

**A College President's Story.**

Hard is the task of the president of a small college, who, in addition to his work of teaching and administration, must make long and wearisome journeys in solicitation of funds to meet an annual deficit. One such man, after long waiting for an opportunity to tell the story of his work, was asked one day to address the Women's Missionary Society of a prosperous Philadelphia church. It was not what he wanted, but he accepted.

"Ours is a small school," said he, "and not a new one. For years it has been seeking aid, and must seek it for years to come. We have no interesting stories to relate, such as belong to the planting of new institutions. By this time our work must seem to you commonplace and not very hopeful. But it is a necessary work, and slowly as our region has developed, it is near to a time of rapid progress. We are still, as we were twenty-five years ago, laying foundations. Now and then we find evidences in distant places of the good already done in an inconspicuous way.

"On this very trip I have met a man who was identified with the very beginnings of our work. I had heard often of John Chambers, as one of the first teachers in our school, before the time when the drought and grasshoppers caused its temporary suspension, something over twenty years ago. I did not know that he was still living. I found him doing a humble but important work. He is an old man now, and has accumulated no money. He has a beautiful daughter, a sweet, ambitious girl, just ready for college. I talked over her plans with her. She had ceased to plan, almost ceased to hope for an education. But I said to her, 'Your father worked hard to found a school where other young people might be educated. His own daughter shall not lack a college education.' That daughter will enter our freshman class next month. If this society sees fit to aid our work, it could do no better thing than to send back, in that daughter's education, the bread which her father so long ago cast upon the waters."

The president was passing out after his address, but was stopped by a woman, pale and visibly trembling.

"Sit down with me," said she, "and tell me more about Jessie Chambers. But first let me tell you. Twenty-two years ago I went out as a teacher in your school. I was a young girl, just graduated, and it was my only experience of the sort. I taught music. The hard times came, the school suspended, and I came home. I married soon afterward. My husband is a prosperous merchant. The experience was so brief, and it lies so far back, that it has dropped out of my life, so that I have thought of it almost as if it had happened to some one else. But I lived in Mr. Chambers's family. I kept up a correspondence with them for a few years. Jessie is named for me. I ought to have kept in touch with them, but they have moved often and I have had so many cares. I am afraid you would call me a worldly woman, though I attend this church. I am not a member of the missionary society, but I noticed on the calendar last Sunday that some one from that school was to speak, and I had some curiosity to know how the school fares. So I came. But I did not expect to be carried back, as I have been, over an almost forgotten part of my own history.

"You have recalled me to duty. I needed just this. I need to do something for some one, and I owe much of what is best in me to Mr. and Mrs. Chambers. How much do you need for Jessie's education?"

"A hundred dollars a year," said the president.

"I will send you my check tomorrow," said the woman, "and I will clothe her and help her in other ways."

And the college president went back with a lighter heart, for he felt that God did not forget.

**An Unconventional Woman.**

I don't deny the frequent charm of the unconventional woman. She has the absorbing interest we all feel in a thing that is angles in every direction, and that we don't quite know how to handle. There is even a charm in her blunt speech, and the uncompromising directness with which she tells us the truth, but, like certain pungent sauces, a little of her will flavor a great deal of society. After all, it is the conventional woman who is the one with whom it is easy to get along. She may not be exacting but she is satisfactory. She does what you expect her to do. She recognizes your rights, and insists on her own. She knows what to see and when to be blind. She never looks under the crust to see the underside of things. She never makes you uncomfortable. She never brings up forbidden topics. If you lived at the top of a tenement house, and she went up to see you she would never complain of the steps, but insist upon the magnificence of the view, if you served her a fricasseed cat, she would eat it, and talk about the ancient civilization of the Chinese.

It takes a great many things to make this a comfortable world, and chief among them is conventionality.

Now, whenever a woman tells me that she is thoroughly unconventional I always put a

black mark against her name on my visiting list. No matter how charming she may be, no matter how desirable she is in other ways, I know she is bound to be a trouble and a worry, and had better be avoided. She is the woman who can never be depended on to do the right thing at the right time. She aggravates your soul by neglecting to reply to invitations, and ruins your temper by coming when you don't want her, and going when you want her to stay, and imperils the peace of the community by saying the things that should be left unsaid. She is a boomerang in society that is continually flying back and knocking down innocent people. Dorothy Dix, in Washington Post.

