

A PREACHER AND TEACHER.

An Armless Man Who Has Made His Way in Life.

F. A. Olds in Sunny South.

One of the best known preachers and teachers in North Carolina is Rev. R. T. Vann, now president of the Baptist Female University at Raleigh. He has a wide acquaintance with Baptists all over the South. He is armless, yet is a success as a sportsman as well as a preacher and teacher.

When twelve years old he was a sorghum mill hand, and while attempting alone to feed the mill one hand was caught between the rollers. He made an attempt to pull out the left hand by clutching it with the right, and as a result both hands and arms were crushed. There was a double amputation, of the right arm midway between the shoulder and elbow, the left immediately below the elbow. This double calamity has, happily, never diminished his usefulness.

Dr. Vann was born in Hertford county in 1851, and it was during the civil war that he lost his hands. He had before the accident impressed his family and neighbors with his sprightliness. As soon as he had recovered he was sent to school to be prepared for college. He was always in fine spirits, and shared in all the boyish games; in fact, was a leader in them. Ever since he has been an ardent advocate of physical culture and of innocent games. He entered the freshman class at Wake Forest college in 1868, and immediately took his place at the head of his class, maintaining it to the end of his course. So that in 1873, at graduation, he was the valedictorian. Even before he suffered the loss of his hands he had become a member of the Baptist church, and even at that early age desired to make the ministry his life work, and so it was that he entered college as a ministerial student. All through the course he worked his own problems on the blackboard, and all his other exercises by fastening a piece of chalk to a stump of an arm.

He became pastor of the church at Scotland Neck, and a year later went to the theological seminary, then at Greenville, S. C., but after a two years' stay there his health failed, but not until he had won, as at college, the highest place in his classes. Dr. Broadus said of him: "He was one of the finest Greek scholars whenever entered the seminary." He taught two years in the Chowan Baptist Female Institute, and then resumed his pastoral work, which continued until last year, when he was called to the presidency of the Baptist Female Seminary, the largest female institution that denomination has in North Carolina. He is altogether the most influential man in his denomination in the State today. He is strictly original, expresses himself as no one else does, and thinks in the same way. He has literally climbed to the top, and the interesting thing is he had nothing to climb with.

Dr. Vann never refers to his physical misfortunes, though he is by no means sensitive regarding them. He takes his place among other men, feeds himself at table, is not himself embarrassed, nor does he embarrass others, yet he has no artificial hands. He is a devoted sportsman, keeps gun and dog and fishing tackle. Partridge shooting is his delight. He tells the Sunny South that his record for last year was one bird out of every two and one-half shots. He killed eight wild turkeys, making his own blinds and calling the birds up.

Many a good sportman he has hunted with. These are interested in his method of shooting and greatly impressed by his marksmanship, as well they may be. He has a strap on his gunstock, which slings it to his left arm, and holds the but under his right arm. It is therefore poised. From each trigger there is a leather strap, which he can take with his teeth and pull. The bird rises, and with inconceivable swiftness Dr. Vann aims and pulls the proper trigger with his teeth. He has killed ten birds in twelve shots. The Sunny South considers him the most unique sportsman in the State, after an experience in the field with him.

Mr. W. J. Baxter of North Brook, N. C., says he suffered with piles for fifteen years. He tried many remedies with no results until he used DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve and that quickly cured him. Hood Bros., Hare & Son, J. R. Ledbetter.

When Knighthood is in Flower.

On one of the busiest streets in Washington at an hour when many ladies were shopping, a young man, evidently on his way to the railroad station—for he carried a satchel and overcoat—was passing rapidly down the street, when a woman stepped in front of him. She was old and wrinkled and shabby. On her arm was a big basket of flowers, and she held up a bunch of violets, silently begging him to buy. He did not stop, but as he hurried on he lifted his hat to the old woman as courteously as if she had been the prettiest girl of his acquaintance. Unmindful of the jostling throng of passers-by, the woman stood still and looked after him, a strangely happy smile hovering about her mouth. Perhaps that unexpected bit of courtesy gladdened her old heart more than a dozen purchases would have done.

And then it was in a crowded street car in New York. Every place was occupied when a pretty girl entered the car, and instantly a young man sprang up and offered her his seat. A lady opposite smiled and said to herself, "If she hadn't been young and pretty—"

Then somebody got out and the young man dropped into the vacant seat opposite. The next time the car stopped a big rough handed Irish woman entered.

"Now we'll see!" said the cynical woman opposite. She did see, for without a moment's hesitation that young man was up again, lifting his hat as he touched the Irish woman's shoulder, saying, "here's a seat, madam," and when, without a word of acknowledgement, she plumped heavily down in the narrow space the lady opposite looked at that young man with the frankest admiration in her eyes.

"When knighthood is in flower!" she said to herself. And perhaps—for who can tell how far reaching is the influence of example?—perhaps it was the memory of the young man's courtesy that made the same lady see an opportunity and give a bit of help a little later. She was walking then, and just before her was a workman with his hands full of gas fittings. An awkward load it was, filling both his hands. Suddenly one piece slipped out of his grasp and fell to the ground. He stooped and looked and looked at it perplexedly. He could not pick it up without dropping the big clumsy collection that he had in each hand.

The lady stepped forward and picked up the piece, and slipped it in among the rest, while the man looked at her with eyes so full of surprise that she laughed softly. "Aren't we here to help one another?" she said, as she passed on.—Ida L. Thurston.

