

The Open Window.

The last notes of "Lead, Kindly faight," faded softly away, and only scentle summer sounds the light stir of the old elm beside the window, the fine hum of tiny wayside broke the stillness. All the windows were wide open, and a golden shaft of sunlight fell across the foot of the The minister was looking at It as he began to speak;

"Dear friends, I know we are all thinking how beautifully fitting it is that our songs should be full of light when we pay our last tribute to the beautiful soul who has left us. In the three days past, I have been thinking over her life here, and it seemed to me that the lesson of it was one for all of us to take to heart. It can be put in a sentence: Her windows were always open to the light.

"Think of her life, as the oldest of you have known it through sixty years. She was always poor, she had mo education, she had missed the great joys of womanhood, she had no peculiar gift of person or talent, no influence, we might lightly have said. But the presence of all of you here to-day, and the sorrow and joy that look out of your eyes, -sorrow for our loss, joy for her gain, -prove how hastly and untruly such judgment would have been pronounced.

"As I have looked back over the twenty years I have known her, I have been astonished to find how gauch of what we have won in these years has been due to her quiet, steadfast loyalty to the light.

You will all recall scores of instances. I can mention only one or two. I came among you a young man, new to my work and to you. It isn't easy to begin a task of any sort with the skill of an experienced worker. I was often discouraged, often perplexed and disheartened.

"One day I was calling upon this woman, and the talk fell upon one of these perplexing themes, and before I realised it I had told her my trou-It concerned a certain man who had lost all the respect and confidence of others, and seemed hopelessly committed to a drunkard's life. I can hear her answer nows

'Don't you be discouraged. I never saw a human being yet that wouldn't show you what you looked for if you looked long enough. There's three of us looking for the manhood of Joe Tremont,-his wife and you and I,and we'll find it yet!' Those of you who can look back twenty years will remember how splendidly her faith was rewarded and how we found that

"Nor was it toward humanity only that she kept her windows open; she opened them no less toward new ways and customs and thoughts. I happen to know that one or two of the innovations in our church life were personally difficult for her to appreciate, but her attitude never changed. "I'm an old-fashioned body,' she would say, "and I can't quite keep up, but you go right on; I'll follow the best I can. I won't let you get out of sight.' And calf's blood. more than once or twice that openmess of heart, unconsciously to her, and at the time unconsciously to us. has been the means of winning for us some of our greatest blessings.

"Better than any gift of earth is this which we may all make our own such passionate loyalty to the God Who is Light that all the windows of our house of life may always stand open to His truth."-Youth's Compan-

'The Secret Place: Where Is It's "He that dwellest in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty."

The secret place of the Most Highwhere is it? Where is this abiding place, this safe and sure refuge, this strong and impregnable fortress? This place in which I shall be delivered from the snare of the fowler, and from the noisomeness and danger of every pestilence? This blessed place where I shall be covered and protected by His presence as the chickens are protected by the brooding care of the mother? Where is the secret place of the Almighty, and who has found it? The place where no pestilence of the night or terror of the day can disturb the soul? The place where all danger is absolutely eliminated, where a thousand may fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand, and yet thou mayest know that thy soul is sescure, that it shall not come nigh thee? where is this refuge of the Most High, this secret place of the Lord? Where can it be but in the secret chamber of His blessed will, the place where life is hid with Christ in God?

The Country Prencher.

The city pastor who is really a success is deserving of great admiration; and verily he generally gets it.

But the country pastor who is a succeas is also deserving of admiration, for he as well as the city pastor has his problems and hindrances. country church has limited financial resources; the pay of the country church is small, but even so, this is often due not to stinginess, but to the real poverty of the congregation. And a fair support is so necessary to efficiency that many a country pastor bemes restless-and if so, the effect on is inner life and upon his sermons shows itself in ways which paralyze that they cannot hear money talk.

his mfluence for good. There are in Connecticut eighty-five Congregational ist pastors who get less than six hundred dollars and no house-rent. It works out in unrest, discouragement, ourness, collision and-resignation.

But there is another side: There is the chance to study; to put behind mere fluency of speech-which is apt to become unendurable froth—the substance of real thought. Blessed is the country by making them days of tremendous energy in devouring, digesting, assimilating and organizing great thoughts from great books, and from sustained meditation.

The country pastor can get near his people. He can dig into their respect by his sound counsel. He can get the young fellow off to college. He can bring information to the whole circle. There is such a chance for personal

work in the country charge. The country pastor has room. He room to think, and room to grow. He has leisure to study and think and grow. He has opportunity to touch souls one by one. The country pastor ought to be the most widely-read man in the ministry, and the most cogent thinker.

