

Higher Lifer started to get up, but the Doc was already on his feet, and he whispered to him:

"Set down, young man," and the young man sat. The Doc had a way of talking that didn't need a gun to back it up.

The old man conducted the services right through, just as he always did, except that when he'd remembered in his prayer every one in America and had worked around through Europe to Asia Minor, he lingered a trifle longer over the Turks than usual, and the list of things which he seemed to think they needed brought the Armenian back into the fold right then and there.

By the time the Doc got around to preaching Deacon Wiggleford was looking like a fellow who'd bought a gold brick, and the Higher Lifer was looking like the brick. Everybody else felt and looked as if they were attending the Doc's funeral, and, as usual, the only really calm and composed member of the party was the corpse.

"You will find the words of my text," Doc began, "in the revised version of the works of William Shakespeare, in the book—I mean play—of Romeo and Juliet, Act Two, Scene Two: 'Parting is such sweet sorrow that I shall say good-night till it be morrow,' and while the audience was pulling itself together he laid out that the text in four heads, each with six subheads. Began on 'partings and went on a still hunt through history and religion for them. Made the audience part with Julius Caesar with regret, and had 'em sniffing at saying good-bye to Napoleon and Jeff Davis. Made 'em feel that they'd lost their friends and their money, and then foreclosed the mortgage on the old homestead in a this-is-very-sad-but-I-need-the-money. In fact, when he had finished with Parting and was ready to begin on Sweet Sorrow, he had not only exhausted the subject, but left considerable of a deficit in it.

They say that the hour he spent on Sweet Sorrow laid over anything that the town had ever seen for sadness. Put 'em through every stage of grief from the snuffles to the snorts. Doc always was a pretty noisy preacher, but he began work on that head with soft-pedal-tremolo-stop preaching and wound up with a peroration like a steamboat explosion. Started with his illustrations dying of consumption and other peaceful diseases, and finished up with railroad wrecks. He'd been at it two hours when he got through burying the victims of his last illustration, and he was just ready to tackle his third head with its six subheads. But before he took the plunge, he looked at his watch and glanced up sort of surprised:

"I find," he said, "that we have consumed more time with these introductory remarks than I had intended. We would all, I know, like to say good-bye till to-morrow, did our dear young brother's plans permit, but alas! he leaves us on the 2:17. Such is life; to-day we are here, to-morrow we are in St. Louis, to which our

young friend must return. Usually, I don't approve of traveling on the Sabbath, but in a case like this, where the reasons are very pressing, I will lay aside my scruples, and with a committee of deacons which I have appointed see our pastor emeritus safely off."

The Doc then announced that he would preach a series of six Sunday night sermons on the six best selling books of the month, and pronounced the benediction while the Higher Lifer and Deacon Wiggleford were trying to get the floor. But the committee of deacons had 'em by the coat tails, and after listening to their soothing arguments the Higher Lifer decided to take the 2:17 as per schedule. When he saw the whole congregation crowding round the Doc, and the women crying over him and wanting to take him home to dinner, he understood that there'd been a mistake somewhere and that he was the mistake.

Of course, the Doc never really preached on the six best selling books. That was the first and last time he ever found a text in anything but the Bible. Si Perkins wanted to have Deacon Wiggleford before the church on charges. Said he'd been told that this pastor emeritus business was Latin, and it smelt of popery to him; but the Doc wouldn't stand for any foolishness. Allowed that the special meeting had been called illegally and that settled it; and he reckoned they could leave the Deacon's case to the Lord. But just the same, the small boys used to worry Wiggleford considerably by going into his store and yelling: "Mother says she doesn't want any more of those pastors emeritus eggs," or, "She'll send it back if you give us any more of that dead-line butter."

If the Doc had laid down that Sunday there'd probably have been a whole lot of talk and tears over his leaving, but in the end, the Higher Lifer or some other fellow would have had his job, and he'd have become one of those nice old men for whom every one has a lot of respect but no special use. As it was, he kept right on, owning his pulpit and preaching in it, until the Great Call was extended to him.

I'm a good deal like the Doc—willing to preach a farewell sermon whenever it seems really necessary, but some other fellow's.

Your affectionate father,  
**JOHN GRAHAM.**

**To "Wither Warts While You Wait."**

A formula is in the possession of the editor which "wither warts while you wait." The formula is as follows:

- Sulphur sub .....dr. 5
- Concentrated acetic acid fl. dr. 2½
- Glycerine .....fl. oz. 2

Mix, and apply the paste to the warts on small pieces of linen, or spread with a brush at night, then wash off the next morning. Repeat until the warts drops off. This works every time.—Surgical Clinic.

