

EUGENE CITY GUARD.

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EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.

When things run smoothly, and my mental sky
Is clear of clouds and there's no cause for
grief,
That is, when all is lovely and serene, then I
Philosophize.

But when the little ills of life appear,
To pester, worry, and pile care on care;
When more existence is sand-papered, as it
were,
Why, then I swear.

When on the right side is my bank account,
And great good luck my efforts seems to
crown,
Then upward toward the sky my spirit
mounts:
I own the town.

But when misfortunes never seem to let
Up on me, and each move appears a blun-
der,
And life seems one "demonition grid," I get
As mad as thunder.

'Tis so with most; we all can smile at strife
At care and trials from which we are free.
And calmly reason over the ills of life
We never see.

But when the clouds obscure our daily sky
And evils from Pandora's box fly thick,
Instead of stopping to philosophize,
We mostly kick.
—Harry J. Shelton, in *Texas Siftings*.

ATLANTIC ICEBERGS.

The Great Risks Run by North Atlantic Vessels.

Huge Masses of Ice Borne Along the Broad Bosom of the Labrador Current—Ships Discovered on the Ends of Immense Bergs—Late Collisions.

In the daily papers, at intervals, more or less widely separated, we may see notices of icebergs passed by ships on their passages to and from the ports of North America. Not unfrequently a thrilling account reaches us of shipwrecks, suffering and sad loss of life, caused by some ill-fated vessel colliding with an iceberg and sinking in mid-ocean. Occasionally, some noble ship, replete with all modern improvements under the command of a skillful navigator, carrying a precious freight of eager hearts and willing hands to their Eldorado of the Far West, sails from our shores. Nothing more is heard of her. In a little while she is posted at Lloyd's as missing, and a total loss. Her insurance is paid; and except to a few hearts at home bewailing their loss, her fate fades away in oblivion.

Few landsmen would, however, be able to infer from these necessarily crude and fragmentary paragraphs of the newspapers the great risks which are run in all seasons of the year by passengers and crews in the North Atlantic. The most important dangers are icebergs, fogs, and derelict vessels. Icebergs are more especially to be met with in this ocean from the middle of February to the commencement of July. The barrier of northern ice is broken up by the increasing power of the sun's rays as he marches onward in his apparent path towards the summer solstice, attaining day by day a greater northern declination. Far to the north, in those awful ice-bound regions within the arctic circle where so many brave men have perished, each glacier protrudes an icy mass beyond the land and resting on the water. In course of time the extremity is wrenched violently off by the upward-bearing pressure of the sea. After a few convulsive somersaults, the resulting iceberg, in all its grandeur, floats placidly in its new element, and is now free to be acted on by the forces of wind and current. The bergs are borne southward by the Great Arctic or Labrador current, which vast body of water washes the east coast of North America from Labrador to Florida, and constitutes what is known to meteorologists as the "cold wall."

Huge masses of ice or ice-islands are borne along on its broad bosom, mixed with smaller icebergs and field-ice. Icebergs and field-ice are formed in quite distinct ways. A berg, as we have seen, has its origin as a glacier probably far inland, and moves downward to the sea as a component part of the glacier; whereas field-ice is formed on the surface of the sea during the polar winter. Side by side with the Arctic current flows the warmer water of the Gulf-stream. The direction of the Gulf-stream is, however, opposite to that of the Arctic current, and it is more remote from the American coast. So sudden is the change in the temperature of the sea-surface when crossed by these currents, that the temperature of the water at the extreme ends of a vessel has been found to differ from twenty to thirty degrees.

The influence of these two great rivers in the ocean is very noticeable when we compare the climates of two places, both equally distant from the equator, but separated from each other by the wide expanse of the Atlantic. The Americans have the cold current hugging their coast, thus increasing the severity of their winter; while the warmer water of the Gulf Stream, stretching across in a northeasterly direction from about Cape Hatteras to the west coast of Ireland, tends directly or indirectly to ameliorate the rigor of our climate. In March, 1883, the Dundee whalers reached a point in latitude seventy-four degrees thirty minutes north, longitude four degrees thirty minutes east; while at the same time the harbors of America were impenetrable by reason of ice even as low down as Bordeaux. Icebergs have been observed aground on the Banks of Newfoundland, where the deep sea sounding had showed that bottom had been reached at a depth of six hundred and fifty feet.