4 444444444444444 THE PUMA AND ITS PREY.

The puma is so fond of horse flesh that in Patagonia it is difficult to breed horses, as the colts are killed by this American iton. A native told the author of "The Naturalist in La Plata" that on one occasion, while driving his horses home through a bushes to the back of a colt following behind the troop.

The puma alighted directly on the colt's back, with one forefoot grasping its shoulder, while with the other it seized the head, and giving it a violent wrench, dislocated the neck. The coit fell to the earth as if shot.

Next to horse flesh, the puma pre fers mutton. He does not like veal, although he will kill a calf upon occasion. A cunning puma, which on cloudy nights raided a sheep ranch, used as a place of concealment the pen where a dozen calves were kept, while it was waiting to attack the sheep. But it did not injure a calf.

Pigs, when in large herds, defy the pums by massing themselves together and presenting a serried line of tusks. The ass also resists successfully the puma's attack. When assaulted it thrusts its head between its fore legs and kicks violently until the puma is driven or thrown off.

One day an Indian, while riding, saw a young cow watching his aproach. Her manner showed that it was in a state of dangerous excite ment, and the indian conjectured that some beast of prey had killed its caif. He began searching for the calf's body. While thus engaged the cow repeatedly charged him. Presently he discovered the calf lying dead among the long grass, and by its side a dead puma with a large wound just behind the shoulder.

The calf had been killed by the puma, for its throat showed the wounds of large teeth. The cow had driven now in use detect many curious moveone of its long sharp horns into the ments of the crust of the globe, which, puma's side while it was sucking the while they escape our senses, may

CRIME HISTORY OF LONDON.

Only 150 Copies Printed-Some Fac-

similes of Rare Old Prints. A book which cost more than \$6,000 to produce will be published next week. The edition will consist of only 150 copies and nearly every one of them has been subscribed for by private individuals or the trade. Each copy will cost \$40. It is a book which will become rare from the very date of publication.

The volume is called "The Central Criminal Court of London," and it is issued by Messrs. Eyre & Spottswoode to commemorate the opening of the present court by the king. A Pittsburg Gazette-Times letter says:

It deals with the history of the court and of Newgate, the Fleet and other jails. It is not merely a record of the central criminal court, but a history of the crime, roguery, law and justice in London from a distant period to the present day.

The author is W. Eden Hooper, who is already famous as the producer of sumptuous editions de luxe.

The illustrations are exact fac simtles of rare old prints by artists of all periods. They were specially photographed at the British museum

Some of the plates cost \$200 each to produce. There are fifty in all, in seven different processes, including etching, colletype in colors and photogravure.

The white vellum binding of the volume is blazoned with the city arms in heraldic colors, and the book weight ten pounds.

The Pictorial Smile. "I wish I could always see people smiling and trying to look their best,"

said the sympathetic person. "That's easy. Go into business as photographer."-Washington Star.

She-The educated woman ashamed to admit her age-absurd!

He-All the same, I never saw one who put her college year after her -Boston Transcript.

It is easier to learn to talk than it is to acquire the art of saying something. Men are seldom so hopelessly deaf



After about eighty shots the rifling of the present twelve-inch gun of 2,500 forty-seconds velocity becomes so badman who improves his years in the ly worn as to destroy the accuracy. In the case of the new fourteen-inch gun the erosion is much less and the gun will be serviceable for about 300 discharges.

Arrangements will shortly be made by the Austrian government for the public sale of radium for medical and experimental purposes. The total quantity of radium which has been thus far recovered for scientific use throughout the world is estimated not

to exceed a quarter of a pound. Moving pictures of the flight of inects have been made with exposures of 1-42,000 second. Another photographer has made a kinematographic study of the action of weapons and projectiles, employing for Illumination electric sparks of a duration of one ten-millionth of a second, and obtaining pictures of 400 successive phases of the operation of the firing mechanism of an automatic pistol, although the entire operation occupied only about one-tenth of a second.

Prof. C. Matignon of the College of France recently described his expertments wth ancient medals, vases, and so forth, of lead, which are gradually disintegrating in the Museum of After a certain number of Cluny. years they fall into dust. The cause, he says, is the presence of minute thicket, a puma sprang out of the traces of saline matter, with which the objects have become impregnated during their long burial in the soil or under water. These microscopic chemical impurities play the part of bacteria and microbes in living bodies. In other words, the lead is "sick," and unless the noxious matter can be removed, will inevitably perish. Curionsly enough, he finds that if traces of salt are imparted to a fresh mass of lead, it is attacked, and eventually falls to pieces like the objects in the museum.

