VERY PRECIOUS.

"I did not give it to him! He stole it out of the mother's album. He did! he did! be did!" The speaker's voice rose with each repetition and her cheeks got redder and resider. "I must know better than you, Rossie!"
"Oh, of course; you do not call it giving, but I do. You were standing by, I suppose, when he took it? Your eyes were cost down and you not vour moss becoming pout out."

and you put your most becoming pout our And now that Tom Crichton, with his ten thousand a year, falls in love with you and wants to marry you, you are afraid poor Geoff Hamilton will show him your photograph and talk about your silly letters and make mischief. You incorrigible little flirt! It would serve you right to be treated as you have treated others. How many men have you made foolspf, I wonder! A dozen?

you made fools of I wonder! A gusen.
The speaker spoke sarcastically; her bearer was beginning to cry. The girls were sisters, both young, both pretty and charming; but Letty, the younger was a levely, brainless little firt. The elder, Roselind, had plenty of brains, but scarcely experience enough to cualile her to use them judiciously. She was a brillfant creature to look at-warm hearted and impulsive to a fault. There was nothing she would not door dare for one she loved, and she dearly loved her bewitching little sister, and rejoiced with all her lears when the genial, good looking young "squire," Tom Crichton, who came into the neighborhood to take possession of an unexpected inheritance, love at first sight with Letty and pro-

posed to ber after a week's acquaintance.

But Tom was a quick tempered, jealous young fellow, and he had already spoken his mind to Miss Letty about her love of flirtation. The promised to mend her ways, but it was more than she could do to keep her promise when temptation; came in alluring

Mireford was a garrison town, and or the gallant Dashsnire regiment, Gooffrey ilton by name, had quickly succumbed to the fascinations of the younger of the two who lived in a prefty cottage on the London road, about half a mile or so from Mireford It was in vain that Bosalind warned the bredless young coquette that she was treating poor young Hamilton disgracefully. But in good truth the young man was very well able to take care of himself. He was not very deeply wounded, but as soon as Crichton ap peared upon the scene he made up his mind to punish Miss Letty, if possible, for her tricks by pretending to be broken hearted and des-

wrately jealous.

He was, however, sufficiently in love to be able to put a fair amount of seriousness into his reproaches; and when he flatly refused to give up the photograph Letty had given him. and one or two absurd little notes she had written to him, and a glove he had purioused. the stily girl was thoroughly frightened and firmly persuaded that "Tom" would bear all about it and break off his engagement. Had Resained but known how slightly Hamilton's heart was touched she would have quickly laughed Letty out of her fright; but when the girl solemnly assured her that, Geoff was so much in love and so angry and jealous that she knew he meant to have his revenge, the sensible elder sister forgot that she was not living in a melodramatic age, and, moreover, she quite overlooked the fact that Hamilton, being a gentleman, it was not likely that be would act as if he were a cad.

So, on the whole, things were looking very serious, when, for the fiftieth time at least, Rosalind tried to make her sister confess whether she had given Geoff the ph or whether he had taken, it from hirs Mailland's aloum. She had her own opinion on the subject, so it was really waste of time to cross question the naughty little girl, "he was anxious to keep peace between the old love and the new.

"I think you are very unkind, Rosse, she said at last, "and if you do not believe me how can I expect Tom to do it?"

"I do not expect Tom to do it! You talk av if believing in you were a gymnastic feat. I know what I should do in Tom's place if another man told me he had a photograph of the girl I meant to marry, and gloves and

"He has only one glove, and no things!" interrupted Letty, whimpering. "Don't exaggerate; and I gave Tom two photographs—one sitting and one standing—and he has been and hears of letters!"

"I hope the pelling is all right."

"I hope to He is not much of a speller

"He spett 'ariored' with two d's the other iv addoced one "Mr. Hamilton is away just now, is he n Resalind asked presently

He went to his sister's wedding. I ·Yes wish it was to his own." He does not live in the barracks, I think?"

