THE REVIEW

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—BY—

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Roseburg Review.

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THE REVIEW

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A LONG, LONG JOURNEY.

Pathetic Story of a Scene Which, Sooner or Later, Occurs in Every Household.

When the doctor came down-stairs from the sick-room of Mrs. Marshall the whole family seemed to have arranged themselves in the hall to waylay him.

"How soon will mamma dit well?" asked little Clyde, the baby.

"Can mamma come down-stairs next week?" asked Katy, the eldest daughter and the little housekeeper.

"Do you find my wife much better?" asked Mr. Marshal, eagerly, pale with anxiety and nights of watching.

The doctor did not smile; he did not even stop to answer their questions.

"I am in a great hurry," he said, as he took his hat; "I must go to a patient who is dangerously ill. This evening I will call again. I have left instructions with the nurse."

But the nurse's instructions were all concerning the comfort of the patient; she was professionally discreet and silent. The children playing on the stairs were told to make no noise. The gloomy day wore on and the patient slept and was not disturbed. But that night before they went to bed, they were allowed to go in and kiss their mother good-night. This privilege had been denied them lately, and their little hearts responded with joy to the invitation. Mamma was better or she could not see them. The doctor had cured her. They would love him for it all their lives!

"She was very pale but smiling, and her first words to them were:

"I am going on a journey!"

"A journey," cried the children. "Will you take us with you?"

"No; it is a long, long journey."

"Mamma is going to the South," said Katy. "The doctor has ordered her to. She will get well in the orange groves of Florida."

"I am going to a far distant country, more beautiful than even the lovely South," said the mother, "and I will not come back."

"You are going alone, mamma?" asked Katy.

"No," said the mother, in a low sweet voice.

"I am not going alone. My Physician goes with me. Kiss me good-bye, my dear ones, for in the morning before you are awake I shall be gone. You will all come to me when you are made ready, but each must make the journey alone."

In the morning she was gone. When the children awoke their father told them of the beautiful country at which she had safely arrived while they slept.

"How did she go! Who came for her?" they asked, amid their tears.

"The chariot of Israel and the horseman thereof!" their father told them solemnly.

People wonder at the peace and happiness expressed in the faces of these motherless children; when asked about their mother they say; "She has gone on a journey," and every night and morning they read in her guide-book of that land where she now lives; whose inhabitants shall no more say, I am sick, and where God Himself shall wipe all tears from their eyes.—*Detroit Free Press.*

COLORED GLASS.

The Combination of Agents by Which Many Shades of Glass Are Made.

With people who are not acquainted with the facts, it is a matter frequently of great curiosity how glass is colored. The principal factor in the coloring of glass is the oxide of different metals. Finest red and very deep pink are colored only by per chloride of gold; blue by oxide of cobalt, deutoxide of copper, per chloride of gold; yellow by oxide of silver, oxide of antimony, protoxide of iron, ferrus oxide of manganese, carbon, protoxide of copper; green, deutoxide of copper, deutoxide of iron, oxide of uranium, and by a mixture of the matter used in the coloring of yellow and blue; violet, manganese, oxide of gold and by mixing red and blue coloring; red, oxide of gold, manganese, oxide of silver, protoxide of copper, peroxide of iron mixture; opal (white), deutoxide of tin, phosphate of lime from mutton bones and arsenic; black, oxide of iridium, manganese in excess and the oxides of cobalt, copper and iron in excess.

By the combination of these agents a great many shades of glass are made, which are neither one or the other color, but shades for fancy work or for coloring wherever particular results are desired for special purposes. The process is entirely too long for us to describe, but it is a very interesting one, more especially if you have ever seen the fine colored glasses made by the French and German workmen, or more particularly the Bohemian glass-blowers in Austria. A great deal of skill is required, and only the most experienced workmen are employed in the finer glasses, for the materials are very expensive and the loss would be very great if the result was not satisfactory, especially as compared with the common colored glass even of the best quality.—*Boston Budget.*

A Conscientious Juror.

