

STORIES ABOUT KIDD.

Not the Pirate of that Name but a Very Odd Presbyterian Preacher.

The Rev. Dr. Kidd, of Aberdeen, was a character in his times, and the story of his life recently published in Scotland, gives an odd picture of religious life in his day. Being cited before the Presbytery for praying for Queen Caroline, he defended himself by saying: "If she is a bad woman, she has the more need to be prayed for. I have prayed for the queen; I will pray for the queen, and, pointing out his fault-finding brethren, he added: 'I'll pray for you, and you, and any other sinner out of hell.'"

Dr. Kidd had no relish for preaching to sleepers. Any sleeping member of his congregation would be pointed out by him and he would order the more wakeful neighbors to arouse the slumberer. On one occasion a man with a flaming waistcoat, having been singled out as a "red-breasted sinner," needing to be awakened, and having gone asleep twice again, was aroused finally by a pocket bible which the doctor despatched at his head with unerring aim, with the declaration: "If you will not hear the Word of God, I'll make you feel it." On another occasion when a brother minister was preaching, the doctor roused a sleeper by the help of a stout umbrella, and when the preacher seemed disconcerted by the act the doctor encouraged him by saying: "Go on, sir, go on. I'll keep the fellow awake."

A hearer need not be asleep to manifest indifference to a discourse. The inattentive hearer was frequently the target of the preacher's sarcastic allusion. When a young man standing in the gallery appeared to be much taken up with his white pantaloons, he was addressed thus: "You may sit down now; surely, by this time the ladies must have seen your small clothes sufficiently." A disobedient hearer, who would not move up to give the people in the aisle a place, received the following shot: "Sit up, proud flesh, and let the people have a seat as long as there is one to give them." A worshipper who was coughing most provokingly was thus plainly rebuked: "Give over that coughing, sir; you're disturbing me. Do you cough that way all the week? It's my opinion that a number of people come here once a week just to clear their throats."

On another occasion when Dr. Macdonald, of Perintosh, whose fervent preaching had won for him the title of the Apostle of the North, was preaching for Dr. Kidd, the sermon was upon the terrors of the law. The preacher waxed warm and thundered ominously. Pastor Kidd was delighted, and sitting behind the preacher, he encouraged him by pulling his coat-tails and saying: "Give it too them, John every villing of them; many of them; many a time I told them, but they would not believe me."

It was his custom to preach once a year at Arbroath. On one of these annual occasions he found on rising to preach that his text was gone from the ragged pulpit Bible before him. He at once shook the loose leaves upon the pulpit floor, took them up one by one and replaced them in the book, finally hitting it a thump with his fist and asked if they called that a Bible. Then he borrowed a pocket Bible from the nearest pew, out of which he was able to announce his subject, and discoursed upon it for a considerable time. Thereupon he declared: "I don't know how long I have preached; you have no clock in the front of the gallery, as you should have, to admonish me, and I have nothing but this old rat-trap of a watch, which goes an hour fast one day and an hour slow the next." Then raising his voice: "I'll tell you what, my friends; I'm coming back next year, and if by that time you don't have a new Bible on this desk, and a new clock in the front of that gallery, I'll let you hear about it on the dearest side of your heads." Both clock and book were provided before the time for the next annual visit came round.

Dr. Kidd abominated empty conceit. At a private baptism which he was conducting at the house of one of his members, he was asking his friends present what was their church connection. In passing the question from one to another, he took no notice of a rather showy young man in the company. Piqued at this want of attention, the youth asserted himself by remarking: "You have not asked me, doctor, what I am. I am a freethinker," cooking his head at the same time as if proud of the distinction. The minister, eyeing the conceited youth, and measuring him at the same time, replied: "Free-thinker! Is that all the length you have got? I know a young fellow in Aberdeen who says he is an atheist."