"No: be has rooms in Diamond Crescent, 13, and Gerard Townsend lives with him." About an hour later a young lady with a mackintosh on her arm knocked at the door of 15 Diamond Crescent. She had evidently been walking fast, for her cheeks we e glow ing and her eyes were bright.
. This is awful," she said to herself, as she

heard steps approaching the door on the in-side. A civil looking woman opened it. "Arc-are the gentlemen at home!" the visitor asked. "I mean-is Mr. Townsend at

I am his sister, and he expects me, I The walk in ma'am, if you please. Mr

Townsend told me you were not coming minh to-morrow. He is out just now, but your room is quite ready. Have you no inggage, The visitor muttered semething about the

station as she went into the hall. "Piense show me into the sitting room," she said; "I can wait for my brother there. No, thank no ten. Is this the room?

The gentlemen has this be Yes, ma'am. tween them. Mr. Hamilton is coming back basespected this evening. He was telegraphe for, as there is some talk of the regiment leaving at once."

What is this noise? the visitor asked. "Rain, ma'am. It's a thunder shower, I think. It always makes that noise on the roof of the verander. It's well you was under every malaza."

Reseated gave a sigh of relief as the door at just closed behind the landlady. "Now, if by a stroke of good fortune I can commit my and get away before my brother cours in-what an extraordinary thing that ald be expecting his sister. 1 варром eclassing at a cabinet photograph on chinarypicce) that is the man himself. Why, he must be 40 at least! Now, I wonder where Mr. Goodf horas his treasured In a thrawar.

of course; but which drawer? I'do not balf like rummeging among the poor man's sessions, but he brought it on himself."

She presently came upon a packet ne tied up with red ribbon and realed. She pinched it. Is evidently contained a photo-graph, for she felt t e cardboard, and there something soft that might be a giove; usely those were withered flowers that was sometime; sort that might one a govern and surely those were withered flowers that crackied as she pressed them! And the more lumpy inchesure must be letters. Should she until the ribbon and break the scall But time was passing and there was really no necessity. Then she turned the packet over and found an inscription that actiled the question. In a man's writing were the words: "L's likeness and letters. Very

"Poor Geoff! Poor, dear fellow! How de votedly he loves her! I am so surry for him, 'Very precious,' he calls them," Rosalind rinured. But precious or not, I must rob him of them. wonder what Hette will say when she sees wonder want gletty win say when and seem them? Now, I wish I were safely out of this. I must write the timest scrap of a note and leave it for poor, dear Geoff." She closed the drawer, put the packet in her pocket and wrote hastily on a half sheet of paper, "L's sister has taken what you have no right to keep against her will."

She had just addressed the envelope when she heard steps on the stairs; in another moment the door was opened and a handsome young man came in

wawkward!" thought Resalind. "But I must keep up the character of Townsend's Who in the world is he?"

The new comer stood still and stared at her. She was the prettiest girl be had seen for many w day. She made him a fittle bow, "I am Mr. Townsend's sister," she said, "and I expect him every moment; he does not ex-pect me until to-morrow. Did not the landlady tell you I was here!"

she-she did!" the young man

What a donker he is!" thought merciless Rosalind, quite at her case, although the had just been robbing a drawer. "I wonder if you would mind going to look for my brother?" she said aloud in the sweetest manner." "It would be so very kind. It is awkwarit to be here all alone with—people coming in." She gave him a little smile to indicate that he was one of the people. "I (what dreadful stories I am telling! she added to herself); then aloud, "and perhaps by the time I come back he will be here."

"Oh, you will come tack, will you! But it's raining cats and dogs! You'll be

"Oh, dear, no! I have a waterproof," and Rosalind took up her cloak. "Thank you, as the young man rushed forward and put it round her shoulders. "And you will go and that—Gerard for me," she said, turning to him with the sweetest smile. There was the slightest possible healtation before size said the name. He noticed nothing but the beauty of her eyes. "Thank you very much!"

She was gone before he recovered hims. If, and when Genff Hamilton came into the sitting room at No. 15 a few minutes later be found his friend Townsend hanging out of a "Hallo, Gee," he said, "what's up? You look

dami. Seen a ghost?"
"No; but the prettiest girl in the world.
She was here. She said the was my sister.
She asked me to go and look, for myself.

with she went to the station for bering-

Then she'll be back!"

