The Carlisle Mercury

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BELINDA STARTS TO PRACTICE

Oh, the anguish in my brain,
Almost driving me insane;
Oh, the wheels that start to turning in my sorely tortured head,
Like the inquisition wheels;
And my reason shakes and reels,
When Belinda starts to practice, hours before I'm out of bed!

Up and down the minor scale
In a wild chromatic gale,
Till I grit my teeth and shudder as I wish I might be dead!
Oh, there's something doing there,
And I tear
My hair
And swear
When Belinda starts to practice, hours before I'm out of bed!

Heavens! will she never tire!
And I threaten vengeance dire;
Hurl my pillow at the mirror; while the frenzy overhead,
In another ghastly key,
Sails upon the wild high "C,"
And Belinda starts to practicing, before I'm out of bed!

One of us must surely die—
And no doubt it will be I—
For no mortal can withstand that awful horror overhead.
'Twill be sad to die, I know—
But I'm quite resigned to go.
When Belinda starts to practicing before I'm out of bed!
—San Francisco Bulletin.

The Defection of Danny's Mommer.

By William MacLeod Raine.

MRS. Daniel Darrow did not believe in spanking. She had ably maintained in a paper before the North Side Mother's club that to inflict physical pain on a helpless child was barbaric, cruel, unnecessary and utterly subversive of those finer feelings of comradeship which should exist between parent and child. The club was enthusiastic in its indorsement of "The Passing of Corporal Punishment," and voted almost unanimously for the publication and wide distribution of the paper. Mrs. Darrow felt it to be a striking instance of the strength of the foolish conventions which had so long bound women that Mrs. Wentworth, genial mother of six children though she was, remained unconvinced as to the practical working of the new scientific substitutes for the old-fashioned rod.

Certainly Mrs. Darrow had in Daniel, Jr., splendid material upon which to test her theories to the utmost. He was what Mrs. Barry, washlady for sundry families in the neighborhood, called "a limb." Sometimes she varied her form of expression, pronouncing him to be "a little divil," but in either case she meant the same thing.

He appeared as cherubic a child as one would want to meet. His big, blue eyes, his engaging smile, his chirruping lisp were eloquent of innocence, but in his four-year-old heart lurked suggestions of depravity ...

... and like Columbus he had gallantly adventured forth on a tour of discovery. What an hour of delightful contemplation of confectioners' windows! What tantalizing bliss to stare at luscious chocolate dogs and many-hued candy canes! Alas! The sweetest, most tormenting thrill comes at last to an end. Master Daniel was haled home in tears, with a very flat nose (due to prolonged pressure against plate glass windows), by an overzealous policeman who recognized him.

When Daniel re-entered the house he heard a muffled voice calling him. With an appalling consciousness of guilt he remembered for the first time where he had left his mother.

"Yes'm!"

"Oh, Dannie dear, where have you been? Mother was afraid her darling was stolen."

"Been eve'ywhere, Mommer. You'd orter see the elephant in the store—a candy elephant, Mommer."

"You naughty boy! Haven't I told you a hundred times never to go down the street alone? Open the door!"

But Dannie was wise in his generation with the wisdom of the serpent, and he decided to make terms before he relieved the garrison. While he was still hesitating over the articles of capitulation, his mother called again:

"What's the matter with this door? Have you been bothering it?" she asked, severely suspicious.

"No'm. I—I jes' locked it."

"You bad boy! Unlock it directly. The idea! I believe you knew I was down here. When I get out I'll——"

She shook the door urgently to emphasize her remark.

Daniel the imaginative had suddenly become seized of a delightful idea. He would play that Mommer had been naughty and he had locked her in the cellar for punishment. He would see how it felt to be the Olympian.

"Daniel, let me out. Do you hear?"

"Will oo be dood, Mommer?"

"Daniel, let—me—out!"

"Dannie doesn't know what to do with oo, 'cause oo been so naughty." (This very sadly.)

To put it mildly, Daniel's mother was angry. She rattled the door till the hinges creaked.

"It hurts Dannie to punish oo, Mommer. Why won't oo be dood?" pleaded Master Daniel with sweet forgiveness in his voice.

Mrs. Darrow attempted to keep all trace of passion from her manner, but the circumstances were not conducive to perfect serenity. "Mamma is very angry at you, Daniel. You must open the door at once—this very moment, or you will be punished severely," she told him with studied gentleness.

