

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

—In a single high school in Charleston, S. C., there are 1,400 negro pupils.

—Three teachers in the public schools of Philadelphia have recently died from overwork.

—California has seventy-seven Baptist churches with forty-six pastors and 3,824 members. Ten missionaries are employed by the associations in the State.

—During the past year Bishop Littlejohn, of Long Island, confirmed 1,174 persons, and licensed twelve lay readers. The number of clergymen in the diocese is 100.

—John P. Eldridge, late President of the Connecticut Fire Insurance Company, left an estate of \$225,000, of which \$185,000 is bequeathed to missionary or charitable purposes.—*Boston Post.*

—The North Carolina Methodist who sang so loudly and discordantly in church as to annoy other worshippers, and was indicted as a nuisance, has won his case. The language of the Court is: "The disturbance of a congregation by singing, when the singer does not intend so to disturb it, but is conscientiously taking part in the religious services, may be a subject for the discipline of his church, but is not indictable."—*N. Y. Herald.*

—A clergyman in Maryland recently received an anonymous letter containing ten dollars. Afterward another anonymous communication was received, as follows: "Please pray for a family so given up to dissension and hard thoughts all are unhappy. Worldly care has driven out peace and love, and only God, who can change the heart, can make a change of the conduct and the disposition. Please pray that He would interpose in their behalf."

—The American Missionaries who penetrated through the jungles and fever-stricken country of Umzila's kingdom, in Southeastern Africa, to his capital, report that the King was delighted to see them, sent greetings to America, and asked to have five missionaries with their families sent to teach his people. The King is said to be the finest specimen of royalty in Africa. His face is full of intelligence and genuinely pleasant. He is tall and spare, but well proportioned.—*St. Louis Globe.*

The Meanest Lover Yet.

Frederick O. Lyman is a festive youth with a rudimentary mustache that hovers lightly above his guileless smile, like the misty aureole over the head of a saint in a stained-glass window. Long years ago—fourteen maybe—when he was a little boy, he had a playmate for whom he entertained tender feelings. Of course she was a little girl; otherwise there would have been no tender feelings. Childhood affection ripened into youthful love, and for some time past the pair have been in that complicated state of mind peculiar to engaged persons. But Frederick was not content with prospective bliss and one girl. Last September he made the acquaintance of Miss Dow and ingratiated himself into her confidence to such an extent that the keys of her room were usually to be found in his pocket, and he was not seldom in the room. Still he did not neglect his best girl over in Charlestown, but continued to visit her with customary regularity and contemplate the matrimonial prospects with unabated enthusiasm. He thought it would be the proper thing to present the object of his legitimate affection with a bridal trousseau, and one day he gave her quite an extensive outfit, which pleased her greatly. It was very kind and thoughtful of Freddie, to make such a useful present to his adored one, but his manner of obtaining the trousseau is open to criticism, perhaps. He displayed much forethought and discrimination by selecting in Miss Dow a friend just about the size of the other girl, but it was not treating Miss Dow exactly right to take advantage of her trusting disposition and carry off her clothes as a present to 'other charmer. That was why the festive Freddie stood in the dock yesterday and pleaded guilty to a charge of larceny, and looked very mean, while the boot upon the judicial desk quivered visibly, as though its very sole were aching to come down and get one good square chance at him. Miss Dow, a thin-faced lady of uncertain age, with a Derby hat and blue spectacles, briefly related the story of her wrongs. She had given the defendant free access to her apartments, and he had abused her confidence by stealing her clothes for another woman. Then the other girl, with auburn hair and plain spectacles, took the stand and told how Freddie made her a present of the things, and said a lady friend had given them to him.

"Were the articles new and nice?" asked the Court.

"No, sir. Some of them were new, but they were not nice," and having given this characteristic feminine stab at her rival, Freddie's best girl elevated her chin in triumph and sailed across the room to a seat. Counsel for the defendant tried to smooth matters a little by stating that as a matter of fact the clothes were given to Lyman by Miss Dow, but fearing that such a story would not be believed and that he would be convicted anyway, Lyman had entered a plea of guilty to save trouble.

"I believe he had abundant grounds for pleading guilty," remarked his Honor with a grim smile. "It's a very peculiar case when a young man paying attention to two women gets into the confidence of the second to steal her clothes and make a present to the first. In addition to the turpitude of larceny, it involves an extraordinary spirit of meanness. Six months in the House of Correction."—*Boston Globe.*

Spoopendyke Wanted His Waterproof.

"My dear," said Mr. Sloopendyke, pulling the shams off the bed, "where is my—my, where is my—you know what I mean. What did you do with it?"