Several years ago the *Evening Bulletin* was sued for libel for its discussion of the marble work in the public buildings. It proved every point that it had made, and the jury evinced its belief of the fact by finding for the plaintiffs with "one cent" damages. The jury had a tough time of it, however, with the proverbial "twelfth man." He was a colored gentleman, and he obstinately held out for a long time against the verdict, and his stubborn argument was: "Ef you's gwine to gib the plaintiffs anything, gib 'um sumfin what's wurf sumfin." The eleven argued the case with him for an hour or so without getting any other response from him, until at last it occurred to one of the jurymen to ask him what he would consider as "wurf sumfin" in the way of damages. "Well," said the intelligent colored gentleman, "gib um sumfin wurf sumfin. Gib um a dollah, enny how!" He was finally persuaded that a cent was the regular form for such a verdict, but he probably still holds to the conviction that the damages ought to have been "wurf sumfin."—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

SILOS.

The Secret of Success in Preserving the Contents of a Silo.

The silo is a device intended to exclude the air from green food fit for the consumption of cattle—as corn-stalks, clover, rye or other forage crops. It is a scientific advance upon the ancient method of preserving green food by covering it with earth. The silo is a pit usually constructed of masonry, the sides and bottom of which must be waterproof, into which green fodder is packed and pressed down with such necessary covering and weights as to exclude the air and thus prevent fermentation. The pits are usually twenty feet in depth, and are most cheaply, constructed if nearly square in form and so divided into compartments as to be readily covered with grooved planking upon which the superincumbent weight is placed. This form of division is advantageous in allowing the use of desirable portions of the ensilage without removing the pressure from the remainder. The pits should be near the barns or sheds where cattle are kept. If they can be located against the slope of a hill it affords obvious advantages in filling and afterwards weighting down the mess with stones or some other form of pressure. The whole secret of success in preserving the contents of a silo is the thorough exclusion of the air. The cornstalk or other fodder is more readily compressed if it is cut into short lengths ready for feeding before it is put into the silo, and the work of filling should be as rapidly done as possible to prevent the commencement of the heating or fermenting process before the silo is filled.

The fodder from a properly constructed silo is better for cattle when taken out than when put in and more readily digested. Another prime advantage is in compact storage. In a silo with an inside measurement of 40x16 feet and a depth of twenty feet, 250 tons of fodder may be stored and kept in good condition indefinitely.

Mr. William M. Ringerly, who has experimented for the last four years on his farms at Gwynedd, Pa., in preserving green fodder in silos, has a silo capacity of 1,200 tons. He says that by the operation of this method he is enabled to easily keep one cow on the produce of one acre of ground. He fills his silos mainly with cornstalks cut in three-quarter-inch lengths. A ten-horse power engine will cut 109 tons in a day.

The introduction of the silos is likely to make a considerable change in agricultural methods. In England, where owing to wet weather and late frosts, corn can not be brought to maturity, corn is now sown for fodder and cut when the plant is in tassel, yielding thirty tons to the acre. The fodder is preserved in silos, and the corn is out of the way in time for a late crop of turnips. The English farmers find corn the best crop they can raise for fodder.

The use of ensilage has been delayed in this country by imperfect methods of building the silos and by inattention to the single requisite to success—storage of the fodder in good condition and thorough exclusion of the air. There is no doubt that in those parts of the country where cattle are raised and kept over the winter silos must come into general use as a matter of farm economy.—*Bradstreet's.*

A NARROW ESCAPE.

The Struggle Between a Man and a Ferocious Panther.

A Bombay shikaree narrates how he once actually fell into the claws of a panther, and lived to tell the tale. After describing the incidents of the hunt up to the time when the beast broke cover, he says:

"I had to wait until the panther was within a few feet of me, and I then put my rifle down to his head, expecting to roll him over like a rabbit (as I had succeeded in doing on other occasions), and then place my second bullet pretty much where I pleased. To my horror, there was no report when the hammer fell. The next moment the panther, with an angry roar, sprang upon me. Hanging on with the claws of one forepaw driven into my right shoulder and the other round me, he tried to get at my head and neck, but I fortunately prevented this by raising my left arm, which he instantly seized in his huge mouth. I shall never forget his sharp, angry roar, the wicked look of his greenish yellow eyes within six inches of mine, the turned-back ears, his fetid breath upon my cheek, and the feeling of his huge fangs closing to the bone through my arm above the elbow.