"Dannie keeps Mommer in so she may find how naughty she has been. She must ask Dod to forgive oo."

The scolding that Master Darrow received at this point would have daunted a less resolute reformer, but the spirit of amendment had taken possession of our hero and he determined to make his mother good if it took all day. From precept he knew a good deal about being good, for Mrs. Darrow had been at considerable pains to bring him up in the way he should go.

"It's not nice to raise 'oor voice so, Mommer. I'm not in the next street, oo know," he explained with pained ...

PUZZLE PICTURE.

"HAVE YOU SEEN THE MAIL-MAN, ROY?"
"YES, HE IS COMING NOW."
WHERE IS HE?

WERE FOND OF THE WEED!

Famous Men and Women Who Were Partial to the Use of Tobacco.

The effect of tobacco smoking upon the intellect has been exhaustively discussed by physicians and others, and the position taken by some that it is absurd to allege that smoking is stupefying to the faculties seems to be fortified by a mass of evidence, and in this connection it may not be amiss to consider some admitted-ly great literary minds, says the Detroit Free Press. Goethe hated tobacco and Heinrich Heine shared the same dislike. Balzac, Victor Hugo and Dumas did not smoke, but Alfred de Musset, Eugene Sue, Mme. "George Sand," Merimee and Paul de Saint Victor were ardent users of the weed. Spencer in the Faery Queen calls it "divine tobacco." William Lilly, Queen Elizabeth's court poet, speaks of the "holy herb Nicotian," Byron's name for it is "sublime tobacco;" Thackeray sings: "Meanwhile I will smoke every cancer and tipple my ale in the shade." Thomas Bailey Aldrich says: "I lounge and blow white rings of smoke."

James Russell Lowell had written an ode of thanks to Charles Eliot Norton "for certain cigars," and calls it "tobacco, sacred herb." Charles Lamb was willing "for thy sake, Tobacco, I would do anything but die." Delightful Charles Kingsley's eulogium of smoking is well known and has been largely quoted.

Tom Hood, of the "Song of the Shirt," says: "Some sigh for this or that, my wishes don't go far. The world may wag at will. So I have my cigar."

Lord Tennyson was an inveterate smoker and so was Thomas Carlyle. The story of Tennyson calling on Carlyle one evening and sitting in solemn silence smoking for hours is well known. "Man Alfred," said Carlyle as he showed the poet laureate out, "we have ha'en a graund nicht. Come back again soon." Carlyle, like Tennyson, did not care for a cigar, but ...

... and ever afterwards he smoked like a chimney.

Both Carlyle and Tennyson smoked pipes, and Tennyson's writing den was supplied with two boxes, one with a supply of new "church wardens" and the other to receive the broken fragments of the once-smoked pipes, for he never used the same one twice, although an incessant smoker.

Harriet Martineau used to smoke big cigars on a back stoop with Wordsworth "in the gloaming" of the famous "Lake district," of England. Dickens both "snuffed" and smoked, and Mme. Blavatsky, the author of "Isis Unveiled" and the high priestess of theosophy, was a veritable cigarette fiend.

... smoked down. Later he would gather the "dottels," or, as some smokers call them, the "heels," from some half dozen of these pipes and cram them into an enormous tube and have a "real smoke," as he expressed it.

Another distinguished Harvard professor once "swore off" for six months and kept strictly to his self-imposed obligation. He remarked, at the end of the time, when he resumed smoking, that his appetite had been good, he had slept well and his health generally had not suffered, "but," he said, "I lost six months of happiness."

CRONJE AND GRAPHOPHONE.

The Famous Boer General Wept at Hearing the Hymn "Ninety and Nine."

The graphophone is beginning to figure as a considerable American export and certainly it is one of the most curious and interesting. While its commercial uses are beyond the comprehension or needs of the Persian, the Hindoo or the South Sea islander, each of them is fascinated by an invention which reproduces the familiar sounds of the human voice and entertains him with grand and light opera and orchestral music.

Capt. J. W. Webster, of the transport Milwaukee, who took Gen. Cronje to St. Helena, amused the old hero and his wife with a graphophone. Although the instrument is common enough in Johannesburg, the general knew of it only by report.