"Your shawl-strap?" asked Mrs. Sloopendyke, dropping the baby into the crib. "Oh, I know; your dumb-bells. Is that what you want?"

"Has that shawl-strap got sleeves in it?" demanded Mr. Sloopendyke, ransacking the sewing-machine. "Are those dumb-bells split up the back and torn around the collar? You know what I want, my rubber overcoat. Where did you put it?" and Mr. Sloopendyke pulled a pile of letters out of the pigeon-hole to his wife's desk and spilled them along the floor.

"Where did you have it last?" murmured Mrs. Sloopendyke, with her finger in her mouth and consternation in her eye.

"Had it on!" growled Mr. Sloopendyke. "Where'd ye s'pose I had it? Think I had it for lunch? Don't you know where the measly thing's gone to? Spry around now and find it! Take your finger out of your mouth; I don't suppose it's in there! Get that coat before it clears up, will ye?" and Mr. Sloopendyke shook the clock and then peered into the mantel vases.

"I don't believe it's going to rain much anyway," faltered Mrs. Sloopendyke, who couldn't remember having seen the coat for a month. "When it looks like this it's always going to sunshine," and she followed him around the room in a dutter of apprehension.

"Of course it is!" snorted Mr. Sloopendyke. "Things are going to do just what you tell 'em to do. If you had a lot of tin figures in front and a streak of mercury up your spine, you'd only need a sheet-iron case and a wire handle to be a barometer! If you'll look along your measly information about the weather, p'rhaps you'll find that overcoat at the other end of it! Where's that coat? Going to let me stand here and soak while the moths picnic that coat into a shad net? Take me by the elbow and lead me to the coat!" and Mr. Sloopendyke tipped the sofa over so that he could see under it, and then slapped a plaster bust of Minerva against the wall, under the impression that the coat might have crawled into her ear.

"It's the strangest thing in the world!" giggled Mrs. Sloopendyke, hysterically. "Are you sure you wore it home?"

"If I didn't, how'd it get home?" roared Mr. Sloopendyke, putting his hands on his knees and grinning in his wife's face. "S'pose it hired a hack and drove home? Oh, no! I didn't wear it home. The last I saw of it it had its hat over its ear and a female waterproof on its arm, piking up Fulton street as happy as an Alderman's funeral. What're ye standing there for? Got some indistinct notion that the dod-gasted coat has to get shaved, haven't ye?"

"Ye give it to? Been endowing a metaphysical chair in some kind of an old woman's home with it, haven't ye? Where's the coat? Develop the coat before I vitiate the insurance!" and Mr. Sloopendyke kicked his wife's work-basket across the room and rammed his arm to the shoulder up the chimney.

"Do you remember where you wore it last?" asked Mrs. Sloopendyke, suddenly becoming calm and analytical.

"I wore it on my back!" protested Mr. Sloopendyke, who didn't remember whether he had taken it to church or to a hospital. "Maybe you're under the impression that I tied it to a stick and wheeled it along on the buttons! On my back, I tell ye! On this particular back!" and Mr. Sloopendyke almost broke his arm pointing out the attraction referred to. "Most folks fit up their rubber overcoats with a bent wire and a focus and wear 'em for spectacles, but I hadn't time; so I wore it on my back! Bring forth the coat!" yelled Mr. Sloopendyke, spinning around like a top. "Fetch out the measly coat before the proprietor of these premises makes up his mind whether he'll build a house here or mortgage the lot!"

"You wore it the last day it rained, and when it cleared off in the afternoon I noticed that you had on your spring overcoat," said Mrs. Sloopendyke, quietly.

"Great head!" granted Mr. Sloopendyke, beginning to feel uncomfortable, and wondering how it was coming out. "With your perceptive faculties and meteorological education, you only need one more leg and a clear night to be a dod-gasted street telescope at ten cents a peep! What of it? 'Spose I did wear a spring overcoat! It's a spring, ain't it?"

"And I don't know," continued Mrs. Sloopendyke, "but I think you had it on over your water-proof. If you'll look, you may find the rubber coat inside of the other now."

Mr. Sloopendyke growled and snorted his way to the closet, like a fog-horn, and found—things as his wife had predicted.

"Smart, ain't ye!" he grumbled, as he hauled out the water-proof. "Great powers of inductive reasoning! Some day I'm going to fit you up with a stiff neck and a pot of beans and start a Concord School of Philosophy with you."

And with this threat Mr. Sloopendyke threw the coat over his arm, and all the way to Coney Island entertained his friend Specklewottle with a description of his habits of order, "which are so perfect, sir, that I could put my thumb on anything I wanted, sir—if my wife would only let things alone!"—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

—The annual value of the hosiery product of the United States is stated at over \$15,000,000.

