

SOCIAL and PERSONAL.

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

In June to attend a reunion of her class from which she graduated in 1900, from Abbot Hall. Miss Todd intends to visit several classmates before returning home.

Mrs W A Henry gave a very pleasant picnic at Porter's mill stream on Tuesday afternoon. There were about forty guests and the afternoon was most enjoyable.

Mrs C C Grant has given invitations to a children's party on the afternoon of the 24th at her residence.

Mrs John Robinson returned from Boston last week and is improving in health.

Mr and Mrs Thomas Storr have issued invitations to the marriage of their daughter, Miss Bessie Storr to Mr Clarence Cole. The ceremony is to take place at their residence Prince William street, on Wednesday afternoon June 6th, at three o'clock.

Dr and Mrs Johnson of Boston are guests of Mr and Mrs John Clarke Taylor.

Mrs H B Mason entertained the vocal club on Monday evening.

Mrs Mary McGregor of Carleton is in Calais visiting friends.

Mrs Helen Pike has returned home after a long visit in New York and other cities.

Miss Annie King has arrived home from Boston, where she has spent several weeks.

Miss Dollard has gone to Toronto to visit her brother, Rev James Dollard.

Mrs James McDonald has returned to her home in St John, after a pleasant visit in town with Mrs J P Bonness.

Miss Alice Cox returned from a visit in Vanceboro.

Mr and Mrs F L Ham have returned home from Houlton.

A Meadow Song.

The wind across the meadow blows
And all the grass is like a sea;
Wave after wave its green tide flows,
And breaks in fragrance over me.

Above the bright-winged butterfly
Flutters upon a similes quest,
And now and then from out the sky
A weary bird drops down to rest.

There is no sound save of the grass,
The whispers of the waves' long sweep;
Listen and hear them as they pass,
A murmur—hush—a murmur—sweep.

Comfortable Hermitage.

Near Marquette, Wisconsin, according to a Wisconsin paper, an old man has lived for several years in a tree. He is a first class cabinet maker, and when he came to Marquette from Detroit, he took up his residence in the hollow trunk of a tree near the town.

The tree is a huge linden, sawed off about fifteen feet from the ground, and in it the occupant has brought to bear his accomplishments as a workman. He has cut a door and window. The inner walls of his home are ceiled and papered. A circular seat extends round the room from door to window, and there is a comfortable pile of furs that makes a luxurious bed. The place is warmed, when warmth is needed, with an oil stove. The man plays fifteen different kinds of musical instruments, and with these and books entertains himself and his visitors. Some people will perhaps be ready to say that a man who plays fifteen instruments ought to live in a hermitage.

Baden-Powell's Rudeness.

During the campaign in South Africa, last year, General Baden-Powell tapped a telegraph wire, and heard the Boer commander Grobler ask General Botha to send reinforcements at once, as the British had cornered him.

This story was related by the London papers, and Baden-Powell was much applauded for his strategy and good luck.

But one little girl, five years old, had opinions of her own concerning the exploit. She listened very attentively to the account of the proceedings and to the approving comments of the elder members of the family, and when they had finished she said, decisively:

'Well, I think it was very rude of him to listen.'

Blasts From the Ram's Horn.

The dark places of sin cannot be illuminated by the gas of oratory.

Sharp wits often cut themselves.

Love is the life-blood of Christianity.

Pleasing preaching is rarely profitable.

Cross wearing involves no Calvary.

Indigestion has contributed more spots to the sun than any other cause.

The distress of another may be God's touchstone for our virtues.

The sheep stealing pastor is in the same business with the devil.

There is no promise of dying grace to those who let grace die.

God's day is the strand of gold in the iron cable of the week's work.

Chaff may be ground as fine as flour, but it will not make bread.

The best proof of a man's character is taken in the press of life.

No one is better entertained than the devil at many church socials.

Dog and Kitten.

A correspondent sends to the London Spectator the following anecdote.

The servant man of the family took a kitten to a pond with the intention of drowning it. His master's dog went with him and when the kitten was thrown into the water the dog sprang in and brought it back to land.

