

Democratic Watchman

Belleville, Mo., February 12, 1904.

THE HISTORY OF LIFE.

Day dawn'd. Within a curtained room,
Filled to faintness with perfume,
A lady lay at point of doom.
Day closed. A child had been the light;
But for the lady fair and bright,
She rested in undreaming night.
Spring came. The lady's grave was green,
And now oftentimes was seen,
A gentle boy, with thoughtful mien.
Years fled. He wore a manly face,
And struggled in the world's rough race,
And won at last a lofty place.
And then he died! Behold before ye,
Humanity's brief span, and story,
Life, death and all that is of—Glory.

PRINCE ROSELEAF AND A GIRL FROM KANSAS.

Edgington was at the end of the long gallery when he heard the swish-swish of many feet, the high, penetrating voice of the American girl, and a laugh that was frank and free and unlike anything to be heard on the continent.

"That, monsieur," explained his guide, "is a party of Cook's."

The young American looked with distaste at the Belgian whose supercilious tone he resented for his compatriots. But he looked with distaste, too, upon the miscellaneous assortment of Americans, male and female, being led into the "salles." You are blushed at fancying himself among them; and then had the grace to blush because he had blushed.

The "partie of Cook's" took possession of the place. Its flight-like that of wild geese the guide first, a girl with a green veil next a hardy adventurer following after a space, another, and then a scattered bunch—led straight for the great Rebeaux. A swift concentration about the guide-magnet, a perfunctory, "Here you see before you, ladies and gentlemen," "Ici, mesdames et messieurs, vous voyez," "Hier, mesdames et herren, sie sehen"—following in rapid succession without a varying tone or accent. A choral "Oh!" a murmur of astonishment, curiosity, gratification and then swiftly on the wing again; alighting before the Rembrandt, just touching earth a minute before an Ary Scheffer, then taking flight reluctantly and strung out like regal ferret leaving Paradiso; a clatter; a swish; a silence; the swift murmur of the polyglot guide; an "O—oh!" the slip-slip of many feet on the marble floor—and that was all.

They vanished as they came and Edgington, who stood musing before Van Dyke's "Saint Catherine," looked after a puzzled frown on his boyish face.

He walked a few steps after the radiant-visaged Belgian who was his guide, then absent-mindedly dismissed him. He stood a moment irresolute, looking upward. But he did not see the pale, beautiful frescos above the arched doorway for him the wall was lettered as Belshazzar's. But the lettering that held Edgington's attention, was in a most modern, business-like hand, and it read:

"You are altogether mistaken, my lad, if you fancy your father's a fool. I'm not putting up for a prince's tour of the continent. You are at liberty to cut it all short and come home, or to see Europe on what's left to you, but no more of Jim Edgington's dollars go to prove to the natives that another young American ass is abroad."

Heard Heriot Edgington recognized his father's forthright style in those words. He could not only thank fortune that it had been given to him to read them rather than to listen to them, and that very day he joined this "partie of Cook's."

Mary Daley looked once at his full signature on the hotel register, and the new member of the "partie" found himself christened "H-H!" before he had been among them a day. This, Miss Daley played upon by a natural series of facetious puns. At different times during the next day he was known as Mr. Hypnotized Hyphen, Hy Hiram, Breakfast Food, Dejeonier (Miss Daley's pronunciation), Jooner and Jone. Where this girl led, any and all dared to follow. Her high spirits, the passion for sightseeing that possessed her, her untrusting bodily energy and unceasing native delight and her pet wit made her the head as well as the life of the party. She knew the profession and the pretenses of its every member. She could mimic the serious, intelligent, blonde German lady-professor from St. Louis as cleverly as the handsome boy from the South who was devoted to her. And she so loved to practice her mimicries, and was so careless of consequences that at times, her victim found himself among her audience.

This happened once to Edgington, who, following on her heels as they all arrived at the station at the Hague, heard her cry to her friend Miss Merton: "I beg your pardon, but may I ask the name of the broad canal with the large building on this side she tripped as she was saying it, and, in recovering her balance, her eye fell on Edgington's outstretched arm and flushed innocently. She looked doubtful a moment, and then said with an irresistible giggle: "Tain't a very good imitation, is it? But you see you haven't been with us long enough yet."