With his other qualities he was generous to a fault. He would denude himself of clothing to clothe the poor, and his wife had to lock up the wardrobe in his defence. On one occasion when he was taking his Saturday walk to brace himself for Sunday duty, a worthless woman accosted him and asked for help. He gave her half a crown, and took her address, intending to look into the case carefully when he had an opportunity. After he had enjoyed his stroll it occurred to him that he might call that very afternoon by going a different way home. When he reached the woman's door, what was his surprise and hers to find her with a tumbler of punch already provided out of his half-crown and in the act of saying: "Here's to auld Kidd!"

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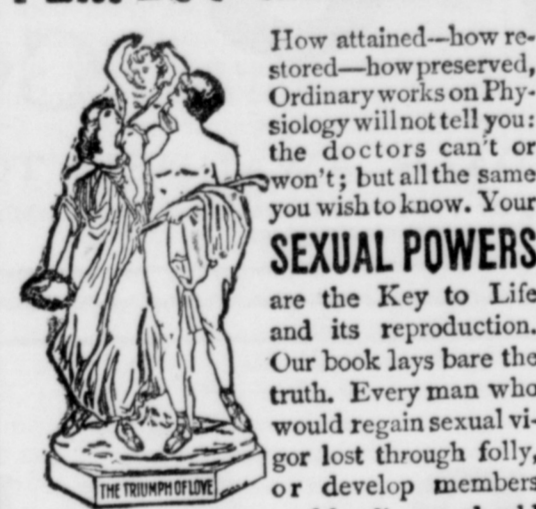


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DISSECTING A MUMMY.

The Surgeon Worked Hard, but had to Give up the Job at Last.

When Rev. Dr. John F. Goucher, of the Woman's College, was in Egypt last winter he secured a number of relics in the way of antiquities that have reached this city in several shipments. Among the most valued of these are two mummies that Dr. Goucher secured in Cairo at the National Museum, which is in charge of Brysch Bey, who has manifested a great interest in American institutions of learning. When he learned that Dr. Goucher was in search of Egyptian antiquities, he helped him materially in securing a lot of valuable relics, that are now all stored in the Woman's College. It has been Dr. Goucher's intention for some time to make an anatomical examination of the mummies, and yesterday afternoon he made the attempt, but it was not a pronounced success. Both of the mummies are bodies of women. The larger of the two is of the Ptolemaic period, or, in other words, the woman lived in Egypt about 2,000 years ago. The other is apparently that of a girl and from the elaborate decoration of the outer case, it is presumed she was of royal blood, so says Dr. Goucher. There is no inscription on the outside to mark the period of her life, but from the manner in which the outside wrappings are placed, it is very evident that the mummy is of the twenty-first dynasty. Dr. Goucher was very fortunate in securing this mummy, as all of a like character are carefully preserved by the National Museum. Brysch Bey, however, succeeded in getting this valuable trophy for the doctor.

It was the larger mummy that Dr. Goucher attempted to open and examine yesterday afternoon. It was in the wooden case that held the mummy when it was taken from the catacombs, and down the centre of it ran an inscription from the "Book of the Dead" that clearly indicated that the mummy was of the Ptolemaic period.

When the mummy proper was lifted from the case it did not look unlike a large sack covered with pitch. Dr. Goucher went to work on the outside covering with a pair of shears, but he found his task a harder one than he had contracted for. The pitch layer was finally pierced, and then a couple of newspaper men, one armed with a pair of tin-cutting shears, and the other with a screwdriver and a hammer, assisted the doctor in tearing away the next covering. This covering was of linen, and if the hands had not parted from the ravages of twenty centuries, it would have come off in rolls. Most of the covering consisted of pads of linen that were placed in various positions to give shape to the body, which is an evidence that the Egyptians were as vain about the beauty of contour in death as their American sisters are in life. After these pads were removed, more wrappings were reached. They were wound with great uniformity, and at one place they covered the breast like a pair of suspenders crossed on the back. Under this were broad strips of linen running longitudinally.

