

This and That

FOOLHARDY.

The question was once put to General Wheeler:

"General, what was the most foolhardy thing you ever saw on the field of battle?" "I didn't see it on the field of battle," replied General Wheeler. "I saw it one day when a young woman tried to enter a revolving door leading a dog by a very long string. She passed through in safety, but not so the dog. The rushing public came along, and the dog was ground both ways and chopped up as though he were in a sausage machine. Each time he escaped his mistress tugged madly on the string and pulled him into it again. She got him through at last, being a very determined girl. The janitor of the building wrapped him up in a newspaper for her, so that she could carry him home. The way she clung to that string was the most foolhardy thing I ever saw.—Ex.

QUARANTINE YOUR HOUSE.

You must quarantine against immoral literature. This is a deadly poison. It comes in various and attractive disguises. Exclude it as you would the germs of a pestilence. To effectually protect your homes from its baneful influence, supply them with healthy literature. It is as easy to cultivate a good as a depraved literary taste in children. They will read something, and what they read will exert an important influence on their character. Let your most earnest effort be exerted to keep out of the house the sensational novel, the blood-curdling tale of vice, the obscene pictures and the whole flood of wicked, degrading, crime-producing literature that threatens us. Put in reach of your family good papers, magazines, and books. Bait them with a cheate story, and keep them supplied with wholesome knowledge. A bad book may prepare your son for the cell of a felon. A novel may vitiate the whole life of your daughter.—Memphis Advocate.

SILENCE.

There is much help in silence. From its touch we gain renewed life. Silence is to the soul what his mother Earth was to Briaricus. From contact with it we rise healed of our hurts and strengthened for the fight. Amid the babel of the schools we stand affrighted. Silence gives us peace and hope. Silence teaches us no creed only that God's arms are around the universe.

How small and unimportant seem all our fretful troubles and ambitions when we stand with them in our hand before the great calm face of silence! We smile at them ourselves, and are ashamed.

Silence teaches us how little we are, how great we are. In the world's marketplace we are tinkers, tailors, apothecaries,

A STEADY WORKER.

Coffee Works Slow but Sure.

Many people use coffee day after day without an idea of the serious work it does with nerves, stomach, bowels and sometimes with the eyes, heart and kidneys. Its work is done gradually, that is, the poison affects the nerve centres a little to-day and a little to-morrow and so on, and finally the nerve cells are slowly broken down and then Nature begins the call for help.

It is a safe proposition that if a man or woman has headaches, stomach trouble, or any such ailments come on at intervals, something is wrong with the food or drink, and this question should be investigated carefully, for health is the best capital anyone can possess and willfully breaking it down is a piece of childish folly.

It is easy to leave off coffee if one will take Postum Food Coffee, properly made, for Postum has a delicious coffee flavor and a deep seal brown color which changes to a golden brown when cream is added, and it satisfies the coffee drinker without any of the bad effects of coffee; on the contrary, the result of using Postum is the rebuilding of the broken down nerve centres by the food elements contained in it.

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thieves—respectable or otherwise, as the case may be—mere atoms of a mighty machine, mere insects in a vast hive.

It is only in silence that it comes home to us that we are something much greater than this—that we are men, with all the universe and all eternity before us. It is in silence we hear the voice of truth. The temples and marts of men echo all night and day to the clamor of lies and shams and quackeries. But in silence falsehood cannot live. You cannot float a lie on silence. A lie has to be puffed aloft, and kept from falling by men's breath. Leave a lie on the bosom of silence, and it sinks. A truth floats there fair and stately, like some stout ship upon a deep ocean. Silence buoys her up lovingly for all men to see. Not until she has grown wornout and rotten, and is no longer a truth, will the waters of silence close over her.

Silence is the only real thing we can lay hold of in this world of passing dreams.

Time is a shadow that will vanish with the twilight of humanity; but silence is a part of the eternal. All things that are true and lasting have been taught to men's hearts by silence.—Jerome K. Jerome.

WHERE AMBER COMES FROM.

The main source of the amber supply is the sea coast of the Baltic Ocean. It is a fossil gum, originally the exudation of a species of conifer now extinct. This grew in luxuriant profusion hundreds of thousands of years ago on the marshy coasts of Northern Europe, when the climate was much warmer than it is today. The natural history of amber is thus explained. The immense forests of amber pine underwent their natural downfall and decay. The resin of the wood accumulated in large quantities in bogs and ponds and in the soil of the forest. Where the coast was slowly sinking, the sea, by-and-by, covered the land, and the amber, which had been gradually hardening, was at last deposited at the ocean bottom. But in higher regions the pines continued to flourish, and so amber would still continue to be washed down to the shore and, deposited on the latter, form green sand, and the still later formed stratum of lignite or brown coal. The gum became fossilized by its long burial under ground. More than 200 specimens of extinct life, animal and vegetable, have been found embedded in amber specimens, including insects, reptiles, plants, leaves, shells, fruit, etc., which had been caught in the liquid gum and entombed there for all time. Some of these specimens are so curiously beautiful as to be almost priceless, and one English collector has a cabinet of them which is valued at £100,000. One piece embalms a lizard eight inches long, a little jewelled monster perfect in its form and coloring, which has no like in anything existing now. Indeed, in many instances science is able solely through this medium to study details of animal life which perished from the earth many hundred thousand years ago. There are flies, preserved with wings poised as if for flight, where the prismatic sheen glowing through the yellow sepulchre is as brilliant as if they were floating alive in the sunshine.—Harper's Round Table.