During the past two or three years many large icebergs and field-ice, hundreds of miles in extent, have been met with in latitude forty-two degrees north. Many of these bergs attained a height of three hundred feet above the level of the sea. When we remember that but one-ninth of the volume of a

berg is exposed to view, it would appear that the total altitude may have been, roughly speaking, about two thousand seven hundred feet. They have been fallen in with in the North Atlantic as early as January and as late as September. In March, a vessel was jammed so firmly in the ice in latitude forty-four degrees north, longitude forty-five degrees west, as to enable her master to enjoy the luxury of a walk on the ice in mid-ocean. Icebergs have been seen richly laden with stones, earth, and other substances, which they deposit gradually on the bed of the ocean, perhaps for geologists of future ages to ponder over.

Occasionally, icebergs are the carriers of more interesting objects. In June, 1794, His Majesty's ships *Daedalus* and *Ceres* passed a very high and dangerous ice-land on which a ship was stranded. In June, 1845, in latitude forty-six degrees north, longitude forty-seven degrees west, the *Pertuisiere* passed an ice-land thirty miles long, and on the north end was a ship high and dry with her crew; but no assistance could be afforded them. In April, 1851, the *Renovation*, in latitude forty-five degrees fifty minutes north, on the edge of the Grand Bank, passed a very large berg, on which were two three-masted ships high and dry. They had apparently been made snug and secure at some previous time for winter quarters in the Arctic regions. These two vessels were supposed by some to have been the *Erebus* and *Terror* of Franklin's long-lost expedition, though later tidings do not support this supposition. In May, 1883, the *City of Lincoln* passed twenty-seven large bergs in latitude forty-five degrees north, longitude forty-eight degrees west, with many Polar bears on them. The *Magdalene*, ten days previously, but two degrees farther to the eastward, had passed tremendous bergs, like islands, with many Arctic animals on them. In April a large berg was seen with a hut on it; and on the 28th of the same month the *Glamorgan* passed more than one hundred bergs with numerous bears on them. The ice was two hundred and sixty miles in width. Probably these animals would exist on fish and seals. Dr. Scoresby once counted five hundred bergs at one time in the Polar Seas. A steamer has passed as many as three hundred during her passage across the Atlantic.

There is scarcely anything more grandly beautiful and majestically impressive than a large berg seen under favorable conditions. It is a sight hardly to be reproduced on the canvas of the painter or to be portrayed in words. Its stately dome, its glittering pinnacles, its fairy-like architecture, its peculiar sea green tint, the miniature cascades, all conspire to hold captive the senses with a feeling of awe. They are, however, as treacherous as beautiful, being extremely dangerously to approach except at a respectable distance. Owing to the constant melting of the ice, the bergs are always changing their form. Their center of gravity becomes displaced; they topple over, and woe betide the unfortunate vessel close at hand! If the bergs were easily distinguishable, the mariner would have little to fear. This is not the case. They are generally shrouded in mist, and are met with in latitudes where dense fog is prevalent. The thermometer gives but imperfect indications of the presence of ice. With the utmost vigilance, bergs are close to the ship before being seen. The passenger in his warm berth can hardly realize the intense strain on the senses of the captain and officers at such times.

The Meteorological Office is informed, by telegram from America, of the exact position of bergs passed by steamers on their outward passage to New York. This information is published in the daily papers for the immediate benefit of the mariner. The Admiralty place on their charts the limits within which ice is likely to be met; whilst the American Government published monthly charts in which they embody all the reports of ice met with up to date of going to press. It is a matter of wonder and sincere thankfulness that in this iron age, when time is more than ever money, out of the large number of vessels carrying passengers across the tracks of these unwelcome pests of the deep, so few casualties occur.