In his address to the British Association at Winnipeg, the president of the geological section, Prof. A. S. Woodward, said that he wished to emphasize the interest and significance of the persistent progress of life to a higher plane, which is observed throughout the geological periods. Paleontologists, he added, are now generally agreed that there is some principle underlying this process much more fundamental than chance variation or response to environment, however much these phenomena may have contributed to certain minor adaptations. This is shown by the rise of the great backboned family of animals, which, during the successive geological periods, has been effected not by a uniform and gradual process, but in a rhythmic manner, periods of advance alternating with periods of relative stability. At present, said Professor Woodward, we cannot explain the phenomenon.

The perfected earthquake recorders nevertheless play an unexpected part in the economy of the planet. Two kinds of microseismic oscillations have een discovered, one having a period of from four to nine seconds, and the other a period of about half a minute. The former is often observed simultaneously over large portions of the earth. Dr. Klotz, in Canada, has observed that whenever a center of low barometric pressure, after traversing the continent, reaches the ocean, these strange oscillations appear. Professor Wiechert suggests that they may be due to the impact of ocean waves, the force of which varies with the state of the air. A special observatory is to be set up on the west coast of Ireland to study them. The microseismic oscillations of a period of half a minute appear to be due to local winds, which set up a wave motion on the land similar to the vastly greater motion imparted by the wind to the surface of

WHEN EAST MEETS WEST.

t lew of Singapore's Pleturesque and Fashionable Esplanade. In this article on Singapore, in Harper's Magazine, W. J. Aylward gives a brilliant picture of the varied life

of the city.

"It was late in the afternoon when we reached the mouth of the river, the hour when everybody that is anybody is out driving on the esplanade, and every one who is not is there to see. Along the broad, tree-shaded river the fascinating show trots by, and one cannot but admire the genius of the people who made it possible in this little peninsula for which John

Bull gave the whole island of Java to the Dutch, and where but a generation or two ago Lord Cavenagh found but a few pirate huts. "Across the road, with your back

to the sea, you can easily imagine yourself at a large week-end party in England. On a broad smooth lawn which years of experiment coaxed to grow in allen soil, scant-clad figures work hard at socker, cricket and rounders. Women in fluffy white and Paris hate sit languidly in wicker chairs, attended by native servants who keep guard over the blonde bables, while their mistresses watch the game. Through a rich, dark curtain of heavy foliage a pocket edition of

its delicate spire against a flaming

'Under the tree-shaded road, be tween the lawn and water, a parade of nations goes on-brown men, black men, yellow men and white; Hindoo, Malay, Javanese and Kling, awheel or afoot, with here and there in the motley, gaudily costumed throng the snowy garb of the helmeted master Next to him in importance are the Chinese men of wealth, the real merchant princes of Singapore, who give a fairly good idea of how a Chinese can rise if given a chance On the seat of the most fashtonable dogeart one goes by, behind a highstepping, docked sorrel driven by a Bengall lad in livery, with a duplicate as footman behind. In his serene dignity he gravely enjoys his daily drive and chats with his son just home from Oxford.

"Following him, a sober equipage contains an English mother with three marriageable daughters; then a high-caste Hindoo in his low carriage rectines on rich cushions, his crinky white frock and silver buttons setting off magnificently his dark, bearded face, crowned with fathoms and fath oms of soft white stuff in a care fully laid turban; a skittish horse with an officer in the Lincoln green uniform of the Sherwood Foresters at the ribbons, his bull pup beside him and a little baboon in barefooted livery sitting astern; a shabby gharry and a Portuguese priest; a rickshaw with a Chinese woman in flowing blue, surrounded by her little brood; a barouche full of French girls-all pass through a chattering throng of Tamil men in skirts, with little velvet, em broidered skull-caps on their heads; turbaned Klings in loin-cloths; sav age-looking Javanese; a Manchu lady in yellow silk limps putfully on hob bled feet after the musical clink of her lord and master's wooden clogs; Bengalese, Mohamedans and Parsees.

WHAT MOVED HIM.

