# THE SOARING EAGLE.

## Wakeman Burnishes Up Our National Escutcheon.

**Found in the Old Washington Buildings, Liverpool, Where Hawthorne Represented the United States as Consul, from 1853 to 1857.**

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It always thrills the heart of an American traveler to see the blazing of a soaring eagle with our national motto, "E pluribus unum," streaming from its regal beak, whether it be well or illy painted, upon the escutcheons adorning the office doors or inner apartments of our consular representatives in foreign lands.

The one discovered in the old Washington buildings, Liverpool, and which disclosed the very apartment where Nathaniel Hawthorne had been our Consul from August, 1853, to September, 1857—of which I was at once able to make proof—was the most welcome one my own eyes had ever beheld. It had been painted upon tin or zinc, and nailed securely to the long, narrow panel, which it had been made to exactly cover, between the old-fashioned fireplace and the tiny projection of a mantel above. Succeeding coats of paint upon the woodwork of the room had blended its edges with the fireplace frame, and half a century of English coal smoke had all but obscured its rich Vandyke tints.

With the weather-beaten Englishman's cheery permission, my handkerchief and some petroleum, readily secured in one of the ship supply stores on the Goree Piazza below, I soon had the fine escutcheon glowing in its original beauty and significance. Then it was a delight to sit there, or wander back and forth between this room and the adjoining one, which I found had been the outer and business office of the consulate, and, with a loving fancy, bring back into their accustomed places the surroundings, occupants and belongings of these two little old rooms.

In Hawthorne's time Washington buildings—which is a single huge building fronting the river to the south, Brunswick street on the west and the Back Goree on the north—was one of the structural lions of Liverpool. Beneath its great Moorish riverward piazza scores of merchants did a mighty business in ship chandlery. The offices above belonged to the cotton kings and the great ship owners and shipping merchants of Liverpool. Every room in the vast hive swarmed with head men and clerks, and roared with blatant and profitable rivalry. Opposite the piazza were forests of masts, busy wharves and a thoroughfare, packed night and day, under flaring cressets in fogs and by night, with "lorries" drawn by immense Welsh and Lancashire horses, tandem, with their wonderful loads of the world's produce.

Around Brunswick street and the Back Goree swept and crowded the tremendous activities of the then greatest port of the world. Here and there and all about were quaint old inns, famous coffee-houses and wondrous snuggeries, where, in a still earlier time, the old slave traders met, and where later the shipmasters came; the "charter parties" for cargoes were executed over rum and jorams, and innumerable affairs of sea and land, representing almost incalculable values, were settled. Facing all this on Brunswick street, and extending around the length of the two rooms on Back Goree, and on what the English call the "first floor," that one first above the shop or basement floor, reached by a unique, almost perpendicular, staircase of mahogany steps, balustrades and wainscoting, from Brunswick street, was located the American Consulate of Hawthorne's time, then the finest suite of offices in the great seaport city.

Following the slender, twisted balustrades you come to the outer office. Its door is at the street end of the narrow hall. This is "No. 1, Washington Buildings." It was where Wilding, Vice Consul, with his one clerk and office messenger, enacted the part of a sort of invincible breakwater to all the tides of wandering and unfortunate flotsam and jetsam which set in upon the kind-hearted Consul Hawthorne. It is now occupied by one desk set on dangerously high and spindle legs, one who squints terribly as he whistles worse, and a severe man in chin whiskers, a pucker of stern but hesitant decision in his lips, and clothes that strongly savor of the stable, whose office sign presupposes its owner to be one "James Winstanley, Team Owner."

Big, hulking fellows, with rasping, stuffy voices, with coats slung over their arms and ferocious but harmless whips—for Liverpool lorrymen never strike their horses, more honor to them!—doze and lounge within. There are two huge but diminutive panel windows overlooking Brunswick street. Two more admit the light from Back Goree. All of them were made double, to exclude the deafening clatter of the once busy locality. In one corner, across the angle, is a little iron fireplace with fantastic ornmentation. The narrowest little mantel in all the world is above this, higher than one's head. Next to this, set into the thick wall, is a safe like a Dutch oven, and its iron door is as wondrous in bolts, hinges, fit and finish as the door of a frontier cowshed. Really curious old appointments are these, and they were made to remain.

Between this outer office and the rear apartment was, and is, a little covered entry—a box large enough to hide and hold a half dozen topcoats, hats and mackintoshes. From this a small door opened into Hawthorne's private office, or, rather, opened into another little box of an entry with two doors. One of these opened into Hawthorne's room, and the other gave passage to and from the hallway. Hawthorne never entered the latter door on arriving at the consulate. He always came into the outer office, with great promptitude of mornings, and, after cheery greetings, passed to the little closet, where he deposited his outer garments and immediately entered his private apartment.