This year, icebergs have been unusually numerous and very far east for the time of year. At Quebec, on the 10th of May, as many as three steamers were behind time, owing to the fact that the unprecedentedly heavy ice had blocked the entrance to the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Such an occurrence has hitherto been unknown in the annals of the port. Six sailing-ships bound for Quebec were totally lost, and eight steamers seriously damaged, by collision with icebergs. The barque *Marianne* foundered with all hands except the captain and two seamen. The survivors, with a few biscuits to sustain life, were eighteen days in an open boat, surrounded by icebergs, and exposed to the inclemency of an almost arctic sky. The screw steamer *Sarmatian* got in the ice on the 1st of May, and remained fast till the 6th. The ice was solid as far as the eye could see, extending completely across the entrance of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The screw steamer *City of Berlin*, at thirty-five minutes past three on the 19th of June, ran stem on to an immense berg, doing damage estimated at five thousand pounds. Many tons of ice fell on her deck, crashing through into the hold. A dense fog prevailed at the time. On the 28th of June the screw steamer *Brooklyn* collided with a large iceberg in a thick fog, when much ice fell on deck, though happily no one was injured. Some hours after, the fog being still dense, it was discovered that the ship had passed between two large bergs. The whole of these steamers escaped foundering, owing to their being divided into water-tight compartments. —*Chambers' Journal*.

An attaché of the Austrian Mission delights Washington society by appearing in a buff suit in the morning, and a white one in the evening, wearing an immense English cloth hat to match, and being followed by a bull-dog in harmony with suit and hat. —*Washington Post*.

A SERIOUS JOKE.

How a Frenchman Got Even with an Impertinent Stranger.

Among the frequenters of a well-known Parisian restaurant was a certain methodical personage, who dined there every day, and always at the same table, which the proprietor, with a due regard for so regular a customer, especially reserved for him. Once, however, by some mistake of the waiter, he found on arriving his usual place already occupied by a stranger; and, inwardly fretting at the disappointment, entered into conversation with the mistress of the establishment, who presided at the counter, and awaited the intruder's departure as patiently as he could. The latter seemed in no hurry, for after consulting the bill of fare, he ordered another dish and a fresh bottle of wine, seeing which the habitué, who would rather have gone without his dinner than taken any place but his own, resolved at all hazards to get rid of the unwelcome guest, and addressing the *dame du comptoir* in a low tone, inquired if she knew who the individual at his table was.

"Not in the least," she replied; "this is the first time he has been here."

"And ought to be the last," he significantly remarked, "if you know as much as I do."

"Why, who is he?"

"The executioner of Versailles."

"Mon Dieu!" exclaimed the terrified *dame du comptoir*, and calling her husband, imparted to him the information she had just received.

"Make out his bill," he said, and counter-order what he has asked for. He must not stay here, or we shall lose every customer we have."

Whereupon, armed with the document in question, he presently crossed the room to where the stranger was sitting, and inquired if he were satisfied with his dinner.

"Pretty well," was the answer, "but the service might be quicker. Why don't they bring what I ordered?"

"Monsieur," replied the *traiteur*, assuming an air of importance, "I am compelled to say that your presence here is undesirable; and that I must request you to leave my house as soon as possible, and on no account to set foot in it again."

"What on earth do you mean?" asked his astonished guest.

"You must be perfectly aware," continued the other, "that your being seen here is most prejudicial to me, and—"

"Speak plainly, man!" impatiently interrupted the stranger. "I insist on being told who you imagine me to be."

"*Carbleu!* you know as well as I do. The executioner of Versailles!"

"Ah! and pray who is your authority for this?"

"That gentleman," replied the proprietor of the restaurant, pointing to the habitué at the corner, who was beginning to feel uneasy as to the result of his "joke."

"Indeed!" said the stranger, raising his voice so as to be distinctly heard by every one present; "that gentleman has informed you that I am the executioner of Versailles. Well, he ought to know; for two years ago it was my painful duty to brand him!"

With these words, uttered in a tone of complete indifference he left the amount of reckoning on the table, leaving the other mystifier to dine as he might. —*Temple Bar*.

A FINNISH CUSTOM.

