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FLORENCE E. KOLLOCK.

A Powerful Woman Preacher and the Work She Has Done. [Special Correspondence.]

CHICAGO, Aug. 29.—A picture is finished when all trace of the means used to bring about the end has disappeared, says Whistler. Judged by this test the work of the Rev. Florence Kollock is "finished work." Whatever she does bears no evidence of strain or effort. Her splendid vigor gives the strong impression of resource which has never approached exhaustion, and in listening to her one finds himself convinced that it is good to live, because there is so much in life worth doing.

"Why did I become a preacher?" she said, in answering the question as to her choice of a life work. "Because I was consumed with a desire to give forth the beautiful faith which had come with its gladness and hope to be a part of my life."

In her pulpit, clad in princess gown of dark fine stuff, the severe lines of which reveal the perfection of her tall, lissome figure, with her fine head thrown back and her dark eyes glowing, she is the embodiment of inspirational enthusiasm. She is wonderfully magnetic, and carries forward her audience as if by magic. Still she is not in the least sensational either in method or matter. Dealing in facts rather than dialectics, she is broad, intense and original, and those who have listened to her for years declare not only that her work is not a replica of early efforts, but improves in power, strength and finish as the years go on.

A native of Wisconsin, Miss Kollock was educated at the state university located at Madison. For five years after her graduation she was a most successful teacher. During this time she was much exercised in regard to religious matters. The demands of her broad and humane nature were such that ordinary cruel limitations were quite impossible to her; in the end she became a Universalist, and determined to preach the Gospel as a minister of that church. To this end she took a course of study to fit herself for the work of the ministry, and began preaching at Waverley, Wis., in 1876. She remained at Waverley two years, and then followed the Rev. Augusta Chapin as pastor of the Universalist church at Blue Island, one of Chicago's suburbs. During her pastorate there she established a mission at Englewood.

After the regular morning service at Blue Island she was in the habit of going across the country, a distance of between eight and ten miles, in any vehicle which by chance she could command, or, other means failing her, of making the distance on foot. The little group which first gathered about her rapidly increased in numbers until within a year a church was formed and she became its pastor. This was ten years ago, and during that time the church has steadily increased in numbers, popularity and influence. It now includes a large congregation of wealth, culture and refinement, whose members lend a hand in many different lines of the home missionary work which offers an ever abundant harvest in and about all large cities. In the amount of this kind of work which it accomplishes I think Miss Kollock's church is, for its size, exceptional. This may be accounted for from the fact that a much larger proportion of her congregation than is usual are men.

Miss Frances E. Willard, in her "Women in the Pulpit," declares that when women are freely allowed to enter the ministry the preponderance of church members will not, as now, be women, but that men, if not in the majority, will at least be equal in number with women. However this may be, it is certainly true that the number of men is fully equal to the number of women in Miss Kollock's congregation. As fearless as she is earnest, her generous, loving charity is always equal to the demands upon it. She meets the young with the ready understanding and sympathy which inspires confidence, and the erring with the strong, helpful, hope inspiring encouragement which set their feet in better ways. At one time I knew of her taking up the cause of a woman who had been the subject of a public scandal, but who was at the time leading an exemplary life. She defended her with an eloquence and power of which Fortia herself might have been proud. The matter came up before an organized body of women, and in no uncertain way Miss Kollock declared that no man or woman had any right to exceed in severity the judgment of Jesus, who said to the woman "go and sin no more;" that the only cardinal difference between the righteous and the wicked is that while the former repent the latter do not, and that any human being who places difficulties in the way of those who desire to make their future better than their past is unchristian, nay more, inhuman. After hearing this defense it was no longer a wonder to me that the Rev. Florence Kollock has carried forward a work of such far reaching and enduring helpfulness as she has accomplished.