"Long enough to get from H-H to June," he answered.

"Oh, you know that too? Well—it's the common lot of man to be nicknamed. And it's good for him. And" she looked up at him out of the corner of her eye, as though testing how far she might go. (Nature had lingered lovingly on the details of this fat little girl's face, and the mark of Her artist's fingers was upon the corners of lips and eyelids, in the molding of chin and forehead)—"and it's my opinion you haven't had enough of it, Mr.—June!"

"What makes you think so?"

"Have you got a lot of brothers and sisters?"

"No—none."

"I thought not."

He was undecided as to whether he was resentful or not, but the charm there was in watching the dimpled corners of Mary Daley's mouth, and the special effective set of her eyes, led them on.

"Come," she urged, "give me your reasons."

"You'll be mad if I do."

"No—I won't."

"Well, you see, no man who wasn't his father's only son could put such a awful condescension into joining us as you do. No man who had been laughed at a lot when he was a boy could find us all—me especially—so vulgar. No man could suffer such agonies as being classed with us who—I said you'd be mad."

He did not answer. He was "mad" clear through. An impulse to be thorough while she was about it possessed her.

"Do you know your real name?" she

asked pertly. "It ain't June—it's really—I say—the impudence in her face broke into a bewildering maze of dimples—"I say—guess what it is!"

He shook his head.

"You must be awful mad," she teased, "if you've not curiosity enough to ask. Well, I'll tell you. You are the P. L. G.—the perfect little gentleman."

He wasn't little, which was some small consolation to him; but he flushed under her taunts. "And what may you be?" he demanded.

"Me? Oh, I'm a dozen things, according to your point of view," she answered, with good-natured coquetry. "I'm the Kansas Schoolm'am. I'm Dickens's fat girl. I'm Lady Raw-and-Ready. I'm Bessie Backwoods. There are lots of nicknames I deserve, but you can't make me mad by calling me them."

She looked up at him with a frank pleasure that was disarming.

"You see," she went on, "I'm nineteen. I've been teaching school, off in the country, ever since my fifteenth birthday. I've saved every dollar I could scrape together—there's nobody in the world to look out for me but my aunt, and her hands are full—and I'm blowing it all in on this trip that I've dreamed of all my life, and that's greater than all my dreams. I may be crude and ignorant and fresh—but I'm happy; happier than these artistic swells who are bored to death, ashamed or afraid to say what they like and what they don't, and so penned in and tyrannized over by rules or somebody's opinion that they dare not be natural. It don't care a rat to me if I know the proper thing or not, and I hate people who pose and pretend that they do. All that stuff hasn't anything to do with life or living—How does that sound to you—vulgar?"

Edgington yielded to a sudden impulse to match her frankness. "Look here, I'm not such a prig as I seem, evidently, to you. I do like the proper thing—not because it's the proper thing, but because it suits me. I do like to travel, to live, to appear well. I like the best restaurants, the finest trains, the best-dressed women, the cleverest clubs—all because the rawness of life are hidden, and the rough edges turned carefully under in them. I like the best—and I look it and had it and enjoyed it till my letter of credit was a sum of subtractions, and then the old gentleman, who likes these things as much as I do, and from whom I probably inherited my fondness for them, got one of those sudden economical seizures to which he is liable. So when I heard of the fellow belonging to your party who was taken sick at the hotel and couldn't go on—"

"How old are you—if you don't mind?" she interrupted.

"Twenty-three. Why?"

"And living on your father's?"

He nodded curtly. "What's a man to do who's just through college?"

"It seems funny to a girl who's made her own living ever since she left short skirts behind. No wonder you don't enjoy this trip as I do. You didn't earn it for yourself; somebody gave it to you."

They had reached the hotel and Edgington was glad of it. He got out in a hurry and lost sight of his tormentor till the evening, when the whole "partie" sailed in a body into the glittering "salles" and sat down to a table d'hôte dinner. It was then he heard her say in an aside to Miss Merton: "You don't know how these public appearances afflict An Only Child. He, you know, can't bear life unless the rawness are hidden and the rough edges carefully turned under." It enraged him so that he forgot to be sensitive to the lofty disdain of the head waiter, whose disapproval of merely middle-class tourists in a body was as unmistakable as his own; and whose sharing of his sentiments made him feel like a lackey himself.

