

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—Mr. Talmage's tabernacle now has 3,272 members.—Brooklyn Union.
—The law regulating the government of Yale College prescribes that the President of that institution must be a clergyman.

—No man with a well-balanced mind would, says a correspondent, "send his son to college whose professors are unbelievers.—N. Y. Tribune.

—The Military Academy of West Point is reported as being in a high state of efficiency. It is suggested that the law be changed so that such of the graduates as are not at once assigned to duty after graduation may be retained as Second Lieutenants in the army, if they desire it.—Troy Times.

—The sale of Bibles, religious books and magazines through the colporteurs of Mr. Spurgeon's church, amounted during the past year to nearly \$45,000. Seventy-eight men were employed in the work, and 1,500 towns and villages were visited.—N. Y. Examiner.

—The boys in Chinese mission schools usually prefer women teachers, perhaps because these are more sympathetic and patient with them, and there is a story of one who, in the absence of his own teacher, was put under the instruction of a man. He seemed uneasy and unhappy, and when asked how the lesson had gone, burst out with: "Me no like man teacher! Me want old gal!"—Chicago Times.

—An old Scotch lady was told that her minister used notes; she disbelieved it. Said one: "Go into the gallery and see." She did so and saw the written sermon. After the luckless preacher had concluded his reading on the last page, he said: "But I will not enlarge." The old woman called out from her lofty position: "Ye canna, ye canna, for your paper's give out!"—Christian at Work.

—As an illustration of the value of well-directed help to feeble churches in their struggling infancy, it is reported that eight churches in Iowa have become self-supporting during the year, and four more will do so soon. Several churches in Nebraska also enter the ranks of self-supporting interests during the year. Without aid at the beginning they could not have succeeded. Now they will be not only self-supporting, but become helpers of others who yet need aid.—N. Y. Examiner.

—When the wife of Alderman John J. Turner, of Amsterdam, N. Y., reached her pew in St. Mary's Church recently, she found a board nailed across the entrance. She then went to the pew of her brother-in-law, Richard Turner, and there found the same condition of things. Two Sundays ago Father McInerow gave notice from the pulpit that if certain persons who were in arrears on pew rents did not pay in two weeks the pews would be nailed up. Hence the lady's experience.—Albany Evening Journal.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—Many men seek the truth, but they don't seem to give it away when they find it.—Bloomington Eye.

—Counterfeit thousand-dollar bills are getting very common. Look out for them.—Detroit Free Press.

—Child—under the age of seven prefer yellow to any other color. Most grown up people also have a hankering after yellow. Gold is yellow.

—A couple in Acworth, Ga., were recently joined in wedlock while standing on a tombstone in a cemetery. This was too much—two tomb much.—Norristown Herald.

—A young couple were married by a Justice in Lewistown, Me., in a feed store, which the Justice of the Peace owned. The bride was pretty, and both principals were from the country and in wedding attire.

—"Good morning, Mrs. Gilligan; how is Patrick this morning?" "Sure he's no better, sir." "Why don't you send him to the hospital to be treated?" "To be treated, is it? Faith 'n' its delirium trimmings he has already."—Boston Beacon.

—"Jim," said an honest coal dealer to one of his drivers: "Jim, make that ton of coal two hundred pounds short. It is for a poor, delicate widow, and as she will have to carry all of it up two flights of stairs, I don't want her to overtax her strength."—Chicago Journal.

—Wife—There! the paper says that the Redwood family, out in the Yosemite Valley, are often seen with trunks forty feet in diameter. Now, don't you ever complain of the size of my trunks again, Richard. These Redwoods aren't much of a family either. I never heard of them.—Titbits.

—A delicate little girl, just returned from a farm where she had been sent to spend the summer for her health, said: "The pump out there gives milk." "It does?" asked the mother. "Yes, I saw the farmer pump in a can, and I looked in it and saw nothing but milk."—Puck.