ANTOINETTE VAN HOESEN.
Swallows as Dispatch Carriers. Some bird fanciers have almost persuaded M. de Freycinet that if it is not easy, it is quite possible to train the swallow to do the work of a carrier of dispatches. Their method is kept a secret, but the governor of Lille has been charged to test it, and to have certain experiments which were made at Roubaix under the supervision of Capt. Degouy, of the engineers. The captain is to be present at a grand flight of carrier swallows next month, and if his report is favorable a swallow cot will be constructed and placed under the care of special trainers at Mont Valerien.—Paris Letter.



REV. F. E. KOLLOCK.

Talmage's Smile.

Such a smile. It would frighten gloom from the torture of the toothache and joy on the wings of the morning.

It spreads out like an overflow at the mouth of the Mississippi, and sinks in like the depths of the ocean.

With a countenance as solemn and as homely as the sphinx, the smile breaks over it like the silver rift in a storm cloud, or a dancing sunbeam across the gloomy mouth of the Mammoth cave. The whole man is transformed, and the morose line shadows disappear in the glowing brightness of the noonday sun.

You can see that smile as it shyly twinkles and wrinkles in the corner of the eye, then shyly steals downward and skirmishes along the expanse of cheek to the twitching lips, until it charges all along the line, captures the whole countenance, and is lost in the mouth, which opens like a widening crevice in the earth's surface, or the bellows to a church organ.

Such a smile would sit chill and lonesome on an ordinary mouth twelve or fifteen inches wide, but on this one it gambols like a frisky colt at play on a new mown lawn, and with the sprightly movement of a dog firmly attached by a tail coupling to an ignited bunch of cannon crackers. It is none of your fair weather smiles, but one that gives a Gracero-Roman fall to dyspepsia, and plants mirth on the face of sorrow in three rounds.

It is a genuine brain reaching risible wiggler, as spontaneous as a kitten's antics, tinged with the serpentine mystery of a woman's reason, sudden as an unpleasant fact, receptive as a baby's mouth, as infectious as snailpox, with the get-there quality of the belting, and would tickle an Indian cigar sign into hysterics.

It scares sorrow, creates mirth, and throws out the longest pole to knock off the laughter persimmons that ever converted gloom into a side show or turned melancholy into a circus.

It ebbs and flows like the ocean's tide and leaves as much trace on the place it travels over as the serpentine fluttering of a feather on a bald man's head.

But its effect on the audience is like the opening of spring, or peaches and cream to a hungry tramp. It first passes over one like the mist of a gentle rain, gradually curls the corners of the mouth with the suddenness of an April shower, and finally bursts over the countenance like a rainbow of promise and merges into laughter that peals forth like the rumble of thunder from the gentle man, and sits suborned in the exquisite dimples on beauty's cheek like the glistening dew drop on a shell pink rose.

It is a ninth wonder, and stands upon the face of Dr. Talmage like Edmund Dantes on his tiny island in mid ocean, exclaiming "the world is mine."

It is a grin winner with a blue ribbon tied to its tail, and drives away slumber like a Minnetonka mosquito.

It is a grin that would make a monkey laugh, and waft a breeze through a baboon's whiskers.—Minneapolis Tribune.

Darwin and His Neighbors.
I was fossil hunting the other day, writes a correspondent, in a chalk pit near Keston, when a thunderstorm forced me to take shelter in a shed, where I had an interesting conversation with two old workmen. "Do you find many fossils here?" I asked. "Yes, sometimes we get one or two, then we may find a lot more of the same sort near it. Gentlemen come along about every two days and pick 'em over. I found some shark's teeth once. Mr. —, at Bromley, said they was mammoth's (I) teeth, but I took 'em to Sir John Lubbock and Mr. Darwin, and they both said they was shark's as soon as they saw 'em. Maybe you've heard of Mr. Darwin?" "Yes, I have heard of him. Did the people around here often take things to him?" "Sometimes, when they wanted to know what anything was. He could always tell 'em. Master Frank will now if you go to him; he's very clever."