It was an old hotel that took its age and its traditions very seriously. And it stood to its very center—where the bed-tufted, polyglot portier sat like a fat spider, his bright eyes watching the incoming fillets—when a shriek from a bedroom on the first floor startled the night some hours later.

Edgington and his room-mate heard the wild cry and, pulling on their garments, followed the proprietor, the portier, the maid, and the pert little Boots, as they hurried along the corridor.

In front of the door whence the shriek had escaped the little crowd congregated while the portier knocked lustily.

"Who is it? What do you want? It's all right. Go away. Don't bother. Never mind. It's a mistake," came in quick sentences from behind the closed door. It was Mary Daley's voice; Edgington and the boy from the South both recognized it.

"But I demand to enter!" cried the portier after a colloquy in Dutch with the proprietor.

"Enter then!" The door was flung open and the party entered. Miss Daley, her hair in two long braids over her shoulders, a loose red gown over her night clothes, her face looking absurdly fat and baby-like, received them. At sight of Edgington her bright eyes grew round and challenging, so he deemed it safest to remain with the Southern boy, outside.

"Miss Merton who is lying behind those bed curtains trying not to snicker," declared Miss Daley in an official tone to the portier, "shrieked because she was awakened from a sound sleep by Queen Wilhelmina's picture crashing to the floor. Will you go now and let us get to sleep?"

"But I do not comprehend," said the portier, picking up the large, gilt-framed portrait from the floor, "what had weakened its hold?"

"It might have been my washing."

"Washing?"

"Yes—washing." She turned and waved her hand. The large pier glass over the mantel, the window panes, the portraits of the Queen's mother, the glass of the dressing-bureau—all were plastered with wet white linen adhering to the smooth surface.

The portier looked with incredulity, with disgust, from Mary Daley to her handiwork.

"And the portraits of the Queen?"

"Was as good as anybody else's," supplied Miss Daley sturdily. "You know or perhaps you don't know—that after you wash handkerchiefs you must spread them very, very smoothly on a glass surface. It saves ironing. Wilhelmina was rather high up and my arms got tired, but I smoothed that handkerchief flat on Her Majesty's face and the cord, being royalist, I suppose, broke three hours later."

"Mademoiselle," said the portier, his big face red, his prominent, fish-like eyes protruding further in his shocked displeasure, "it is not permitted to—"

"Then why didn't you say so?" she interrupted gaily. "The whole continent is plastered full of things that are verboten—how was I to know you preferred dirty handkerchiefs to clean ones?"

"It is supposed," began the portier with dignity.

"It is supposed that when one pays for a room to sleep in, she's going to be permitted to sleep in it. Good-night."

In the morning they took the train for Brussels. Edgington leaned over to Miss Daley as she sat opposite in the second-class compartment, studying her Baedeker.

"Would you mind if I open the window, Mademoiselle Monchoir?" he asked.

A sudden explosion of laughter shook her.

"You are actually getting on," she exclaimed. "The Only Child ought to be disgusted. Think what awfully bad form her taunts. 'And what may you be?'"

"To do such a thing—and be caught at it! An' you're shocked so as to wish you'd never joined us?"

He shook his head.

"Well—if you're sure you're not—I'll confess that I am shocked—a bit. But I had to bluff, didn't I, with you out there in the hall? I'd have died before I'd have admitted that I had the least idea how awful that poor, plastered, gold-mirrored room looked."

"So it was all for my benefit?"

"Mostly."

"Well, Mademoiselle Monchoir," he said audaciously, "you might have saved yourself the trouble. I saw only the girl with the black braids and the sleepy, rosy face—why would a man want to look further?"

He had an agreeably novel sensation of holding the whip-handle as he watched her face crimson with confusion.

"I call that mean," she cried, rallying. "It surely can't be the proper thing to remind a girl of an unavoidable thing like that."

"But you know we're 'darning' the proper thing."

"I am," she returned stontly. "You're not—sincerely."