—"Don't show me any more of your impudence!" exclaimed the irate shopper to the salesman; "don't let me see your face again when I come in here!" "Yes, m," he replied with an ingratiating bow; "is there anything else you would like to look at, mem?" Force of habit; he couldn't help it, you know.—Boston Transcript.

—Bowles, the English poet, was noted for his absent-mindedness. He was in the habit of daily riding through a country turnpike-gate, and one day, when he was on foot, he presented, as usual, his twopenny to the gate-keeper. "What is that for?" he asked. "For my horse, of course." "But, sir, you have no horse." "Dear me!" exclaimed the astonished poet, "am I walking?"

—In archery a bow pulling thirty pounds is considered the correct thing for ladies. But we have known young ladies of very delicate constitution and physique to pull a beau weighing 250 pounds from one division of the city to its antipodes, and that seven nights in the week.—Chicago Telegram.

HISTORY OF RAILROADING.

Gigantic Progress Made by a Very Useful and Comfort-Giving Enterprise. Perhaps there is nothing in the line of discovery and improvement that has shown more marked progress in the last century than the railway and its different auxiliaries. When we remember that since the first patent for a locomotive to move upon a track was issued, where now we have every thing that heart can wish, and, in fact, live better on the road than we do at home, with but thirty-six hours between New York and Minneapolis, and a gorgeous parlor, bed-room, and dining-room between Maine and Oregon, with nothing missing that may go to make life a rich blessing, we are compelled to express our wonder and admiration.

To Peter Cooper is largely due the boom given to railway business, he having constructed the first locomotive ever made in this country, and put it on the Baltimore & Ohio railroad. The first train ever operated must have been a grand sight. First came the locomotive, a large Babcock fire extinguisher on trucks, with a smoke-stack like a full-blown speaking tube with a frill around the top; the engineer at his post in a plug hat, with an umbrella over his head and his hand on the throttle, borrowing a chew of tobacco now and then of the farmers who passed him on their way to town. Near him stood the fireman, now and then bringing in an armful of wood from the fields through which he passed, and turning the damper in the smoke-stack every little while so that it would draw. Now and then he would go forward and put a pork-rind on a hot box or pound on the cylinder head to warn people off the track.

Next comes the tender loaded with nice, white birch wood, an economical style of fuel because its bark may be easily burned off while the wood itself will remain uninjured. Beside the firewood we find on the tender a barrel of rainwater and a tall, blonde jar with wicker-work around it, which contains a small sprig of tansy immersed in four gallons of New England rum. This the engineer has brought with him for use in case of accident. He is now engaged in preparing for the accident in advance. Next comes the front brakeman in a plug hat about two sizes too large for him. He also wears a long-waisted frock coat with a bustle to it, and a tall shirt collar with a table-spread tie, the ends of which flutter gaily in the morning breeze. As the train pauses at the first station he takes a hammer out of the tool-box and nails on the tire of the fore wheel of his coach. The engineer gets down with a long oil can and puts a little sewing machine oil on the pitman. He then wipes it off with his sleeve.

It is now discovered that the rear coach, containing a number of directors and the division superintendent, is missing. The conductor goes to the rear of the last coach and finds that the string by which the directors' car was attached is broken, and that, the grade being pretty steep, the directors and one brakeman have no doubt gone back to the starting point. But the conductor is cool. He removes his bell-crowned plug hat, and taking out his orders and time card finds that the track is clear, and, looking at a large, valuable Waterbury watch, presented to him by a widow whose husband was run over and killed by the train, he sees he can still make the next station in time for dinner. He hires a livery team to go back after the directors' coach, and calling "All aboard!" he swings lightly upon the moving train.

It is now ten o'clock, and nineteen weary miles will stretch out between him and the dinner station. To add to the horrors of the situation, the front brakeman discovers that a very thirsty boy in the emigrant car has been drinking from the water-supply tank on the tender, and there is not enough left to carry the train through. Much time is consumed in filling the barrel again at a spring near the track, but the conductor finds a "spotter" on the train and gets him to do it. He also induces him to cut some more wood and clean out the ashes.