How the People of That Russian Province Indulge in Their Annual Bath.

"In crossing the country I noticed that near every farm or settlement there was a small log hut with openings all darkened by smoke, and on asking what it was always received an answer that it was the *savna*."

The *savna* is in fact the common bathroom of the farm and sometimes of the neighborhood. Every Saturday the *savna* is used by the whole family, the servants of the farm, and any guests that may be desirous of participating.

A huge log fire is lit on a hearth in the room, and when the bricks or stones are red hot cold water is poured on them, which soon fills the room with steam. When all is ready the bathers gather of both sexes and all ages, simply in the state in which we are told our first progenitors disported themselves, and this even if the mercury is frozen to a lump in the bulk. When the room is full fresh water is poured on the stones, and the bathers begin to belabor each other with birch twigs, an operation which has about the same effect as rubbing down the nude form by a hard brush and a powerful hostler would have. The proceedings are naturally carried on under a great deal of fun from the younger members of the company. When the bath is over, and a profuse perspiration has been caused by the whipping and the steam, the whole company adjourn to the snow outside, in which another bath takes place. This over, the bathers adjourn to various directions in the same clothing they came. I had many opportunities of witnessing this spectacle on my lengthy journey into the heart of Finland. —*Sophos Tromboli*.

Grant's Nearness.

At Richfield Springs one day, General Buckner heard some military skeptics criticising General Grant's military ability. "Why, Hooker was as brave as Grant," said one man, excitedly. "But Grant was a very near man," said Buckner. "And McClellan was a greater strategist," said another cooler. "But Grant was famous for his nearness," said Buckner. "He may not have been brave, but he was always near." "What do you mean by nearness?" asked another cooler, impatiently. "Why, when I looked around at Fort Donelson for some one to surrender to, Grant was right there handy; and I noticed when General Lee surrendered at Appomattox, Grant was the nearest General to take his sword. O, he was near, Grant was!" —*N. Y. Independent*.

An exchange asks: "Why wasn't the spring chicken chosen as an emblem of this country?" We can not answer with any degree of exactness, but suppose the fathers of the country were not familiar with antediluvian ornithology. —*Boxbury Advocate*.

SPYING AND SPIES.

The Secret Workings of a City Detective Department.

"You think our business a queer one," remarked a Central Station detective yesterday.

"We have to do all kinds of tasks," he continued; risk our lives one day capturing some thief, and the very next perhaps assume all the delicate tact and nice behavior required to convince a lady that she has absolutely no cause to be jealous of her husband. Then the worst of it is we have to be so mysterious in everything we do. Not a syllable dare we utter for fear of spoiling the job. Sometimes I fairly ache to tell of the funny things I see, but it won't do; the story might contain some scrap of information which, thoughtlessly repeated by others, would afford outsiders a clue to the business I had in hand.

"I remember an incident of the kind in question, showing the bad policy of talking too much about a case. Some four years ago the confidential clerk of a certain big grain house in this city was found to be an embezzler. This discovery was made one Sunday afternoon by the proprietor himself, who devoted the entire day to the work of overhauling the accounts of the concern. He chose Sunday for this work, so as not to excite the suspicions of his man and about four in the afternoon had abundant evidence that the young fellow was several thousand dollars short. Naturally the old man was excited. He jumped around his office and tore his hair, and then resolved to have the embezzler arrested forthwith.

"His eye at that moment caught sight of a young bootblack on the opposite side of the street, and he called the lad over and gave him a dollar to go to the house where his clerk boarded and inquire if he was there. The boy knew the young man very well, and when he appeared at the door told him everything that was going on at the office.

"Mr. — is pulling his hair out by the roots," said the boy, and the young man took the hint and left the city within half an hour. We got track of him and telegraphed to a town farther on his description, and asked the police to arrest him on the cars. But the fugitive knew a thing or two himself, and left the cars at a small station, and boarded a train going in another direction. That young man gave the department more trouble than I care to tell. He was tracked to Kansas City, thence to Quebec, and finally, six months later, he was located in St. Louis. An officer was dispatched to bring him back, but the bird had flown. "How is it," we asked, "that this man is able to escape us right along; he seems to forestall all our actions, and it would appear he was being advised of our intentions right along?"

