

Mr. Scott's Private Secretary

By LESLIE THRALE

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Joshua Scott, the eminent financier and millionaire, sat in his study one fine spring morning examining the contents of his correspondence. For the time being he was without a private secretary. Mr. Travers, the gentleman who had fulfilled that onerous position, had been indignantly dismissed on the previous day for disclosing a substantial increase in his salary.

Mr. Scott was interrupted by the entrance of a footman, who presented him with a calling card.

"Mr. Scott," said the footman, "Mr. Scott is here."

"Mr. Scott is here?" repeated Mr. Scott, looking at the card.

"Yes, sir," said the footman, "Mr. Scott is here."

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The Faith That Conquered

STORY OF THE CRISIS IN MOSES' LIFE
By the "Highway and Byway" Preacher
Part II. A New Clow—Hose 6: 1.

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Scripture Authority.—"By faith Moses, when he had come to years, refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter; choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season; esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt; for he had respect unto the recompense of the reward."—Heb. 11:24-26.



ALMOST two years had gone by and Moses still lingered in Ethiopia. Before the close of the first year he had put down the rebellion and had by his wise and patient statesmanship established a strong dependency of Egypt, but he delayed his return, sending back word to the king that certain affairs still required his attention, and giving full and detailed account of all that had been accomplished since his departure from Egypt. And Pharaoh was satisfied, nay, more, he was pleased with the services Moses had rendered and was impatient for his return only that he might bestow upon him the honors and distinction which he felt he had won.

But to Thermutis, the Princess Mother, Moses dispatched the following letter of explanation:

"Dear Mother: The king's business has been executed successfully, and ere this I expected to be back with you in Egypt, but something has transpired even while I was preparing for my return which impels me to tarry. Who would have thought that in far off Ethiopia I would have been led to continue my search for knowledge of the Hebrew people? But such now seems expedient, for reasons which I will proceed to explain. After the first decisive battle and the rebel forces had been scattered, I was with the division of the army which was pursuing the main body of the enemy. Our efforts to overtake the fleeing rebels were unsuccessful, but on the third day there was brought before me a man who had been captured and in whose possession was found a roll of papyrus which my soldiers, unable to read, supposed might contain valuable information about the enemy. On questioning the prisoner, through an interpreter, I found he claimed to be of Hebrew descent—there are some Hebrews scattered through this southern country, having been brought here by Egyptian masters—and declared that he was seeking to make his way back to Egypt, having been frustrated, he said, with the papyrus writing by a very aged Hebrew who was the servant of an Egyptian, who was the chief leader of the insurrection. In interesting this precious bit of manuscript to this man, the aged Hebrew had impressed him with its value and importance, and as he stood before me he was in an agony of fear lest it should be destroyed. He declared that he was to deliver it if possible into the hands of some one of the elders of the Hebrews in Goshen. As you may well imagine I was at once intensely interested in the man and his roll of papyrus, and opened the latter eagerly, finding that it was written in the familiar Egyptian characters. This is the brief message I found inscribed therein:

"Amihud, son of Joseph, sends greeting to the elders of the Hebrews. I had expected in the providence of God to return to Goshen and make known certain facts in regard to the Hebrew people of which I am possessed, but being now of great age and very near to the grave, I have at last despaired of ever delivering the message in person, and so am constrained to commit it to writing and intrust it to other hands. Joseph's bones are with you, and resting by their side are records he left. I will not attempt to give the information they contain. Let search be made. God has not forgotten His people. The time is at hand."

"You may well believe I was thrilled and excited by what I had read and lost no time in further questioning the man before me, as to the present whereabouts of Amihud, and how he came to be in Ethiopia. To the first question he pointed to the southwest and said: 'Far, far, and in reply to the second he told me that Amihud had been brought by his master from Egypt some 30 years before and had continued faithful in his service, having been given the promise that some day he would be allowed to return.

"The impulse to go at once in search of Amihud was well-nigh irresistible, but I must needs return and bring order out of the chaos and reestablish Egypt's rule over the country. But I did not neglect to dispatch the prisoner with a message to Amihud telling him that if his master would allow his return to me, he, the master, should receive pardon at my hands. That was month's ago. I have heard nothing, and now that the affairs of state will permit, I go in search of this Amihud. When I left Egypt under commission from the king I thought I was terminating until my

return my research into Hebrew history, but God surely leads if we will but follow, and here in Ethiopia I find the promise of the information I seek. Adieu."