"Not she; she turned the other way."
"Then who in the world is she, and what prought ber bere!"

spect you know all about that, you She's one of your army of martyrs. rascal

"Rubbish. I am the martyr. W this? He had picked up Rosalind's note from the scriting table. "G. Bernitton, Esq." Now for the heart of the mystery." He opened the note and read it. Then be threw himself into a chair with a very sed face. Then he laughed. Then I am afraid

while Rosalind, with her heart thun ring half with fright and half with trimiph, was speeding homeward. She flew to Letty's room and found that young person on her

bed reading a novel.
"There," Rosie cried, throwing down the packet, "never say again that I am not your test friend. There are your letters and your photograph, and all the keepsakes you gave that poor, dear man from time to time, and ought to be ashamed of yourself." What f cred unniashed Letts

give them up? He is a darking."
"No," answered Rosalind, calmly, "I stole

them. "On, you dear delightful durling. How be! But what fun. What is this written cutside? L's likeness and letters, vary precions.' Poor, dear Geoff, how fund he is of And she gave a little sentimental sigh "Had you not better open the thing and see if you have them all right? said practical "Here cut the knee,"

No sooner said than done. A caldnet plot tograph fell out, then a piece of deep crimeon m, a few faded flowers, and two or three

This is such a good libeness Tom had better taxe it," said Letty, as she took up the recture, which had fallen face downward on "Look Rosse"

Rosse looked, and behold, it was a likeness of a tall, handsome girl, who here not the slightest resemblence to handsome little Letty. Benoath was written in a firm and dashing wormen's hand the word "Louis

sters looked at one another with blank faces. A glumor at the-nones overesled the same dashing hand. "So you are not the only one, and I made a fool of myself and nished the man's drawer for nothing!" cried

Bosa and: "Oh, if I had but known "Never mind, dear," mid Letty: "I am sure I don't. But I wish I know what he was in re in that black woman. Just pack ber

up and send her back to him. A top at the door inferrupted them. It was id to announce that Mr. Townsend was in the drawing room. He wanted to see Miss Maituand for a few minutes on bissiness. He had a message and a little packet to deliver. "Tell Mr. Townsend I am coming directly,"

'Oh, Rosie, do you mind?' cried Lette, as the maid west out. "He has sent my picture, I suppose, and he wants his black woman back. Tell him we think her frightful. Are you

"Not in the least," said Resalind. "I saw

plam and elderly. Give me those things and

plant and eiderly. Give me those things and trust to my ingenuity to get myself out of the scrape. They cannot say much when they know it was another girl's photograph I carried off."

And just as she was—in her muddy little boots and with the wind blown, untidy half was to waster will remain a mystery what those two said to one another when they stood face to face.

face.
But Geoff got back his precious packet and
Letry got her photograph. She gave it to
Tom forthwith and he was delighted.
She is now Mrs. Cricition. Hamilton was

She is now airs. Creation in a many finally captured by a pretty young widow do not know what became of "Louie," Resalind married Gerard Townsend an still thinks she is the prettiest worki. - Loudon Worki.

A Curious Affection,

A North Greenland physician has given an account of a curious affection that attacks the Esquimaux, its name, in the vernacular of people, being the equivalent in English boat fright," though Danish physicians of "boat fright," though Danish physicians call it "svimmelbed i kajak," or vertigo of the kajak. According to the description, an E quiman, while sailing in his kajak upon a perfectly calm, smooth sea, is suddenly seized with a feeling that his boat is tipping to one with a feeling that his boat is upping to call side; he jumps, to the other to preserve the equilibrium, but this only makes matters worse, and he abandous himself to auxious and even frengied attempts to keep the boat from tipping; he can no longer fish, and his troubles do not cease until he gets in sight of shore or of another boat. These attacks are not accompanied og preceded by any malaise or nanses, nor dos there appear to be any me vertiginous sensation, but rather an halincination of the sense of equilibrium. The attack occurs when the subject is apparently in full health, and is unattended with headacire, palpitations, convulsions or paralysis. Boston Transcript.

Pet Superstitions of the Fair.

The other evening I went to a party and tried to find out the per superstition of each girl I danced with. And they all have them. One wouldn't go under a leaning ladder, another would be sure of becoming ill if she saw, the moon over her left shoulder, another would not read an epitanh for fear of losing her memory. One girl told me she could stop a dog's howl any time by taking off her shoe and spitting in it. In drawing her kerchief from her bosom a narrow slip of paper fluttered to the ground, on which were some hieroglyphics. "Oh, my charm!" she exclaimed. I supposed she had lost an article of jewelry, and was searching about for it when she seized upon the scrap of paper as tliough it were a deed to a San Diego corner lot. My curiosity was oused, and she explained that it was a charm insuring success in undertakings, purchased by her at a great price from an Egyptian fortune teller in Paris, and that its possession alone amounted to nothing, but it must be put into the pocket or in the bocom of a dress during the recital of an Egyptian verse. If one failed to re-meraber that, however, the Lord's prayer ight be substituted.