The engineer then pulls out a draw-head and begins to make up time. In twenty minutes he has made up an hour's time, though two miles of hoop-iron are torn from the track behind him. He sails into the eating station on time, and, while the master mechanic takes several of the coach-wheels over to the machine-shop to work, he eats a hurried lunch.

The brakeman here gets his tin lanterns ready for the night run and fills two of them with red oil to be used on the rear coach. The fireman puts a fresh bacon-rind on the eccentric, stuffs more cotton batting around the axles, puts a new lynch-pin in the hind wheels, sweeps the apple-peelings out of the smoking car, and he is ready.

Then comes the conductor, with his plug hat full of excursion tickets, orders, passes and time-checks; he looks at his Waterbury watch, waves his hand, and calls "All aboard!" again. It is up-grade, however, and for two miles the "spotter" has to push behind with all his might before the conductor will allow him to get in and ride.

Thus began the history of a gigantic enterprise which has grown till it is a comfort, a convenience, a luxury, and yet a necessity. It has built up and beautified the desert. It has crept beneath the broad river, scaled the snowy mountain, and hung by the precipice, carrying the young to new lands and reunions those long separated. It has taken the hopeless to lands of new hope. It has invaded the solitude of the wilderness, spiked down valuable land grants, killed cheap cattle and then paid high price for them, whooped through valleys, snorted over lofty peaks, crept through long, dark tunnels, turning the bright glare of day suddenly upon those who thought the tunnel was two miles long, roared through the night and glittered through the day, bringing alike the gloom to his beautiful bride and the weeping prodigal to the cross-grown grave of his mother.

You are indeed a heartless, soulless corporation, and yet you are very essential in our business.—Bill Nye, Chicago News.

NEW ILLUSIONS.

ow Hermann's "Vanishing Lady" and Heller's Psycho Trick Are Worked. I am always ready to go to a spiritualistic or a sleight-of-hand performance, because I always manage to discover the trick which invariably puzzles all the rest of the victims. You may be sure, therefore, that when Hermann announced a performance for the benefit of the Charleston sufferers, and the initial performance of his new trick, "The Vanishing Lady," I did not miss the opportunity, especially as I could humor my inclinations as well as my curiosity. From the descriptions of my friends from Paris the trick of the "Vanishing Lady" was done much better in Paris, where Hermann announced he had purchased the novelty and which has been the sensation in the Eden Musee for some months past. Mme Heller appeared in a light drapery; a rug was placed on the stage, a large sheet of paper and a chair thereon, the lady sitting on the chair. Then Hermann enveloped her in a thin but not gauzy dark green sheet that completely covered her while revealing the contour of her figure. In Paris, almost instantly the covering was removed and the lady had vanished, but Hermann explained the trick by its vertical folds its position. Theories that mirrors were used producing optical delusion were advanced, but very careful scrutiny (always watch the magician and not the point at which he directs attention) discovered the spring, and sitting near I could hear the mechanism. I have never read an expose of Heller's Psycho Trick, which has mystified most beholders. The puffy figure of a half body with a head and arms and a sectional shelf of figures across the front is placed on a hollow glass cylinder. At Heller's command the psychomasters the most intricate cubes and squares, the head and arm moving from side to side, the latter selecting figures and placing them to form a correct answer. The theory was that the arm and head was moved by electric wires, but the glass support rendered it impossible. It puzzled me for some time, but I finally discovered, just how I'll not say, that it was worked by compressed air circulating in the glass cylinder from one of the feet of the pedestal. The assistant in the wing worked the supply tube by a ball, mallet setting the arm to moving, two dropping it on the figure, a third picking it up when it moved listlessly until another double pressure dropped the numeral into its place. The magician wore a flash button, that is, one of the buttons on the small of the back of his dress-coat, which was connected with a pocket battery—you have seen those electric flashing scarf-pins—and gave the cue for the figure, he being a lightning calculator. Years ago it took me three nights to discover his trick of thephinx—an Egypt head that rose out of the table after the removal of a box. The table stood in the center of the stage apparently perfectly clear underneath, with one corner facing the audience. The head talked and was obviously alive, but there was no possibility of its being connected with a body because the top of the table was not one and a half inches thick and it was entirely clear underneath. On the third night, having exhausted all my theories, I threw a putty ball from a flower I carried with me in the direction of the table, and finding it lodged in the air I soon discovered that the table had a looking-glass between each leg, the magician being careful never to be caught in the reflection and that there was no reflection of the surroundings. The same way a little investigation always proves that the materialization at a spiritual seance is the medium impersonating—because a wh-never scatter tanks over the floor, spirits aren't stand them and the medium is always lame when he or she emerges from the cabinet.—John D'Arno, in Milwaukee Sentinel.