"I endeavored, by giving him my knee in the stomach, to make him let go. Those who have ever kicked a cat can imagine what little effect this had. It was more like using one's knee to a football than anything else. The panther, with a roar, gave a tremendous wrench to my arm, hurled me some five paces down the side of the hill prone on my face, bringing my head in contact with a tree. Stunned and insensible, I lay some seconds on the ground, and the brute, thinking me dead, fortunately did not worry me, but, passing over me, went for the retreating police constable who had brought me into the difficulty. I remember, when I came to, raising my head from the ground, leaning my head against the tree, and smiling with a certain feeling of grim satisfaction, when my eye caught the retreating form of the constable and the pursuing panther down the hill, and I thought the policeman's turn had come.

"The civil surgeon of the station probed the teeth-wounds in the arm, and found that the one at the back of the arm ran right to the bone and was an inch and a half deep. The two wounds on the inner side, in or close to the biceps, were one an inch and a quarter, and the other an inch deep. The claw wounds on the right shoulder were not serious, and had fortunately just missed the large artery near the collar-bone, injury to which would have resulted in my bleeding to death in a very few minutes.—*Times of India.*

—For the first feeling of soreness in the throat there is no better remedy or safer gargle than a mouthful of strong salt and water, repeated several times. —*Chicago Tribune.*

CRACKERS FOR THE WORLD.

American Manufacturers Far Ahead of Their Rivals in Any Land.

"Few people," said a large cracker and biscuit manufacturer "know how the various kinds of biscuits they so often eat are manufactured, or the vast amount of business that is done in this line."

"Has the business grown lately?"

"It has assumed during the past few years immense proportions, and now we are able to compete with any country in the world in this line."

"To what do you attribute this great success?"

"Principally to machinery and the care we have taken to place before the market good and pure articles. A few years ago we used to import in large quantities sweet biscuits from England, they on that side being far in advance of us in their manufacture, but to-day we export to London, and, in fact, to all parts of the world. The last biscuit that for a long time we were unable to produce was the sugar wafer. We have recently placed this article in the market, and a superior one to that produced in the old country. Then, through our machines, we are able to sell biscuits that twelve years ago sold at twenty-five cents a pound for fifteen cents."

The reporter and manufacturer ascended the stairs leading to the top of the factory. The latter stated that in this factory not any of the material was touched by hand until the biscuit was baked and ready for packing; that six hundred barrels of flour alone were used, and large quantities of such materials as ginger, lard, sugar, currants, etc.

"This," said the merchant, on reaching the top floor, "is where we begin operations, and from here until the biscuit is baked is one continual process. With these machines we grind the various ingredients we use. This (pointing to a large sieve) is for sifting the flour, and after that operation it is placed in this shaft and shot down to the next floor, where we will follow it. This shaft was made simply of canvas, and on the same principle as the shaft in the grain elevators. The end of the shaft came into a trough about fifteen feet long, three wide and three deep. Here the various ingredients used in the manufacture were mixed together, but only lightly, as it is placed in another trough of a similar size through which a large piece of twisted steel is turned; this is a mixer. After it is well mixed it is turned into another shaft and lowered to the next floor. Here the first operation is to press the dough under very heavy rollers, answering the same purpose as the cook's rolling-pin. This is done a great number of times until it is rolled to about half an inch in thickness, when it is passed into the last machine before the oven."

"How fast does the stamping machine work?"

"One hundred and five stamps a minute, and we have a stamp that will cut sixty-eight biscuits each stamp; that makes 7,140 biscuits in one minute."

"How long are the biscuits in baking?"

"Stay a moment. First look at the ovens. We have done away with the old-fashioned tiled ovens. These are four-story high with walls three feet thick. They took as much brick to build as would build a large tenement house. At each floor is a large wheel just like a paddle-wheel, only the paddles are swung on swivels, and remain in the same position all the time. One shelf is filled with biscuits to bake and then lowered and the next one filled, and so we go on until the first one comes round cooked. Then they are pulled off into this chute and placed in baskets."

"What is the heat of the oven?"