I have taken notes since then, and I find sere is not one of the sweet creatures that ins not her pet superstitions whim. I have a little friend on Van Ness avenue who would go to church with her scalskin jacket wrong side out, if by any improb-ability she happened to get it on that way, ruther than incur the bad luck sure to overtake her by taking it off to change it. I know a girl on Fourteenth street, in-Oakland, who becomes quite radiant when her dressmaker is obliged to rip a seam she has just sewed, as she is sure she will ive to wear the carment out. I remem visiting a ratich where bees were kept and the bostess telling me the honey was a failure that year on account of their neglecting to rap on the bee house to tell the occupants that her father had died. "He died very suddenly," she said, pa-thetically, "and in the surprise and hurry and all we forgot all about it until day light, and it was too late then, for he'd been dead four hours, and the bees must be told within the hour or you'll lose 'em all, and sure enough we did."-San Fran-

His Flyship on a Spree.

The bartender said: "A reach is a happy, harmless drunkard, but liquer milles a fly quarrelsone." At that instant a big house fly fell into a glass of champagne that one of the spectators of TEXTS. ed from the drink. The fiv was rescu wine and layed on the counter. He apneared at first to be dead, but he finally evived, struggled to his feet and tried to walk away. One of the spectators thrust his finger before the fly's head, but his flyship paid no beed to the act. about in a circle and staggered like a toper. Occasionally the legs on one side of his body would give out and he would fall over on his back wearily wave his legs in the air and then lie motionless premely contented. A magnifying ass was produced and a view of the 2v's Ethenicianice showed that his eyes were glassy and his expression idiotic as comwith that of the temperate by When the wine had begun to fully ess its power the Dy struggled to his feet and concreded to vindicate the hartender's es counter until he met a sober fly that was minding toward a cube of load sugar. The ried toward the temperate By and strucked hith with malice aforethought The temperate fly tried in vain to escape. Then he turned on his assailant, relied him over or his back and left him with his

Dr. Sargent, of the Harvard gymnasimn, has examined Flanks, the oarsman and says that he has "a great head and ar excellent body all the way down to the Judged by a standard of perfection, the oursman's legs and arms are Surgent says that this defect has made Emilian the oursman that he is and that the power from the shtogether with the immense leverage given by the short legs the perfection in build for a sculler .-New York Sun.

I meter like to be too well acqui mit a femily. If I whos, each one tells me of der fatilts of der others, and I had 'em all up as badt.-Carl Dunder.

The Rattlesnake's Awful Eye

The Rattlesaare's Awful Eye.

Never seeing a snake charm a bird or animal, I concluded it w is a negro superstition or fancy, devoid of fact. So I continued to think till a few days ago, when a farmer friend of mine, living four miles south of Abilene, told me what he had lately witnessed. He said he was riding along on a prairie and saw a prairie dog within a few feet of him which refused to scamper to his hole, as prairie dogs usually do when approached by man; on the contrary, he sat as if transfixed to the spot, though making a constant nervous, shuddering motion, as if anxious to get away. My friend thought this was strange, and while considering the spectacle he presently saw a large rataway. I strange, spectacle strange, and while considering the spectacle he presently saw a large rattlesnake colled up under some bushes, his head uplifted, about six or seven feet from the dog, which still heeded him not, but looked steadily upon the snake. He dismounted, took the dog the snake. He dismounted, took the dog by the head aud thrust him off, when the snake, which had up to that moment resnake, which had up to that moment remained quiet, immediately swelled with rage and began sounding his rattles. The prairie dog for some time seemed benumbed, hardly capable of motion, but grew better and finally got into his hole. My friend then killed the rattler. Now, was this a case of charming! If not, was was this a case of charming? If not what was it? My friend who told me this is named John Irving McClure, a farmer, well known to me, a good and truthful man. I now give it up that snakes do indeed charm, or so paralyze birds and little animals with terror, when they catch their eye, that they become helpless and motionless, almost as good as dead. What say the scientists!