"Well, I say, suppose you help me to; teach me to. Show me how much pleasanter it is to travel second-class than de luxe; to scurry through museums when you'd love to linger over something that specially strikes you and hasn't hit the guide's exclusive tastes; be crowded in with a lot of people who—"

"Aren't congenial and not received in the best families? No—you're not teachable, Prince Roseleaf. And why in the world—tell me that—should you travel better than most? Why should you go first-class? Your father's got a right to, perhaps, but where did you earn any?"

"Because it isn't," he answered simply.

This time she got from "Antwerp to Paris" she spoke again; it took longer to read away a rebuff received than one given.

"That ought to make us even," she said. "Shall we call it a draw?"

They separated immediately, to indulge in the coveted mutual ill-will that follows an indecisive battle.

On the Rhine boat he heard her demand of the waiter, who was serving an English party, "Kennen sie taken autre order?" and demanding "swei of this"—pointing to the bill of fare. He saw the lifted supercilious eyebrows of the Englishmen who her mixed essays amused, and sat down to a table d'hôte dinner. It was then he heard her say in an aside to Miss Merton: "You don't know how these public appearances afflict An Only Child. He, you know, can't bear life unless the rawness are hidden and the rough edges carefully turned under." It enraged him so that he forgot to be sensitive to the lofty disdain of the head waiter, whose disapproval of merely middle-class tourists in a body was as unmistakable as his own; and whose sharing of his sentiments made him feel like a lackey himself.

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you ask me to let you have enough to pay your passage money over? I can do it and still have enough left to get back to Kansas. Why in the world don't you say something?"

"Why it's awfully good of you—of course I thank you over and over, you kind little soul, but you see, my mother is sending me a check, and—"

"Oh!" The circumflex accent had more than the ordinary allowance of savagery in it, he thought. "And a swell like you wouldn't, of course, go back on a slow steamer if he could get supplies in an underhand way from his mamma after his father had denied him."

This time Edgington told himself that there was something he never could forgive He saw her on deck the second day out, but all the women except herself were below, battling with misery, of which they spoke facetiously and thought with terror, and she was walking briskly about, very much in demand, with the boy from the South on one side and the Minneapolis professor on the other. She had only a cut red nod for him, that declined to show even surprise that she was on board.

She planned a "progressive" euchre party with the boy from the South, and captained an entertainment that was given in the cabin, to neither of which functions did she deign to invite Edgington. Her activity and her good-humored informality took her everywhere. She was the first to get over on the forward deck to play shuffleboard, to be invited up on the bridge by the Captain, to get down on the lower deck in the early morning and shell peas with the women from the steerage, who were working for the cook in her cabin.

She came up from this last excursion and twisted her ankle on the wet deck, and fell into Edgington's outstretched arms; which was not surprising, as he got up, before the first gong sounded, for the express purpose of following her, and, in the comparative seclusion of early morning, having it out with her. How now that he had her in his arms, a plump, pretty, helpless weight for an instant, his heart began to thump madly, and, instead of berating her, he bent over in a Christian spirit and kissed the month that had so often wounded him.

She struggled from him indignantly, her round face aflame.

"Don't do that," he cried—but there was no apology in his tone.

She hid her face in her hands, murmuring like a shamed child, "I knew I was going to care for you."

"And this Miss Daley," she demanded Edgington senior; "you say you took her to a hotel before coming home? You must think a lot of her to postpone seeing your mother and me after so long an absence."

"I do—a lot." His son smiled; but there were indications in his manner that so experienced a woman as Mrs. Edgington could not overlook.

"Who introduced you, Heyward?" she asked.

"I think," he said slowly, "I love her acquaintance to father."

"To me?"

Old Edgington slipped his finger between his collar and his throat; it was a protest, groll involuntary, against the dictates of a woman's sensibility in men's dress. It irritated his wife, who had been one of the Heriots, of Baltimore, as an unnecessary and humiliating reminder that the iron manufacturer had begun the accumulation of his fortune unhampered by stiff collars—or any other kind.

Young Edgington looked at his mother.

"Who is she, Heyward?" Mrs. Edgington asked appealingly.

"Absolutely nobody—but her own sunny self."

His mother threw up her hands. "Well, let us see her anyway," she said.

So Edgington's mother saw Mary Daley, a good complexion, and positively awful man's eyes, is the way she described her to her sister.

