

## SATURDAY NIGHT TALKS

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### JUDGING FROM APPEARANCE.

International Bible Lesson for Oct. 3, '09. (Acts 21: 17-22: 19).



For some years, while Paul was on his travels as an itinerant preacher, his foes were not able to do more than drive him from place to place by stirring up the populace against him, but at length their hour of vengeance came. Paul returned to Jerusalem, and as his custom was went into the temple itself to worship his God and the God of his fathers.

#### A Temple Mob.

Now it was well known that Paul had taught that the Jewish rite of circumcision was no longer binding on Christians, that it was not essential to salvation, that it amounted to nothing one way or the other, and on this visit to the city of Jerusalem, he had as associates some men who were known to have refused to submit to it. This was enough to kindle their smouldering wrath into a flame. Consequently when these zealots recognized Paul in the temple, they jumped at the conclusion that he had brought his companions into that Holy Place for the express purpose of showing his contempt for their faith and disregard of their feelings. Instantly the worshipping congregation was transformed into a howling mob. With shrieks and curses they rushed upon the peaceful intruder with the intention of assassination then and there. In their zeal for their religion they would have split the blood of the apostle upon the sacred pavement itself. But the Roman guard, embodied and authorized law, charged the howling rioters, rescued the prisoner, and dragged him away from the would-be lynchers to a place of safety. It was a narrow escape, and it was all the more dramatic from the fact that there was not the slightest reason for it; the whole thing was based on a misconception of the truth, a supposition merely. The enemies of Paul put this and that together, drew certain inferences, came to certain conclusions, and the mob was the result. Appearances were against him, that is all.

#### Mean Suspicions.

But Paul was not the only man who has had to suffer through the mean suspicions of others. Since the world began, and society was organized it has been the lot of man to be subject to criticism, unjust and foundationless. Hearts have been broken, homes have been disrupted, and communities scandalized, by suppositions stated as facts, suspicions reported as verities, appearances, where evil is taken for granted, the evil existing only in the perverted mind of the disturber of the peace.

The writings of Christ and the apostles contain numerous warnings against unjust and baseless conclusions. "Judge not from appearances but judge righteous judgment." "Judge not, that ye be not judged." "Charity thinketh no evil." With such warnings as these the Scriptures abound. Without any thought of the serious consequences likely to follow, reputations are torn into tatters, characters are blackened, and life-structures destroyed. It is not necessary to repeat a tale of suspicious appearances. A shrug of the shoulder may be all that is necessary, a wink of the eye, or an arching of the eyebrow may be as damaging as an affidavit. When the avalanche is poised just off the balance a single movement may send it into the valley on its errand of destruction.

#### Out of Whole Cloth.

In Paul's case, there was absolutely not a grain of truth in the accusation of his enemies. It was made out of whole cloth. He had not done, nor had he the least intention of doing, what they charged against him. It was wholly manufactured. He was simply under suspicion, and being such his most devout acts were open to criticism and the subject of misinterpretation. His enemies were bound to impute evil to him whatever he did, and they only waited the favorable moment to fire the train which led to the prepared explosive. And though entirely innocent this temple riot resulted in putting the apostle under arrest, and making him a prisoner probably for the balance of his life. From that hour, he was in the grip of the Roman law, a grip which did not relax its hold until the headman's axe liberated the spirit of the dauntless missionary of the cross. And it all came about, because, while this man was in the line of duty, some unknown, sneaking, suspicious, fanatical Jew started a cry one day in the temple at Jerusalem, that a heretic was polluting that holy place by bringing into it some uncircumcised Gentiles. Paul on the contrary was engaged in performing an old-fashioned, orthodox Jewish vow, for the express purpose of disarming suspicion and relieving the minds of those who had already begun to judge him by appearances.

### DANDELION AS A BAROMETER.

Clover Leaves When Rain is Coming—Poor Man's Weather Glass.

The dandelion is a dandy barometer, one of the commonest and most reliable. It is when the blooms have seeded and are in the fluffy, feathery condition that the weather prophet faculties come to the fore. In fine weather the ball expands to the full, but when rain approaches it shuts like an umbrella. If the weather is inclined to be showery it keeps shut all the time, only opening when the danger from the wet is past.

The ordinary clover and all its varieties, including the treflow and the shamrock, are also barometers. When rain is coming the leaves shut together like the shells of an oyster and do not open again until the weather is assured. For a day or two before rain comes their stems swell to an appreciable extent and stiffen so that the leaves are borne more uprightly than usual. This stem swelling when rain is expected is a feature of many flowering grasses.