—Pride that dines on vanity sups on contempt.

The Sultan's Title.

The idea of a united Islam under the rule of a single Caliph being a fundamental conception of the Mussulman religion, is as old as that religion itself, and was, during more than a century, practically realized. Under the early Caliphs Islam was not merely an abstract religious system but a highly organized social and political community, with a monarchical form of government which rapidly developed into an unlimited despotism. The known world was divided into two parts, the Daru'l-Islam and the Daru'l-Harb—the land of the faithful and the land of the infidel—and throughout the whole extent of the former the Caliph exercised uncontrolled temporal and spiritual authority. Such was the caliphate of the Ommyyades, with Damascus as its capital. With the fall of that dynasty, about 120 years after the death of the prophet, the political unity of Islam came to an end. When the Abbassides seized the supreme power and removed the seat of government to Bagdad, the Moors of Spain, refusing to recognize the usurpation, elected a Caliph of their own from among the survivors of the dethroned dynasty, and at a later period a third independent caliphate was formed in Egypt by the so-called Fatimite dynasty. Thus the Mussulman world was split into three parts, and since that moment it has never been politically reunited. The Western and Egyptian caliphates passed through many crises and finally perished, but the Eastern Caliphs could not profit by the weakness and disasters of their rivals. They were in fact no longer Caliphs in the old sense of the term. Ambitious provincial governments and insubordinate Tartar chieftains had created for themselves and their descendants semi-independent sovereignties, and the little central authority that remained was wielded by a band of Pratorians, or by a Vizier resembling the Mayor of the palace in the Frankish monarchy. As successors of the prophet, the Caliphs continued to enjoy popular veneration, and their names were regularly recited every Friday in the mosques; but they had lost all real power, and their chief political functions consisted in legalizing successful usurpation by performing the ceremony of investiture for those who had made themselves practically independent rulers. The caliphate had become, in fact, a loose confederation of practically independent States under the nominal sovereignty of a spiritual head, and might be compared in some respects to medieval Christendom under the spiritual sovereignty of the Pope. In this etheralized form it has continued to survive to the present day. Extinguished in Bagdad by the great Tartar invasion of the thirteenth century, it was revived immediately afterward in Egypt. A mysterious individual, pretending to be an Abbasside who had escaped the massacre of his family in Cairo, appeared in Cairo and assumed himself to be the legitimate representative of the venerated dynasty. The Mameluke Sultan of the time, perceiving the advantages of having a Caliph of his own, caused the stranger to be recognized by the Ulema, and thus began a new series of puppet Caliphs, calling themselves Abbassides, which lasted for more than two centuries and a half (1250-1517). When Egypt was conquered by the Turks in 1517, the Sultan Selim made the puppet Caliph of the moment cede to him his caliphate rights, and ever since that time the Ottoman Sultans, who have no pretensions to being descendants of the Prophet, have had the title of Caliph.—*Constantinople Cor. London Times.*

Kicking Henry Wilson's Hat.

Into a certain industrial establishment in this city there recently came an apprentice boy from Natick. One day this boy produced a little hand mirror. "Say, Charley," asked one of his companions, "where did you get that glass?"

"That glass was Henry Wilson's glass," said the Natick boy, with a touch of pride in his voice, for all Natick is proud of the memory of Henry Wilson. The glass was passed around among all the boys, who examined it curiously, and one of them said: "Haven't you got anything else that belonged to Henry Wilson?"

"Yes," replied Charley, "I've got an old hat. I bought it at the sale of Henry Wilson's effects along with this glass. Everybody was buying relics, and I wanted some relics, too. I only had a little money, but I bid off the glass and the hat."

"Now, look here, Charley," remarked one of the boys, struck with an original idea, "what will you take to give us all a good kick at Henry Wilson's hat?" The boys all agreed that it would be a great thing to be able to say that they had kicked the hat of a Vice-President of the United States; something, indeed, to tell their children and grandchildren about in after years. Charley said that he would take five cents apiece, but they must pay in advance, for he was not going to bring the hat in and then have them all back out. So they all paid down their five cents, and in the morning Charley appeared with the hat, whose genuineness was attested by a certificate pasted into the lining to the effect that it had belonged to Henry Wilson, and was bought at the sale of his things. The boys all had their kick, and began work well pleased with their fun and satisfied that their nickels had been well expended. After the extraordinary game of football was over, Charley sold the battered relic to a journeyman for ten cents.—*Boston Herald.*

—During the past year the American Bible Society issued from the Bible House 1,094,108 copies of the Scriptures, and in foreign lands 430,665 copies, making a total of 1,524,773.