"Such proved to be the case, and some of our men talked a little too freely. The fugitive was a member of a powerful society, and all our talk concerning him, we found out afterward, had been telegraphed him direct, and he knew beforehand what we intended to do. We captured him at last, however, and he is now doing his bit at Joliet.

"That case taught the department a valuable lesson. It would be impossible now for a case like that to be repeated, and that is why I first said you might possibly think our business queer. If you'll allow that we have many odd jobs to do, what do you think of the men who are hired to watch us? You see a detective keeps his eye on thieves, but there are detectives whose only business it is to watch other detectives. Spying on spies is their work, and if I am any judge I should think it rather ticklish work."

"Who are they?"

"I don't know. All I know is that every detective in this department, and every uniformed officer as well, is under surveillance, and that these secret agents report only to the Superintendent."

"What do they report?"

Well, various things. In the first place, the Chief of Police is constantly in receipt of complaints against patrolmen and others on the force. Sometimes a Lieutenant is said to be "working" his district for a gold watch, a horse and buggy, or some expensive present, which generally takes the form of a testimonial. There is a rule in the department prohibiting an officer of police from receiving any present. Now, this rule is not often enforced, but, to make sure that it won't be, your ambitious copper tells the chief that the diamond star he is about to receive, or the horse and buggy, or the gold watch, or whatever it may be, is the unsolicited gift of the residents of his district who open their pocket-books and buy him what he gets in order to express their sense of his fitness for office. Of course that is all bosh; the Lieutenant is always at the bottom of such a scheme, and one of the jobs your mysterious "fly boys" has to do is to look up the extent to which he is a party to the dodge.

"Again, any detective who dresses well or wears diamonds is a sure work for the 'fly boy.' I ought to explain that these secret officers are called 'fly boys' in the department. They are put on the track of any and all police officers who are known to be addicted to fast living. If the officer thus singled out happens to be doing a quiet sort of blackmailing, as is often the case, it isn't a great while before his head goes into the basket. Even the corner 'cop' who takes too many pennies from the dago fruit merchant is under the watchful eye of the 'fly boy.'"

"It's a ticklish business, as I said before, but its enhanced discipline in the department and for that reason I suppose the scheme is all right."

Three linemen were at work at the top of a telegraph pole near New Haven, when a thunder cloud, emitting zig-zag arrows of Jove's blue fire, rolled down toward them. By and by a current from the surcharged cloud came flashing along the wire and the men were given a dreadful shock. The fellow who was standing highest was struck senseless, and, falling, was caught by the others. Upon the taut skin of the stricken man's chest were three parallel marks; but, in spite of the stroke, he recovered within an hour. —*New Haven Register*.

A HIDEOUS CRIME.

English Parent Who Will Kill Her Child to Obtain the Trifling Sum for Which They Were Insured.

A generation has passed since Tennyson wrote that:

Men can hate mother kills her babe for a burial fee,
And Timour mammon grins on a pile of children's bones.

But the hideous work of killing children for money seems to go on just as ever in England. The fashion now is to insure children's lives and then destroy them, so as to get the insurance. It transpires that though the insurance companies will only insure healthy children and reject numbers of those who apply for insurance, yet the average mortality among insured children is fifty per cent, higher than the mortality among children at large, as published in the Government reports. The inference is unavoidable—great numbers of children must be murdered by their inhuman parents for the sake of the trifling sum they were insured for.

What a fearful revelation this gives of the state of society among the poor in England! How degraded, how lost to all sense of humanity, a parent must be when he or she will sacrifice the life of a poor little child for the sake of a few miserable shillings! What conditions of life must be required to produce such creatures? It shows how a long course of degradation, living from hand to mouth, with no comfort in the present and no hope for the future, will brutify the human species. There must be an equilibrium in all societies. If there are people raised far above the common level, there must be others depressed far below it. The great landed proprietor who counts his income by the thousand pounds a day implies swarms of men and women to whom a belful is a rare occurrence. The crested duke involves the vile, sordid, scrofulous, aqualid baby poisoner.