The fingers of which the leaves of the horse chestnut are made up keep flat and fanlike so long as fine weather is likely to continue. With the coming of rain, however, they droop as if to offer less resistance to the weather. The scarlet pimpernel is nicknamed the "poor man's weather glass" or wind cope and opens its flowers only in fine weather. As soon as rain is in the air it shuts up and remains closed until the shower or storm is over.

The common garden convolvulus crumbles up its delicate blossoms within the space of half an hour if raindrops are on the way, and it keeps them thus until the bad weather has passed.

#### Porch Gossip.

Porch talk: On hot evenings it is impossible to light up the house and read, so people gather on porches and talk and talk. Here are some things discussed on an Atechison porch on a recent night: One woman said she had a hired girl who ate lard by the spoonful; the girl said she "adored" lard. Another woman said she had a friend who ate toilet soap; one woman, with children, said that not long ago an Atechison baby cried and cried. The mother sent for Dr. Bryning, a great baby doctor, and he undressed the baby himself to see that no pins were sticking in it and that it was not broken out with heat; when he found nothing of that kind was the matter he gave the baby a quick cathartic and found it had swallowed twelve potato bugs. That reminded some one on the porch that her brother-in-law ate peaches with sugar, cream and salad dressing. A sweet little girl on the porch said: "Well, when we have hash always eat it with sugar." One of the women on the porch seemed blue and finally began to talk. She said she did not know what to do; that a relative had told her to write frankly, and say whether it would be convenient for the relative to visit her. The woman had written to say that it would be very inconvenient this summer for her to have company, and the relative replied that she was coming anyway!

#### Lumbering on the Pacific Coast.

"Of all the ingenious mechanisms that help to quicken the process of dissecting a Pacific-coast log, there is none so half-human, so gorilla-like in its suddenness, its more than brute strength, as the 'nigger,' writes John Kimberly Mumford in Harper's Weekly. "There comes a trembling of the 'woodpile,' a grunt of unseen beams and rocker bars far below, and up into the air, seven, eight feet, sweeps an awful bent arm of solid steel. In its hand is a spike a foot in length and perhaps three inches in diameter at the base, and sharpened down to a point. For an instant this grisly thing poises high above the prone log, then like the leap of the bullet to its mark, quicker, more deadly, even, it strikes—a human, sickening blow."

#### Czar Owns Radium Lake.

The Czar of Russia is richer by many millions to-day than he ever was before. Prof. Gianin, the famous Russian chemist, has demonstrated to the St. Petersburg Academy of Sciences that the waters of Drukenzie Lake and the hundreds of square miles of marshy land surrounding it are brimful of radium. This discovery is expected to reduce the price of radium materially. The lake and surrounding territory are the private property of the Czar.

#### One for a Family.

Penguin eggs are rich in fatty phosphorized constituents. They are easily digested, and English physicians feed them to invalids. One is big enough to make an omelet for a family. A man lined with a penguin's egg is good for a hard day's work. It takes twenty minutes to boil a penguin's egg, but the result is worth the wait.

#### When Anesthetics Were Unknown.

In 1829 Volpeau, one of the greatest surgeons of his time, wrote as follows: "The escape from pain in surgical operations is a chimera which it is idle to follow up to-day. 'Knife and pain' surgery are two words which are always inseparable in the minds of patients and this necessary association must be conceded."

#### Too Fond of Domestic Animals.

From a Japanese newspaper: "A man named Uyedon Rikimatsu, aged 28, of Kobe, has been sentenced to ten years' imprisonment for stealing a young dog belonging to the proprietor of a piece-goods store at Tachibana-dori, three chome, Kobe. It appears that the accused had previously been convicted of stealing a cat."

## The Summit

The chill of autumn seemed now to have touched the blood of all things. Since early summer the artist and his hostess' daughter had roamed the fields and sailed the river together in congenial companionship. Finding a marked talent in the country girl he had taught her to draw and to use the brush, kindly predicting a credible future for her as an artist. The art lessons had brought them much together. It was the old story of the man of the world, seeking his amusement and selfishly regardless of the simple moth fluttering about the candle; and of the inexperienced country girl, her fancy and her heart captivated by the first cultured man she had ever met.

In order to attain to the place that his gifts entitled him to he must have money and social position, and to obtain these he must marry wisely. Gradually he had brought home to her benumbered comprehension that he must marry a wife whose wealth and social position would furnish stepping stones to the recognition which his talents deserved. His heart smote him as he saw the girl's face pale and the soft eyes fill, and his conscience whispered unbecomingly. He knew his power to charm and he had used it. But then, he assured the reproachful voice within, he had been sincere, he was really deeply fond of her, and it was hard for him too. So he fell to pitying himself for the fate that divided them. His first duty was to his art; his own selfish happiness must be sacrificed to that.

"You, too, will become a great artist," he said kindly, as he took the little icy hand in parting. And the trembling lips murmured "Yes."