empire. Moscow, on the contrary, is the heart of Russia; in addition, the route to St. Petersburg. As to the duration of such a war, it is probable a year would not suffice, but every thing would depend upon the season and the resistance offered by the Russians. Germany, however, should not shrink from the immensity of the task. The difficulties would not be what they were in 1812. The principal difficulties encountered by Napoleon I.—namely, the defective communications between his army and his base of operations—have been considerably decreased by the railways. The German army, too, is armed and equipped in a manner different from that of a grande armee. Respecting the tactics of the Russians, he repudiates the idea of their again bringing their towns, which would be less to their advantage than to the invaders. The Germans, well provisioned, will be base of their operations secure, could contemplate calmly the burning of Moscow, which could do them no harm. The Russians, on the contrary, would thereby destroy their resources and inflict immense loss on the country. Says "Sarmatcus" in conclusion: "The Germans have no reason to desist from their war with Russia, because, supposing them victorious, it would entail on them great and lasting evils; but should they be forced on Germany by the influence of Panславist agitators, we could take up the glove in full and enter confidence as to the result."—Chicago Times.

But now all is changed, we are led on a sea of uncertainty from first to last, we know not if virtue will be rewarded or if evil punished, or if goodness will succumb and vice triumph, or if, indeed, the cruel author may say all the calamities of our condition and leave nothing for our agonized patients but a pool of gore, or in a milder form, a cluster of grassy weeds. The fiction world is turned topsy-turvy. In the desire to be true to life, to paint things as they are and not merely as they should be, the wish to hold the mirror up to nature, the realism of today make the novel often a terrible thing, a thing to be avoided as the night-hide, or d-d-d-dy "enbane. They take one clear through the mirror and show the quicksilver on the back.

While the trials and tribulations of real life may be strewn over a long period of years, the novelist gathers them all in a lump, as it were, and you may take all the misadventures at a single dose. The sorrows of ten years you may sometimes read, and in so no sort of experience, in as many hours. It is true this may also apply to the ill-ory joys of novels, but one does not object to a loss of joy. One can stand pretty large draughts or quails of happiness. As one longs unconsciously for love and happiness in real life, so one hopes unconsciously for it in the books she picks up. If she is to find there only the sorrows and tears, she finds 'sso in the world ab ut her, where is to be her help and escape? What is of refuge is there left for the bleeding heart, the wound soul?

A friend says she almost dreads to read a new book for fear it will not turn out well, and she will be made more sad than before the reading, de-lar-ing she won't almost rather take up one whose ending she knows already from previous reading. Let us think of this, let us pray our friends the novelists, to write more of life as it should be, the dull and less of life the real. We all have real burdens of our own to carry, have real burdens, why then should we load d-d-d-wth imaginary ones also? Let's lead happier novels. If we must have "books in the running brooks," let us have the sparkle and cheer a well. Don't let it be all fret and moan and trouble.—Detroit Free Press.

