

Methodist Episcopal Church.

"Why Does God Hide Himself?" will be the subject next Sabbath morning. At night the meeting will be under the auspices of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society. The program will consist of instrumental and vocal solos, recitations, anthems and an address by Mrs. Dr. A. N. Fisher, of Portland, a lady of long experience in the work. Everybody invited. Come and bring your friends.

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THE BOWERY.

New York's Famous Street Gets Its Name From a Home.

New York city's great east side thoroughfare gets its name of the Bowery through an ancient lineage that has come down through some 10,000 years, from the time of our Aryan ancestors, who planted the root that has grown into the well known name.

At the head of that street stood the home of Peter Stuyvesant, the Dutch governor of New Netherlands, and it was known as Stuyvesant's Bowery, which was another name for Stuyvesant's home, the grounds of which stretched southward toward Chatham square.

The growth from the Aryan root was simple enough, for it was only the expansion of "bu" into "bowery." This root "bu" meant to grow, dwell, be, become or build, so we see how "bower" and "bowery," carrying the idea of a home, naturally grew from it. When that root "bu" began to grow there was no such thing as a collection of houses into a city or even a village, but where our ancestors lived was among the shades of forest growths, where branches and leaves were bunched into coverings that became homes.

This word "bowery" came directly to us through the Anglo-Saxon "buan," which meant to dwell. They also had the word "bur," which signified chamber, a covering in which to conceal or cover yourself, and from this Anglo-Saxon came our middle English "bower." In the Dutch, as it was used in New Netherlands in Peter Stuyvesant's time, it was "bowery."

The same root went into the Sanskrit and became "bhu," which meant to be, to exist, or the place where you were or lived, and from that came "bhav-ana," a dwelling house.

The Anglo-Saxon "bur" went into the Icelandic, meaning a room, and into the Swedish, where it is used for cage. It appeared in the lowland Scotch as "byre," a cow house. So in all of the family of languages it came to mean a covering, a protection, a dwelling or a home, and where the last Dutch governor of the New Netherlands lived came to be known as his bowery and later the Bowery.—New York Herald.

The Story of Mignon.

A real story lies back of Goethe's beautiful creation of Mignon, which has passed into so many songs and even into an opera. This story runs that in 1764 an Italian equilibrist named Caratta went to Gottingen with his troupe. In his company was a child, evidently of good family, who took her part with marked reluctance. The report soon spread that the child had been kidnapped by Caratta, but he fled and escaped all injury. The fate of the eleven-year-old Petronella, as she was called, caused a great sensation in Gottingen. Young poets of the town wrote on the theme, and Daniel Schiebler, one of the university students, collected these poems into a volume. Soon after Schiebler went to Leipzig, where he was thrown much with Goethe and told him the sad tale of little Petronella. A decade later this Petronella became one of the most charming poetic creations—Goethe's "Mignon."

It Might Be Either.

A bony, lank village youth of artistic bent, who was snuffed at by his fellow natives, finally disappeared from his usual haunts. He was missed chiefly because his peculiar personal appearance was bound to attract attention wherever it was exhibited.

No one seemed to know whither the lad had gone till the storekeeper, returning from a visit to a nearby city, announced that he had discovered his whereabouts.

"I found him," he proclaimed. "He was in the art museum."

"As a curio," inquired one, "or as an object of art?" — Youth's Companion.

His Fatal Slip.

"Madam," said a benevolent looking man as he raised his hat to a lady who had opened the door at which he had knocked, "I am soliciting subscriptions for a home for necessitous children. We have hundreds of poor, ragged, semicivilized children, like those at your gate, and our object is—"

"Sir, those are my own children!" And the front door was slammed violently.—London Mail.

Suburban Advantages.

First Suburbanite—You were not at the church sociable last night. What was the matter?

Second Suburbanite—Got carried past my station and couldn't get a train back till it was too late.

First Suburbanite—Ah! Reading again?

Second Suburbanite—Naw! Trying to explain the benefits of living in the suburbs to a city man.—Judge.

THE BUTLER'S STORY.

By One Slight Stroke He Wins a Long Sought Raise of Wages.

"It certainly is singular," the butler said, "how it pays to look out for the little things."

"I had been trying for six months to get a raise from my employer, but nothing doing. I worked and served faithfully always and with discretion and good judgment, if I do say it, but no raise. Then came along a little bit of an incident that got me the lift of wages I wanted right away."

"I have always been accustomed to pay attention to the little personal peculiarities of my employer's guests so that I could show at the table or away from it attention to their fancies or their real wants, and this I knew entitled me to higher recognition in the way of pay, for all this, of course, was for my employer's benefit and good. As I couldn't tell him all these things, I had to rely on the general character of my service. There came an opportunity at last in which my careful attention to little things won out for me."

