

MOTHER OF CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

Rev. Mary Baker G. Eddy and the Cause that Led to Her Work.

The agitation in New York and vicinity against the cult known as Christian Scientists makes interesting an account of the origin of that society. The founder is Rev. Mary Baker G. Eddy, of Concord, N. H.



MRS. EDDY.

Mrs. Eddy, who was born at Bow, N. H., possessed from childhood a highly spiritual nature and with unusual mental endowments she attained prominence as an authoress of religious prose and poetry at a very early age. Her desire to improve the condition of suffering humanity led her to investigate allopathy, homeopathy and mind healing on a material basis, none of which satisfied her aspiration for a system of cure for disease. In 1886 she discovered the principal which she afterward named "Christian Science." In one of her works she says: "During twenty years prior to my discovery I had been trying to trace all physical effects to the mental cause, and in the latter part of 1886 I gained the scientific certainty that all causation was mind and every effect a mental phenomenon. Her first complete statement of Christian Science, entitled "Science and Health, with key to the Scriptures," was published in 1875, and has since been followed by many other works.

In 1881 she chartered the Massachusetts Metaphysical College; this was the only charter under Massachusetts State laws ever granted for teaching the pathology of Christian healing.

Mrs. Eddy is now actively directing the Christian Science movement from her home in Concord, N. H., appearing occasionally at the Mother Church, and has recently taught a class of seventy in Christian Science Hall in Concord, N. H. The mother church of the society is the First Church of Christ in Boston. It has recently organized a Board of Missionaries, a Board of Education, and an International Board of Lectureship, by means of which the principles of Christian Science are being disseminated.

A Surprise for Hubby.

She was a young wife just married from boarding school—one of the lovely dovey order—and although highly educated didn't know beans from any other vegetable. Hence this dialogue with the cook:

"Now, Biddy, dear, what are we to have for dinner?"

"There's two chickens to dress, mum."

"I'll dress them the first thing. Where are their clothes?"

"Dear me, mum, they're in their feathers yet."

"Oh, then, serve them that way. The ancient Romans always cooked peacocks with their feathers on. It will be a surprise for Hubby."

"It will that, mum. Sure, if you want to help, you could be parin' the turnips."

"Oh, how sweet! I'll pair them two and two in no time. Why, I had no idea cooking was so picturesque."

"I think, mum, that washing the celery do be more in your line."

"All right, Biddy, I'll take it up to the bath room, and I've some lovely Paris soap that will take off every speck."

"Thank you, mum, would you mind telling me the name of the asylum where you were educated? I think I'll have to take some lessons there myself if we be going to work together."

New Zealand Mutton.

The story of a New Zealand sheep designed for the London market may be very briefly told. It is taken from the run of the slaughter house, killed, dressed and transferred to the cooling room. The skin and superfluous fat are retained; after ten hours' cooling the carcass goes into the refrigerating room for thirty-six hours. Thence it goes to the storing room and when it has been enveloped in its cotton "shirt" and labeled is ready for its journey over sea. The steamers which bring the meat to us through the tropics have, of course, to be fitted with refrigerating appliances, and our sheep takes its place among thousands of others, some of the boats being fitted to carry as many as 70,000 carcasses at one time.—Good Words.

Salt Hay Used to Preserve Plants.

Salt hay is used in winter for covering various kinds of plants that grow close to the earth. It has a long staple and it serves this purpose well. Straw with long staple is still used for bundling up plants and shrubs having stalks. Salt hay is used in cemeteries to cover up ivy-clad leaves. The ivy is thus kept in better condition than if it were left exposed to the blasts and the cold of winter. The brown hay is laid lengthwise upon the grave in a covering of uniform thickness all over it which is held in place by bent rods settled down upon it at intervals, hoop like, and with their ends in the ground on either side.

Every lover of base-ball believes he was once a mighty good player.

JAPANESE MAGIC.

Some Tricks that Typify the Progress of the Country.