A second time the man threw it in, and again the dog rescued it; and when for the

third time the servant tried to drown it the dog as resolute to save the little helpless life as the man was to destroy it, swam with it to the other side of the pool, ran all the way home with it, and deposited it before the kitchen fire.

From that time the dog kept constant watch over the kitten. The two were inseparable, even sharing the same bed.

A Novel Checker-Board.

The prettiest kind of a story of Mr. Dodgson (Lewis Carroll) and a little girl friend in Oxford comes from Good Words. She was a sensitive little girl, rather fastidious in her tastes, and was made quite unhappy one winter by having to wear a frock she did not like—a wool of a large checked pattern in light blue and light drab.

One day, when she was going with her father to pay a visit to Mr. Dodgson, she was put into the hated dress, and in spite of protests and tears, was forced to wear it. When she got to her friend's house her tears were dried, but her eyes were dried, but her eyes were still red, and it was not long before she had opened her full heart.

'But it seems a nice, warm dress, Alice,' Mr Dodgson said.

'It is warm,' she admitted, with overflowing eyes.

Then seeing her grief, Mr Dodgson drew her kindly to him and told her a lovely story of the sheep and the fleece; the washing of the wool; the carding and the spinning; the shuttle and the click of the looms; the thickening of the cloth, and then how it was packed for the shops and sold.

The story was so interesting that the little girl's tears had quite disappeared by the time it was finished, and she patted the front of her despised frock with a new interest.

'I shall like it better now, and I won't be silly any more,' she said, bravely.

'There are lots of little girls in the world, Alice who would like to have a warm, useful dress like yours. And not only is it useful, it is very amusing; at least you might make it so.'

'How?' she cried. Tell me, please.'

'You shall see,' Mr Dodgson said, laughing, as he brought out from a drawer a draft-board and men, also a square drawing board which he told her to put under the skirt of her dress. Then, Alice, sitting on one little stool, he on another, they played a most novel game of draughts on the large blue and drab squares of her dress. It was a splendid game and she won it, and her father laughed and said:

'It was a grand idea to turn her into a real walking draft-board!'

She forgot all her troubles and was quite merry and often afterwards Mr Dodgson would say: 'Put on the blue and gray frock, Alice, when you come for a game of draughts.'

Several Still Lacking.

The blasé man with a cold, cynical, destroying knowledge of the world, is a melancholy spectacle, especially when he develops early.

'I tell you,' said a young man of this class, 'I have been up and down the world a good deal and mixed with all kinds of people, and I have mighty little little faith in preachers or any kind of reformers. People are all alike. I know them. I've cut my eye teeth.'

'These doesn't seem to have cut thy wisdom teeth yet,' remarked an old Quaker, who happened to hear him.

Too Much.

'You say you think your boy has too great an appetite,' said the physician to an anxious mother. Do you realize how much a growing boy can eat?'

'I should think I ought to, if anybody does,' returned the boy's parent. 'I'll just put the case to you doctor.'

'Where we were, up in the mountains this summer, the waitress would come in and say to my boy: 'We have fried fish, stake, liver and bacon, baked potatoes, rye biscuit, muffins and dry toast.'

'And the boy would say, 'I'll take it all, please—and some eggs.'

Electricity.

'Now,' stated I, 'electricity will do much for the farmer yet.'

But my third cousin, Zachariah, always of a gloomy disposition, saw fit to add:

'Bout all it's doin nowadays is to knock him off the car t'acks 'bout every so often.'

A Literary Note.

Mrs. Meddergrass—Well, if I was them Boers, I'd just go without readin before I'd do it.

Mr. Meddergras—Do what?'

'Why the paper says they've been takin a lot of British magazines.'

'I understand Billinger's book is out. Do the papers say much about it?'

'I should say they did! Each of the three leading Chicago journals had a whole page about it!'

'What! a page notice?'

'No, a page advertisement.'

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From Bootblack to Professor.