"We had among our guests at dinner one night a gentleman upon whom, as I chanced to know, my employer was particularly desirous to make a favorable impression, and from the moment that gentleman came into the house I had, as you might say, my eye on him. I was studying him, and well was my study rewarded, for presently I discovered about him a peculiarity my knowledge of which I knew at the proper time would save him from great discomfort."

"When in due time the guests were seated at the table and I had come to wait on them I served them, to be sure, with such dishes as they were to take a portion from, each with the dish at his left side, so that the person served could reach it most conveniently. But when I came to the gentleman of whom I have spoken I did not pass around him to hand the dish at his left side. No; I simply moved the dish from the left side of the gentleman I had just previously served across the interval to this gentleman's right side, and I continued to serve him at his right side throughout the dinner despite the scowls which my master repeatedly directed at me for so doing, and I knew what was coming to me later. When the guests had all gone he said to me:

"James, how could you have made such a frightful mistake as you did all through the evening in serving Mr. Dickerton at his right side?"

"Sir," I said, "Mr. Dickerton is left handed."

"It never did need a beetle and wedge to get an idea into my master's head, and at that he said, with his face all a-beaming:

"James, you are a great man!" And he raised my wages on the spot.

"My son," the butler concluded, "never neglect the big things; always watch out for them, but keep an eye always, too, on the little things. Many a fortune has turned on a needle's point."—New York Sun.

An Imitation of Booth.

On one occasion Edwin Booth was standing behind the scenes when a character actor who had been giving imitations of noted actors was about to respond to an encore.

"Whom do you imitate next?" Booth asked.

"Well," was the reply, "I was going to represent you in Hamlet's soliloquy, but if you look on I'm afraid I shall make a mess of it."

"Suppose I imitate myself?" remarked the tragedian, and, hastily putting on the other actor's wig and buttoning up his coat, he went on and delivered the well known lines.

The next morning a newspaper stated that the imitation ruined the performance, "the personation of Edwin Booth being simply vile enough to make that actor shudder had he seen it."

A Cheerful Introduction.

In one of the great houses in the west end of London there were a dinner and a reception. After awhile the maid was called, and the mistress said:

"Serve the dinner. There is no one else to come, except a relation of little importance!"

Five minutes afterward the maid announced in a loud tone:

"The relation of little importance!"—London Tit-Bits.

Just a Friendly Scratch.

Celia—Do you believe in reincarnation, dear?

Delia—No. Why?

Celia—I was just thinking what a nice, soft little white cat you would make.

Delia—If I came back as your cat I wouldn't be one long.

Celia—Why not, dear?

Delia—Because you would lead me such a dog's life.—New York Herald.

HE STOLE A CORPSE.

And That is Why the Joke Was on the Thief.

"There are people in this town who will steal anything," said a thin man with a string tie as he rolled a fresh cigarette and asked his friend for a light. "Yes, sir; they will take the buttons off your coat if you don't watch 'em. I was 'touched' twice during the past month, and last winter some one copped out my overcoat at a restaurant while I was getting lunch."

"But it's all right. I got even the other day in a small way, and I've been laughing ever since. We had an old cat over in our flat which had been a pet of my wife's ever since we were married. Elvira—that's the cat's name, not my wife's—was so old she had lost nearly all her teeth, and we had to feed her on milk and soft stuff. This got tiresome, because I had to do the feeding, and I decided that Elvira was about due to die."

"One night I sneaked home a bottle of chloroform, and after my wife went out to one of the clubs or something she belongs to I wet a sponge with the chloroform and went out in the kitchen looking for Elvira. There she was, curled up on a chair, and before she knew what was going on I had her fixed. Didn't hurt her, you know, and she really was a burden to herself."

"When my wife came home I looked solemn and told her Elvira was dead—went off in a fit. There were tears, of course, and the remains had to be viewed. My wife insisted that Elvira should have a decent burial and would not listen to my suggestion that the body be disposed of in the usual way. Finally I consented to take Elvira out in the country the next day and bury her myself and was called a 'dear old boy.'"

"Early next morning, after a lot of tears from my wife, I started out with Elvira neatly done up in a couple of sheets of wrapping paper. I took a car which connects with a suburban line and deposited my bundle on the rear platform next to the gate, while I went inside to read the paper. I was deep in the sporting page when the transfer station was reached, and the conductor had to offer me a transfer twice. I went out on the platform, and bless your soul if Elvira hadn't disappeared! Some guy thought the package contained my morning marketing and had swiped it."

"I was a bit put out at first, but when I realized that for once I had the laugh on the thief I felt good. Laugh? Well, I should say yes. People on the street must have thought I had a giggling jag on. I did not advertise for the return of Elvira and no questions asked for several reasons, but I'd give \$5 to know what that fellow said when he opened the package."—Washington Star.

The Fear of Thirteen.