If too closely pressed by forlorn strangers, obstreperous sailors, officious captains, or more unbearable lion hunters, he gently opened his door to the little closet, donned his hat and coat noiselessly and disappeared through the side door into the hallway, from thence making his exit into Back Goree through a narrow and unfrequented side entrance. When the coast became clear Wilding always knew his messenger would find him, either wandering and musing in old St. Nicholas churchyard, conveniently near, or in a certain baker's shop, reached through one or two narrow back streets, "where there was a lunch counter at which one could stand and eat excellent bread, butter and cheese," and where the lad Julian might usually be found with his now happy father.

There never could have been a more quaint and tiny room than Hawthorne's private office. Honest "Joseph Corkhill, Tug Owner," occupies it, and he is now the proudest man in England to know that his Mersey tugs are for hire in a place so rife with associative interest. Above the wide, low door iron bars, stout enough for a jail, run vertically through a transom so narrow that between its edges you could scarcely press the fingers of your hand. The fireplace is hardly bigger than a man's hat, but its floriture, in iron, the moldings and panelings of pine, and the fine old escutcheon nearly cover the entire side of the room. Though the latter is scarcely twelve feet square, a stucco cornice runs around its ceiling edge heavy enough for a Lord Mayor's banqueting hall. Two windows of extraordinary size admit light, air and a rugged sort of perspective of ancient warehouses and storage buildings on the opposite side of Back Goree.

I have never found in these Old World countries more characteristic windows. Their frames are splayed in the most interesting manner. When sitting, one's head is below their ledges. These and their sides are splayed inward at an extraordinary depth and angle. The side splaying runs through the ceiling cornice, where the splaying is at once reversed in an outward and upward angle, a window treatment I have never previously seen, the latter odd arrangement having almost the effect of skylights in admitting to a room the upper and almost zenith light from the sky. The glasses are cut in narrow panes, the sashes are slender and hung on all but slender hinges, and a quaint little cross section, necessary to the unusual outer opening at the top, is adapted to both the purposes of ventilation and antique ornament.

More curious than all else is a pine cupboard standing between the fireplace and the side wall. It extends from the floor to the ceiling. In the top are a few close shelves. In the bottom is a cubbyhole, formerly used as a temporary safe. Just above this are several secret drawers, their outer edges made in imitation of narrow, molding-ribbed paneling. Above these a complete series of ledger racks, protected by little falling doors. And still above are sliding panels concealing a marvelous nest of pigeonholes. This was the author Hawthorne's repository of manuscripts, of personal correspondence, of his quaint, genial and often grimly satiric "English Notes," and of countless odds and ends of half-created imageries, observations and literary suggestions and skeleton plots; all secret, sacred and priceless to a writer as to a maiden are the sweet, trifling tokens of a first romantic love. This rare old cupboard is now a receptacle for office sweepings, and an ignoble but useful coal bin.

Innumerable pictures of Hawthorne in his changeful moods, as he sat at his desk beneath the windows of this little office, come involuntarily into the visitor's mind. Whether at work upon many of the most characteristic personal letters he ever penned; romping with his children, who often descended like three uproarious infant Graces upon him, in charge of the bright-faced wife or the uncompromising but ever faithful maid, Fanny; listening demurely to shipmasters' yarns, or pretending to solemnly inspect sailors' broken heads when his own was turned away; quarreling in kindly rivalry of objurgation with his loyal friend, Bright, over the merits and demerits of the people, policies and institutions of their respective countries—for Hawthorne was American to the core and back again—or still brooding alone with vagarous fancies; the light from the strange old window-top must have played about his head there with an actual Rembrandt effect, bright as when the spiritual windows of memory open upon the man Hawthorne, his tender life and his surpassing worth and work.

Hawthorne's genuine haunts in England were few, and he traveled over old ground with the fondest tread. St. Nicholas churchyard; the rare baker's shop where such excellent bread and butter and cheese could be eaten standing; Sandheys, where he went to visit Bright; old Ormskirk, but a few miles away; Southport and the out-lying sand dunes between it and Blundell-sands, nearer the city; the ancient Liverpool market, still standing; Chester, which he revisited frequently; Dingle, "a pleasant domain on the banks of the Mersey;" Eastham, but a few miles distant and recorded by him as "the finest old English village" he had seen, and particularly the venerable church of St. Andrews, at Bebbington, built in 1100, were his most familiar haunts for the four years of his Consularship in England. Of course in this time he visited the lake district, Wales, the Isle of Man, Scotland and London sparingly. But he seemed to write of them all as though merely to refresh his mind when he should finally get a good ready to write. In all the "English Notes" the really charming bits are chiefly where he speaks of himself, and not of the things he has come to see. The little nooks near Liverpool, when he stole away to them alone, or when he had his family on foot for an outing with him, are where we find the man at his happiest and best.

Undoubtedly Hawthorne's chief haunt in Liverpool was the then and at present new and old book store, noted among bibliographers and owned by Mr. Henry Young, at 12 South Castle street. Mr. Young, now a very old man, gave me some interesting recollections of the novelist:

"My first recollection of Mr. Hawthorne is of a dark-haired, retiring and most gentlemanly-looking man who walked into my shop, and without a word to anybody, or from anyone to him, proceeded to investigate the books. In a little time he took from a shelf an uncut copy of Don Quixote, in two volumes, illustrated by Tony Johannot, asked me the price, paid the money and requested that the books he sent to 'Mr. Hawthorne at the American Consulate.'