"It varies from four hundred to six hundred degrees. The men are so well informed that they know if it is the right heat directly they place their hands in it. The biscuits take two minutes and a half to bake. The fires are never put out."

"What is the next process?"

"The biscuits are sent up to the packing-room, where they are placed in tin boxes, sealed up, labeled, and ready for export."

"How many different kinds do you make?"

"Over three hundred, both sweet and dry, from the navy bread to the sugar wafers."—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

A GOOD COMPLEXION.

Some of the Things Essential To Produce This Desirable Result.

N. W. asks for a recipe for a blood purifier, and how to get rid of "black heads" in the skin, also blotches, red spots and yellow spots on the face." The first thing to do to purify the blood is not to put anything into the mouth that will make the blood impure, such as fried meats, rich gravies, pastries, puddings and cake, but to eat only plain, clean, nutritious, well-cooked food at regular meals, and never between meals, and not too much at any time. Abundance of fruit in the diet is essential to a clear complexion. There should be plenty of exercise in the open air, and plenty of pure air admitted to the living rooms and especially to the sleeping rooms. Tea and coffee will make some complexions dark and opaque, or pallid and sallow. Hot water and milk never produce this effect. Perfect cleanliness is essential to a brilliant complexion. The skin must be washed in cold or warm water frequently and change of garments morning and night rigidly made. The clothes worn during the day should be aired at night, and those worn at night aired during the day. In new milk, in one hundred drops three drops are cream. Let this proportion of fat in the food be observed, and eruptions of the skin will be very slight, unless there is inherited humor of some sort. As very rich food will injure the complexion, so also will very poor food. When the blood becomes impoverished for want of the elements of nutrition in the food, the complexion will be bad, as one can easily see in those who do not have enough to eat. Late hours are bad for the complexion. Plants grown in a cellar are bleached, and people who turn night into day are pallid and nerveless. Early and full sleep is necessary to vigorous health and its appearance in the face.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

GLACIERS.

They Wax and Wane, in a Mysterious Manner, Independent of the Seasons.