The princess read and reread the letter. She hardly knew whether she was glad or sorry for the information it contained. She still cherished her thought of Moses as king and his people as free under his rule, and the possibility of something transpiring to turn Moses aside from the goal she coveted for him made her uneasy and ill-humored. But the months went by and no further message came from him until at last came the word that he and his army were on their way home, and she and the king were busy with their preparations for the journey to Thebes, the southern capital of the kingdom, where Moses was to be received with all the honors of the returned conqueror.

The pomp and ceremony are over. Populace and courtiers and king have vied with each other in paying tribute to the returned hero and his army. The king from the balcony overlooking the great courtyard before the palace has reviewed the passing troops and has showered upon Moses as he passed the costly necklaces of gold, which bespeak the special royal favor. And then in the house of pillars, the great audience room of the palace, the king has bestowed upon him the title of "Follower on the Right Hand of the King and Nearest Friend," the highest honors to be won by an Egyptian. And now all is over and Moses and the princess mother have embarked upon one of the royal barges on their return to their home above Memphis. The placid waters are gay with the colors of the many boats, and the songs of the rowers, as they keep time to the beat of their oars, float up to them from below.

As they sat watching the busy scenes about them, Thermutis searched the face of Moses to see if she could read there any answer to the questions that filled her heart, and which she almost feared to ask. He seemed in no mood to talk, and to her light sallies he responded but half-heartedly.

"What," she exclaimed, as she noted that the small jeweled bangles and the exquisite fan, the insignia of his new title, had slipped from his hands, "hast thou so soon tired of the tokens of thy great honors?"

The soft touch of her hands as she sought to replace the fan and fan, and her words, roused him, and as the faint smile which passed over his features died away, he half impatiently exclaimed:

"What can they mean to me now? What is there that Egypt can give me, seeing that the hope of the Hebrew people leads away from Egypt?"

"Thou hast new light?" his mother asked, with suspicious hushiness in her voice. "What hast thou learned? Didst thou find Amihud?"

"To answer thy last question first and thus start at the beginning of my story: I found Amihud after long search and much adventure, and while he is unable to give the details of the records said to rest in the tomb of Joseph, he declares positively that the land promised by God to Abraham, Isaac and Jacob is Canaan and that Joseph took pledge of his sons that they would carry up his body with them, assuring them that God would surely visit them and lead them out."

Thermutis' brow darkened and the lines about her mouth set in stern determination. She would not yield her cherished dreams without a struggle and her mind quickly set to work to harmonize the newly-discovered facts, if facts they were, with the plans for Moses and his people as she had conceived them. She waited in silence for Moses to continue his story, but his eyes were gazing out across the water and he showed no inclination to say more.

"Well?" at last she expostulated, unable to keep still longer.

"That is all," Moses responded with quiet seriousness, "save that Amihud declares the time of deliverance is at hand, as the records in Joseph's tomb will show."

"And what does this all mean to you?" she demanded, abruptly.

"I hardly know how to answer, mother," he said, slowly, "save that I am eager to know God's plans for His people, and am trying to be willing to follow Him, cost what it may."

"But admitting the truth of all that Amihud has revealed, what is there that need be so disconcerting to thee? Need it change one whit your plans or your hopes as an Egyptian prince? As king may it not be that thou art to lead thy armies to the conquest of Canaan? may it not be thy pleasure to settle and there thy delivered people? and was it not to be expected that Joseph should choose final resting place with Abraham, Isaac and Jacob in Canaan? and as to the time being near at hand, do we not know that the king is growing old and feeble and that at no distant day thy opportunity will come?"

Thermutis spoke with intense earnestness, and Moses felt her eyes upon him, but he dared not look up. He did not feel that he could trust himself to enter into her plans for him then. Her plea was certainly plausible, and the temptation was strong to follow her brilliant scheme, but he was conscious that it was God rather than his mother he must follow.

"We must wait," he said at last with effort. "God will lead the way."