**A Press-Gang Panic.**

In the really fascinating autobiography of 'A Master Mariner' (Captain Eastwick), which saw the light only a few years ago, I came upon a strange tale of the press-gang days. In the year 1803, the 'Lord Eldon,' merchantman, on route to India, hove-to off the Needles in wait for some unexpected passengers. A sudden fog came down upon her, and under its cover a French privateer approached and anchored by her side, with a view to her capture. No sooner did the crew of the 'Lord Eldon' sight this Frenchman than one and all hid, under the impression that she was a King's ship which meant to board and press them. When, therefore, the French privateer boarded the 'Lord Eldon' there was not a man on deck to resist her capture! Her captain, however, hearing the row the privateer's men made in boarding his ship hurried on deck to find out what on earth was the matter. When he did find it out, he coolly shouted down to his men to come up and repel the boarders; and all to a man rushed up pell-mell, and, after a sharp fight, drove the invaders overboard. The privateer made sail and escaped in the fog. —T. P.'s Weekly.

**The Potter's Clay.**

With all the triumphs of human ingenuity, pottery has not advanced a step in the perfection of its handiwork since wheels were first turned in the streets of Teheran. Steam and electricity may do their best to tempt the clay to new plasticity, but all the finest work still comes from the wheel. The potter can shape his wet clay to the best advantage when the hand controls the machine—a hand responsive to the busy mind. A writer in the London Mail tells how he saw a potter coaxing, persuading his clay into shape.

The wheel was whirling in a zinc pan. It was a thing like a small grindstone, revolving horizontally, the same sort of wheel that hummed in Babylon and Nineveh before the Bible was written. A foot-crank and pedal held it in control, and near by stood a woman, weighing gray green clay into balls, and ranging them where the potter could reach them easily.

The man straddled his stool and stretched his foot to the pedal. He had reflective eyes, peaceful beneath his spectacles, and there was about him an air of confident purpose. He took the snuff between his fingers, tried it with a trained thumb, glanced at the hub of the wheel, and threw the ball of clay. It struck and whirled, and with his fingers he drew it to a cone.

It rose under his touch like a living thing, compelled. His cupped hands rose over its crown, and the cone was a beehive; a thumb compelled it, and it was a basin. A forefinger touched it, and it grew taller, narrowing nervously; and presently the petal of its lip was poised on a slender neck. Down slid the thumb, and the clumsy thickness of the base dwindled while the structure grew. A touch here, a little guidance there, and the clay was lifted from the wheel; a lordly flagon.

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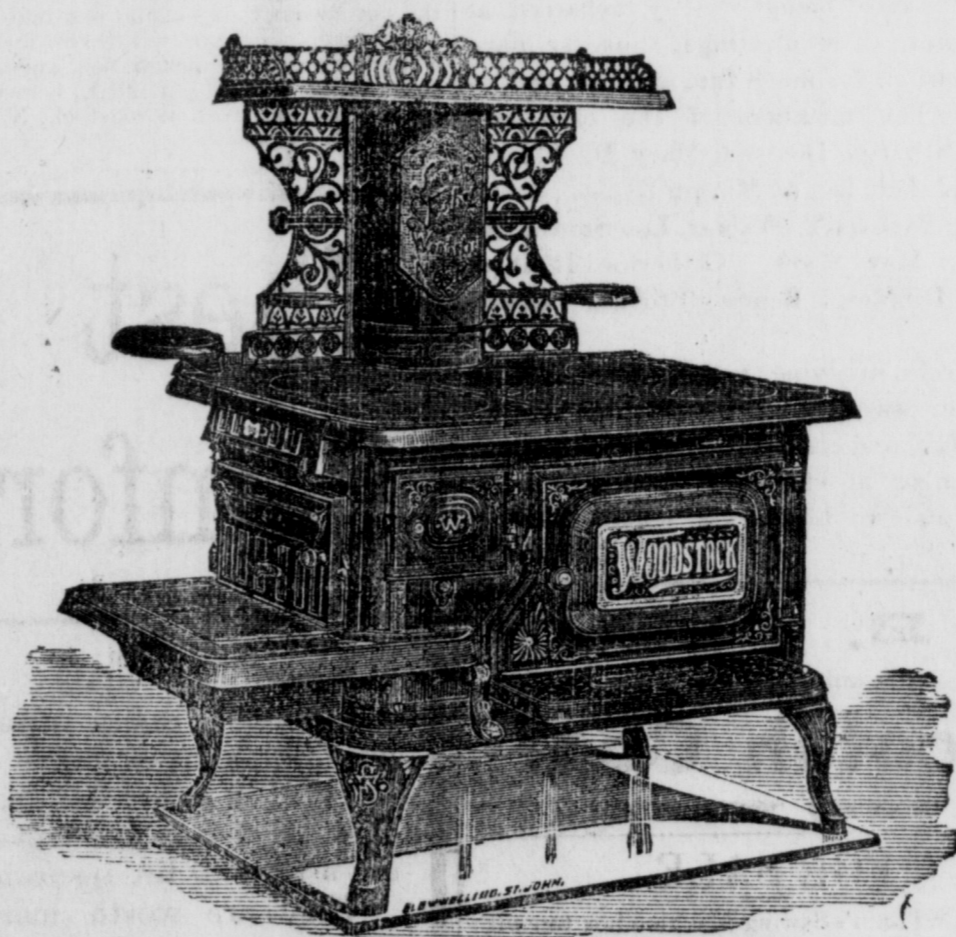
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There are six thousand potters in England working in this primitive and wonderful way. Here in this district of seven miles, called the Potteries, are kilns and smoke and desolation, with shapes of beauty rising all the time from the turning wheel. All grades of workman are busy here. There is the journeyman "thrower," who is perhaps turning out cups. They come from the wheel like bullets from a machine gun. He can read a paper while he makes them. His hand moves over and under, tightens here and "eases" there, until the marvel is accomplished. Then, between perhaps the hundredth dozen and the next, he becomes an artist, and turns his clay to the shape of his fancy. It may be that he makes a vase, a bowl or a chalice. Then, having for the moment given rein to his fancy, he returns to his cups. Such scope is there in this kingdom of wet clay that the artisan may at any moment become the artist.

