

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

—The High School at Los Angeles, Cal., is reached by something over 100 steps leading up a steep bank.

—The Prospect Street Congregational Church has had but three pastors in 100 years. Its third in that period, Rev. J. H. Russ, resigned recently.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—The Rev. Brooke Herford, of Chicago, who has accepted a call to Boston, was born in England in 1830. He came to this country in 1875, at the invitation of the Rev. Robert Collyer.

—The Jewish people of New York have decided to establish free schools in that city, where the rudimentary principles of Hebrew history, literature and religion will be taught.—*New Haven Register.*

—Minister Lowell is quoted by his biographer, Mr. Underwood, as saying: "If a man does anything good, the world always finds it out sooner or later; and if he doesn't, why, the world finds that out, too—and ought."

—In Glasgow, Scotland, Moody and Sankey are gathering enormous congregations, sometimes estimated as high as 15,000. Nearly all the meetings are crowded an hour before it is time to begin the service.—*Chicago Journal.*

—The Roman Catholic children of Cincinnati, to the number of 8,000, have been removed from the public schools, and will henceforth receive their education in parochial schools supervised by the ecclesiastical authorities.—*Detroit Post.*

—In Mr. Spurgeon's church in London the regular hearers absent themselves one Sunday evening every three months, and the house is given up to strangers. But in many parishes in this country the same thing is done every Sunday evening.—*N. Y. Post.*

—Dr. Kennon, a street preacher in New York, who has just entered upon the seventh year of his work, makes a practice of distributing bread and coffee and soup at the conclusion of each service. His treat is always keenly relished, and to the efficacy of his work.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—Remark by Rev. Dr. Hartzell, who is on a Southern tour, on being told that the Methodist Church South was the original Methodist Episcopal Church: "I belong to the Methodist Episcopal Church of God, and if you want to call yours the Methodist Episcopal Church South of God, I have no objections."

—The South Carolina Methodist Conference is making arrangements to establish a religious summer resort near Henderson, N. C. The desire is to make it as much like Chautauqua as possible in its literary and educational features, and to present such attractions as will make it the popular place of pilgrimage, not only for Methodists, but for all other good people.—*N. O. Picayune.*

—Dr. Jewell, an authority on nervous diseases, protests against confining children between the ages of eight and twelve rigidly to the school-room. They should be examined from time to time by a competent physician for the purpose of ascertaining how much brain work at school they can sustain without injury. But until something is done to relieve the high pressure in the schools, there is little use in protesting.

Death Attends a Delusion.

Michael Kane, a saloon-keeper at Twentieth and Cuthbert Streets, who began to rave deliriously on Saturday last about the bites that his Scotch terrier had inflicted on his cheek and finger over three weeks ago, was taken to St. Joseph's Hospital on Tuesday morning. Dr. Watson, of No. 201 North Twentieth street, had decided that it was a case of mania a potu, resulting from an abrupt cessation of drinking, and aggravated by the thought that hydrophobia would soon ensue. The belief took complete possession of Kane's mind, and no persuasion or treatment could eradicate it. For five days he had refused to drink any kind of liquid, and it was only by a subterfuge that he was induced to drink some milk, and then when whisky was suggested to him he swallowed a good, still dram eagerly, insisting that it be "neat." He continually talked of the dog and hydrophobia, and his visiting acquaintances also persistently talked to him about the malady, which only increased his uneasiness. At times he raved and was frequently violent, yet was conscious, and on every subject except the dog was rational. Still there were no symptoms of hydrophobia, nor anything like them. His dread of water was only a phantom, as was proven when he was induced on Monday morning to drink some. When the cup was handed to him he called to his attendants: "Look out now for me when I jump!" The water slipped down his throat easily and he waited for the expected convulsions and "jump." He didn't jump, but sat quietly down on the side of his bed and began to talk. When he was taken to St. Joseph's Hospital he was violent and noisy. The resident physician, Dr. Cruice, took him in hand and gave much the same treatment that he had received under Dr. Watson, both physicians agreeing in their diagnosis of the case. Kane grew so troublesome that the authorities of the hospital refused to keep him there, and yesterday they sent him home, under the care of his wife, in a hack. At four o'clock he died from exhaustion or failure of the heart, the result, it is said, of mania a potu.

Kane was about thirty-five years old, exceedingly vigorous and active, and free from every malady except the brief mental disturbance that prostrated him. He served fourteen years in the navy.—*Philadelphia Times.*

Reminiscence of Washington.