"Then he began coming almost daily, after a long time growing somewhat familiar. He would inquire much about books, but usually more for information than for purchase. The late Henry A. Bright of Liverpool, a wealthy dilletant, author of 'The English Flower Garden' and the intimate friend of the late Lord Houghton (Richard Monckton Milnes), to whom he introduced Hawthorne, was his single warm friend and confident in England. They frequently called together, and made use of a little nook in the rear of the shop, in which to examine and discuss books, and this soon came to be known as 'Hawthorne Corner.' Mr. Hawthorne gave Bright the complete manuscript of 'Transformation' ('Marble Faun'). He had it very richly bound, and it remains in the possession of the Bright family here to this day.

"Some little time after its publication by Smith & Elder, a leading London publisher, came to me and said he understood that Hawthorne was a customer of mine. He wished me to ascertain if any portion of 'Transformation' was written in England, or rather, if the whole of it was not written in Italy, in which latter case he would mercilessly republish it in defiance of the English copyright, giving as his reason that Americans pirated the publications of his house, and that he wished to serve anyone of them he could with the same sauce. I refused the commission abruptly, and shortly after, on again meeting Hawthorne, I mentioned the matter to him. He seemed much amused and said, 'Tell him the larger portions of the book were written in Italy, and that a portion was written in England; that they are pretty well mixed, but that he is welcome to find out which is which, if he can, and to republish those portions which satisfy him.'

"When the family finally left England, Mr. and Mrs. Hawthorne and, I think, Miss Una Hawthorne, called to shake hands and say good-by. Hawthorne's personal appearance and demeanor very strongly reminded me of Dr. Martineau, and Mrs. Hawthorne's sprightliness was a delightful set-off to her husband's extreme diffidence and quietude."

The Hawthorne home at Rock Park is still a pleasant, flower-embowered English mansion, but the old Duke street (Liverpool) boarding-house of good Mrs. Blodgett—ever famous in literary history as the dream of a home by proxy—in which the Hawthornes longest-lived in England, is now merged into a stuffy warehouse in an ancient and unsavory quarter of the Liverpool of to-day.

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

### A Dream of Happiness

May be followed by a morning of "La Grippe." Easily, and why? Because the displacement of covering in bed, a neglected draught from a partly closed window, an open transom connected with a windy entry in a hotel, may convey to your nostrils and lungs the death-dealing blast. Terrible and swift are the inroads made by this new destroyer. The medicated alcoholic principle in Hostetter's Stomach Bitters will check the dire complaint. A persistence in this preventive of its further development will absolutely checkmate the dangerous malady. Unmedicated alcoholic stimulants are of little or no value. The just medium is the Bitters. Not less efficacious is it in cases of malaria, biliousness, constipation, rheumatism, dyspepsia and kidney trouble. The weak are usually those upon whom disease fastens first. Invigorate with the Bitters.

# MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

## Only Two Novelties in the Metropolis Last Week.

**"The Hustler" Said to be a Great Mirth Producer—"Blue Jeans" Will be Seen in Sacramento Next Season—Interesting Stage Gossip from All Over the World.**

O. P. Dunlop, writing from New York under date of September 19th, says:

"But two novelties were brought out this week, both on the East side. At Jacob's Third Avenue Theater, E. S. Wood, for many years known as 'The Boy Actor,' produced 'The Orphans of New York,' a drama, by Con. T. Murphy, which has been accepted with loud acclaim by his audiences. If any flies had lighted on Mr. Murphy's play it would not have rested undisturbed for a moment. It developed action from the word 'Go,' and moved on with restless vigor to the end. The play, however, is entirely wholesome, and there is much in it to praise. Mr. Wood is a passable actor, and no more; but he has no faults that can offend anybody seriously, and his juvenility enables him to be a boy for all the thrilling intentions and exhilarating purposes of a Bowery drama of the present day.

"At the People's a new and rather brilliant use was made of an old play by Eva Mountford. When she began to star, last year, there were a few guarded predictions that she was blessed with 'a future,' and as that term may mean much or little in theatricals of this day, there has ever since been curiosity to know the exact measure of Miss Mountford's promise. That measure was satisfactorily taken last week by a typical East side audience, and the outcome was in all ways flattering to the actress. The revivified play was that quarter-century old story of jealousy and crime, 'East Lynne,' a tale that has probably moved more men and women to tears than any other drama in the English language, not excepting the equally hectic but less rational 'Camille.' And in addition to her boldness in coming forward as the star in this exacting and time-worn play, Miss Mountford had also laid claim to consideration as its author, for hers was a practically new version of the old novel. She had not departed from the original plot, but there were improvements throughout the text, and changes in the characters, the comedy lines, and the situations. Miss Mountford will probably find this drama a valuable investment on 'the road.' It is not worthy of her marked ability, but perhaps that is a lesser consideration at present.