And to one who is familiar with the eyes of rattlesnakes it does not seem unreasonable that they should have such power. If you will examine the eye of one when he is cold in death you will perceive that it has an extremely malignant and terrible expression. When he is alive and excited I know of nothing in all nature of so dreadful appearance as the eye of the rattlesnake. It is enough to strike not only birds and little animals, but men. with nightmare. I have on several occa-sions examined them closely with strong glasses, and feel with all force what I state, and I will tell you that there are few men on the face of the earth who can look upon an angered rattlesnake through a good glass—bringing him apparently within a foot or two of the eye—and stand is more than a moment.—Forest and

Russan System of Colonization.

The announcement that Russia has or dered all fertile lands along the Murghab river to be colonized sounds strange in this country, where the only colonists the general government orders around are the Oklahoma boomers. When the Czar wishes to populate any green spot in his Central Asian dominions he orders a lot of Cos-sacks to pack up their belongings and be carted off to new homes beyond the deserts, that, like a sea, divive them from their fatherland. It must be said that they thrive well under this violent process of fransplanting. The government feeds and shelters them until they have taken root in the new soil. The lovely valley in which Samarcand lies is filled with well tilled farms, whose owners are there simply be cause "the little father" shaped their des ants who did his bidding. It is thus, ioubtless, that the Czar will revive the Mery onsis, which, irrigated by hundreds of channels from the Murghab, once blos-somed like the rose.—New York Sun.

Diseases from "Lower Animals.

The "lower animals," as we are pleased ato call them, have a way of revenging themselves for some of the injuries they receive from the higher animal, man. They contract diseases in a mild form, and communicate them as virulent epi-lemics to their masters. The cow has a slight attack of scarlatina—so slight that it hardly causes her inconvenience—and a leadly infection brenks out among those who drink of her milk. From a report which has just been compiled by Dr. Jeorge Turner for the local government board, it appears that diphtheria may be one of the diseases which we catch from Pigeons suffer from croup corses and swine from "strangles," las from sore throat; all which affections, Dr. Turner thinks, may develop into diph-theris in human beings. The worst of tender is the domestic cat, which is very chest, and to pass # on in a much worse form to children.—St. James' Gazette.

Petroleum as a Medicine

Dr. Blacke states that a refiner of pe for the distribution of petroleum in medicinal doses, the fact led to an inquiry eing made as to its alleged utility in affec tions of the chest-the native petroleum from Pennsylvania and Virgin that first experimented with. states, as the result, that in chronic bron with abundant expectoration rapidly diminishes the amount of the serretion and the paroxysms of coughing, and in simple broachitis rapid ameliora-tion has been obtained; its employment in phthists has been continued for too short time, as yet, to allow of any opinion being delivered as to its efficaty, beyond the fact that it diminishes expectoration, which also loses its purulent character. The petroleum is popularly taken in doses of a tenspoonful before each meal, and, after the first day, any nausea which it may excite in some persons disappears. Bulletin de Therapeutique.

The Glass Eye Industry.

A Lendon paper says that more than 2.000,000 giass eyes are made every year in Germany and Switzerland, and one in Germany and Switzerland, and of French house manufactures 300,000 them annually. The pupil is made of misred giass, and sometimes red lines are pointed on the inner surface to simulate the veins. The largest number of thes spes are bought by laborers who are exosed to fire, and are consequently liable to lose an eye. - Frank Leslie's

SEATES Devotring Crap

Sharks are accused of causing the great carrity of soft craise in the waters of the penke bay this summer. They are ununially numerous and hold, and may be seen my day swimming on the flats exploring the enter gross with their thung noses

THE BIG NEWSPAPE

HAS THE LIMIT OF THE REA PATIENCE BEEN REACHED

The Newspaper of the Future] Smaller Than the Present A Condensation in the Judicious The Pictorial Practice,

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When the big newspaper becomes at and carriers have already complained hardness of the task of hatdling so pounds of paper. How will it be who more pounds are added! Why, it will

pounds of paper. How will it be whe more pounds are added! Why, it will possible, certainly at the prevailing low. The days of the cheap press will be a The price must be very consideral crossed to induce the middlemen to dis. Mr. Jones' larger sheets and mere of the The newspaper of the future will be a instead of larger than the present award and it will be no worse a newspaper of account, but rather better. This results be reached by condensation in the judgment of the property of the property of the present and the property of the property of the property of the future will promise in the property of the future will promise of matter upon which space is which nobody is profited by reading or ally wants to read, or having read recommendator. If all of this were omitted newspaper, would shrink rapidly. newspaper would shrink rapidly.