And during the remainder of the long trip no further reference was made to the subject, but each was busy with the tumult of thought which raged within; each was struggling with the question of the future and what it held in store for them; and each was trying to calm the rising fears of some impending tragedy.

KING SERVED IN NAVY.

The New Ruler of Norway Passed Through Some Rough Experiences.

Norway's new king was once an apprentice in the Danish navy. In the mess to which he belonged he was called by his first name—that is, Karl in Danish—and he had to eat the same "grub" and stand the same hardships as all the other apprentices. Although everybody knew him to be a prince of the realm, no deference whatever was paid to him as such. On the contrary, he was "bazed" and made miserable in good old midshipman style. He took his medicine bravely enough. On board ship he had to mend his own clothes, darn his socks, sew on buttons and keep his weapons and accoutrements in order. He slept in a regulation sailor hammock, with his clothes rolled up under his head for a pillow, without a nightshirt and wearing only a sailor's woolen striped undershirt and bunched up in a woolen blanket, sometimes with his sea boots dangling by the hammock rope. He used to make the big brass binnacle flash like silver mail. He could never quite get used to chewing tobacco, which in the eyes of every true apprentice is one of the cardinal virtues, and whenever he was seasick, which often happened, he used to sit in the gangway on a bucket and chew rye bread.

GOT JUST WHAT HE WANTED

But the Obstinate Customer Relented When He Got Home.

That things are not always what they seem was discovered by one of the patrons of a delicatessen store in a somewhat painful manner, relates the New York Globe. Desiring some sausages, the man, who has a pronounced streak of obstinacy in his make-up, entered the place and asked for some "Just like those in the window."

"It's very sorry, but we haven't any of that kind in stock just now," said the delicatessen man.

"What's the matter with those in the window?" asked the customer. The delicatessen man started to say something about the sausages in the window not being just like the regular kind, but his apparent unwillingness aroused the ire of the customer, who began to insist that the sausages in the window he taken down at once and sold to him. Possibly he did not notice the smile of the delicatessen man as his request was complied with, if he did, he learned its meaning when his wife opened the package in the kitchen and discovered the sausages were made for window display solely and consisted of plaster of paris neatly painted.

PHONOGRAPHS IN SCIENCE.

Talking Machine Records of Languages for Future Generations.

One of the oddest collections in the British museum is a set of talking machine records of the voices of prominent persons of the present. They are not offered for general inspection, but a hundred years hence the historian may describe to his readers how Queen Victoria's voice sounded to him, as well as the voices of the other members of the royal family and the leading statesmen of to-day. In all there are already filed away more than 500 records. The collection is being added to constantly.

The Vienna Academy of Sciences already possesses a collection of several thousand records of dialects and languages. They include the songs of the American Indian and the war chant of the Malay. Idioms and peculiarities are also recorded, and the collection will not be regarded as complete until every race and division of race has contributed to the collection.

In addition to their value in the future, they are being used for a comparative study of language. Arrangements are now being made to record the cries of animals and a large staff of voice hunters are kept constantly employed in these two branches.

Expanding Industry in the South.

In the race for wealth the southern farmer is abreast of the western granger and the northern manufacturer. He is no longer hampered by poverty and a tradition. From all over the south come reports of expanding industries. It is computed that farm properties in the 11 states that once succeeded from the union have risen in value more than \$1,000,000,000 in two years. The average yield of these lands since this century began is \$200,000 a year greater than it was in the preceding six years. The south now not only grows cotton for the world, but manages the marketing of it. The speculator, who once got all the cream, gets it no longer. The planter is strong enough to fight his own battle, which means that he can defend his own property.—Philadelphia Press.

Glass Dressing for Wounds.

The substitution of glass for lint in dressing certain kinds of wounds is the curious suggestion made by Dr. J. L. A. Aymard, M. R. C. S. Dr. Aymard describes an experiment with the new dressing which he himself undertook at Johannesburg hospital. After obtaining a piece of thick window glass, the edges of which were ground on an ordinary grindstone, he smeared it with carbolic oil and used it on a patient instead of lint. The wound, he says, subsequently healed up entirely, and will leave no trace of a scar. Two other cases, Dr. Aymard has treated with watch-glasses, the results being equally satisfactory.

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