What Miss Daley thought of Mrs. Edgington she told that lady as soon as she saw her.

"I knew you'd be a swell," she said, looking up admiringly at the tall, slender, youthful-looking woman, who had done her most imposing Heriot manner and her handsome afternoon frock to receive her threatened daughter-in-law. "But I did hope you'd generously let me down easy. This kind of thing," she spread out her dimpled hands eloquently, "overpowers me. It must seem a pity in a way to you, doesn't it, that Prince Roseleaf and I should care for each other—but we do."

"Why, really," began Mrs. Edgington, summing her savoir-faire. "It's so new to me, yet, that I have hardly accustomed myself to the thought."

But the absolute sincerity of the girl's voice sounded sweet to her husband's ears.

"Why, 'Prince Roseleaf'?" he interrupted.

"Why, you should have seen him when he joined us—the dainty disgust of him, the air as being in reduced circumstances—temporarily, oh, very temporarily—the shocked surprise at how little we knew and how much fun we had; and the tenderness of him about what people might think! My, but he was raw—in another sense than I was—from the wounds to his sensitive soul."

Mr. Edgington roared. Young Edgington smiled, not deprecatingly. Mrs. Edgington lifted her beautiful chin—all the Heriots have beautiful chins.

"And you resented it, didn't you, Mary? Young Edgington's tone made his mother shiver; the loving confidence of it sounded final.

"Yes, because—of course you know?" she said, smiling past Mrs. Edgington's naughty face into Old Edgington's eyes, "he seemed to care for him from the very beginning. And I couldn't bear to think I was growing fonder and fonder of a prig!"

"A prig!"

"Don't you worry, Mrs. Edgington, he isn't one—not a bit of it. He's the—Well, you know, I can't tell you what I think of him when he's around."

The contrast between the delicious slyness of her voice, just then, and the assured manner with which she had faced his wife, won James Edgington.

"You wouldn't have had him," he asked, his eyes twinkling. "If he had been what he seemed when he joined you?"

"I'd have hated him—or tried to," she added softly.

"But," Mrs. Edgington said, quite as softly "did it never occur to you that some thing of what he stood for might be a very desirable thing?"

"That reminds me of what you said that time about the 'rawness of life' and all that rot." Miss Daley turned with the fullest trust in being understood to her Prince. "Excuse me, Mrs. Edgington, it's going to be hard for you and me to get on together, ain't it? You're Lady High-and-Mighty. I'm just any girl from Kansas. It's too bad for you that Prince Roseleaf should care for me, but—what it is, very, very good for me. If I could, I'd do a lot to try to make myself over to be your kind. But I couldn't if I would and no I wouldn't—if I could. I would die for him, but I

won't live to pretend for him. It's what your friends will think of me that bothers you—ain't it? But don't you let it trouble you too much—my being what I am; at least not for the present. For, after I've gone back to Kansas, you won't be bothered with me for a long time, and one can't say—"

"So you're going back to Kansas?" Mr. Edgington crossed over to where she sat and took her plump hand in his.

"School begins Monday," she said.

"School?" inquired Mrs. Edgington with a flash of hope. "You are attending some finishing school?"

"It's all kinds of school—the one I teach mixed grades, you know."

"Why don't you say something?" Edgington turned to his son.

"Because I think Mary can explain herself quicker and better than I could."

"He means I give myself away all in a bunch, so that you'll know right away the extent of the calamity that's befallen you. But—but put yourself in my place for a minute, Mrs. Edgington. How could I help caring for him?"

It was the first direct appeal she had made. It occurred to both the younger and the older Edgington to step into the breach but something in the girl's frankness made the subterfuge seem unworthy. There was a pause, significant, long. Then the blood of the Heriots came to the lady's assistance.

"That's not the question," she said bravely, "it's how could he help caring for you?"

The Edgington blacks, famous at many a horse-show on the Wissahickon, carried Mary Daley down to the station the next morning.