But it is not only the literary depan that condensation is advantageously a cable. The commercial department is a viting a field. I doubt that the presentent of advertising will be in operation of the case. If all the newspapers is York should agree to double their advantage and if in consequence the advertise and it is not sent that the case is a consequence the advertise and it is not sent that the case is a consequence the advertise and it is not sent that the consequence is a consequence that the consequence is a consequence to the consequence is advantageously to case the consequence is advantageously to consequence it is advantageousl IN OTHER DEPARTMENTS. point the case. If all the newspapers in York should agree to double their adversates, and if in consequence the adversates, and if in consequence the adversates that it is, of cours; mathematically demode that the newspapers would be not off pecuniarily. I think it is morally distrable that the advertisers would havers off in respect to the publicity of business, but that all hands by and by be a great deal better off in every way. The advertisement would attract a nearly as much attention. It would quite as much if the advertisers agrees thand upon a level. It is the competitions and if the competitions are the same of the competitions and in the consequence of the competitions are such as the competitions and the consequence of the competitions are such as the competitions are such as the competitions are consequenced to the competitions are consequenced to the consequence of the competitions are consequenced to the consequence of the consequence of the competitions are consequenced to the consequence of the consequence

stand upon a level. It is the compe inagnitude—the struggle for a los inagnitude—the struggle for a long mouncement and for bigger letters, the mous alphabetical blotches which die so many daily journals—that charac-the system. Then there is another a competition within the paper itself, but the literary and commercial columns.

THE PICTORIAL PRACTICE. Mr. Ottendorfer says: "I think the his presenting illustrations in such journal foolish and in very bad taste." I core agree with him; but if we should trast genesis of the pictorial practice might us find that it originated in part in a supercessity for an offset to the black, poster letters of the advertisements! It is a present the processity of the advertisements! It is not prestore that the poster letters of the advertisements! was, perhaps, a disposition to restore the ance between the departments, and to a bloated headings, monstrous "cuts" and and padding of all sorts were resorted to 2 policy of the literary balf in turn stimular the commercial half to fresh efforts.

if journalism could recover from this ness of magnitude the two sides would act and react upon each other, but in an wholesome way. Both would learn to there are effective opportunities in consistency of space and moderation of states it seems to me that the hope of journal lies in some such reform as this. Others its fate threatens to resemble that of any grown, gigantic vegetable, not not not the second of the construction of the co grown, gigantic vegetable, not put out running to useless pulp and unp

I think the newspaper of the future bave smaller pages and fewer of them. In tendency almost everywhere seems as from the blanket form.—Cor. Break

-tite Cookery in the South.

It has been the habit of some to speak a write slightingly of cooking in the market through southern state, stops at a railway than buys a cup of badly prepared coffee all sour roll, or bastily bolts a wretchedly cold inner: jots down his unfo in his notebook, and at his next slee writes his letter to the northern days weekly; graphically portrays the barber of southern cooking, and would almost sunde his readers that he is journeying land outside the pale of civilizat man who keeps the eating bouse may be himself, a stranger to the south, there only for the purpose of making or he may be as inefficient as some side at similar bouses in the north, si there a railway station dinner is not de the most tempting meal to a discr

But the mind of the journalist i mood to appreciate conditions; he must a upon facts. During his journey he has perhaps, entered one southern home, hest been once scated at a family table. the capricious gods of the station saloon he has had some dealings, tares and penates of the southern sares and penates of the sounds are betther welcomed him nor restaure betther welcomed him nor restaure themselves to him. What, then, don't be the better outbern tables!-Zitelia Cocke in A

There are 160,000 colored Baptist di members in the southern states.

Dr. Richard S. Storrs, of Brooklya accepted the presidency of the missionary board.

A visitor at a church in a big city, whose members are almo aged, and therefore conservative, dit as the "Church of Retired Christia

The ten cent fund for the Memorial d The ten cent fund for the Memorial co-collected by Dr. Edward Judson in of his father, Adoniram Judson, the missionary in India, now amounts

\$25,000 The Presbyterian synods of New Yorks Pennsylvania agreed last May to take of of the weak churches within their test and relieve the Board of Home Missis their support. both syn eds in the funds coll