"The only things new for the season in the whole theatrical length of Broadway were Cleveland's Minstrels at Dunlevy's Park, and the reopening of Harrigan's Theater, with 'Reilly and the 400.' Both had immense audiences.

"'Niobe,' which has been slated for a very long run at the Bijou, is prospering, but the audience are all down stairs, and but few of the gallery gods take to this really meritorious performance. The play is said to be 'over the heads' of the general public, so, perhaps, it will not have as long a run as its owners anticipate. Neither is Sidney Rosenfeld's new play, 'The Club Friend,' drawing as it was thought it would. The part does not really fit Roland Reed, and the play, brilliant as it is in spots, is so trivial in plot, that no one cares to see it. Both will undoubtedly do well on the road, but neither is a great money winner."

"BLUE JEANS."

"Blue Jeans," Joseph Arthur's dramatic reflex of Indiana life, which was accorded an unwonted share of prosperity last season, begins a second season September 7th in Boston. It is booked to appear in this city June 17th and 18th. The play of "Blue Jeans" is scarcely a year old, yet the praise lavished on it by the press of the country, its managers declare, if strung out, column for column, would very nearly encircle our city.

The proverbial ingenuity of the Chinese is again displayed. It is reported that a fervid Mongolian dramatist has submitted to his ruler a plan for the execution of capital offenders, that for picturesque bloodthirstiness totally eclipses electro-execution or anything else in the whole category of the most realistic of modern native playwrights. The yellow-skinned disciple of Shakespeare proposes to write each year for presentation in the public temple a play which shall embody some awe-inspiring, death-dealing apparatus by which offenders shall be annihilated, the production to be continued nightly until the year's batch of unfortunates gives out. The method of extinction incorporated in the Chinese author's initial effort gives rise to the suspicion that he is not altogether unfamiliar with the progress of playmaking in this country. Joe Arthur's thrilling sawmill effect is reproduced entire, but unlike the play of "Blue Jeans," there is no rescue, and the condemned are to be actually slit in twain by the buzzing saw in full view of the assembled multitudes.

"THE HUSTLER."

When Macbeth asked: "Who can minister to a mind diseased?" he foreshadowed the difficulties that modern physicians encounter in dealing with that form of mental depression known as the "blues," for which all the resources of science and the entire range of the pharmacopœia have failed to provide a remedy. But if there are any readers of these remarks who are subject to attacks of melancholy, they may proceed to lift up their voices in a glad hosanna of thankfulness that an infallible panacea has been found which never fails to banish dull care, and this sovereign specific is that merry melange of wit, fun, melody and song—the new, bright and diverting farce-comedy, "The Hustler," which will be seen in all its effulgent completeness on the stage of the Metropolitan Theater, Monday and Tuesday, September 28th and 29th.

The unusually large, talented and versatile company is headed by the eminent Irish comedian, John Kernell, whose name is a synonym for bright, keen-edged wit and quaint humor. Brother Kernell's portrayal of the leading part—"Con" McFadden, the hustler—is pronounced the most striking and amusing comedy work to be seen on the contemporary stage.

Among the other noted fun-makers in the cast are Barney Reynolds, Gus Mills, John S. Marr, Lee Harrison and Leonard Somers. The contingent of soubrettes and pretty-as-a-picture-girls includes Mollie Thompson, Zellma Rawlston, Belle Hartz, the Laporte sisters, Vesta Stevens, Agnes Howard, Carrie Norton and M'lle Staccione, the Italian ballet premiere. Then there is a sextet of Parisian Duster Dancers, and the celebrated "Hustler" male quartete.

STAGE NOTES AND GOSSIP.

Josh Ogden no longer manages the tour of Irene Kent.

Robert Mantell has made a great hit in "The Louisianians."

Mary Anderson is preparing her dramatic memoirs for the press.

Colonel J. H. Haverly goes with the Emerson minstrels to San Francisco.

"The Volunteer" produced at Cincinnati on Wednesday does not look like a success.

Maude Granger has made a hit in "Inherited" at the New York Windsor Theater.

W. S. Cleveland, the enterprising king of minstrelsy, says he is $11,000 ahead so far this season.

The summer run of "Sinbad" at the Chicago Opera-house has cleared David Henderson $37,000.

"Sinbad" made as big a success this week in St. Louis as it has during the summer in Chicago.

New England is said to be the only section of this country where theatrical business is not good at present.

E. J. Henley and an unknown collaborateur have written a modern society drama called "The Marquis' Wife," in which Julia Arthur will star during the present season.

St. Louis, which for a couple of seasons back was a poor show town, has suddenly become one of the best in the Southwest.

Charles Cowles, who made a hit as the Vermont farmer in "The Canuck," has achieved great success as the Stranger in "A Hole in the Ground."