I strayed into a small theater in Yokohama last year following a throng of rather common Japanese, who seemed deeply interested and anxious to crowd in, drawn by the fierce ringing of an ordinary boarding-house dinner bell in the hands of a piratical-looking chap in front, who harangued the passing public in stentorian tones. His words seemed to catch the attention of at least half the people who heard him and they were drawn into the building as the children followed the Pled Piper of Hamelin, without seeming to have voice in their own movements.

Going along with the stream I found myself in a square room, on one side of which was a rough stage. I learned afterward that I had entered in the middle of the performance, and, therefore, I saw only the latter half; but it was this second half that seemed to me almost allegorical in its application to the Japan of to-day.

All eyes were fixed upon a cellular subdivision of the stage, at the farther end of which, under a soft, pleasing light, stood a skeleton of a woman. The bones were perfectly articulated; they were not white, as they usually are in this country, but seemed like half-polished steel. I was wondering what there was in the skeleton to attract such rapt attention from the crowd, and my eyes wandered over the faces of the audience. When I again glanced at the skeleton a change seemed to have come over it. The bones were less steely and less sharply defined. Thenceforth I did not look away from the fascinating optical delusion that was taking place before me.

More and more distinct grew the outlines of the skull, and less and less forbidding grew the color of the other bones. Then, as they seemed half fading into gloom, I became aware that around all the bones was gathering a cloud, as though a fog was clinging to them. This nimbus became more and more noticeable, until I saw that it was taking the general human form. Still faded the bony framework until the shape of a real flesh-and-blood woman could be distinguished in a graceful pose. Gradually, as the head, body and limbs became more clearly defined, another dim gathering outside the figure appeared, and the kimono and other external raiment of the Japanese belle declared themselves. At last a wax-like statue stood before us. Then it began to take color in the hair, eyes, cheeks, lips and dress, until without warning the figure thus evolved from the staring and grinning skeleton—a charming girl, full of life and grace—walked to the front of the stage, made two or three inimitably demure Japanese courtesies and passed out of sight in the wings.

I felt that I had seen represented the change that is going on in new Japan to-day. On the bare bones of a dead feudalism the flesh and blood and apparel of a new civilization have been taking form, hardly noted in the transitional steps, yet continuing toward its goal unerringly, until a new creature will be the result.—Chicago Record.

Lesson from Gen. Jackson.

A hitherto unpublished story of Stonewall Jackson is told by former Gov. Thomas G. Jones. Gov. Jones was a student at the Virginia Military Institute when Jackson was president there at the outbreak of the war between the States. Jackson was a rather stern disciplinarian. Jones had been at the institute for two or three years and had come to be a sergeant of the cadets. He had one day to drill an awkward squad and he lost his temper in his work, whereupon he made the boys "double-quick" around a tree. He had them "going it hard" when suddenly he heard from behind him the short, sharp command, "Double-quick there!" "Double-quick," repeated the wrathful future Governor of Alabama. "No! you, sir! Halt!"

Jones looked behind him and there stood "Old Jack," as Jackson was called by the boys.

"You, sir! You double-quick yourself!"

Jones looked at his superior officer in amazement.

"Double-quick!" was the stern command, and instantly Sergt. Jones was trotting around the tree at a great rate, hot, thoroughly indignant and furiously angry. His awkward squad looked on.

Within an hour Jones had sent in his resignation. In answer he received an invitation to sup at Jackson's house. He declined. Then came an order for him to report to Jackson instantly. That order was obeyed. After some talk Jones said: "But you, sir, humiliated me before my men!" "You lost your temper," said Jackson, calmly, "and, besides, you forget that you are not an officer at all!" That ended the trouble and now nobody more reverences the memory of "Old Jack" than Gov. Jones.—Birmingham Age-Herald.

In Memory of Other Days.

Tommy—Mamma, why have you got papa's hair in a locket?

His mother—To remind me that he once had some, Tommy.—Jewelers' Weekly.

Most any fish crank will spend \$10 to catch a fish to give away.



"Witness, did you ever see the prisoner at the bar?" "Oh, yes, that's where I got acquainted with him."