THE CHILDREN'S PRAYER.

The time O Lord, is long gone by,
That saw thee once on little heads
Thy hands in blessing lay.

Hast thou no blessings more to give?
Can this thy mercy bar,
That some may hear thy loving call
Too late, in lands too far.

Nay, not Judean hills alone,
Nor Sharon's plains are thine;
The whole wide world of human need,
To thee, is Palestine.

For us, for all, thy pangs of old;
For us to-day thy scars;
And room ill be in Jesus' arms
While heaven has room for stars.

Then take us, Lord. We know not all
Thy blessings on us mean.
We only know that heads like ours
Must have somewhere to lean.

Make us to feel the eternal arms
That fold us to thy breast,
And, like the little ones we are,
We'll leave thee all the rest.

—Dr. W. E. Woods, in Christian Observer.

The Lord Mayor of London has received a letter from W. A. Aldrich, of Spokane, Wash., inclosing \$7.60 from a Londoner who died in a hospital in that place and wanted the balance of his money, after the payment of the funeral expenses, to be sent to England for the benefit of "Tommy Atkins."

Immediately on the issue of King Edward VII's stamps, says a correspondent, an American dealer posted ten thousand letters to himself, with Queen Victoria's stamp and King Edward's stamp under one postmark, dated January 1, 1902. These treasures he is retailing at \$1 each, and the trade name is "Double-Joes," a name that was formerly given to gold coins of Ferdinand and Isabella, with the heads of both sovereigns on the face. "Double-Joes" can still be manufactured, but they can no longer be given the historic postmark of January 1, 1902.—London News.

A young girl, according to "The Library Journal," came into a public library and asked for a book about worms because she had to teach the subject next morning. It was duly handed to her. "I don't want these," she said, "I want the worms that turn into butterflies." Then she added quite solemnly: "I don't know anything about the subject, but I know the proper methods of teaching it. That is the important thing." And a few days afterward a little boy came into the same library with a penny picture of a cold, flabby, modern German Madonna, and said to the librarian, "Will you please tell me if this is beautiful?" The librarian told him that she thought it hideous. "Oh, I'm so glad," said the child. "Teacher gave us each a picture, and told us to live with it until we could see all its beauty, and I've lived with this for three weeks, and the more I look at it the homelier it seems to get.—Ex.

One of the strange traits of little children is their utter misunderstanding of many simple things, and the endurance of this misunderstanding with them through years and years. Thus, there is a lawyer of this city who thought, until he was twenty or twenty-one years old, that there was such a word as "pard-narsens" in the language. His father, a religious man, had said grace always at the table, and the boy had heard incuriously, three times a day, "pard-narsens" in the grace, without comprehending in the least that "pardon our sins" were the words his father actually had spoken. This boy was always miscomprehending religious things. The phrase "For what we may receive" entered his brain each Sunday as "What M-ry Beeve," and he would wonder idly who Mary Beeve might be. Even the first line of his nightly prayer meant nothing to him "Nowalaymy" he pronounced it, in one swift word, and he neither knew nor cared to know what "nowalaymy" meant.—Philadelphia Record.

THE DEAF CHURCHGOER.

Why did he come to church every Sunday, that old man, of whom every one knew that he was tota'ly deaf? Was it mere habit? Was it to see the people? Was it mere curiosity? Oh, no! The old man with the quiet, solemn face looked neither right nor left. His eyes were generally turned upwards, as if he saw something lovely there, as if he were conversing with a friend who was bringing him good tidings and to whom he sent up thanks in return. Of course, this spiritual joy was not always expressed by his looks; sometimes he sat in his place with drooping head, as if very tired.

On one occasion a friend came to him and wrote the following question on a slip of paper: "Do not the services fatigue you greatly, as you are not able to understand anything?"

"Sometimes, yes; but, nevert'less, I should not like to miss one. I attend for three reasons: First, because I can express my reverence towards God by my presence in his house; secondly, I can worship him in spirit, even if my ear does not catch anything of the sermon—in spirit I can sing with the congregation by repeating the hymns I learned in my childhood; thirdly, even a deaf churchgoer, if he is faithful in heart, may influence another to attend services regularly."


How much we may learn of this deaf churchgoer, to whom God has given such a fine spiritual ear! Is not this a fact: "Whoever draws near to God, he will experience that God draws near to him and gives him a taste of what eye hath not seen nor ear heard?"—Exchange.

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In the House of Commons, Tuesday, the question of subsidizing horse breeders and horse owners in the colonies so that in the event of war the mother country might have a call on them, was under the consideration of the government.