Manager Charles Frohman will produce "Thermidor," Victorian Sardou's famous tragic comedy, at the Twenty-third Street Theater, N. Y., October 5th.

John Ernest McCann, the poet and dramatist, has returned to New York from his wedding tour, and is busily engaged in a three-act comedy.

George Backus, the clever young comedian who wrote "In the Gloaming," has just finished another one-act play, which will be seen in New York later in the season.

Parker & Latto's "The Runaway Wife" began its season at Pittsburg on Monday. They have a very strong company this year and their scenery is entirely new and very pretty.

White Swede gloves, trimmed with the narrowest of tan binding, are much used at present in New York by ladies at the theaters. They look chic, but they make the hands look larger.

George D. Fawcett, leading man of "The Still Alarm," was married last week to Anna Foster Crosman, daughter of Major G. Crosman, U. S. A., and sister to Henrietta Crosman.

Young J. K. Emmet is playing in the Northwest and acquiring both fame and shekels. Wherever he appears he has been heartily welcomed and his venture is now an assured success.

The Duke of Saxe-Meiningen has conferred upon Mr. Heinrich Conreid the Saxon Cross of Merit, in recognition of his work in protecting the works of of European authors in this country.

Joseph S. Haworth appeared at the Grand Opera-house in Chicago, on Tuesday, in Anna Katharine Green's dramatization of her own novel, "The Leavenworth Case," and made a brilliant success.

J. Charles Davis' New American Lilliputians have made a fine artistic success. Fred C. Whitney, a son of C. J. Whitney of Detroit, has become a part proprietor, and will take an active part in the management.

Nellie McHenry's new comedy, "A Night at the Circus," has caught the popular fancy. On Monday she played at Cincinnati and turned hundreds from the door before the rise of the curtain. The play is a big hit.

Miss Gipsy Gray, formerly of Held by the Enemy Company, has changed her name to Frances Gray, her own name. Miss Gray was one of Mr. Sargeant's pupils at the Lyceum School, and is a very good actress.

John J. Jenning, the well-known character actor and comedian, who made "Dr. Bill" a success last season, has joined Nat Roth's Quack M. D. Company. It was written by the late Frederick Marsden and sold to Rolahd Reed, but never produced.

When A. M. Palmer became manager of Wallack's Theater the first thing he did was to rub out the time-honored name of Wallack from in front of the house. Last week Hoyt & Thomas did the same thing with Palmer's name at the Madison Square Theater, which in future will be known as Hoyt's Madison Square Theater.

Henry Irving's second son, who made his appearance on the English provincial stage about a month ago, is winning many friends. His stage name is Mr. Lawrence, he having assumed that name by way of compliment to his father's old friend, John Lawrence Toole. Mr. Lawrence's debut was made as Snug, the joiner, in "Midsummer's Night Dream."

Laura Burt received the following mash-poem on her appearance as June in "Blue Jeans" at Chicago last Monday, and now she is looking for J. F. M. with a club:

Love beamed with tender light
And eyes lit up like stars at night.
Unto my soul this image bright
Rose a vision of sweet delight—
Angel of love and beauty—June!

Beautiful, blushing summer rose,
Under the softest skies repose!
Radiant with light of noon—
Tears and laughter blended—June!

—J. F. M.

Leonard Grover's comedy drama, "The Wolves of New York," begins its season at the Union Square Theater in October. The play made a good impresssion at the Boston Theater last season. The variety, novelty and interest of its scenes and characters, its faithful pictures of low life, its fine contrast of city and country, its excitement, pathos, humor and sensational effects make it a play which should win a large popularity. There is a scene in the last act of this play which arouses the greatest excitement. The buzz-saw, the breaking of real glass windows, the dashing fire engines and the struggles in real water, to which audiences have been treated of late, are not a circumstance to this scene in the way of sensational realism.

### LAST NIGHT IN THE GLOAMING.

I heard the birds singing last night in the gloaming;
Their music was sweet as a heavenly choir;
They twittered and chirped as they came from their roaming,
And each tried the loudest to tune its wee lyre.

The robin was there in its nest in the willow;
'Twas chirping its birdlings a sweet lullaby.
The bluebird was smoothing its soft, downy pillow,
And calling its mate, still up in the sky.

The daisies were nodding out in the green meadow,
Their round, golden eyes were beginning to close;
The larkspur and buttercup, down by the brookside,
Were saying good-night to the rose.

The sun, who was sinking behind the green hill-tops,
Peeped out from a cloud and winked his red eye;
Methinks he was whispering the bright clouds around him—
"I am going to rest now, I'll say good-bye."

The shadows grew deeper. The birds were soon sleeping;
The flowers had closed their sweet petals so bright;
While over the mountain the crescent moon peeping,
Seemed to answer the sun—"Good-night, friend, good-night."

—Lulu M. Downs, in The Ladies' Home Journal.

The biggest doctor's fee of the age is the 2,000,000 marks paid by Herr von Donner, a Hamburg merchant, for Dr. Michelsen's cure of his wife. The money wasn't given to the famous Weisbaden practitioner, however, but, at his wish, to found a hospital in Hamburg.