"I once took a effort left to Sir John," chimed in his comrade. "I killed it up under by the barn. Bob saw it first but he was frightened. He'd been boozing for a week and he'd been scared at anything. It was about that length (about a foot), and Mr. — told me to tek it straight down to Sir John, he had such eyes. I went into Sir John's room—he was at home—but he couldn't tell me what it was. 'Wait a bit here,' he said, 'and I'll look at my books.' So he went out for about a quarter of an hour. His room was full of all sorts of things—lizards, toads, vipers and nearly everything. When he came back he told me what it was and gave me half a sovereign. 'That's the male,' he said, 'you'll find the female near the same spot.' 'Which Sir John was that?' 'That was old Sir John. I took a pair of five efforts once down to young Sir John. Sir John as is; the one as knows a lot about ants.'—Pall Mall Gazette.

Homespun Folk.
The settlers of Vermont were such homespun folk that even their penalties were home made. The Green Mountain house, a noted way of Bennington, had for a sign a stuffed castanet grinning defiance toward New York, whose authorities claimed jurisdiction over Vermont.

When one Dr. Samuel Adams, who sided with New York, too freely criticized the acts of the Bennington settlers, he was booted up by the side of the huge cat and allowed for several hours to sit there and reflect.

Stark's speech to his men on the morning of the battle of Bennington is well known, but it was preceded by a homespun act from a fighting parson, the Rev. Mr. Allen. Early in the morning the parson went, as a messenger of peace, to the front of Baum's works and called on the Hessians to surrender to avoid bloodshed. They answered with a volley of musketry.

"Now, boys, give me a gun!" shouted the parson, whose blood was up.—Youth's Companion.

Sterilized Cow's Milk.
It is now recognized as imperative that all cow's milk given to young children should be sterilized by boiling where it is not used within three or four hours after it comes from the cow. And when it is known that the source of the milk supply is absolutely free from all contaminating influences, then sterilization should be invariably practiced, no matter how fresh the milk may be. Considering that this need is generally recognized, it is surprising that some enterprising dairy-man has not ere this begun to furnish sterilized milk in bottles, tightly corked. It would add but little to his expense, and such milk would be in demand, even at a rate above the usual. Let such a custom become general and infant mortality in towns and cities, especially in summer, will be much lower than it now is.—Boston Herald.

A Quartz Reef King.
Intelligence has arrived from Sydney announcing the death of Mr. J. B. Watson, at the age of 64, an Australian quartz reef king, and one of the richest men in Australia, whose wealth is without limit. He was a native of Paisley, and emigrated with his father's family to Sydney, and afterwards to California and Sandhurst, and finally to the Bendigo gold mine, where he made a fortune, estimated at forty million sterling (\$300,000,000).—Ouse's Week.

ODDS AND ENDS.

The university of Oxford has appliances for printing in 150 different languages.

One man in western Australia owns and controls nearly 4,000,000 acres of land.

There are twenty-seven trust companies in the state of New York, with resources aggregating \$290,517,356.

A Miss Gianf, of Pittsburg, married her uncle-stepfather and becomes stepmother to her brother.

Who is wise! He that learns from everyone. Who is powerful! He that governs his passions. Who is rich! He that is content.—Dillwyn.

A man named Clemmer has been discovered in Reading who has made 300 clay idols, which he keeps in his house and worships with idolatrous devotion.

The strength and safety of a community consists in the virtue and intelligence of its youth, especially of its young men.—J. Hawes.

There has lately been such a glut of berries that the Scotch fishing snacks are leaving Ardglass for home, herring being so cheap and plentiful that it does not pay to catch them.

The present estimated population of the United States is 64,000,000. The annual growth by natural increase and immigration is placed at about a million. The estimated foreign population is not far below 14,000,000.

It was lately stated by one of the heads of departments of the London and North-western Railway company that that company issues yearly fifty tons of railway tickets.

A Gothic government was established in Castile about 800. By the marriage of Ferdinand of Aragon and Isabella of Castile, in 1474, the first step toward the union of Aragon and Castile was taken. Both kingdoms became one monarchy in 1479.

It is rumored that the queen has at last yielded to her physicians and will take a long sea trip, perhaps to India, or possibly to Canada and the United States.