Does it not seem a grotesque mockery for the English to work themselves up to a pitch of fury over the gates of Herat and the triumph of the Tory Democracy when their system brings forth such fruits as a wholesale system of baby murder under their own noses? Where can such things end? To what must they lead? The British papers urge the authorities to take rigorous measures to suppress this "new form of crime." They forget that the baby-killers are merely the outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual rottenness, which has eaten deep into the bone and fiber and blood and sinew of the poor people of England. Punishing a murderer here and there will not stop the evil. It will not cure the cause of the disease. It will not touch the source of the wrong. The father who kills his child for three or four pounds is, of course, a hideous criminal, for whom hanging is too kind. But what produces such fathers? What engenders the virus of which baby-killing is an outward symptom? That is what it concerns English statesmen to find out and remedy if they can. Until they do, they had better not trouble their heads about the delimitation of frontiers in Asia or fallals about Conservative Cabinets in England. —*San Francisco Chronicle*.

SLAVE HUNTING IN AFRICA.

The Cruel Work of the Slave Dealers in the Dark Continent.

We discovered that this horde of banditti was under the leadership of several chiefs, but principally under Karema and Kiburuga. They had started sixteen months previously from Wane-Kirundu, about thirty miles below Vinya Njara. For eleven months the band had been raiding successfully between the Congo and the Lubirazi on the left bank. They had then undertaken to perform the same cruel work between the Biyere and Wane-Kirundu. On looking at my map I find that such a territory within the area described would cover 16,200 square miles on the left and 10,500 on right bank, equal to 34,500 square miles—just 2,000 square miles greater than Ireland—inhabited by 1,000,000 people. I was permitted in the afternoon to see the human harvest they had gathered—rows upon rows of dark nakedness, relieved here and there by the white dresses of the captors. There are lines or groups of naked forms upright, standing or moving about listlessly. There are countless naked children, many more infants, and occasionally a drove of absolutely naked old women bending over a basket of fuel or bananas, who are driven through the moving groups by two or three musketeers. I observe that mostly all are fettered; youths with iron rings around their necks, through which a chain, like one of our boat anchor chains, is rove, securing the captives by twenties. Children over ten are secured by three copper rings, the mothers by shorter chains, around whom their respective progeny of infants are grouped, hiding the cruel iron links that fall in loops or festoons over their mothers' breasts. After realizing the extent and depth of the misery presented to me I walked about as in a kind of a dream, wherein I saw through the darkness of the night the stealthy forms of the murderers creeping toward the doomed town, its inmates all asleep, when suddenly flash the light of brandished torches, the sleeping town is involved in flames, while volleys of musketry lay low the frightened and astonished people. The slave-traders admit that they have only 2,390 captives in this fold; yet they have raided through the length and breadth of a country larger than Ireland, burning fire and spreading carnage with lead and iron; one hundred and eighteen villages and forty-three districts have been wasted, out of which is only educated this scant profit of 2,300 females and children, and about 2,000 tons of ivory! To obtain these 2,390 slaves they must have shot a round number of 2,500 people, while 1,300 more died by the way-side through scant provisions and the intensity of their hopeless wretchedness. —*The Congo—H. M. Stanley*.

The London *Mechanical World* admits the superiority of the tools used in every mechanical trade in America, their great perfection, their adaptability to the daily changing needs of commerce, the saving of hand labor they insure, and the consequent economy in the price of production. This is a big advertisement for American manufacturers.

SHY OF POISON.

How People Instinctively Shrink from Drugs Containing Morphine and Opium—A Reporter's Researches.

[From the *Washington Daily Post*.]