## EVERYONE SNEEZING.

**Colds Remarkably Prevalent. Will the Grippe Return? Dangers of Pneumonia.**

Have you noticed the unusual number of colds possessed by your acquaintances this year? There seems to be no particular reason why the fall of this year should be more trying than usual, but, nevertheless, it is a fact. Those who know something of these matters say that this extraordinary prevalence of colds is the forerunner of another visitation of the grippe. Whether it may turn out so or not, a thing everyone should do is to get rid of a cold as soon as possible on account of the danger to which a person with a "little cold" is exposed. Pneumonia nobody wishes to face, and it is no exaggeration to state that eighty per cent. of deaths from this cause could have been averted if the colds out of which they grew had been cured.

By far the best method of ridding oneself of a cold is to take a little pure stimulant in water and keep warm after having done so. The greatest care and prompt measures should be taken at the slightest sign of the approach of pneumonia. If you have a tickling in the throat, tightness of the chest, pain in the head, a chilly feeling or pains throughout the body, immediately use some pure stimulant to promote the circulation and avert the catastrophe. It should be particularly borne in mind that to be of the required value, the stimulant (whisky preferably) must be pure, and Duffy's Pure Malt Whisky, which can be obtained of your druggist or grocer, meets the requirements. It is standard and reliable, and the fact that it has received the indorsements of the leading scientists and physicians of the present day is the best guarantee of its usefulness as a medicine. Insist upon having it and do not allow the salesman to sell you a substitute which he may recommend as "just as good." There is no other medicinal whisky which equals Duffy's Pure Malt in purity and excellence.

# IN RELIGION'S REALM.

## Expressions from the Various Religious Newspapers.

**The Religious Thought of the Day as Expressed in the Sectarian Press—Some Matters of Interest to Both Ministers and Laymen.**

The Chicago *Standard*, Baptist, says: "This matter of Old Testament 'errors,' in any important particular, can very well afford to await developments. It is a remarkable ordering of divine Providence that while modern scholars in one direction are seeming to undermine confidence in the absolute trustworthiness of these ancient writings, in another direction they are bringing to light ancient testimonies which not only restore the foundations of faith, but build them in stronger than ever. Believers in the Bible can afford to wait with perfect equanimity of mind for the sure result of all."

The Nashville *Christian Advocate* says: "The age in which we live is marked by many extreme and opposing tendencies. On the one hand we see a profound and pervading skepticism, which denies or questions all things; and on the other hand we witness a boundless credulity which gulps down without the slightest reserve or hesitation even the silliest and most impossible stories. For the past ten days the papers have been full of stuff concerning the exhibition of 'the holy coat of Treves'—a decayed and tattered garment unquestionably many centuries old, and alleged to be the very seamless robe that was worn by our Lord himself while he was in the flesh. Of course there is not the slightest reason for supposing this allegation to be true. Even if it were true, it would be utterly without significance. * * * In view of performances of this kind, ought we to be surprised that there are so many infidels in the world? Hard-headed, practical men, who look upon such superstitions with unspeakable disgust, are in grave danger of confounding them with the essential manifestations of our holy religion, and of visiting both alike with swift condemnation. The best cure and antidote for all the forms of unbelief is the constant presentation of a just, rational, spiritual, Scriptural view of Christianity."

The New York *Christian Enquirer* asks: "What has materialism done to bless mankind? Has it not left mind and soul to starve and perish? Where are its schools? Where are its missionaries? When has it ever tried to enlighten and redeem the heathen? What reforms has it ever started? What is it doing to relieve human suffering? Where are the hospitals it has founded? Where are the asylums for the unfortunate it has built and supported? What sacrifice of 'sweet charity' does it offer upon its altar to the 'unknown God?' Science judges causes from their effects. Is it not a fact that our institutions of benevolence, and all our organized charities and philanthropies had their inspiration from Christianity? Is it not a fact of history that the purest and noblest lives ever lived on God's earth—lives most conspicuous in usefulness—have been born of Christian faith? Here, then, is an added argument in support of Christianity. A tree is known by its fruits. Christianity is worth what it will produce. Goodness, purity, beneficence, truth, integrity, grandeur are not the fruits of error and delusion."

The Pittsburg *Presbyterian Banner* says: "A good many secular journals and some of the religious newspapers have much to say in condemnation of what they call 'heresy-hunting.' They speak of it as if there was a class of ministers who go prying around and sniffing the air to see whether by any possibility the least taint of error can be discovered in the preaching or writings of others. There is an effort to create the impression that this is characteristic of those who adhere to the doctrines they professed to accept when received into the ministry, and who believe in the absolute truthfulness of the Word of God. The accusation is unfair, unjust and untruthful. The truth is that those who adopt heretical views parade themselves so conspicuously before the public and are so defiant that the orthodox are compelled in self-defense to call them to account."