—A Buffalo (N. Y.) newspaper tells of a young man, the usual "well-known young society man," of course, who wrote to a pretty girl in the East whom he had met and admired, asking her in the course of the letter a good many questions. She answered promptly, not the questions but the letter, and asked some questions on her own. He did not answer: "What kind of old book such as this use? Who gave you this name? Do you think? Why do you think of the pre-Adamicist theory? Are the Jews going to return to Russia? If you are recovered, are you found?" The young man thinks that she's making fun of him.

—The newspaper business in Washington County, this State, has its peculiarities. Two women were displaced at something published about them in a newspaper, assaulted Daniel Brown of the county fair. Daniel is a newspaper man, but he doesn't work on the paper and he didn't write it, and he had not even read it.—N. Y. Sun.

—A Charleston woman was strangely affected by the earth quake. Her hair, which is long and black, is falling out in places, leaving the bare scalp exposed. The physicians state that it is caused by paralysis of the scalp, caused from fright.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

CHEERFUL NOVELS.

The Timely Point of a Man Who Wants Happier, Sparkling Stories. In the olden days one might look for some pleasure in her novel reading. Novels were not the deep physical studies, the moral forces, the concealed sermons they are now, and however harrowing they were in the beginning and middle parts, one always knew they'd turn out right, and according to wish in the end. No matter what came between, the hero was sure to marry the heroine in the last chapter, the crusher, after if there was a cruel father, was sure to relent, the culprit be forgiven and all be smiles and joy. If a girl took to herself wings in the first few pages, to fly away, in the last few to fly back to return, and one always knew before hand that it would be so. If she grew too unhappy over the book, she had only to turn to the last and was:

"Honor, riches, marriage blessings, Long continuance and increase!" But now all is changed, we are led on a sea of uncertainty from first to last, we know not if virtue will be rewarded or if evil punished, or if goodness will succumb and vice triumph, or if, indeed, the cruel author may say all the calamities of our condition and leave nothing for our agonized patients but a pool of gore, or in a milder form, a cluster of grassy weeds. The fiction world is turned topsy-turvy. In the desire to be true to life, to paint things as they are and not merely as they should be, the wish to hold the mirror up to nature, the realism of today make the novel often a terrible thing, a thing to be avoided as the night-hide, or d-d-d-dy "enbane. They take one clear through the mirror and show the quicksilver on the back.

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SINGING SONGS OF JOY.

"Hurrah for the Irish May Flower's bloom That saved my Barney's life, It kept his liver from death's doom, An' cured him for his wife. Do you blame me Mr. Delaney For singin' songs of joy? Irish May Flower, more's the power! Cured my darlin' boy."

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CONSUMPTION, which is Scrophulous of the Lungs, a most dreaded and cured by this remedy, if taken from the first stages of the disease are cured. From its marvelous power over this terrible fatal disease, when first tried, it is calculated to save the lives of many who thought seriously of calling it "Consumption Cure," but abandoned the idea. It is a most powerful medicine, and its strengthening, alternative, or blood-cleansing, anti-inflamatory, and nutritive properties, is unequalled, not only as a remedy for consumption, but for all chronic cases of the Liver, Blood, and Lungs.

\$500 REWARD is offered by the proprietor of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy for a case of Catarrh cured by his medicine, if they cannot cure, but have a discharge from nose, offensive or otherwise, partial loss of smell, taste, or hearing, weak eyes, and pressure in head, you have Catarrh. Thousands of cases terminate in consumption. Dr. Sage's CATARRH REMEDY cures all cases of Catarrh, "Cold in the Head," and Catarrhal Headache. 50 cents.

DR. CHAMBERLAIN'S ELECTRIC BELT FOR MEN ONLY. THE BELT is supported by the most delicate and powerful of the human organs, the ELECTRICITY generated through the muscles and nerves, to healthy action, and is the only remedy advertised to cure all the ailments of the system. For circular giving full particulars, address Chamberlain's Electric Belt Co., 111 W. Wabash Street, Chicago, Ill.

CASORRA for Infants and Children. Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any preparation known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y. Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Eruption, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion. Without injurious medication. THE CASTORIA COMPANY, 132 Fulton Street, N. Y.