"I've simply got to go back to Kansas to teach," she said when Old Edgington tried to prevail upon her at the last minute to change her mind. "The sooner I get to work the sooner Heyward will. Of course, I couldn't marry a man who couldn't support me himself—not by taxing his father. We have talked it all over and he won't let anybody but himself—not even you"—she had learned a special way already of saying "you" to Mr. Edgington—"pay my board bill after we're married. I'll go to work and so will he. It's best for us both. And perhaps" she smiled at Mrs. Edgington in a way that made that lady feel as though she had a little girl, a very winning little girl to deal with, "perhaps I'll work some of the rawness off down in Kansas."

But she clung to young Edgington till the conductor's warning cry sounded.

"Oh, do work—hard—hard," she sobbed as she bade him good-by. "For I can't bear it long. I—I love you so, my boy, my boy!"—By Miriam Michelson, in *McClure's Magazine*.

A Strange Use for Skimmed Milk.

A use to which skim milk, sour milk, buttermilk, or even whole milk is not often put is painting, yet this product of the dairy makes possibly one of the most enduring, preservative, respectable, and inexpensive paints for barns and outbuildings. It costs little more than whitewash, provided no great value is attached to the milk, and it is a question whether for all kinds of rough work it does not serve all the purposes and more of the ready-mixed paint, or even prime lead and paint mixed in the best linseed oil. It is made as follows: Take one gallon of skim milk and add sufficient Venetian red paint powder (costing three cents per pound) to impart a good color. Any other colored paint powder may be as well used. The milk will hold the paint in suspension, but the cement, being very heavy, will sink to the bottom, so that it becomes necessary to keep the mixture well stirred with a paddle. This feature of the stirring is the only drawback to the paint, and as its efficiency depends upon administering a good coating of cement, it is not safe to leave its application to untrustworthy or careless help. Six hours after painting this paint will be as immovable and unaffected by water as a month-old oil paint. I have heard of buildings twenty years old painted in this manner in which the wood was well preserved. My own experience dates back nine years, when I painted a small barn with this mixture, and the wood to-day—second growth Virginia yellow pine—shows no sign whatever of decay or dry-rot. The effect of such a coating seems to be to petrify the surface of the wood. Whole milk is better than buttermilk or skim milk, as it contains more oil, and this is the constituent which sets the cement. If mixed with water instead of milk, the wash rubs and soaks off readily. This mixture, with a little extra of the cement from the bottom of the bucket daubed on, makes the best possible paint for trees where large limbs have been pruned or sawed off.—By Guy E. Mitchell, in *Scientific American*.

Vermont Woman Preparing to Celebrate Her 114th Birthday.

The oldest person in Vermont, and possibly the oldest in New England, Mrs. Sonora McCarthy, of South Shafsbury, is preparing to celebrate her 114th birthday. Mrs. McCarthy does not recall the day of the month on which she was born, but says that it was on the first Friday in Lent of 1790. That she is 114 years of age was confirmed by records found in the parish in Ireland, where she was born.

More Money and a Picture Hat.

"I witnessed an amusing incident at one of the local theatres the other evening," remarked the theatregoer. "A woman, wearing a large picture hat, was seated directly in front of an elderly man, who was straining his neck in an endeavor to see what was happening on the stage, and, of course, it was only possible for him to see but one-third of the performance."

The second act had begun, and I could plainly see that his anger was increasing. At last, when he could stand it no longer, he lightly tapped the woman on the shoulder and, in as gentle tones as he possibly could muster, said:

"Madam, pardon me but I paid \$2 for this seat, and your hat—"

"My hat cost \$25, sir—r-r!" came the haughty reply.

"The conversation was at an end," Philadelphia Press.

Glass Factories Closed Down.

The DuBois *Express* says: The fires have been drawn in the window glass factory of this place, and no window glass will be made in DuBois this season, unless some arrangement is made between the company and the workmen. A large number of hands will be compelled to remain idle for some time. They refused to consider the proposition of a reduction. The fires at the other glass factories in that vicinity have also been drawn. This will mean a loss of several thousand dollars a week to DuBois and other towns in the mountain district.

PLEASANT FIELDS OF HOLY WRIT.

Save for my daily range
Among the pleasant fields of Holy Writ,
I might despair.—Tennyson.

THE INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSON.

First Quarter. Lesson will. Matt. xii, 1-13
Sunday February 21, 1904.

JESUS AND THE SABBATH.