"I heard you had a box that talked like a man," he said to Capt. Webster through an interpreter. Webster, telling the story, says H. E. Armstrong, in Ainslee's, goes on:

"Yes, general," I replied, "and if you and Mrs. Cronje will come into my stateroom I will give you an exhibition." They sat down soberly in front of the talking box and I slipped in a cylinder containing Moody and Sankey's hymn, "The Ninety and ...

... the principle and he seemed deeply interested. I left the instrument at St. Helena."

Applying Her Belief.

They were discussing the labor question.

"I believe in shorter hours," said Mr. Linger.

"So do I," replied Miss Keedick, earnestly. "I think an hour and a half is plenty long enough for an evening call."

As the young man had been there three hours, he began to look for his hat.—Harlem Life.

THE MAN WHO WEARS CORSETS

By GERTRUDE POTTER DANIELS,
Author of "Halamar" and "The Warners."

It is a curious thing that directly one thinks of a corseted male figure, an effeminate creature of pink cheeks and curving, slender waist, promptly the vision of an army officer, or a West Point cadet, presents itself to the imagination.

YET THERE SHOULD NOT BE THE SLIGHTEST CONNECTION BETWEEN THE TWO.

Of all people on earth who should embody strength, virility—every masculine element that goes to make up a being of splendid mental and physical achievement, it is the military.

An effeminate man is so poor a thing; SO EMINENTLY A WEARER OF CLOTHES, A POSEUR, A DELSARTEAN EXPONENT OF INDOLENT GRACE, PLAYING CONTINUALLY TO THE GALLERY, RELEGATING TO HIMSELF THE ATTENTION OF SENTIMENTAL WOMEN. He is an object too pitiable for ridicule, beneath respect, despised by his sex, avoided by everyone. By the very weakness of his characteristics he forfeits his place in life, AS BY HIS UTTER WORTHLESSNESS HE FORFEITS HIS REASON TO EXIST.

A manly man is the finest creature of a wonderful creation. A man who is well groomed, immaculately neat, careful about every detail of his dress, particular to exactness about his person, is a man to admire.

There is as little excuse for a dirty, unkempt, unshaven individual, as for his brother, the one who draws around his form the article of steels, bones and laces.

THEY ARE FREAKS; THE MISTAKES OF NATURE.

They are the odd creations that keep the museums supplied and give normal people a chance to peer through the bars at curiosities that are of possible, but, thanks to a merciful Providence, not of frequent, occurrence.

Gertrude Potter Daniels

EARLY JAPANESE CHRISTIANS.

First Work of Missionaries in That Country Was Done in the Sixteenth Century.

From documents recently unearthed in the Vatican archives, it appears that an embassy of Japanese Christians visited the pope at Rome early in the seventeenth century. From these documents, says the Baltimore American, G. Mitsukuri, of the University of Tokio, has drawn a history, heretofore untold, of the first Christianization of Japan in the sixteenth century, a history which has interest of its own and which is important in that it parallels the history of later and existing missionary endeavor in Japan and China, and again emphasizes the mistakes and difficulties which seem peculiar to such work. We translate from the article by Mr. Mitsukuri in the Historische Zeitschrift:

In 1549, eight years after the "discovery" of Japan by the Portuguese, Xavier, the apostle of the Indies, came into the country to preach the teachings of Christ, and at the end of the century the number of Christians reached 400,000. The reasons for this astonishing phenomenon were these: When Xavier began his mission, Japan was divided into countless small principalities, continually at war with each other. Buddhism and Shintoism, then less separated than to-day, were corrupt to a degree. Hence the people let themselves be readily carried away by the fresh and sturdy Christian propaganda. But a reaction against this universal dismemberment of the realm appeared. First a prince, Nobunaga, called "Enemy of Buddha," because he attacked unsparingly the powerful Buddhist monasteries, showed the more favor to the Christian teachings, in order to gain support against the Buddhist priests, and the new doctrine spread rapidly, especially in the southern provinces.

But these favorable conditions were not to last. In 1582 Nobunaga was murdered. The attitude toward the Christians of his successor, the powerful Hideyoshi, was very different, and persecution began, which was due partly to the intrigues of the Buddhists, the arrogance of the Christian priests in their attitude toward the ruler, and the boasting declaration of a Spanish ship captain that the mighty king of Spain was sending his priests into foreign lands in order first to convert the people and through this means to make their conquest more easy. But the true reason was the desire for unity among the Japanese.