The fearful grip which this No. 13 superstition continues to have upon the hearts of men and women in all walks of life is incomprehensible, says O. S. Marden in Success Magazine. Yet every intelligent person knows that nothing in this world can possibly take place without a cause and that the cause must be sufficient to produce an effect. The most ignorant person, it would seem, should know that the arbitrary No. 13 has no more power to produce any effect, to cause any calamity, than a drop of ink. The fact that the ink or paint instead of being in the shape of a round drop is put into the form of a numeral 13 does not add any force or power to it. A drop of ink or paint on the door of a hotel room would have just as much power to produce harm as it would if formed into the figure 13.

Her Admiration.

Big Brother—I should like to know what you have been flirting with that lunatic Saphead for?

Pretty Sister (indignantly) — I haven't.

"Yes, you have. He told a friend that you stood before him ten minutes as if entranced, and you looked straight into his eyes as if you could read his very soul, and he said if ever ardent admiration shone in a human face it did in yours."

"The idiot! I was looking at my own reflection in his eyeglasses."—London Standard.

A Financial Shake.

"Good morning Mr. Toney. On the sick list today?"

"Yes, sir; got the ague."

"Do you ever shake?"

"Yes."

"When do you shake again?"

"Can't say when; shake every day. Why do you ask?"

"Oh, nothing in particular, only I thought if you shook bad I'd like to stand by and see if you couldn't shake the 15 shillings out of your pocket which you have owed me so long!"—London Standard.

THE REPORTER'S DREAM.

Its Splendid Mendacity Dazed the Editor and His Friend.

The editor had worked off the Egyptian chestnut of the philosopher who accidentally tipped over a small water bottle just as he dropped asleep and after dreaming a forty-eight column dream awoke to find the water not yet all run out.

I had told my famous story of the man who was overcome by slumber just as the clock was striking midnight, dreamed a long, complicated dream that took him half the next day to tell to his junior clerk, who couldn't get away, and awoke to hear the last three of the twelve strokes.

Cooper had sat silently listening, but now he braced himself up manfully, and, with a look of desperate resolve, he began:

"I had an even more wonderful experience than those you have been relating, gentlemen, myself. I had been out interviewing strikers, and when I got into the office and handed in my last bit of copy I was dead beat out. I dropped into this chair and was asleep before I struck the cushion."

"I straightway began to dream. I lived a whole lifetime, from a little babe to old age. Every step of my education, every difficult lesson, was reviewed in detail, even to intricate geometrical problems. I fell in love, courted and married three different girls, committed a murder, lived through every incident of a long trial and served a sentence of twenty years, every day of which was distinct and full of minute incidents of prison life."

"I sailed on a three years' voyage around the world and in the last month of the last year was wrecked on a desert island, captured by cannibals, nearly crushed by a boa constrictor, rescued by the Russians, only to be sentenced to Siberia, from which I escaped and wandered through the arctic regions for months, did splendid work as a reporter on a morning newspaper for several years, and the editor was just going to make me his assistant when I suddenly awoke."

"Some one had placed a pin in that chair, and I had dreamed that entire dream between the instant when I started to sit down and when I struck that pin."

And the editor and I arose, put on our coats in beaten silence and went home to bed.—Stray Stories.

Electricity in Fish.

Not the least remarkable of the members of the finny tribe are those which secure their food by means of the electric batteries with which nature has fitted them. The best known of these is the gymnotus, or electric eel, of South America. It possesses four batteries, which extend nearly the whole length of its body. The current passes from before backward and, remarkable to relate, extends through the animal's own brain. Large ones (they grow to six or more feet in length) have been known to kill a horse or a mule outright with a single discharge.

The thunderfish (malapterurus), one of the catfishes, found in Africa, which even in ancient times was highly recommended by the doctors for certain troubles, and the torpedo, or electric ray, which latter exhibits all the known powers of electricity, rendering the needle magnetic, decomposing chemical compounds and emitting the spark, are the other electric fishes that secure their daily food in this remarkable manner.—Chicago Tribune.

Balzaco by the Yard.

A well known author not long ago stepped into a bookstore, but for some little time could not attract the attention of a clerk, all interest being centered in a stout gentleman who was jotting down figures on a pad. The author strolled over in that direction and heard the head clerk remark:

"And now, sir, you have almost completed a library of which you will be proud; but, of course, you will want Balzac?"

"Waal, I don't know, now. You see, we've only got two feet and seven inches space left," the old gentleman replied. "Go ahead and measure him, though, and if he isn't too wide I'll take him, too," he added.—Success Magazine.

And So Got Riches.

An unfeeling monster of a man—although a writer in the Atchison Globe does not so describe him—was asked at a little evening gathering to tell what book had helped him most.

"My wife's cookbook," he replied after some thought.

All the ladies present bridled, and one asked him in what way his wife's cookbook had helped him—would he not tell them in a few words?

He would.

"About as soon as I married," he said, "I made up my mind I'd rather work than eat."

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