The extravagaant hats which the la dies have been wearing this year have little to recommend them, but they have at least proved a boon to the comic artists and the funny men of the newspapers. Here is a jeu d'esprit taken from the Chicago Tribune:

The rain, which had come suddenly and unexpectedly, was falling in tor rents. Among the persons who had taken shelter under a friendly awning was a fashtonably dressed woman.

"I beg your pardon, madam," said a plainly attired man considerably past middle age, stepping up to her and lifting his hat, "but I want to offer you my sincere thanks."

"What do you mean, sir?" she said. Thanks for what?

"I never expected to see it again." he went on. "It has been nearly thirty years since-

"Since what, sir? What are you talking about? "Pardon my emotion, madam, but

used to live in Salt Lake City and-"I have nothing to do with Sait Lake City, air. I never was there in my

"But I was. That was my home for many years. And when I saw-" When you saw what?

"That hat of yours, madam. It brought back the old thrill. It's an exact reproduction of the great Mormon Tabernacle, which my eyes have been aching through all the weary years to see once more before I die My longing has been satisfied at last, and I thank you from the bottom of a grateful heart!"

Again lifting his hat, he stepped forth into the pouring rain and strode rapidly down the street.

A justifiable rebellion was that of Isabel. She was on the grass in front of the house, playing with the baby, aged 2. Isabel herself, not more than three times the other's age, was acting the part of mother to perfection. Presently along came a young man, who thought he understood children.

"Good morning!" he said, elaborate ly, taking off his hat. "How are you ladies to-day?"

Isabel looked at him with dignity and replied, "Good merning!" and went on attending to the baby.

The young man stooped down he said, "and which which?"

"I'm Isabel," replied the older girl, and that's which."

Harold Chose the Easier Way Maynard had been naughty, and his father, after showing him his fault, new church building. The Rev. R. R. kennels.—New York Times. had sent him up to his room to ask Coffey, the pastor, led his congregation.

God to forgive him for being a bad in the work, men and women and bure.

Not Qualitated. boy. Three-year-old Harold was present, but seemed to take no notice of terprise. the conversation. It was his turn, however, before many days to receive across his knee. "Oh, don't, papa," ressed the "church eld" thrived we and pray."-Delineator.

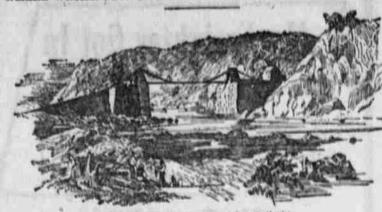
John's Great Loss. "For goodness' sake, Harriet, why so

"The cook's left, but that isn't the worst of it. She took with her the recipe book for all the things John's kets to the broomcorn elds of limother used to make."-Brooklyn County.

Our idea of a born diplomat is a man who can make a homely woman believe that her mirror lies.

All that glitters is not gold; some

WHERE WASHINGTON'S HISTORIC CHAIN BRIDGE GETS ITS NAME.



The first question that is generally asked by persons arriving at Washington's Chain bridge for the first time is, "Where are the chains?" There are no chains, and there have been none for the last half century or more. But there were chains at one time that particularly designated the bridge that crosses the Potomac river at the Little Falls, several miles above Georgetown. The chains, too, were the all-important part of the bridge, says the Washington Post, for it was borne entirely by chains.

The first bridge over the Potomac at Little Falls, the head of navigation of the river, was built in 1809. It was built by a Mr. Palmer, and lasted only a short time, when it fell to pieces during a violent spring freshet. A second bridge took its place, but that only lasted even a shorter time, about six months. What was known as the Chain bridge was erected in 1810. It was a suspension bridge, supported entirely by chains thrown over the plers erected upon the abutments, which were about twenty feet high. These chains were four in number. The pendents were hung on them alternately about five feet apart, so that each chain received a pendent in every ten feet. The bridge was invented by Judge Findley, who lived near Uniontown, Pa., and where he had erected a similar chain bridge, which performed very good service for many years. The span of the bridge was 1281/2 feet and the width sixteen feet. Its weight was about twenty-two tons, which was regarded as a heavy weight in the bridge line in those days.

On March 3, 1853, Congress passed an act appropriating a sufficient sum of money to repair the bridge, and incidentally took the corporation of Georgetown out of the transaction, the United States stepping in as its owner, a transaction which was perfectly satisfactory to all concerned. This repaired bridge was still practically a chain bridge, though in the repairs fron in other forms was considerably used. The bridge covered only the river channel proper, there being a dirt roadway that approached the bridge from either side. It was the washing away of these approaches more than injury to the bridge itself that put the Chain bridge out of commission so frequently, for it became almost an annual occurrence, particularly during the spring freshets, though in two or three years the washouts also occurred during the fall storms.