A recent discussion about the height of trees in the forest of Victoria brings from the government botanist the statement that he has seen one 525 feet high. The chief inspector of forests measured a fallen one that was 485 feet long.

Are we not to pity and supply the poor, though they have no relation to us! No relation! That cannot be. The gospel styles them all our brethren; nay, they have a nearer relation to us—our fellow members; and both these from their relation to our Saviour himself, who calls them his brethren.—Sprat.

The primates of all England had two chairs considerably over one thousand years old—the chair of Augustine at Canterbury and the chair in which he sits at Lambeth, which belonged to the abbot of Reculver in the Seventh century.

He that will not permit his wealth to do any good to others while he is living, prevents it from doing any good to himself when he is dead, and by an egotism that is suicidal and has a double edge, cuts himself off from the trust pleasure here and the highest happiness hereafter.—Colton.

Willard Matteson's pet cat of Hope Valley, Conn., killed sixty-one chickens for him in five days, making a good record of one dozen slaughtered each day. Then Matteson killed the cat.

A coon killed a dozen chickens for Alden F. Miner, of North Stoughton, Conn., and within an hour after Miner had discovered his loss his deaf dog Pontius Pilate, the first coon dog in the county, had treed the coon in a neighboring wood, and Mr. Miner shot it. A fat coon was the 23rd one that Pontius Pilate has aided in slaughtering in the last fourteen years.

In Australia there are nearly 247,000 more males than females. Including New Zealand and Tasmania, the excess of males over females is 301,949.

The ways of auctioneers in different parts of the world vary greatly. In England and America the seller bears the expense of the sale, but in France the purchaser bears the cost, 5 per cent. being added to his purchase. In Holland it is still worse, the buyer being required to pay 10 per cent. additional for the expenses of the sale.

Refrigerators of enormous size are now being placed in all large commission houses in Cleveland. Some of them are large enough for the storage of from 10,000 to 40,000 pounds of butter. The temperature within them is kept at 30 degs., and the public has the entertaining sight of seeing ice form on buckets of water in midsummer.

The nesting of orange growers and dealers recently held, was hardly well enough attended to give promise of any immediate and far reaching revolution in the methods of the orange trade. Less than a dozen persons interested in the business were present, and only two of them were from New York.

There is no reason to believe in the carrying out of the project now before the Dominion government for laying a new cable in the Atlantic. If laid, it will be the shortest ocean cable line between Europe and America, or, in other words, will be less than 2,000 miles in length. The project is strongly supported by the press in all the provinces of the New Dominion, and is favored by several of the leaders of the Dominion government. The cable can be laid at a cost of \$1,700,000, and there appears to be no difficulty in procuring the capital required.

The latest story of Kansas productiveness comes from Ford county, where a Mr. Sternberg planted twenty acres to melons and sold the seeds to an eastern seed house for \$400. From the melons he manufactured 1,000 barrels of vinegar, which he values at \$10 per barrel. This melon vinegar he claims to be fully equal to, if not better, than the elder vinegar. If this story is true Kansas will be principally devoted to the production of watermelons in a short space of time. Just think of it! \$10,400 for the product of twenty acres of land.

A Great Powder Man.
Henry du Pont, who has just died near Wilmington, Del., was the second son of Eleuthere Irenee du Pont de Nemours, the French refugee who founded the great powder mills of the Brandywine. He was graduated at West Point in 1833 in the class with Gen. George W. Cullum, but speedily resigned to carry on the powder business with his brother. From 1830 until his death the whole business was conducted by him alone. The mills have always been the largest in the country and now have a capacity twenty times what it was in 1812, when they were the sole source of supply for the American army and produced 2,000 pounds a day.—Detroit Free Press.

Rich Arkansas Negroes.
Little Rock has a colored citizen whose property is worth upward of \$100,000. It also has another colored citizen, who came to the city a dozen years ago worth comparatively nothing—today he owns several houses and lots, and his wealth is estimated at \$25,000. The last named is a contractor and plasterer, and moved from Illinois to Arkansas.—Little Rock Press.

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