The New York *Examiner* says: "Our Episcopalian contemporary, the *Churchman*, now and then utters a wail over the slow progress of church unity, a matter that it professes to have much at heart. It speaks of 'deep discouragement' in the American church 'because the Lambeth Declaration has not been immediately adopted by the Christian denominations to which it was addressed.' We doubt the existence of such discouragement, outside of a very small knot of churchmen. There has never been a time when any religious body was not ready and anxious for church unity, provided the rest of Christendom would unite with them. If all other Christians will become Baptists to-morrow, we should welcome them with open arms, and church unity would become an immediate fact. Now, what the Lambeth Declaration practically did was to say, 'Come all ye sects and become good Episcopalians, and we'll be the one.' By defining the 'historic episcopate' as essential to the existence of the church, the Bishops said in a formal and decorous way what we have translated into the vernacular."

The *Christian Register* of Boston (Unitarian says: "The best way of spending Sunday, the way which is to be counted in the end, the Christian way, is that which will lift up the level of the whole week to come. The wearied crowds who return on Sunday evening from excursions down the harbor have missed such a refreshment for the day and for the week to come as effectively as their stricter brethren, who have been attending the church and the Sunday-school and the prayer-meeting all day. The rational course is the *via media* between the thoughtless and the intense. A division of Sunday between worship and recreation is, to our mind, the solution of the problem. Worship will be more attractive and inspiring, and recreation will be more truly a refreshment of the physical man, if the two divide the Sunday hours between them."

The Boston *Watchman* (Baptist) says: "Baptists, at least, have never claimed that the church has a right to enforce its ideas of how the Lord's day should be observed upon the community at large through the power of the State. Standing almost alone, they have simply asked that the State should secure to all men protection in worship, and any Sunday legislation beyond this they have urged only on sanitary and moral grounds. We have believed that 'the right to worship is sacred; the attempt to compel worship is sacrilege. Not to protect the former is to despise the personal liberty of the people; while to do the latter is to trample on that liberty.' Of late there has been a somewhat strident demand that Christian churches should remodel their doctrine of the proper observation of the Lord's day, so that the disparity between Christian teaching and the practice of many so-called Christian communities shall not be quite so glaring. But those who make this demand forget that the churches assume no control over the way any one shall observe the day. It is possible that a fresh and candid study of the New Testament may change some of our traditional views as to its proper Christian observance, or that the changed condition of modern life may modify our notions of the lawful works of mercy and necessity. But if there is to be a change, it must come from this source and not in answer to the demand of the world for a relaxation of the law of Christ."

The Chicago *Advance* thinks that summer vacations are too long. It says: "The purpose in devoting one-third or one-fourth of the educational time of life to vacations is to prepare for work. Vacations do not exist for themselves. They are designed to recreate the mental and physical forces, which have become depleted through labor, in order to promote the doing of further labor. We venture to believe that to achieve this purpose a vacation of eight weeks is practically as useful as a vacation of thirteen. If the student or teacher have the advantage of a thorough change of habits, two months of rest should add to the working forces of the healthy person a sufficient power to cause him to do his appointed task in fitting ways. If the general conditions as to place and surroundings of the vacation are the same as prevail in the school year, two months are an ample time for rest. The boys and girls of the cities who remain at home during the vacation become Bohemians. Their atmosphere and condition are one of general lawlessness. They illustrate the truth of the remark that the devil finds work for idle hands. They wonder about, without regular pleasures or appointed duties, unhappy themselves, and the source of unhappiness to others. Of course boys and girls who permanently live in the country have vacations too long. For in altogether too many parts of the country the appropriations for schools are so small that the school year is shorter than the vacation. College students, too, are seldom able to use three months of vacation to their intellectual or physical profit. The last month of the three is one of laziness and rest rather than of increasing vigor."

The Boston *Congregationalist* says: "It has been suggested by more than one secular newspaper that the relatively larger growth of the Roman Catholics, Methodists, and Baptists has been due to their unquestioning appeal to what they claim to be divine authority, residing in the one case in the Church and in the other in the Book; and we believe that there is at least a partial truth in this view. Men like to have their thinking done for them. The challenge to individual responsibility in searching out the truth is not attractive. The crowds like a dogmatic teacher who never qualifies his statements. But we suspect that with the Methodists and Baptists the earnest evangelism which has carried light into every hamlet East and West is a better explanation. It is our Lord's own word that he who seeks shall find. Methodism has sought earnestly for universal diffusion, and its prayer has been heard and answered. It has cared little for truth in the abstract and much for the souls of individuals, and it has its reward."