The Christian priests used their power to aid conversion by violence and persecution. There was also strife and jealousy between the different orders. It is, therefore, readily intelligible that the ruler, led by an idea of unity, planned to remove the religious differences and to rely rather on the older religion, Buddhism, which retained its hold over the majority of the people. In 1587 Hideyoshi ordered the Catholic priests to leave the country. To give emphasis to the decree, six monks and 20 Japanese Christians were crucified. His successors in the main followed his policy, and gradually a firm policy was established which could outlast the death of any one chief, and to this system belonged the extermination of the first Christian church in Japan.

GIANTS AMONG THE SEALS.

Habits of an Interesting Group of Amphibians of the South Pacific.

Prof. C. Chun, a German scientist, has begun making a study of the sea elephants, the gigantic seals found in ...

BAD PLACE FOR OLD SHOES.

Tied to the Traveler's Trunk Handle to Save Trouble They Get Him Into It.

Harrington was going to Buffalo. He had been busy all morning, and now his trunk, filled to its utmost capacity, stood out in the hallway awaiting the arrival of the expressman, says the Chicago Daily News.

"I guess I have packed everything," he mused, gazing around the room. "Toothbrush, coat spring and—by jinks!—my other shoes. There they are under the bed. But how in the dickens am I to cary them? The trunk won't stand the addition of a toothpick, and I don't want to be annoyed with a parcel."

Harrington sat down on the edge of the bed and pondered over the problem of transporting those shoes. At last his face brightened.

"I have it!" he exclaimed. "I will wrap them up in stout brown paper and tie the parcel to one of the trunk handles. It is the only way, and even if they slip off it won't be any great loss."

He had just succeeded in tying the last knot when the expressman came and rolled the trunk down to his wagon.

Now, the expressman was of an inquisitive mind. He guessed the contents of that brown parcel until he was weary. Then he reached back and tore the paper.

"Old shoes!" he breathed. "Bedad! It is a widding thrunk. Well, phwat is th' use of hoidin' it?" He ripped off the paper until the shoes were exposed to all.

When he arrived at the station he succeeded in getting the baggagemaster's attention by shouting: "Come over this way. Here is a widding thrunk, an' ut shud go through first, ut shud."

"A wedding trunk, eh?" said the baggagemaster, smiling at the shoes.

"Yis, an' look out thot some wan don't knock th' good luck off when he rolls it in th' car."

"Don't worry," said the other.

When Harrington rushed through the baggage room he found every porter smiling.

"Where is my trunk?" he demanded.

"Out on de platform, boss. It has been out dah ten minutes. We always gibe dat trunk our special attention."

"Why, was my trunk any different from any—"

Just then the bell sounded and Harrington was compelled to dash through the gate.

Once aboard the train Harrington noticed that he was the cynosure for many sharp eyes. The passengers were actually whispering about him.

"But what the deuce is up?" he thought. "Have they mistaken me for some famous personage, or for just an ordinary confidence man?"

Feeling uncomfortable under such keen scrutiny, Harrington walked through to the smoking car. Here he found matters even worse.

"The idea of his leaving her," he heard one man say to another.

"Oh, he does that as a disguise. You know they always try to keep it a secret."

Harrington stared out at the blood medicine and dollar watch signs. "It's up to me," he mused, and went out on the platform to finish his cigar. Once he thought of going up and boldly demanding to know what it was all about, but he lacked the courage.

When Harrington walked down the platform in the Buffalo station he saw two old friends peering through the gate. They appeared to be awaiting his arrival.

"Something funny here," thought Harrington. "I didn't tell anyone I ...

AN INTERESTING COUPLE.

Frank J. Gould and His Charming Fiancee, Miss Helen Margaret Kelly.

The engagement of Miss Helen Margaret Kelly, of New York, granddaughter of the late Eugene Kelly, and Frank J. Gould, recalls the fact that Jay Gould and Eugene Kelly were enemies. So active in their hatred of each other were they that a philosopher said to Mr. Gould:

"You scoff at the scientific theory of heredity, but why do you and Kelly detest each other so much?

MISS HELEN M. KELLY.
(Fiancee of Frank Gould, Youngest Son of the Late Jay Gould.)

Because your ancestors were on opposite sides at Cromwell's invasion of Ireland."

Mr. Kelly and Mr. Gould regarded that explanation of their perpetual disputes as frivolous. Their disputes were about ethics of banking, about stock speculation and railways.