The possibilities of industrious youth in America are seldom more strongly illustrated than in the case of Rev. Charles Winter Wood, who is lecturing throughout the country in the interest of Booth's Washington's Institute at Tuskegee, Alabama. Young Wood, whose family, like that of other Southern negroes, was very poor, went from Nashville to Chicago when he was nine years of age, and here he started in business as a bootblack. His round carried him to the lawyers' offices in the Unity Building, and here Lawyer, now Justice, Blume, learning that he was fond of Shakespearean tragedies, told him that he would pay him a dollar if he would learn and recite the ghost scene from "Hamlet."

Three days later young Wood appeared and Mr. Blume, thinking to have some fun at the negro's expense, invited his brother lawyers in to hear the recitation. But Wood gave the scene with such spirit and appreciation that the delighted audience took up a collection, and raised quite a sum of money for the young elocutionist.

This incident aroused the interest of Professor Lyman, a teacher of elocution, who not only employed the negro as an office boy, but gave him lessons in oratory. For a time Wood had theatrical aspirations and he even went so far as to organize a company of negro tragedians, giving a number of performances that were surprisingly successful.

But Wood was fortunate in gaining the patronage of a wealthy manufacturer who sent him to college at Beloit. There he remained eight years, winning many honors and graduating with distinction. In the intercollegiate contest at Galesburg he took the second honor, barely missing first.

Leaving Beloit he entered the Chicago Theological seminary, and graduated three years later. In 1889 he was made the pastor of a church at Warren, Illinois, but was speedily called to the head of the English department at Tuskegee, a position he now holds.

Twenty years ago Mr. Wood was a poor bootblack, almost friendless, wholly uneducated, in the streets of Chicago. To day barely thirty years old, he is an influential man admired, respected, and greatly beloved by his people.

Learning to Love the Pipes.

One may perhaps gain with difficulty some understanding of a Scottish piper's appeal to his countrymen. Julian Ralph, in "An American with Lord Roberts," says that when he was in camp upon the veld, he was awakened every morning by the opening groan of a bagpipe, the reveille of one of the Highland battalions. The piping continued for at least sixteen hours at a stretch.

At first this queer music came as a novelty. Next it roused my curiosity as to a piper's having either the will or the strength for sixteen hours on end, with no

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onger pause than the minute it required to change from one tune to another. Then the unceasing noise began to madden me, and I cursed the pipes as an instrument of torture. The piper walked to and fro the length of the regiment's lines, and the air was full of z z z z z z, like the note of a demon bee, while the nearer it came, the more its nasal chords mastered the neighborhood and quivered in my very bones.

At last (I cannot tell you how it came about) I grew to like the sound, and to miss the melody when the piper was afar and only the buzzing came to my ears. When he was near he played upon my body and my senses. My pen raced with the purple music of the reels, my blood warmed under the defiant challenge of the battle-song. A pleasant sadness possessed me when the tunes were plaintive and gray.

Without a drop of Scotch blood in me, I yet began to love the Scotch, and to take an interest in all I could see or learn of them. In time I used to leave my camp and cross the narrow lane to the Highlanders, to watch a piper at his work.

Then I discovered that there was not one sole piper; a score of men shared the burden. They stood in line, patiently watching as the musician of the moment walked jauntily up and down, just touching his toes to the veld, like a man practising to walk on eggs. As he halted the flying ribbons would fall beside the drones, and the pipe would be passed to another man. Then off strode the fresh player, with the streamers floating, his hips swaying, his head high, and his toes but touching the ground. Once I heard a man say: 'Gi' me the pipe, Sandy. I can tell ye what naebody has said.'

A Scotch Dialogue.

The British Weekly prints a story told by Ian MacIsren in a brilliant address on Scotch humor, delivered when he was entertained by the Whitefriars' Club. It illustrates the national character.

In a dull Scotch village, on a dull morning, one neighbor called upon another. He was met at the door by his friend's wife, and the dialogue went thus:

'Cauld?'

'Aye. Gaen to be weety (rainy), I think.'

'Aye. Is John in?'

'Ob, aye, he's in.'

'Can I see him?'

'No.'

'But I wanted to see him.'

'Aye, but you canna see him—John's deid.'

'Deid?'

'Aye.'

'Sudden?'

'Aye.'

'Very sudden?'

'Very sudden.'

'Did he say anything about a pot of green paint before he deid?'



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