All this was removed with comparative ease. Finally a layer of pitch was reached that looked as if the embalmer had poured a great quantity of it on the body before commencing the process of winding it up with linen. The substance was as hard as cement, and, after working diligently on it for half an hour, the doctor and his assistants managed to expose the left elbow and also to remove enough of the deposit to show the contour of the right hand. The arms were crossed over the breast. The bone of the elbow glistened white in comparison with the deposit that covered the body, and if there was any skin it had become hardened and was broken off with pitch. Around the neck was a great number of linen bandages, and, although Dr. Goucher cut away a great portion, he only succeeded in showing the contour of the head. Neither bone nor skin was reached. When the examination had reached this point Dr. Goucher discovered the fact that he had but a few minutes to catch a train for his home in Pikesville, so the examination was brought to an abrupt end. Dr. Goucher goes away on Monday, and the examination of the mummies will be indefinitely postponed.—Baltimore American.

A Knowing Farm Horse.

One Saturday morning old Sorrel, a farm horse, who had drawn his master and mistress to church every Sunday for eighteen years, lost a shoe, which fact the farmer failed to notice. It must have troubled the horse, for that afternoon, he succeeded in opening the gate of the field where he was confined, when he made his way direct to his old friend, the blacksmith, and raising his hoof, invited attention to the absence shoe. The blacksmith, recognizing the horse, shod him. Then the sagacious creature made his way home, and had not the astonished farmer happened to meet him on the road he would not have known about the shoe until the blacksmith's bill informed him. As this horse grew old he was troubled with a disease which was very painful. Whenever the pain attacked him he was taken to the surgeon and a relieving dose administered. One day he was lying in the field where he had been working, while his master went to dinner. Being suddenly attacked by his complaint, he made his way over a number of miles of country road to the surgeon, and managed to convey to him that he was suffering. The man understood, and after administering the regular dose sent him home to his master, who by that time was scouring the country for him.—Hartford Courant.

To Frighten the Wolf.

Artist—I painted this picture, sir, to keep the wolf from the door.
Dealer (after inspecting it)—Well, hang it on the knob where the wolf can see it.

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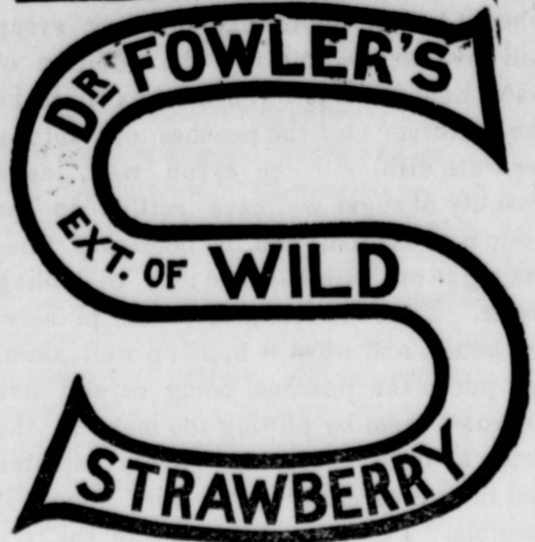
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TWO BIG MILLIONAIRES.

The Vast Fortunes of John D. Rockefeller and Cornelius Vanderbilt.

Years ago, when the oil excitement was the talk of the country, fortunes were made and lost. The days of Coal Oil Johnny may never return again, but in all the history of the world there never was an instance when paupers became millionaires so rapidly as then. John D. Rockefeller made his vast fortune, which is estimated at over \$180,000,000, out of oil as easily as the farmer's wife gets pin money from her chickens. His golden eggs were laid by obliging refiners, who had to do as he said or go to smash.

Originally four brothers came from Germany in the middle of the last century and settled in New Jersey. They formed quite a settlement in Plainfield, but towards the close of the last century they began to separate. One branch went to New England, another came to this state, while a third went to Pennsylvania. John D. Rockefeller and his brothers came from the New England branch. The New York Rockefellers are poor. There are lots of Rockefellers in New Jersey, but they have not yet acquired wealth. One great-grandson of one of the four brothers is still living in Plainfield. He is almost a hundred years old. Godfried Rockefeller, who traveled by wagon with is family to Hamokin, Pa. died in 1818, in ignorance of the black oil treasure under his farm.