"You say," I remarked to the old negro who drove the hack, "that you were General Washington's body servant?"

"Dat's so! Dat's jes so, massa. I done waited on Washington since he was so high—no bigger'n a small chile."

"You know the story, then, about the cherry tree and the hatchet?"

"Know it? Why I was dar on de spot. I seen Massa Gawge climb de tree after de cherries, and I seen him fling de hatchet at de boys who was stonin' him. I done chase dem boys off de place myself."

"Do you remember his appearance as a man? What he looked like?"

"Yes, indeedy. He was a kinder short, chunky man; sorter fat and hearty lookin'. He had chin whiskers and mustache and spectacles. Mos' generally he wore a high hat; but I seed him in a fur cap wid ear warmers."

"You were not with him of course, when he crossed the Delaware—when he went across the Delaware River?"

"Wid him? Yes, sir; I was right dar. I was not more'n two feet off'n him as he driv across de bridge in his buggy! Dat's a fact. I walked 'long side de off hind wheel of dat buggy all de way."

"You saw him, then, when he fought the British at Trenton?"

"Sho's your'e born I did! I held Massa Gawge's coat an' hat while he fought de British at dat wery place. Mos' generally he cinched him, and den dey russed and rassed, and at first he drew Massa Gawge, and den Massa Gawge flung him, and set on him, and done hammered him till he cried 'nuff! Massa Gawge won dat fight. I seed him wid me own eyes! An' I come home wid him in de kyars!"

"You weren't with him, though, when he shot the apple off the boy's head?"

"Who wa'n't wid him? I wa'n't? I was de only pusson dar 'ceptin' one white man. I loaded Massa Gawge's revolver an' han'ed it to him, an' picked up de apple an' et it soon as he knocked it off. Nobody can't tell dish yer ole niggah nuffin' 'bout dat circumstance."

"You know all the General's relations, too, I suppose? Martin Luther and Peter the Hermit and the rest?"

"Knowed um all. Many and many's de time I done waited on de table when Massa Gawge had um to dinner. I remember dem two gemmen jes' well's if I'd seen 'um yesterday. Yes, sah; an' I driv um out often!"

"I've frequently seen pictures of Washington in which he is represented sitting upon a white horse. Did he really ride a white horse, or don't you recall the color of his horse?"

"Why, bress your soul; 'eall de color ob de hoss—'eall de color ob it? Do you see dish yer nigh hoss dat I'm a drivin' now, right? Well, dat's de werry hoss Massa Gawge used to ride. He lef' it to me in his will."

Just then we reached the station, and I dismounted from the hack and paid Washington's body servant for his services. No doubt a longer conversation with him would have revealed other new and startling facts relating to the Father of his Country.—*Max Adler, in Philadelphia Post.*

Intemperance Among New York Women of Fashion.

It is shocking but true, that intemperance among women of the better classes is becoming more and more common. Of almost innumerable cases that could be related of instances where women of good families, good education and reputed virtue, belonging to this city, have become common drunkards, and disgraced by this vile habit, the writer will relate but one that has recently come to her knowledge, and will vouch for its truth in every particular. A woman is to-day living in complete obscurity here, and alone, who, five years ago, was the wife of a retired merchant—the mistress of a handsome home within twenty-five miles from the city, where she, with her husband and one child, a son, resided in the summer, and in the winter lived either in some fine hotel or went abroad—that has been completely ruined by her confirmed habits of intemperance. She has been in the five years several times taken drunk to the station-houses, has been sent to the prison on Ward's Island and thoroughly disgraced. She was a very attractive woman, and for years her husband endured her insane conduct caused by liquor. He was proud, and tried to hide his shame from the world, but after several brutal personal attacks upon himself and his aged father, he was divorced from her. Then relatives on both sides interfered, the wife was temperate, seemingly reformed, and he remarried her, as he still, in spite of everything, loved the mother of his boy. For a while this person (she was called a lady) was decent in her behavior, esteemed her many privileges and enjoyed her wealth; but the old appetite returned with renewed vigor, and she became more degraded than ever. The husband has again been divorced from her, but gives her enough to live on, if she would so spend it. He is still in middle life, but broken in health and wrecked in happiness. Every day he dreads to see his former wife's name in the police reports; dreads hearing of some horrid thing she may have done. He wanders aimlessly through the world, with one hold on life—his love for his son, idolizing him, but fearing his inheritance of the evil passion which has wrecked the two lives of this true story and how many thousands of others. Some people contend that it is no worse for a woman to be intemperate than for a man to be so. They cannot really mean it, however, as women of good character hold society together.—*New York Cor. Syracuse (N. Y.) Journal.*

Niagara In Harness.