The Chain bridge, besides being famous for its chains and equally faous because it has no chains, played a very important part during the Civil War. At one time one end of it was in possession of the Confederates, while the other end was guarded by Union troops.

In the military campaigns in which the famous army of the Potomac took such a prominent part the larger part of the transportation took place over the Long bridge and the Aqueduct bridge, several failes down the Potomac. Still, the Chain bridge was a place of great activity and interest throughout the entire war. It was surrounded by fortifications for its protection in case an effort was made by the enemy to use it as an approach to Washington, and was at all times a very busy locality. The winters when the army was camped in near-by regions of Virginia brought a good deal of traffic to the Chain bridge.

In 1872 Congress put an end to the Chain bridge, except in name, by appropriating \$100,000 for the present iron bridge. Though there was nothing in the act itself suggesting it, the old name still hangs to the bridge, though it has no semblance to chains about it.

"SHOOT UP" A TOWN.



tally shot Louis Maxwell, a farmer, took possession of the town for twelve hours, and finally departed with armed citizens in pursuit. The cowboys, known as the Gant brothers, escaped. In a pool room fight Maxwell was shot by one of the brothers. The Gants, who recently came from Texas to work on a ranch, then took possession of the town. Firing volley after volley with large revolvers, the two paraded the atreets and forced every one to do their bidding until long after midnight. They then galloped off, much to the relief of the inhabitants.

CHURCH'S REAL HARVEST.

To Clear a Debt the First Christian of Beaver, Okla., Balsed Corn.

The congregation of the First Christian Church of Beaver, Okla, a Kaneas City Times correspondent says, planted and reaped forty acres broomcorn last season to raise funds for reducing the indebtedness on its and girls joining with him to the

The land used belonged to James Crabtree, a farmer, living four piles he said. "I would rather go upstairs derfully. Whenever there are worked oray."—Delineator. to do willing hands were for it. The time of ripening came and the corn grew yellow and golden in the sunshine. There was much talk about the prospect of high prices for b corn, and as the season adv ers began coming from e

> Finally the day of harve rived and the congregation of the Boaver Christian Church was satis-early in the morning. Fathers and mothers, boys and girls and you men and young women, with th Mr. Coffey at their head, went

"church farm" and all day there was laughter and pulling of broomcorn 'straw," At noon everybody was called to a basket dinner furnished by the housewives who had piled up small mountains of brown fried chicken with gravy, vegetables, country-cured ham, lightbread, jelly cake, caramel cake, pie and all such things for the hungry workers.

When night came the harvesters had 'pulled" twenty-five acres of broomorn, and next day the work was finshed. The straw was hauled to town and baled and was then ready for the market. Buyers were asked to bid for the "church farm" crop, and when the price went up to \$160 a ton, the corn was sold-five and one-half tons of it -which turned \$880 in the church treasury and came near lifting the church debt.

What a Dollar Dog Can Do

A man in a nearby city bought for his wife and child a year ago a dog, for which he pair a dollar. It was obviously nothing wonderful in the canine way-merely a mongret, with the bulldog strain predominant. The owner was a man in humble circumstances, and the dog in his modest dwelling was the principal asset aside from a few sticks of furniture. other night Tom was tied to a leg of the kitchen sink, as usual, and the family went to bed. They were awakened by the dog at midnight scratching at his master's door. When his master came out to see what was the matter the dog, with a remnant of chewed rope hanging from his collar, whined and ran to the head of the stairway. The house was on fire, and shortly after woman and child and man and deg made their escape their poor dwelling was a mass of glowing embers. The owner of the dog has been urged to part with him for a large cash consideration; but, though he is penniless, he will not part with the four footed savior of his family. Neither has the dog at any time had thoughts of leaving them for luxurious

Two men were getting warm over a simple difference of opinion. They turned to the third man.

"Isn't a / home-made strawberry shortcake better than a cherry pie?" demanded one of them. "Isn't a home-made cherry pie bet-

ter than any shortcake?" inquired the other. The third man shook his head.

"I don't know," he said. "I board." -Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Father-I learn with sorrow my son, that you are getting to be what they term quite fast. The Son-You shouldn't believe all you hear, dad. I'll introduce you to a man who will tell you another story. The Father-And who is he? The Son-My tailor. He says I'm the slowest chap be's sot on his books.