After knocking about, John D. Rockefeller, whose father was a physician, started a commission business. He was then twenty-two years old. Oil was the principal article in which he dealt. He started a refinery in Cleveland, O., and organized a company which is now the Standard Oil Company. From this beginning he has achieved immense power and wealth. He is a strict baptist, and has given two millions to the Chicago University. With his family he lives quietly at his home, a most unassuming man.

In spite of Rockefeller's enormous generosity to his wife and two charming daughters as well as giving away many thousands each year to persons who they think deserving of more than alms. An instance occurred some weeks ago, where the four children of a former schoolmate of Mrs. Rockefeller were sent to one of the best boarding schools in Ohio. Many struggling churches, and not all of them baptist, either, have been not only put on their metaphorical feet, but kept standing by Mr. Rockefeller's money. Cornelius Vanderbilt is probably the thriftiest of the sons of William H., and has actually more money than he knows what to do with. His magnificent house, facing Central Park is eagerly sought by almost every visitor to this city. His daughter Gertrude, after Miss Rockefeller, the greatest heiress in the country. In spite of the newspaper stories about her wonderful beauty, she is really a plain looking girl, but she had been educated abroad, and has an undeniably charm. This, perhaps, comes from her common sense as much as anything else.

The Vanderbilt money as inherited, and the system bearing the name, is supposed to be worth near three hundred millions, of which this favored son owns a third. While he is somewhat of a society man, Cornelius Vanderbilt does not care for that kind of life, except for the pleasure it gives his family. He finds most pleasure in the quiet of his library. He wants to be left severely alone. He enjoys particularly a month's walk in the Swiss Tyrol or a vacation in the wildernesses of the Norwegian forests.

The wealth of Cornelius Vanderbilt is estimated as eighty millions. While he apparently realizes the responsibility of the control of this vast sum of money, he knows, too, that his possession carries with it the possibility of great good, and his quiet charities and real kindness of heart are known to thousands.

"Watch Me" Yelled Jimmy.

Hi, Chummy, see de mug soakin' his head!" yelled a street urchin at the corner of West and Barclay streets yesterday. "Watch me!" yelled Jimmie, another urchin, and he came down the street full tilt. The man soaking his head was a truck driver. He was holding his head under a pump and was pumping at the same time. On came Jimmy. He was barefooted and made no noise. He was also bare-headed and ragged. Two feet in the rear of the truckman he rose up and dived headmost. He struck the truckman just back of the hips. There was a wild yell, a kerplunk, and a big splash of water in the trough under the pump. The truckman was at the bottom. Jimmy was in the rough, too, but he was on top. There was a slashing of legs and arms. Jimmy slid out and scudded up the street. The truckman came up spluttering and cursing. He saw Jimmy scudding. The handiest thing to throw was a watermelon. It was a big one. The truckman grabbed it and succeeded in hurling it twenty feet after the scudding Jimmy, who was twenty yards away. As he threw it the truckman started to run. The man who owned the melon, grabbed him. Jimmy's companion started to run too. He reached the melon which had broken in four pieces, with a hop, skip, and jump, and gathered up the fragments. Then he scudded after Jimmy. The truckman stopped and cursed. The owner demanded pay for the melon, and finally compromised on half value. The truckman shook himself, climbed on his wagon, whipped up his horse, and started down the street in the direction the urchins had gone. There was no report of a boy killed during the day, and it is not believed that he caught them.—N. Y. Paper.

Found a Cool Resort.

"Was it cool where you spent your vacation?"
"Cool? I should say it was. I went away for a couple of days, and returned unexpectedly. I found the old farmer wearing one of my shirts and my straw hat; his sons away at a picnic in my best clothes; and his wife straining jelly through my white flannel coat; and all they said was 'We hadn't been expectin' y'um so soon.' It was the coolest family I ever struck."

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