Wedgwood every one knows. His name is a classic. But there are men working today who have as good a chance of fame. At the Doulton potteries those who are supreme in their art sign their work. Each piece carries a cipher denoting the author, but only those can read it who are skilled in the tangled ways of pottery.

Some names have never been heard of in the outer world. Who, even among well-equipped and intelligent people, has heard of Grayler? Hardly any one, except those who have tried to buy his work. The potters have their kingdom to themselves.

**One Advantage of England's Fogs.**

(Milwaukee 'Sentinel'.)

'Should scientists succeed in finding ways and means for dispelling the foggy condition of England's atmosphere, I am afraid that country will lose more than it gains,' said Barrett Norman, of Boston, Mass. 'One of the reasons why English weavers produce fabrics of finer and softer finish than American weavers from the same quality of cotton and other yarn is because of the damp condition of the atmosphere in that country at all times.'

'It is a well-known fact that yarn kept continually and uniformly damp will spin finer and softer than that drying out in the process of weaving. Thousands of dollars have been spent by our weavers in appliances to keep their shops uniformly humid, thus far without success. The fine quality of Panama hats, for instance, if the straw were not kept damp while the process of weaving is on, could not be produced. The straw is not worked under water as many suppose, but is kept uniformly damp by being worked in the early morning hours when heavy dew is falling.'

**Irish Pluck.**

Here are two stories of re-captures from the French of British merchantmen. In 1760 the ship 'Good Intent,' from Waterford, was taken by a French privateer off Ushant, who carried off her whole crew except five men and a boy, over whom they placed in charge nine Frenchmen. Four of these captive Irishmen plotted, at the instigation of one O'Brien to regain possession of their ship. O'Brien, watching his opportunity, tripped up the heels of the Frenchman at the helm, seized his pistol, and shot with it another Frenchman who was coming to the rescue of his mate. O'Brien was so well seconded by the other three Irishmen that within a few minutes they had the eight remaining Frenchmen at their mercy. Perhaps the most extraordinary part of the story is the safe arrival at Youghal in Ireland of the capture and re-captured ship, since not one of the Irishmen could either read or write, or had any idea how to navigate the vessel! —T. P.'s Weekly.

**Piles** To prove to you that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and absolute cure for each and every form of itching, bleeding and protruding piles, the manufacturers have guaranteed it. See testimonials in the daily press and ask your neighbors what they think of it. You can use it and get your money back if not cured. 60c a box, at all dealers or EDMANSON, BATES & Co., Toronto.  
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Cattlefish give us spia, which is nothing more or less than the inky fluid which the fish discharges to render the water black when it is attacked.

Ivory chips produce the ivory black and bone black.

Prussian blue is made with impure potassium carbonate. This most useful discovery was accidental.

Blue black in the charcoal of the vine stalk.

Turkey red is the madder plant, which grows in Hindostan.

Raw Sienna is the natural earth near Sienna, Italy.

India ink is burned camphor. The Chinese are the only manufacturers of this and will not reveal its secret. —Washington 'Star'

A man who knows it all spends most of his time telling it.