We once heard a Zermatt bride express the opinion that glaciers have a bedeutende Natur of their own; that they wax and wane in some mysterious manner, independent of the seasons, and past finding out. M. J. Nenetz, an engineer of Canton Vaud, was the first to point out, in a work published in Zurich in 1833, that glaciers are always either waxing or waning; and his conclusions have been confirmed by several subsequent observers, notably by Prof. Forel, of Morges, whose investigations extend over a considerable period. The exact observation of glacial phenomena, like science itself, is quite modern; but we have abundant evidence that for ages past glaciers have increased and diminished with periodic regularity. It is on record that toward the end of the seventeenth century the lower Grindelwald glacier invaded pastures and swept away trees in the beautiful valley between the Jungfrau and the Faulhorn. The glaciers of Mount Blanc and Monte Rosa were also, during the same period, pushing forward; for several peaks easily crossed in the fifteenth century had become impracticable in the eighteenth. There exists, moreover, a map of the neighborhood of the Grimsel, drawn in 1740 by a doctor of Lucerne, and when Agassiz, in 1845, compared this map with the glaciers of the Aar, he found that they had advanced a full kilometer—that is to say, their lower extremities were that much farther down the valley. Less than forty years ago the great Aletsch glacier, which of late has so wofully waned, was waxing in portentous fashion. It uprooted trees and threw down houses which had stood for generations. The times when glaciers gain ground live long in the memories of the mountaineers of the Alps; for tradition and history tell of waxing glaciers which push before them masses of snow so vast as to overwhelm villages, destroy human lives, and sweep away flocks and herds. People are still living in Switzerland who retain a vivid recollection of the terrible time, some sixty-five years ago, when the swelling glaciers thrust before them such heaps of snow and rubbish that meadows were devastated, woods cut down, dwellings buried, and their inmates smothered, and goatherds starved to death in their huts. Another like period was that between 1608 and 1611. In Canton Grarus alone hundreds of acres of forest and meadow land were wasted by glaciers and avalanche. In August, 1585, the sudden forward movement of a glacier destroyed a herd of cattle in the Val di Tuorz (Graubunden), burying them so deeply that their bodies were never seen again. On December 27, 1819, the village of Randa, in the Valais, was destroyed by a Gletcher-lawine (glacier avalanche). Almost every building the village contained was either overwhelmed and crushed or lifted bodily upward and thrown on one side. Millstones went spinning through the air like cannon balls; balks of timber were shot into a wood a mile above the village; the dead bodies of nine were found hundreds of yards from their pastures; and the church spire was sent flying into a distant meadow, like an arrow from a bow. In 1855 began that long retrograde movement which seems only now to be approaching its term. Twenty-five years ago the two great Chamounix glaciers appeared to be in a fair way for reaching the chalets that stand near the terminal moraine; and then they stopped and have gone back ever since. The shrinkage, though neither simultaneous nor equal, has been general and remarkable, and produces a decided and not altogether desirable change to the aspect of many Alpine valleys. The beautiful little Rosenlaue glacier, which twenty years ago gleamed among the dark pine woods and green pastures of the Reichenbach valley, has utterly disappeared, leaving behind it an unsightly moraine of rocky fragments. In 1857 the Rhone glacier reached as far as the bridge near the Gletch Hotel; now it is close upon a mile away, and wanes year by year. The Swiss Alpine Club, among its other good works, causes to be built every summer in front of the glacier a little mound of stones painted black. These mark the glacier's backward progress, and show that from 1834 to 1883 it shrank at the rate of from twenty to seventy meters a year. But a retrograde movement of the previous ten years was much greater, and we may even now be on the eve of a movement in advance. Venetz attributed the alterations which he was the first to make known, if not to discover, to variations in temperature; and albeit the climate of Europe has not changed in historic times, and the world's rainfall is always the same, here are dry years and wet years, and it was thought that after a rainy winter glaciers waved, and that after a droughty one they waned. But, as Prof. Forel has lately shown, this theory does not accord with facts. The Grindelwald *Pjarrbuch* contains a record of the movements of the glacier for three centuries, and this record clearly proves that glaciers advance and retreat over periods which are measured by decades. A glacier wanes or waxes continuously for ten, fifteen or often forty years; for equally long periods it may remain stationary, but it never goes forward one year and back the next. Thus between 1540 and 1575 the Grindelwald glacier receded; from 1575 to 1602 it advanced; from 1602 to 1620 it remained stationary; 1703 marked a maximum of advance, 1720 a maximum of retreat; the next twenty-three years was a period of growth, the following forty years of retrogression. From 1776 to 1788 the movement was reversed. In 1819 another period of progression set in, the same in 1840, and the present cycle of waning began in 1855.—*London Spectator.*

—Even Boston children are compelled to endure the criticism handed down from their ancestors of the first and second generations. "Boston children seem cold and unnatural," says Mrs. Tom Thumb; "in New York they are only clever, but in quiet Philadelphia they are just what they should be."

—Ohio has more colleges than any other State in the Union.—*Cleveland Leader.*

A STUDY OF DUDES.

One of the Few Happy Mortals Who Is Always Well Satisfied with Himself.

What is a real dude?

Dude is a very much abused word. It is a word that has a real meaning and stands for a real thing. But nine-tenths of the time it is applied, it is not used correctly. Some seem to have an idea that most any one may be a dude if he tries, but this is not the case. There is a great deal more in a dude than clothes. The real dude is something natural. He is a sort of a freak of nature. The way he dresses is only one of his peculiarities. Those who are most often called dudes only dress like dudes. The real live dude is not near so plenty as might be imagined. A good sized town generally has no more than three or four of these curiosities. It is only now and then that you see a real dude while walking along the crowded streets of a city, but when you do see one, you know he is one at a glance, if you know what a dude is or have ever seen one before. There is something about him that can't be mistaken. He has the form and bodily appearance of a man, and though his clothes may be a little noticeable as being in the extreme of style, it is his face that gives him away more than anything else. There is something about it so remarkably vacant and expressionless. Something almost child-like; or rather more like an idiot. He is usually a frail, delicate-looking creature. One wonders as he sees him how he manages to live through the heat of summer and the frosts of winter. Yet he survives the hardships of life much better than his appearance would indicate. This is probably because he takes such good care of himself. He never takes part in the sports of other young men. They are altogether too violent and rude for him, and then they are nothing but dull, tiresome amusements anyway. Dancing is as far as he ever goes in the way of exerting himself, and then he always clings close to his girl.