The summer-garden: Jaggles—"What have the theatrical managers done to elevate the stage?" Waggles—"Moved it up to the roof."—Judge.

The novice—"Do you find it hard work, my boy?" The caddie—"Well, de hardest part's keepin' from laughin' when de guys miss de ball."—Puck.

"Did that woman give any reason for attempting suicide?" "Yes, your honor." "What was it?" "She says she wanted to kill herself."—Chicago Record.

Browne—"Walter, bring me a dozen oysters on the half-shell." Walter—"Sorry, sah, but we's all out of shell-fish, sah, 'ceptin' aigs."—Rochester Union and Advertiser.

She (coquettishly)—"I read the other day, Cousin Charley, that marriage is declining." He (inspired)—"Oh, that's quite wrong. Marriage is—accepting." (Seizes the opportunity and proposes.)—Punch.

"What are you sighing for?" asked the Registry Department of the Dead Letter Office. "No one has so many rejected addresses as I," was the sorrowful reply.—Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.

Minister—"My poor woman, you must be full of regret for the awful crime you committed." Condemned murderer—"Yes; I should have done it twenty years ago, when I was young and beautiful."—Judge.

"My husband," said Mrs. Malaprop, "is just crazy over the opening of the fishing season. He can't think or talk of anything else." "Fond of the sport, is he?" asked her friend. "Well, I should say so! He's a regular Anglo-man-lac."

Mrs. Jackson—"Speakin' ob your husband, Mrs. Wimple, did he evah convey to you dat he done propose to me befo' he married you?" Mrs. Wimple—"Deed he didn't! He was so ashamed ob some ob de fings he did dat I nevah insisted upon a confession."—Life.

An exchange of shots: Mr. Wedd (spitefully)—"You look as if you had been rubbing your face all over the inside of a powder-factory." Mrs. Wedd (sweetly malicious)—"Perhaps I have, love; but it is smokeless powder and doesn't smell like a barroom."—Judge.

"Well, old man, I guess I better go home. My wife will raise a holy row, even as it is." "Why don't you do as I do when you find you have stayed out too late?" "What do you do?" "I just keep on staying out until I know she is scared and will be overjoyed to see me."

"In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love," he said. She sighed and shook her head. "That's the trouble," she replied; "they turn lightly instead of seriously." For she was a girl who had been through several spring engagements.—Chicago Post.

"Tommy," said a father to his precocious 5-year-old son and heir, "your mother tells me she gives you pennies to be good. Do you think that is right?" "Of course it is," replied Tommy; "you certainly don't want me to grow up and be good for nothing, do you?"—Chicago News.

A young hopeful sat in the window a long time the other night during a thunder-storm, and contemplated the scene with a wise look on his face. Then he turned to his mother, and said: "Mamma, the angels are scratching matches on the sky."—Household Words.

A different commodity: Mrs. Newlywed—"I don't see why you are in such a hurry to get to work, mornings. You used to say that you could love me through all eternity." Mr. Newlywed—"And so I can and will, dearest; but time on earth is more valuable, you know."—Judge.

Mr. Courtney (flatteringly)—"I had the blues awfully when I came here to-night, Miss Fisher, but they are all gone now. You are as good as medicine." Miss Fisher's little brother—"Yes; father says she'll be a drug in the market if she doesn't catch on to some fellow soon."—Tit-Bits.

An unavailable indorsement: Clerk (to patent medicine man)—"Here is a curious credential from one of our customers." Medicine man—"Read it." Clerk—"Before I took your Elixir my face was a sight. You ought to see it now. Send me another bottle for my mother-in-law."—Harlem Life.

"Remember, boys," said the master, "that in the bright lexicon of youth there's no such word as 'fail.'" After a few moments a boy raised his hand. "Well, what is it my lad?" asked the master. "I was merely going to suggest," replied the youngster, "that if such is the case it would be advisable to write to the publishers of that lexicon, and call their attention to the omission."—Tit-Bits.

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