The *Churchman* says: "Woman's development is an interesting problem. As the seed develops into the plant or the tree, as the nebulae take form and substance in starry worlds, so woman is developing powers and possibilities hitherto latent and unsuspected. She whose sphere was formerly limited to the home and the fireside is now found occupying positions hitherto reserved for men, and attaining eminence in practical and professional life as author, artist, physician, lawyer and professor. This point of development has not been reached without labor. Hindrances and difficulties have been overcome and jealousies lived down, but the gain in courage, self-reliance and hopefulness has been great, and there are not wanting those who predict that woman's influence is only as yet in its beginnings and likely to have a far wider sphere in the next fifty years than that already attained. The church has left woman to such development as she could find, to grope her way from the old-time activities of the Sunday-school and Dorcas Society to more effective work as best she could. Naturally, left thus without authoritative guidance and help, she sought these in sisterhoods, and in these has done rare and excellent work. But, by the passage of the canon on deaconesses, the church, as represented in the General Convention, has given to woman scope for the development of her highest powers and attainments. Carefully instructed and trained, officially set apart and commissioned, she now enters upon a new era of influence and usefulness."

The New York *Jewish Messenger* says: "The condition of a large body of our brethren in the lower section of the city cannot be unknown to the Jewish community. Again and again has the subject been referred to, often in an unflattering way, and probably the very frequency of its mention has tended not to arouse, but to blunt attention. The present Russian exodus, however, with its consequent local congestion, the overcrowding both of neighborhoods and of certain occupations, the dangers to life and morals, the spread of prejudice both from within and without, render necessary a vigorous movement for partial relief, if a total alleviation of the evil be impossible. The future of New York Judaism, its reputation, its character, depends largely upon the diffusion and relief of our destitute immigration classes and the proper housing of our wage-workers. It is not the costly house of worship, the palatial residence, the showy mercantile establishment, which maintain the reputation of a community; but rather its wise provision for its poor, the opportunity it affords for their elevation and amelioration, so that they, too, can become in time its honored patrons and supporters."

### DIDN'T UNDERSTAND ENGLISH.

**Some of the Singular Ways a Man May Be Asked to Treat.**

How little we know of the world after all, notwithstanding all our boasted experience with mankind, exclaims the Columbus *Post*. A man who regards himself as pretty well up with the times was passing down Third street the other evening, when, near the corner of Spring, he was accosted by a colored man with the expression:

"Kain't ye sing 'er?"

"My friend, I don't understand you."

"Don't, hey? Hain't de ghost walked?"

"The what?"

"Kain't ye show yer feet?"

"Excuse me, friend, you must have stopped the wrong man."

"Kain't ye say it."

"Well, my friend, there must be some mistake—"

"Kain't ye show two fingers?"

"Fingers—w-what—"

"Kain't ye ring de change?"

"Change? Change?"

"Kan't ye run de bar? Kan't ye squeeze yer face? Kan't ye knock 'em down? Kan't ye call 'em in—kan't ye set 'em up—"

"My friend, what do you want, in mercy's name?"

"Mastah, whah's you raised, anyways? Ter be plain, I want ye to march in yer an' set up de drinks. I thought ye cud shurely undahstand de English langwidge."

### Canada's Growing Debt.

The rapid, the startling growth of the debt of Canada, which has increased from $78,209,742 in 1870, to $238,000,000 in 1890, with a population almost at a standstill and a stagnant trade, has struck calm, impartial observers with the idea that there has been something wrong in the government of a peaceful young State of enormous extent and great natural resources. Of course a large portion of this debt was incurred for the construction of railways, improvements of canals and similar political and commercial works; but the results or returns do not compensate for the vastness of the new debt, with its oppresive load of interest. They freely comment upon the fact that while the United States has reduced its debt from $59 to $16 50 per head in twenty years Canada has run up her's from $21 to $47.—From the French-Canadian Peasantry, by Prosper Bender, in New England Magazine.

SUBSTITUTIONS of well-known advertised articles seem to be the order of the day. We deem it only justice to our patrons to warn our readers against this form of piracy. When you want an article, ask your merchant or druggist for it and don't accept a substitute.

USE Angostura Bitters to stimulate the appetite and keep the digestive organs in order. Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons, sole manufacturers.

# FUN IN LAKEPORT.

## The "Backwoods Belle's" Letters Create a Sensation.

**"C. C.'s" Innocent Prattle Stirs the Feelings of Manda Higgins Until She is Unable to Restrain Herself Any Longer—The Charming "C. C." Will Be "Burned Up."**

EDS. RECORD-UNION: I am surprised, as well as greatly hurt in my most delicate feelings, when I am called on to read, as I have been called on to read, such trash as "C. C." writes to your paper every onct in a while, a scandalizin' and otherways misrepresenting the noble youths and the fair maidings of Lake County. Hating, as I always do hate, to be rushing into print, I have forebore as long as I possibly could, but when after prayerful consideration and a close watching of what has been transpirin' in our mist, I have to my own personal knowledge unmasked the mask from the face of "C. C.," and can put my finger on him any day, only I'de scorn to pollute my finger in that manner, and I'll tell him right here that we have saw many, yes, many a Lake County boy that is better looking and more good-mannered than he is with all his New York society airs. There now, if you had attended to your own affairs I wouldn't a tore the mask ofen you.

It's more'n flesh and blood can bare and bare it meekly to be sort of held up as it were before the scritinizin' gaze