 30.

GOLDEN TEXT.—The seed is the Word of God.—Luke 8:11.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

In the short period that intervenes between the events of last lesson and those of the present lesson Jesus had made with His disciples a tour of Galilee.

Shortly after His return to Capernaum Jesus began preaching by the seaside. A great multitude soon gathered, so great that Jesus used a boat a little out from the shore for a pulpit. The ground rising directly from the water formed a vast amphitheater, and here the people listened to the words of the Master.

The Sower and the Sowing.—Jesus in His explanation does not tell us who the sower was. All who teach Divine truths may be considered as sowers, but probably for this parable the sower was Jesus, who sowed the good seed in the hearts of men by His life on earth and teaching. The sowing was broadcast. Some of the seed fell by the wayside, some upon stony places, some among thorns, and some into good ground. We sometimes hear of people who complain that they have had "no chance in life." This can hardly be true of anyone who has heard the teaching of Jesus. The good seed has fallen in the promising places as well as the unpromising. Two things Jesus evidently meant to teach: (1) That He had sowed the good seed in His possession among all classes and conditions of men; and (2) that those who wished to be sowers of this seed should not choose their field of work. We can tell what is good ground for wheat growing, but the hearts of men are hidden from our sight, and there may be good soil where we least expect it.

The Seed and the Soil.—The seed, we are told, was good seed. If it does not grow, then we can safely conclude that the fault is not in the seed, but in the soil. The hearts of men form the soil, and our own heart is a part of that soil. We can change that soil and make it what we will. The doctrine of this parable is not fatalistic. The element of human choice comes in right here. The seed that has been sown was good seed, and it has fallen into our hearts. Nurture of the plant will do little good. We must have depth of soil, and the soil must be free from other useless growths that will crowd out what we wish to have grow.

Good Seed by the Wayside.—Jesus refers to those who have deliberately hardened their hearts. The seed cannot abide there, so is soon taken away. Another thought is suggested. The beaten paths of men are not the places for cultivating the good seed. Meditation and prayer can be had at their best only in solitude; therefore we should give ourselves such moments as we can.

Good Seed on Stony Ground.—This refers to "shallow" people, people of no depth of character, who have not assiduously cultivated what soil they have, who have no aim in life.

Good Seed Among Thorns.—This refers to the cultivation rather than to the soil. After the seed is sown, care must be taken that the hurtful things do not crowd out that which has sprung up from the good seed. Perhaps we cannot help the weeds starting, but we can pull them out as soon as they begin to show themselves.

Good Seed in Good Ground.—How refreshing it is to turn from the barren and uncultivated places to a field that is well taken care of. This field is one that is all that the others we have considered are not. It is away from the highway, there is depth of soil, and the cultivation is complete. Even here some of the seed has done better than other, but all has borne fruit.

God's Goodness.

The most difficult thing for the stubborn heart of man to believe is God's goodness; it is much easier to believe in God's tyranny.—Rev. Dr. Crane.

Jealousy or Envy.

If we have a feeling of jealousy or envy in our hearts, the surest way to kill it is to be kind to those we are jealous of.—Rev. N. Woodside.

Acts and Thoughts.

Jesus demands that all acts and thoughts shall square with the white line that He has drawn through history.—Rev. R. H. Potter.

A BIT OF SPRING.

The Pensive Poet Said the Crocus Is the Rooster of Flowers.

"Do you wish any spring poetry to-day?" inquired a long-haired caller, and the lamb-like editor reached for his gun. The caller saw the motion and held up his hand appealingly.

"Shoot if you will this long-haired head, but do not kill the poet dead," he crooned, softly. "Did I understand you to say you would like some spring poetry to-day?" he added, with mild insistence.

"I would like it as well to-day as any day," replied the editor, "but I do not liket it any day. There's housecleaning and moving and a superabundance of bile and torpid livers and influenza and enough other things to contend with in the spring without having any poetry shoved in on us."

"But think of the kind mine is," insisted the visitor; "listen," and he pulled out a dingy-looking slip of paper and read:

"There bursts the jonquil from the earth
To meet the growing showers,
And there the crocus presses its plumes,
The rooster of the flowers."

"What do you think of that?"

"Who in thunder ever heard of a flower being a rooster?" queried the editor. "The most unlimited poetic license will not permit that sort of a wrench to the imagination."

"Steady, steady, my Pegasis," said the visitor, soothingly, "I knew you would be kicking out of the traces, and I don't blame you, for there is a really startling thought in that suggestion. It is plain enough when you see it."

"Which isn't saying that anybody can ever see it."

"Only the blind will not see. Now observe, please. The crocus is the rooster of the flowers is what I said, didn't I? And I am right, for the rooster is a crow cuss, ain't he? Now, what have you got to say?"

And what the editor said is not fit for publication.—N. Y. Sun.

An Ironic Condolence.

When a man becomes suddenly rich it not infrequently follows that he becomes as suddenly oblivious to his old friends. Thus, a Persian having obtained a lucrative position at court, a friend of his came shortly afterward to congratulate him thereon. The new courtier asked him: "Who are you and why do you come here?" The other coolly replied: "Do you not know me, then? I am your old friend, and am come to condole with you, having heard that you had lately lost your sight."—San Francisco Wave.

Multum in Parvo Prayer.

Georgie's mother insisted upon his repeating the prayer of childhood. He started sleepily, requiring prompting at the beginning of every line. Drowsiness had nearly won the mastery by the time that he had obediently got as far as "my soul to take." "God bless—" prompted his mother. Georgie has a long list of relatives. There was a flutter of his sleep-laden lids as he lumped them all together: "God bless the whole shooting match!" And he was asleep.—Chicago Chronicle.