Yankee ingenuity and practicality have not been slow in acting upon the suggestions which have been thrown out so frequently of late by the English savants as to the capabilities of Niagara Falls in producing electrical power. They have computed the force of the falls and announced the prodigious results in illuminating and heating, as well as a motor, which might be accomplished by them if they were only utilized, and now comes an enterprising American, backed by sufficient capital, determined to see if the cataract will perform what the savants say it will.

The preliminary step has been the purchase of the twelve acres known as Prospect Park, adjacent to the falls, which substantially gives the purchaser the control of the water power of the entire American Falls, estimated at 2,000,000 horse-power, or ten times the amount of steam horse-power in Chicago and all the rest of Cook County—a force equal to that of 12,000,000 men. The control of this prodigious power having been obtained, it is proposed to erect immense buildings and ponderous machinery upon the brink of the falls, where the water can be easily reached, "to be returned after use." After generating the electricity by this unlimited hydraulic force, it is to be conducted through properly insulated cases to sixty-five prominent American cities and towns for illuminating purposes, and is also to be used for operating machinery and ultimately for heating purposes. Altogether there will be 10,000 miles of copper cables with machinery to correspond.

The project at the first glance is sufficient to take away one's breath, but it is certain that any project proposing to handle Niagara Falls must be on the same scale as the cataract itself. Niagara is not a force to drive a petty mill or run a small grist. Its prodigious force must be handled in a Titanic way or else let alone. He would be a rash man who should hasten to predict that this colossal scheme, which looks so well on paper, is going to succeed, or that Niagara is going to allow itself to be harnessed to dynamo machines without a most determined resistance, or that numerous unforeseen obstacles will not turn up that will prove insurmountable and convince puny man that Nature has some agencies like mountains, oceans, cyclones and cataracts which she will not allow to be utilized for material purposes, and against which she may protest in some reckless way that will send the whole project to everlasting smash. The most that can be done now is to announce that an effort is to be made to compel this vast 160 foot fall of water, which has been running wild so long and benefiting no one, except the falls hackmen, who have mainly retired on fortunes after their connivance with the cataract, to do something for a living and to be of some use in the world. If every brawling little mill-stream in the country has to be of some service there is no reason why this overgrown and monstrous precipitation of water should not also contribute to the wants of men—if it can be done. If skill, courage, enterprise and money are of any avail, it may not be long before the world will behold Niagara no longer plunging over its brink merely for the profit of hackmen and the pleasure of sentimental sight-seers and poets, but working with its huge power for the comfort of people.

It was not long ago that an English writer sneeringly declared that a Yankee could not look at Niagara Falls without calculating its capacity as a water-power. The writer probably never dreamed that a Yankee, not content with the mere calculation, would actually attempt to put it in operation.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Shine 'Em for a Cent.

A ragged boot-black with a gloomy face stood at the foot of the steps of the Park Place Station of the elevated road late last evening.

"Shine yer boots?" he said. "Shine 'm for a cent."

"Why do you ask only a cent?"

"Because I'm hungry."

He got a quarter for shining that pair of boots.

"Oh, he caught you, did he?" said the gateman, when the boot-black's customer had gone up-stairs and bought his ticket. "He's been workin' that racket some time."

The boot-black's customer looked over the railing. The boot-black was waiting for another tender-hearted man.—*Boston World.*

Jewels of the Future.

One of the applications of electricity which has not as yet attracted general attention is the magnificent effect which it can produce when employed as a means of personal decoration. A necklace or a bracelet of diamonds of the first water could not compare for brilliancy with the effect of a string of crystals, each containing a tiny filament of carbon heated to incandescence by an electric current supplied from a small Faure battery, which might easily be concealed on the person. At the Crystal Palace there is a diminutive breast-pin which can be illuminated by a two-inch Faure battery carried in the pocket of the wearer.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

—Dr. M. Lowen, of Paris, has been experimenting with coffee and sugar to determine their effect upon digestion. He concludes that coffee impairs and sugar favors digestion. Therefore if you must drink coffee, sweeten it liberally.—*Health Monthly.*

—To remove spots from furniture, take four ounces of vinegar, two ounces of sweet oil, one ounce of turpentine. Mix and apply with a flannel cloth.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

The Man and the Fish.