Where the Tax Falls.

The *Farmers' Journal* directs attention to a significant fact, that seems to have quite escaped public attention, in connection with the tax on distilled spirits, viz.: that whisky which is used as a beverage, and is at best but a luxury, pays but about one half the tax per gallon that is paid by alcohol, which enters into the arts and manufactures and is a chemical agent of inestimable value. The explanation is that whisky is only about one-half the strength or proof of alcohol.

Many seem to think that a high tax tends to lessen the use of spirits as a beverage. This view, however, does not seem to be sustained by the facts or the statistics of the Revenue Department. Before the tax was put upon spirits fully 33 per cent. of all that was made was used in the arts and in manufacturing. Now nearly all that is made appears to be consumed as a beverage. Before the days of the tax alcohol was extensively used in preparing dyes for calico, carpets, etc. It was also largely used by furniture manufacturers, varnish makers, hatters, druggists and in many other industries. Now wherever it is possible substitutes are employed, such as wood spirits and fusel oil, which have an objectionable odor and are rank poisons. It is estimated by those most competent to judge that if the tax should be reduced to 50 cents per gallon that at least 16,000,000 gallons of alcohol would be used in the above industries. This would create a market for over 4,000,000 bushels of grain, while it is further claimed that the Government would suffer no loss of revenue.

A Narrow Escape.

A narrow escape from a most painful scene is reported from a local newspaper office. The publication in question has a new reporter, who is enterprising and willing, as most young men are when they first begin in "journalism," but who doesn't yet know as much as he probably will at a later period of his career. He came in with the report of a public meeting the other day, in the course of which he had stated that "the Hon. Mr. So-and-so followed the previous speaker with a few feeble remarks upon the case under discussion." The city editor remonstrated with the young man, and was not appeased when the reporter told him that the honorable gentleman in question had himself said when he first got upon his legs that all he could contribute to the debate would be a few feeble remarks. So the editor took up his own pen and changed the reporter's manuscript so that it read that "the Hon. Mr. So-and-so then made a few trenchant remarks upon the case in point, which he delivered in that eloquent and scholarly way which is characteristic of all his public utterances," and having achieved this feat with proficient ease, he sent the reporter back to his desk. And early the next morning the Hon. Mr. So-and-so sent his office boy around and bought fifty papers, whereas if the reporter's original "copy" had got to the composing room unchallenged he would probably have come up to the office in person with a club.—*Boston Journal.*

—George I., of Greece, is perhaps the most unpopular monarch in Europe. He seldom visits any public assembly or institution, or manifests any interest in public affairs. His subjects think that he regards Greece merely as a rented estate, out of which he is striving to make as much money as possible while his tenure lasts.

—When rich females steal it is called kleptomania and they are let off; but a starving working woman who has the audacity to do likewise is promptly prosecuted.—*Courier-Journal.*

—Milk dealers have discovered a means of defying the lactometer." Not only that, but they have means of actually defying the cow.—*New Haven Register.*

SAMSON wasn't the only man who could take up a residence. Almost anybody can do that; but as a real test of strength ask a man to lift a mortgage.

MRS. SMITHERS had accidentally injured her ear. Dr. D— was called and examined the injury, and applied a lotion to it. "There," said he, "your ear will do well now if you only take care of it carefully, and don't take cold, but if you don't keep your eye on it you are liable to lose your hearing entirely."—*Detroit Free Press.*

PATTI is said to guard herself carefully against cold. She evidently does not believe in freezing.

A WIFE, having lost her husband, was inconsolable for his death. "Leave me to my grief," she cried, sobbing; "you know the extreme sensibility of my nerves; a mere nothing upsets them."

AN old gentleman, having been invited by an acquaintance to go out and see his country seat, went, and found it to be a stump in a large meadow.

THAT Iowa man who believes there will be another flood in 1885 and who sold his farm for lumber to build an ark, has been caged as a lunatic. Free thought is only for the rich.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

OSCAR WILDE so impressed a young man at Waco, Texas, that he constantly wears knee breeches, black stockings, a velvet coat, and a sunflower.

PHELAN, who is recently over from the old country, says that Jay Gould is a rale king. He didn't mean to play upon words, but he got on the right track that time.—*Boston Courier.*

THE Treasurer of a county in New Mexico couldn't pay an order for \$8 because he had no funds, and yet he had ordered two fire-proof safes at \$600 each to hold the nothingness on hand.—*Detroit Free Press.*

"You are as full of airs as a music-box," is what a young man said to a girl who refused to let him see her home. "That may be," was the reply, "but I don't go with a crank."—*Brooklyn Argus.*

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