**Ruth Bryan's Marriage.**

In this paper is published something of the first unhappiness that seems to have come to the Bryan home—the marriage of Miss Ruth, the eldest daughter, to an artist whom Mr. Bryan brought to his home for the purpose of having him paint a portrait. Miss Bryan was to have given herself to some kind of philanthropic work. There is a suggestion of sadness about this marriage, aside from the opposition of the parents. It is based upon the almost certain fact that this young girl, full of life and vigor, and the sedate artist, more than twice her own age, have nothing in common upon which to base a life of happiness. The chances are that after a bit the public prints will tell a divorce story, or there will be a sadder story, known perhaps to but few, of long years of patient and uncomplaining suffering. Sometimes it's one way and sometimes the other.—Monroe Journal.

**College Training and the Business Man.**

President Charles F. Thewing, of the Western Reserve University and the Adelbert College, contributes an interesting paper to the October number of the North American Review on college training for the business man. The main trend of the argument is that a college training is good for all business men. He admits that sometimes when the young man starts to college, say at eighteen, and his peer starts to business without the college training, the latter for the first ten or twenty years may seem to outstrip the former in life's race, but he says that before they both reach their three scores years and ten the college trained man will have the advantage and get much more out of life. President Thewing admits that certain boys should not go to college. We quote him on the boys referred to. He says: "Boys who dislike study should not go, for they are in peril of becoming social rebels and pessimists. Boys who cannot bear freedom should not go, for they are in peril of becoming slaves to unworthy habits. Boys who are lazy should not go, for they are in peril of adopting a soft, luxurious life, which it is difficult to throw off and which ill becomes the hard worker of the workaday world of the new America."—The Commonwealth.

**How Buchanan Became President.**

James Buchanan, the fifteenth President of the United States, practically obtained his office through a disappointment in love.

At one time, when he was in London, he said to an intimate friend, "I never intended to engage in politics, but meant to follow my profession strictly. But my prospects and plans were all changed by a most sad event, which happened at Lancaster when I was a young man. As a distraction from my great grief, and because I saw that through a political following I could secure the friends I then needed, I accepted a nomination."—November Woman's Home Companion.

**How Old Is Ann?**

We do not want to seem ungracious, but it is none the less a fact that our time is very much occupied just now with really important matters, and it is inconvenient to step aside for the purpose of deciding a bet as to the age of Ann—a young lady with whom we are not acquainted and the number of whose summers does not concern us in the least. We cannot, however, resist the importunities of "Pro Bono Publico," "Old Subscriber," "Vox Populi," and company. They have stood by us through many a crisis and vicissitudes, and we'll not desert them now.

Here is the problem:

"Mary is twenty-four years old. Mary is twice as old as Ann was when Mary was as old as Ann is now. How old is Ann?"

Obviously Ann must have been twelve when Mary was as old as Ann is now. Twice twelve at the time is twenty-four, and Ann was twelve at the time in dispute or Mary could not possibly, at twenty-four, be twice as old to-day. There is no escape from these premises. The only point remaining to be settled is the present age of Ann, and we do that by advancing Ann from twelve to a figure at which Mary, going back from twenty-four, would meet her. The midway point is eighteen. Six years ago Mary was eighteen. Six years added to twelve makes eighteen. Six years ago, therefore, Ann was just half as old as Mary is now, in other words, twelve, and hence, at this moment Ann, being six years older, is eighteen.—Washington Post.

Commenting on the article on page 6 of the The Progressive Farmer of October 27th, regarding the descendants of Jonathan Edwards, the Roanoke-Chowan Times says:

The above will be read with special interest by Northampton people when it is known that a well-known family of this county—the Burgwyns—are descendants of the great preacher. Upon reading the above extract from World's Work, we asked Col. W. H. S. Burgwyn if he is not a descendant of Jonathan Edwards, and he replied:

"Yes, it is a singular fact that I am in direct descent from Jonathan Edwards, both on my father's and mother's side. On my father's side, I am the great-great-grandson of Jonathan Edwards by the youngest daughter Eunice, who first married Mr. Thomas Pollock of this State."

Beauty has little to do with engaging the love of woman. The air, manner, tone, the conversation, the something that interests, the something to be proud of—these are the attributes of the man made to be loved.—Bulwer.

Joy is well in its way, but a few flashes of joy are trifles in comparison with a life of peace. Which is best: the flash of joy lighting up the whole heart, and then darkness until the next flash comes, or the steady calm sunlight of day in which men work?—F. W. Robertson.