The exhibition was crowded. Everybody was there—the fashionable and the unfashionable, the artistic and the ugly, the connoisseur and the ignorant, the art lover and the sightseer. Everybody seemed to be moving in an opposite direction from everybody else, and everybody seemed to be halting before the very picture which everybody else wished at that particular moment to see. Everybody craned his or her neck as a tall, fine-featured man entered the room. "Hugh Campbell, the artist," whispered everybody who knew, and everybody who didn't know soon did. The groups separated and made way for the distinguished painter and his companions as they made a tour of the room. Suddenly the artist stepped before one of the canvases. A bleak mountain loomed darkly to the heavens, its summit lost in clouds, skillfully suggesting soft heaps of iridescent bubbles. A horseman was madly urging his steed up the jagged side. He was disheveled, haggard, wild, leaning over the neck of his horse, his eyes upon the bubbles overhead, and one arm outstretched eagerly toward the invisible peak. In the pathway behind him lay a woman's prostrate form, struck down by the horse of the rider, who was blind to all save what his glaring eye could see in the clouds. It was a striking, fascinating picture, strongly handled. Everybody consulted his or her catalogue to see what the celebrated Mr. Campbell found worthy of so long a study. The picture was called "Ambition," and the artist was Kathryn Field.

Mr. Hugh Campbell was waiting in the drawing room of Miss Kathryn Field. His artistic eye noted with approval the taste of the furnishings and the fine reserve and discrimination in the collection of art treasures. She entered the room, calm and beautiful, greeting him cordially and without affectation.

"I am glad to congratulate you upon the attainment of your ambition," she said simply. "Our pictures are indeed wonderful."

"And you," he said, "have fulfilled my prophecy. You have exceeded my expectations. Your picture, 'Ambition,' shows fine perception as well as rare artistic skill. Owing to my long absence in Europe I have not watched your growth and you have burst upon me as a splendid surprise."

She smilingly acknowledged his praise. She was moved with a vague sense of pity as she saw the change that had taken place in his face. The lines were hard, cut deep by dissatisfaction, cynicism and mental unrest. His eyes were sad. She had heard when he lost his wife. Perhaps he had cared for her after all.

He was speaking again. "Your traveller will reach the summit in the clouds. What will he find? Fame—bubbles. Not worth the sacrifice. He has slain love, the only thing worth striving for. But the fool doesn't know it. I hope your picture will wake up some poor wretch before it is too late."

His tone and his look filled her with alarm. They spoke of love for her. She hastened to turn the tide.

"That was painted some years ago," she said lightly. "The feelings that inspired it have passed away. I am glad if you think it will do good. Mr. Dempsey never liked the picture. I have told him of you and of how you gave me my first start in my work. Of course you have not heard I am to be married next month."

She talked on, without looking at him.

"I'm sorry you must go so soon," she said as he rose. His face looked drawn, but he smiled as he congratulated her. "I'm going to preach sermons on your picture," he said. "I'll tell the poor devils not to throw away the precious things of life for the bubbles they'll find at the summit."—EVELYN WILLIAMS.

### TURTLE'S CUNNING.

The Reptile Has an Instinct for Concealing Its Eggs.

Although not credited with any high degree of intelligence, the turtle when about to deposit its eggs exhibits considerable cunning.

It scoops out a hole as if to prepare a repository for its eggs, but in order to delude birds and other enemies the turtle throws the sand again into the hole, leaving the surface rough, and waddles off to another spot, where it repeats the process. Sometimes this is done three times, and eventually the eggs are laid in an excavation within a few yards of the sham nest, the surface being smoothed and flattened down.

When hunting for the eggs the Queensland blacks probe the sand in the vicinity of one of the sham nests, and are usually successful.—London Globe.

#### Jewels in Church Images.

For some time past there have been frequent robberies of the jewels with which some of the statues in the churches in Rome are decorated. The Pope has given instructions to the various church authorities that in future the jewels with which the images are adorned are to be removed and replaced by imitation stones, the actual gems being lodged either at the Vatican or at some recognized bank.

It is well known of course that many of the statues and images used in the churches are decorated with jewels worth thousands of pounds. The statue of Christ at Ara-Coele at Rome contains gems worth about £20,000, while that of the Blessed Virgin at Loreto is set with precious stones worth nearly £240,000.

#### Left Money for Worthy Cause.

Mrs. Elizabeth U. Noble of Mansfield, Mass., whose will has just been made public, left \$10,000 to the Mid-night mission of New York and the same amount to build drinking fountains for horses and dogs in the streets of New York.

#### Bogota Streets Frequently Dark.

There are times when because of insufficient water power, it is not possible to supply electric light for both the houses and the streets in Bogota, Columbia, so the streets remain dark.



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