For many years physicians have been much exercised over the use of drugs and medicines containing opiates or poisons. Opium smoking by the Chinese and the introduction of the habit into America is an evil which has been sought to be remedied, and the police of Philadelphia have recently made successful raids on opium "joints" and arrested the proprietors. A more insidious form of poison than this, however, and one which largely effects not only the health but the lives of children, is that which comes in the form of popular medicines. Nine out of ten of these, it is known, contain narcotics or deadly metallic oxides. The difficulty, however, has been to find a substitute for such things which would be purely vegetable, and at the same time effect a prompt cure. That such a discovery had been made was announced recently, and Dr. O. Grothe, chemist to the Brooklyn Board of Health, and a graduate of the University of Kiel, Germany, publicly certified that he had analyzed the remedy and found it free from narcotics, opiates or injurious metallic oxides, and a harmless happy combination, which will prove highly effective. Hearing that Dr. Samuel K. Cox, a graduate of Yale, and expert analytical chemist of this city, had also analyzed the remedy in question and given public testimony as to its purity and efficacy, a reporter of *The Post* was told by him that he had given such a certificate, and that he believed the remedy marked a new stage in the treatment of throat and lung diseases. He knew also that many public men in Washington had given the remedy a trial, and felt confident if they were called upon that they would cheerfully in-lorse it. One of them was Hon. J. C. Blackburn, Senator-elect from Kentucky. Mr. Blackburn, on being approached, said he had used the remedy with marked effect and found great benefit, especially during his occupancy of the Speaker's chair. It had removed all irritation from his throat and relieved a cough which had troubled him much.

Senator Gorman, of Maryland, said that he firmly believed in the remedy, which he had personally tested. Congressman J. H. Bagley, Jr., of New York; Wm. Mutchler, of Pennsylvania; J. H. Brewer, of New Jersey; Hart B. Holton, of Maryland, and J. P. Leedom, Esq., of Ohio, Sergeant-at-Arms of the House of Representatives, were emphatic in their endorsement of the remedy. Messrs. Ed. A. Clark, Architect of Public Buildings; E. A. Carman, Acting Commissioner of the Agricultural Department; Thomas S. Miller, chief clerk in the Surgeon-General's Department; H. E. Weger, ex-Congressman from Mississippi, and now chief of the collecting division in the General Postoffice; J. H. Gravenstine, head of the labor division in the same department, and F. B. Conger, City Postmaster, and son of Senator Conger of Michigan, all pronounced it a valuable discovery, and had found its effects not only soothing, but lasting. The remedy in question is *Red Star Cough Cure*. It is free from opiates or poisons and is purely vegetable.

A physician who stands in close relation to the Board of Health of the District of Columbia said that there are two things which seriously affect the health of the people—impure water and impure drugs, and therefore the benefits of a discovery like *Red Star Cough Cure* cannot be over-estimated. Thousands of children die annually from the use of cough and soothing syrups containing opiates or poisons, and even adults are exposed to the danger of blood-poisoning from such a cause. In view of these facts members of Boards of Health in various cities; public men of Maryland, from the Governor down, and leading practicing physicians throughout that State have over their own signatures testified that *Red Star Cough Cure*, which by the way costs but twenty-five cents a bottle, cannot fail to be a boon to the suffering and afflicted. The reporter's investigations were thorough and unprejudiced, and the testimony, obtained, judging from its character, cannot be gainsayed.

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

California has a State Board of Education which has elected a "literary proof-reader and editor-in-chief" at a salary of \$200 per month.

Boston expects to entertain over 4,000 guests at the seventy-fifth anniversary of the establishment of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions October 13-16.

Princeton Theological Seminary recently celebrated its seventy-fifth anniversary. One-fourth of the graduating class of thirty-five have given themselves to foreign missionary work. Only two students, it is said, from Congregational seminaries have decided to become foreign missionaries. —*N. Y. Herald*.

A Presbyterian Church has been organized in Portland, Me. During the last century there were many in that territory, several of the towns having Scotch-Irish settlers. But these churches became extinct or were changed into Congregational bodies, and the only organized body is the only one of its kind in the State. —*Tru Times*.

The Baptist Union in Germany last year had 161 churches, with 33,483 members; a net gain of 1,190 over the previous year. 1,270 were 3,546 baptised. The church's raised for all purposes about \$90,000, and their property is valued at about \$332,302. They lost 321 members by emigration, and the exclusion of 64 shows a good standard of Christian character.