A Short Order.

Mr. Lobbs—I tell you, the telephone is a great convenience.

Mr. Robbs—Sure thing. Fellow down at Beamer's restaurant gave me a hot roast over mine yesterday.—Baltimore American.

Accommodating.

"I am a British subject," he said, as he signed the register with a flourish. "All right," replied the hotel clerk, "if I notice any Boers lurking about I'll give you the tip to rush to cover."—Philadelphia North American.

You know how freely and recklessly you talk about other people? Well, that's the way they talk about you.—Atchison Globe.

The man who itches for fame has to do a lot of scratching before he gets there.—Chicago Daily News.

The smarter a man is in fancy the more he will spend in fact.—Ram's Horn.

MARKET REPORT.

Cincinnati, May 11.

CATTLE—Common	$4 25	@	4 65
Select butchers	5 00	@	5 15
CALVES—Extras	7 00	@	7 25
HOGS—Select packers	5 20	@	5 30
Mixed packers	5 10	@	5 20
SHEEP—Choice	4 60	@	4 75
LAMBS—Extra	6 00	@	8 00
FLOUR—Spring pat.	3 65	@	3 90
WHEAT—No. 2 red		@	74
CORN—No. 2 mixed		@	41¼
OATS—No. 2 mixed		@	26
RYE—No. 2		@	61
HAY—Choice timothy		@	15 25
MESS PORK		@	11 97½
LARD		@	6 75
BUTTER—Ch. dairy	13½	@	15
Choice creamery		@	21½
APPLES—Ch. to fancy		@	4 50
POTATOES—Per brl.	1 35	@	1 50
TOBACCO—New	50	@	10 00
Old	1 50	@	12 75
CHICAGO.			
FLOUR—Win. patent.	3 60	@	3 70
WHEAT—No. 2 red		@	72
No. 3 spring	62	@	65
CORN—No. 2		@	39
OATS—No. 2	23¾	@	24
RYE—No. 2		@	53½
PORK—Mess	11 50	@	11 55
LARD—Steam	6 85	@	6 87½
NEW YORK.			
FLOUR—Win. patent.	3 65	@	3 85
WHEAT—No. 2 red		@	78¾
CORN—No. 2 mixed		@	43
OATS—No. 2 mixed		@	27½
RYE		@	61
PORK—Mess	12 50	@	13 25
LARD—Steam		@	7 27½
BALTIMORE.			
FLOUR—Win. patent.	3 65	@	3 85
WHEAT—No. 2 red	65¼	@	65¼
Southern	67	@	72
CORN—No. 2 mixed	41⅝	@	41¾
OATS—No. 2 mixed	27¾	@	28¼
CATTLE—First qual.	4 75	@	5 10
HOGS—Western	6 00	@	6 10
INDIANAPOLIS.			
WHEAT—No. 2 red		@	71
CORN—No. 2 mixed		@	39½
OATS—No. 2 mixed		@	26
LOUISVILLE.			
FLOUR—Win. patent.	4 25	@	4 50
WHEAT—No. 2 red		@	72
CORN—Mixed		@	42¾
OATS—Mixed		@	26
PORK—Mess		@	13 00
LARD—Steam		@	7 00

Few College Students Die.

Noncommittal.

Mrs. Slowpay—A girl formerly in your employ answered my advertisement for a maid. Is she honest?

Dressmaker—That is more than I can say.

"Why, what do you mean?"

"Well, you see, I have no positive proof of her honesty, but every time I sent her to you with my bill she failed to give me the money."—Chicago Evening News.

He who can stand the little trials is fitted for the great trusts.—Ram's Horn.

The chronic kicker usually kicks himself out of joint.—Ram's Horn.

THE BURLINGTON ROUTE.

Great Train Service.

"The Burlington-Northern Pacific Express," from St. Louis in the morning, from Kansas City in the afternoon, for Northwest Nebraska, Black Hills, Montana, Washington, Tacoma, Seattle, Puget Sound and Portland, Oregon, via Billings, Montana—the short line and time-saver to the Upper Northwest.

To the Puget Sound in 70 hours from Kansas City; 77 hours from St. Louis, after April 29th, 1900.

This is the climax in the development of the Louisiana Purchase.

Through Coaches, Chair Cars (seats free), Standard and Tourist Sleepers and Dining Cars. This is the main traveled route from the Southwest to the Northwest.

Number 5, "Nebraska-Colorado Express" mid-day train from St. Louis; late night train from Kansas City, for Nebraska, Colorado, Utah, Pacific Coast — one night to Denver.

Please write for printed and illustrated matter.

L. W. WAKELEY,
General Passenger Agent.

HOWARD ELLIOTT,
General Manager,
St. Louis, Mo.

Something Practical.

Many a young girl makes the mistake of thinking that because she would die for a man she really loves him. In this restless, throbbing age it is necessary for her to ask herself in all seriousness: "Would I take in washing for him?"—Detroit Journal.

One Night to Denver

Via Chicago, Union Pacific & North-Western Line. "Colorado Special" leaves Chicago 10:00 every morning, arriving Denver 1:20 the next afternoon, Colorado Springs and Manitou same evening. No change of cars. All meals in Dining Cars. Another fast train at 10:30 P. M. Daily. New book "Colorado," illustrated, mailed on receipt of four cents postage. Ticket Offices, Chicago & North-Western R'y., 193 Clark St., and Wells St. Station.

C. H. & D. Homeseekers' Excursions.

On May 1 and 16 and on June 5 and 19 the C. H. & D. Ry. will sell special excursion tickets to those desirous of seeking homes in the West, South and Northwest. Call on nearest C. H. & D. Agent for full particulars.