Perhaps another reason why the dude, so frail and delicate, lasts so well is his remarkable freedom from all mental disturbances; you will notice he always takes things very cool and always appears perfectly composed. This, however, is not the composure and self-possession that comes from strength of mind. It is the natural result of a lack of mind. The poor thing has so little brains that he is incapable of being impressed by those things which affect ordinary mortals. His mind is never agitated or troubled, because he has none. Hence the dude sleeps well, and is often less affected by the hard things of life than many who possess greater physical endurance.

Although the dude thinks only of the girls—as far as he is capable of thinking—and seldom associates with any one else, there are few girls who think anything of him, unless it happens to be one just like himself, differing only in sex. The reason he is tolerated at all by the girls is because he come handy. He is very attentive, and is always on hand when wanted. The girls know he is a fool, and despise him all the time they are enjoying his favors and services.

The dude walks along the street in an abstracted, self-important manner. He seems to take little notice of any one or anything going on about him. He appears to think he is to be looked at, not to look. Although every sensible person thinks he looks more like an idiot than anything else, he is, apparently, exceedingly well satisfied with himself, an thinks himself an object of admiration wherever he goes.—*The Judge.*

IRON ROADS.

Is It Likely That Our Roadways Will Ever Be Built of Metal?

The co-efficient of friction in the case of a cart or wagon on a very good road, indeed is about one-thirtieth of the load—that is to say about seventy-four pounds to the ton; and the co-efficient of friction in the case of a railroad car is about 1-280th of the load—that is to say about eight pounds per ton. From which figures it is apparent that the advantages in traction on the smooth surface of an iron rail over those of the very best road that can possibly be constructed stand to one another as seventy-four to eight.

So far from the roads in the most of the American cities being the very best that can possibly be constructed they are notoriously bad and very rough in surface. And as the American wheel, with its lightness in structure and thinness of tire, is destructive of the best roadways that can be constructed in the ordinary way, the probabilities are that a lower co-efficient of friction than something very considerably above seventy-four pounds to the ton will never be reached on our roads and highways.

Under these circumstances it must have often suggested itself to many the feasibility of assimilating the case of the ordinary carts and carriages on the streets to that of the tramway cars. In the case of these latter friction is reduced to its lowest possible limit; but it is done at the expense of cutting up the streets terribly and injuring them greatly for ordinary traffic.

Although it would be out of the question to lay down lines of rails in the streets on which all carts and carriages could travel; yet there is one way out of the difficulty which must have often occurred to the minds of many as possible, namely, by constructing a roadway of one single rail, or, in other words, constructing it entirely of iron. We are not aware that this has ever been tried anywhere in a satisfactory manner, although we have an impression that cast-iron was at one time, tried in a certain way in St. Louis. No doubt there would be some objections to it; but still we can not think of any, at the moment, which could not be equally urged against many of the approved road-making materials ordinarily in use. Iron would be hard indeed for the hoofs of horses; but then nothing could be harder than granite, which is so much preferred.

Anything that would reduce the friction on our roads from about eighty, as it is at present, to eight pounds per ton would certainly be worth a trial, even if it entailed such a revolution as the setting up at our doorway of a veritable Eisenbahn, or Chemin de Fer, or Via Ferri.—*Midland Industrial Gazette.*

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—A century-old school-house was razed at Hartford, Conn., the other day.

—The Kentucky Methodist Conference reports a loss of 873 members during the past year.

—The Superintendent of Public Instruction for Dakota reports fifty thousand children enrolled in the schools last summer.

—No other book of the Bible is so much in demand in India as that of Proverbs. Its epigramatic wisdom is highly appreciated by the Hindoos.

—The study of historical and political science is growing in favor among the universities. At Harvard and John Hopkins more attention is paid these branches than ever before.—*N. Y. Independent.*

—A student of the University of Georgia was given this simple sum: If the third of six be three what would the fourth of twenty be? This bright student, after figuring for half an hour, gave it up.