Personal Charm.

The women who are most loved are not by any means always the most beautiful; but they have that indescribable something that, for lack of a better term, we call personal charm. Their natural and gracious manner, their thoughtfulness for others, the blended good sense and wit of their conversation, and, above all, their mysterious power of sympathy, draw the hearts of friends to them as the moon attracts the waters. It is strange how you are often thoroughly disillusioned the moment a woman opens her mouth. You think to yourself as you notice the classic contour of face, what a charming personality she must be! But the lines about her mouth as she begins to speak, her choice of words, her hard and rasping tone, lead to an instant revision of the opinion. Again, have you not often found that a rather plain and unattractive face has been lit up in conversation with an inner light, that the liquid tones of a well modulated voice have stolen into your heart, and that delicacy of insight has captured your imagination? Beauty of spirit has more than made up for the lack of physical attractiveness. And there are no accomplishments of music, art, or languages that are quite so winsome as sanity, efficiency, and sympathy.—The Watchman.

Old Soldier's Experience.

M. M. Austin, a civil war veteran, of Winchester, Ind., writes: "My wife was sick a long time in spite of good doctor's treatment, but was wholly cured by Dr. King's New Life Pills, which worked wonders for her health." They always do. Try them. Only 25c at Hood Bros. drug store.

Forgotten.

The greatest grief on this bright word below—
Hymned of the poets, blest of gods above,
Is not forgetfulness of earth to know,
But only the forgetfulness of Love!
—F. L. Stanton.

Cheerfulness Versus Gayety.

It is not often that young people stop to think of the differences between the meaning of cheerfulness and gayety. Gayety seems more of a personal thing—the merriment of jollity which comes to us from our surroundings and amusements. Cheerfulness is a more noble and lovable quality. The dictionary has many varying definitions of this pleasant word, but they all express something which not only makes oneself glad, but helps other people. "Cordially willing; genial in action; hearty, ungrudging"—"Promoting good cheer, gladdening, animating, genial." These are my favorite explanations of our little word, and I would dearly love to let you take it for your motto for this month of good cheer.

The old knights, you know, in the days of chivalry, always chose some word or sentence which expressed what they aimed to do, or desired to defend, carried this upon their shields when they went into battle, and every day wore it emblazoned on their banners. It was a very excellent idea in many ways, and, once having chosen his motto, a knight was bound to live up to its requirements, and his children took it for their life-rule also. For instance, if a man wrote on his shield: "Faithful to the End," he was bound to hold every trust with unflinching fidelity, even if it cost him his life.

Now, if we should take up for our device, "Cheerfulness," we should be bound to bring sunshine and hope wherever we went, make light of disappointments and trials, hold back the tears when we were hurt or troubled, be quick to "lend a hand," and always try to find a sunny side to every cloud. And it would mean giving up all complaints, and enduring what we had to endure, not only without a murmur—for that we might do by being only brave—but finding a way to smile even when things went very much against us.—Mrs. Farley in April Ledger Monthly.

Being Worth Knowing.

A girl, ambitious, restless for many things, once heard two sentences that changed her life. They were these: "Would you be known? Then be worth knowing."

In a flash she saw how cheap an ambition hers had been and how selfish. Who was she to long for the friendship of high souls? Would she, as she was, even understand their language?

In humility and sorrow she prayed again—no longer that she might be known, but that, in God's good time, her own life might grow strong and beautiful, that she might prove worthy of all the blessings that were given her. Then, since God in his wisdom teaches us to answer many of our own prayers, she began to study, to read and to think and to try to love greatly. So years passed.

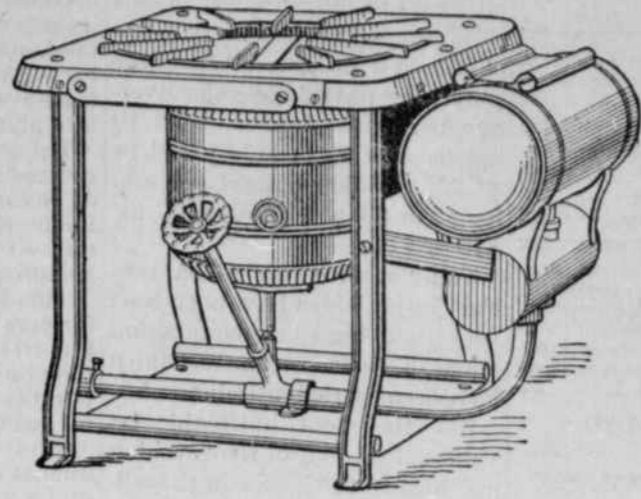
Did she become known? Never as in her girlish dreams. But she found something far better. For she learned that to be known is nothing and to try to be worth knowing that one may be known is less than nothing, but to lift one's soul to highest living, because one will not be satisfied with lesser things, is a task whose joy deepens with every passing year and reaches on into God's eternity.—Forward.

How the Camel got his hump.

Noah was standing in the rain, superintending the loading of the ark. At last all the animals were in, save the camel, who hung back. Then Noah lost patience, for his umbrella had blown inside out, his mackintosh leaked and his gum boots had holes in them. "Here," he shouted to the camel. "Get a hump on yourself!" The camel got his back up about it, and that's how it happened.—Philadelphia Record.

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