About this time of the year, when you cannot find the American citizen in his office, look for him at the butt end of a fishing pole, if he is a denizen of the mighty West, or at the reel of a trout rod, if so be that he liveth in the barbaric orient; for there are no fishing poles east of Ohio.

Man, born of woman, is of few days, and prone to fish as the sparks to fly upward. Whether in the long-legged boots he wadeth along the rocky and tortuous course of the broken trout stream, or placidly perched on a gum log, he patiently bobs for "cat" in the sluggish and yellow creek of the low countries, he must fish. And in either case the result is about the same; more lies than fish.

Patient is the man who fishes, long suffering, addicted to malaria, lonely in his habits, he smelleth of the swamps; the odor of the alders cling to his raiment and the truth is not in him. The patience of his life is its great charm. The sun that beats upon his murmuring head at noontide moves him not; the long afternoon only makes him sleepy; the threatening bank of clouds in the distant west has no terrors for him; the breath of the passing cyclone could not move him if it should happen to strike him just as he felt a bite. He is patient beyond all appreciation. From early morn till dewy eve he fishes for something that he cannot see, and if ever he gives way to the slightest expression of impatience it is when the shadows of night fall upon him and compel him to return home and leave the brook or pond or creek "just when they begin to bite."

He knows the habits and the haunts of fish. He is a connoisseur in nibbles and a judge of bites. He knows there are rock bass close under the dam and sunfish among the tangled roots of the fallen cottonwood that lies, bleached and naked, like a dead giant, looking as though it had swam ashore and then died before it could pull its roots out of the water. In the quiet pools under the high bank there are big suckers, and in the middle of the creek he can fish on the bottom for bull-pout. And there are "punkin' seeds" and "goggle eyes" in the dark holes just below the shallows, and there is a tradition about a "croppy," five inches long, that was caught down near the stone quarry; for the fish of the Western waters are not measured by weight, as the liars of the Middle and New England States exaggerate their tiny trout, but by inches and feet, even as the sea serpent of the Jersey coast.

Moreover, the man who fishes knows how to allure the wily inhabitants of the deep. He spitteth upon his bait and refraineth from accustomed profanity. He knoweth that the "snake feeders" circle in many colored lines above the place where abide the most fish. He knoweth that you cannot drown a "skeeter" or water spider, and that it is in vain that any man trieth to splash water on the back of the gregarious "stink bug." When the worms are all used up, or by some heart-breaking mischance spilled into the creek, he baiteth with the mussel which passeth under the alias of clam, or he ensnareth, with many outspread fingers, much grass and few grasshoppers; or the after legs of the active frog supply him with the needful bait.

But he never catches any fish, not any to speak of. He has nibbles unnumbered, but not untold; he has big bites that thrill the blood of the man to whom he describes them; he pulls two or three splendid fellows "clear out of the water," he sees a dozen or more jump up in the middle of the creek, he could have caught two dozen if he could have got over to the other side of the creek, and fifty if he had had a boat. But for the wind being in the south, he would have eaten fish for the ensuing week; the sun was too hot or the day was dark, or something or other. With a score of possibilities, and with numberless narrow escapes, he catches no fish.

But somehow, while he comes home fishless, he smells like a fish market. He has fallen into the creek twice or thrice, and has caught frogs or carried clams, and comes home wet to the neck, with weariness in his frame, aches in his joints, a smell of fish all about him, and not a fish near him. And thus year after year he fishes, and considers that he has had a holiday. He enjoys it, and it requires only a very few fish to satisfy his wild ambitions. If he can't fish he can lie, and the most successful fisher can tell no larger stories than the greatest failure.—*Burdette, in Burlington Hawkeye.*

The Other Horn.

"Mister," began a small boy, as he entered a Woodward avenue grocery yesterday, "ma bought some mackerel here last night."

"Yes."

"And in making change you gave her—"

"No, I didn't! I haven't had a quarter with a hole in it for a month!"

"But ma says you gave her a—"

"Don't believe it—don't believe it! I remember, now; I gave her a half-dollar, a quarter and a nickel."

"Ma says you gave her a gold-piece for a penny, and here it is."

"Good gracious alive! but so I did—so I did! I remember now that I gave her a dollar bill and a lot of small change. Bub, what's your name, and do you think you can eat three sticks of lemon candy? Ah! it does me good to find honesty and reward it!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

—The resignation of Prof. Sanborn, who has occupied a chair in Dartmouth College for nearly half a century, was accepted recently by the Trustees of that institution.

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