—The old Christ Church, Boston, Episcopal, well-known as the North Church in which the lantern was hung as a signal to Paul Revere in revolutionary times, was reopened for worship recently.—*Boston Journal.*

—It is very important for the preacher to be interesting, but it is more important for him to be true to the gospel. It is a fatal mistake to aim at being interesting, as though that were the supreme end of the gospel ministry. Aim to save souls.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

—At the annual session of the Southern New York Baptist Association, held recently at Emanuel Church, the reading of the letters from the various churches showed a general state of prosperity, and revealed the gratifying fact that in nearly all the churches there had been a deep spiritual interest and an increase of membership.—*N. Y. Times.*

—There are now in the United States, exclusively for colored students, 56 normal schools, with 8,509 students; 43 academies, with 6,633 students; 18 colleges with 2,298; 24 theological schools with 665; four law schools with 53; and three medical schools, with 125. It is evident that much greater facilities for the higher education of this race need to be provided.—*N. Y. Examiner.*

—Sir Lyon Playfair has collected statistics, based upon the death rate, to show that the health of children has improved thirty-three per cent. under the operation of the compulsory education act in Great Britain. It would be interesting to determine whether this improved condition is due to the comfortable housing of the children during a large portion of the day, or the invigoration afforded by enforced mental activity.—*Current.*

—The old South (Unitarian) Church in Portsmouth, N. H., has had but eight pastors in 169 years, including the Rev. Alfred Gooding, who was installed over it the 15th ult. The others were John Emerson, who officiated from 1715 till his death in 1732; William Shurtleff, from 1732 till his death in 1747; Job Strong, from 1749 till his death in 1751; Samuel Haven, from 1758 till his death in 1806; Nathan Parker, from 1808 till his death in 1833; Andrew Preston Peabody, from 1833 till his resignation in 1850; and James De Normandie, from 1862 till his resignation in 1883.—*Boston Post.*

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—With Patti the making of $5,000 is a mere song.—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

—Base-ball players wear out a good many diamonds in the course of a year. —*Lowell Citizen.*

—Some one asks how the great men of this country began life. We are under the impression that they generally began life as infants.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—The latest Georgia man hanged by a mob was seventy-four years old. There is now and then a locality in which a murderer is not allowed to die of old age.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

—"Ah, Bings, where are you going for the winter?" "O, I shall take a run over to Italy and do Mt. Vesuvius." "I see—going to a foreign climb."—*Rochester Post-Express.*

—Robert Bonner ought to look out that Maud S. doesn't elope with her groom. That sort of thing is becoming alarmingly common with those of her sex.—*Lowell Citizen.*

—Pearl-rimmed eye-glasses of violet color are now used extensively by fashionables of both sexes in New York. The originator was a Vassar school girl.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—The most depressing news we have had for a long time is the report that Asiatic cholera and Oscar Wilde will reach America next year. Strict quarantine regulations against Oscar should be enforced.—*Norristown Herald.*

—"Would you like this bound in Turkey?" asked a gentlemanly book agent of his rural customer for "Scatcher's Universal History of the World." "O, no," was the reply, "no use sending on it clear out there; bind it in New York. —*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

—Lankson, who looks older than he is —By the way Plumpton, there's about a year's difference in our ages, isn't there? Plumpton who looks younger than he is—A year! Why, when I was a little boy and you used to pass our house I remember my father saying: "There goes old Lankson."—*Life.*

—A Joke that Kicked—"I played a good joke on my wife last night," said Tweezers, who isn't kept out of jail on account of his brightness. "What was it?" "I had our colored coachman stand in the dark hall and kiss her so she'd think it was me." "What did she do?" "Nothing. She only came into the parlor where I was sitting and said: 'Why, Tweezers, I didn't know you had got home.'"—*Chicago News.*

—"I say, young man," said a physician, stopping him on the street, "you are not well. Your face is flushed and you are in a high fever. Let me feel your pulse." "I—I'm all right," protested the youth. "No, you are not," said the physician, positively. "Your pulse is over 100, and in less than two minutes you will be in a cold sweat. You take my advice and go home." "I—I can't go home. I am resolved to ask old Jones for his daughter's hand to-night or perish miserably in the attempt." "Wrong diagnosis," muttered the doctor to himself.—*Texas Siftings.*