...

DOMESTIC TRAINING.

Why It Should Be an Essential Element in the Education of Our American Girls.

A practical training in the art of successful housekeeping should be an essential element in the education of our girls. It is a regretable fact that the domestic education of a girl is too often neglected. If there is one thing above another that will disturb the peace and harmony of a family that has in it the elements to make a happy home, it is the inefficiency of the wife or mother to properly conduct the affairs of the household.

The average young unsophisticated girl of to-day believes her worldly education to be at an end when she has gained the mastery of an art, can rattle off a few airs on the piano, can sing passably well, or has won a certificate for proficiency in some foreign language. In this conclusion she errs. There is much to be learned, would she fit herself for the important domestic duties to which nine out of every ten girls are sooner or later called. The woman, the mother, may properly be called the mainspring of the home. It is she who dictates the policy of the household and presides over the destiny of its inmates.

It is important, therefore, that the natural instincts and gifts of the woman's nature should be carefully fostered and developed, that the best in them may be utilized to build an education that will serve well the girl who has been instructed in the art of housekeeping.—N. Y. Weekly.

WORRY IS UNPROFITABLE.

It Destroys Energy and Robs Its Victim of the Strength Necessary for His Life Work.

There is nothing so foolish and unprofitable as a habit of worrying. It destroys nervous energy and robs us of strength necessary for the real work of life. It makes existence a burden and weariness, instead of a joy and blessing. Poise and serenity are necessary to true success. The man who worries is never self-centered, never perfectly balanced, never at his best; for every moment of mental anxiety takes away vitality and push, and robs him of manhood and power.

Worrying indicates a lack of confidence in our strength; it shows that we are unbalanced. The man who does not worry, who believes in himself, touches the wires of infinite power.

The habit of worry is largely a physical infirmity; it is an evidence of lack of harmony in the internal system. The well-poised soul, the self-centered man, never wabbles or hesitates. Enough vital energy has been wasted in useless worry to run all the affairs of the world.—Baptist Record.

A KITCHEN CABINET.

The One Here Described Seems an Ideal One as to Completeness and General Utility.

The kitchen cabinet has become a recognized factor of complete kitchen furnishing, especially for women who do their own housework, as steps saved in the kitchen give woman strength and energy for other things. The one shown here seems an ideal one of its kind as to completeness, besides possessing a decidedly convenient and novel feature in its flour sifter. Possibly this flour bin is the best feature of the cabinet, and it is claimed for it that it effectually prevents the flour from becoming musty, as it is apt to do when the flour is constantly being dipped from the top and the bottom allowed to remain. In this one no old

HANDY KITCHEN CABINET.

flour is allowed to accumulate, as it is put into the bin at the top, passes through the bin and comes out nicely sifted at the bottom.

The sifter is made in a small drawer and slides into the bin and can easily be removed. The flour can be sifted on to the back part of the molding board directly underneath or into a pan or bowl.

Besides this admirable feature this cabinet has three large drawers, a cupboard for cooking utensils, a 20-pound tilting sugar bin, with close-fitting lid and three drawers, the uppermost one of which is divided by partitions into six parts for spices. What more could the heart of woman desire?—Chicago Daily News.

The Path of Real Progress.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.
—Henry W. Longfellow.

FRUIT IS A GOOD MEDICINE.

Authorities Say That Disease Is Both Prevented and Cured by Free Indulgence.

It has not been a secret of the medical profession that the eating of fresh fruits is one of the most healthful of habits. As a cure it is both simple and agreeable.

Fruits are divided into five classes—the astringent, the mealy, the oily, the acid and sweet. Each has an especial value.

The grape is the king cure of all fruits, and is recommended particularly to the consumptive, the anaemic and the dyspeptic; also for gout and all liver complaints.

The prescription in each case is very simple, varying of course according to the complaint. To begin with, the patient consumes from a half to a pound and a half of grapes daily, increasing gradually to nine or ten pounds. This diet is to be continued until the patient's health shows a general improvement.

To the sweet fruits a special hygienic virtue is ascribed, particularly to the plum, as a remedy in articular rheumatism or preventive to gout.

The acid class, which includes raspberries, strawberries, peaches, apples, gooseberries, cherries, lemons and oranges, stands at the head of the list. All these fruits are prescribed for stomach troubles.