The Sabbath was the "bloody angle" in the contest between the Pharisees and Jesus. They had idolized the Sabbath—had converted it into a veritable Juggernaut, whose ponderous weight they were rolling over men's hearts and homes. Their mythology would have been ludicrous if it had not been exercised upon something so sacred.

With this spirit-destroying literalism, Jesus took strongest issue. Of set purpose he broke the tradition, while he yet kept the Sabbath. He wrought seven conspicuous cures upon as many Sabbaths, as if to show the merciful character and uses of the day. But he could not expect to lay his hand thus rudely upon this Pharisaic fetish without raising a din and cry, and being branded as a sacrilegious person.

On this occasion the Pharisaic espionage followed him in hopes that it would discover that he took one step more than the two thousand cubits allowed for a Sabbath-day's journey. It congratulated itself upon a still greater "find." It threw up its hands in well-feigned horror at the dreadful infraction; for were not the disciples reaping and threshing on the Sabbath? According to the refinements of their traditions, plucking the ripe wheat-cars was a kind of harvesting, and rubbing them between the hands and blowing the chaff away was a kind of winnowing. What a sin!

The reply of Jesus is a master-stroke: "David is your hero-king. It is not possible you are ignorant of what he did in an emergency; how, flying from Saul and famishing, he took one standing corn in the field, like my disciples here, but the showbread from the golden table before the very presence of the Lord; and that, too, when it had been freshly laid there, and there was none to replace it. David did this! How is it that you find no fault with him?" The law of mercy in this instance supplanted the law of sacrifice.

The scene shifts now from the wheat-fields to the synagogue, but the issue remains the same. The cripple is used as a bait to catch Jesus with. Jesus called the unfortunate man to a conspicuous position.

The alternative which he proposed put them to confusion: Which accorded better with the spirit of the Sabbath-law—to do good, as he proposed, by setting this unfortunate free from his malady, or to do evil, as they were doing when they entertained a jealous and inhuman spirit; to save life, as he soon would (making the poor man's life worth living), or to kill, as they were now (obscuring the spirit of murder in their hearts)? No wonder they were silent. Jesus was unanswerable.

THE TEACHER'S LANTERN.

The technism of piety reared its complete development under the hair-splitting genius of the Pharisees.

They enumerated 365 prohibitions, 248 commands (equal to the number of bones in the body), 613 precepts (number of letters in the Decalogue).

Their dialectical skill was especially busy in framing the casuistry of the Sabbath; determining whether it was right to eat an egg laid on Sabbath, etc.

There was a serious side as well as ludicrous in this excessive legalism. Hebrew pupils dropped the helm on approach of Sabbath. Hebrew soldiers allowed themselves to be butchered rather than fight on the Sabbath.

Jesus crushed these hollow traditions, showed how intent of the Sabbath was prevented by them.

He did not abolish the Sabbath. "Lord of the Sabbath" would have been no honorable title if it was a repealed institution. He was Lord of the day in the sense of ridding it of the barnacles of tradition, elevating it and filling it with life and sanctity.

CHILD-STUDY AND SUNDAY-SCHOOL METHODS.

A little girl when asked what made it rain, disclosed the fact that she believed that rainy days were "wash-days" in heaven, and rain was caused by the throwing out of the water, and thunder by the rolling around of the empty tubs. A five-year-old said, "Mamma, where does God live?" The conventional answer was, "Everywhere." Quick as a flash, but devoid of irreverence, came the response, "Why don't he build a house and stay at home?" The inadequacy of our traditional terms as vehicles of truth to the child-mind is apparent. It is a question whether they do not often fall short of conveying anything except a sound of words, or else a positively false notion. The teacher who fits will find what the child's ideas are, will enlarge or reduce it, or substitute another, as the case requires.

Rules for Prolonging Life.

Famous English Physician's Ten Commandments of Health.

The question of the possible extension of human life has recently had renewed consideration by a British scientist. In a lecture delivered before the Royal College of Physicians, in London, Sir Hermann Weber, M. D., F. R. C. P., propounded certain conclusions which he had arrived at as to the best means for prolonging life. The main points in his advice, says *Harper's Weekly*, were comprised in these prescriptions: