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 *Hebrew Journal* says: "The accession to the cause of Sabbath observance of the Temple Beth-El and its rabbi, Dr. Kohler, both of whom have been aggressively identified with Sunday services, is a most inspiring and valuable acquisition, which will do much to give impetus to the movement.

"It would be of inestimable advantage to the movement if Temple Emanu-El would discontinue its Sunday services, which must inevitably be a stumbling-block in its way, as a sign of difference of opinion as to the inviolable validity of the ordinance relating to the Sabbath.

"Of good omen for the success of the movement would it be if all the congregations, regardless of ritual differences, would unite earnestly, cordially and fraternally in this effort to restore the Jewish Sabbath to the honor that is its due, as the distinguishing characteristic of the Israelite.

"It is not possible that Temple Emanu-El can enter heartily in the struggle, while still maintaining the Sunday services, which, in the minds of most people, represent a substitute for the Sabbath. Its influence should be placed with fervent zeal on the side of historic Judaism, in this effort to establish the Sabbath on a firm foundation."

The *Watchman* (Bapt.) says: "If the Scriptures are in any special sense inspired, if the writers were given any exceptional assistance in their composition, what is the most natural inference? Is it not that this assistance would be effectual to preserve the writers from error as well as to reveal to them truth? If 'holy men of old spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost,' is it probable that they spoke falsehood? This is a question that most Christians will answer with an emphatic no. They will consider that the burden of proof lies on those who affirm the existence of errors in the original autographs. And the great majority of Christian scholars of the highest rank maintain that no errors have been proved to exist in our present Scriptures that may not have deen due to interpolations, to omissions or to clerical errors. What are sometimes charged as errors may be shown by a reasonable exegesis to be no errors.

"If, therefore, there is to be assumption of any kind regarding the original autographs, it is the assumption of their errancy that is really unwarranted. The assumption that they were in inerrant is most consonant with any intelligible theory of the inspiration of their writers, if by inspiration one means any special and exceptional divine influence; the assumption that the Scriptures, apart from errors of transmission, contain errors, is quite gratuitous and is supported by no positive proof. As to that, the verdict of Biblical scholarship, up to the present, has been not proven."

The *Christian Leader* (Univ.) says: "Professor Foster of Oberlin contends that the means of ascertaining 'the Word of God' is independent of historical criticism; it is in the illuminated spirit of the 'converted' man or woman. In conversion a new spiritual sense is developed which qualifies the Christian to detect the Word of God in the Bible. He knows the Divine Word when he comes upon it by intuition. And it is Professor Foster's position that the 'Bible as a whole' is thus affirmed to be the Word of God by the consensus of the converted. This doctrine differs from that of Dr. Martineau, enunciated in his work on 'The Seat of Authority in Religion,' in this: Dr. Martineau endows 'the soul' with the power of detecting the Divine Word, whether in the Bible or elsewhere. He would probably admit that it depends a good deal on what kind of a soul it is that conducts the search; and so would would have to provide for an illumination similar to that denominated by Professor Foster 'conversion.' The advantage which Professor Foster claims for his view is, that it becomes a matter of indifference what the higher criticism determines as to the genuineness of the documents. The authenticity of any of their teachings is affirmed directly by the convert's spiritual intuition; or not affirmed, as the case may be.

"There is something in this, without doubt. But it is a delusion to fancy that what has been discredited and discarded by criticism can be brought back and reinstated by divination. The intuition which is not supported by historical facts will scarcely be distinguished from vain imaginings. On the other hand, the historic foundation cannot support religion alone; it requires the verifying report of the Christian consciousness. The later apologists have staked too much on the historical argument; Professor Foster makes too little of it. The spirit of religion cannot long be retained after its facts are exploded; contrariwise, the facts are innutritious without the spirit. The twain are one."

The *Independent* says: "Professor Briggs has returned to his duties in Union Theological Seminary, notwithstanding the refusal of the Presbyterian General Assembly to express its approval of his appointment. Of course we are not surprised that he should do this, since the directors of the seminary voted, almost immediately after the General Assembly by an overwhelming majority had exercised its right of veto, to disregard the General Assembly's wishes, and stand by the Professor. The directors being satisfied and the faculty warmly espousing his cause, he had no reason, except that of loyalty, for suspending his professorial work. And yet we cannot help thinking his case would have been much stronger if, in obedience to the expression of the chief ecclesiastical court, he had refrained from meeting his classes in the seminary, at least until the Assembly's committee could have conference with the directors and pending the actual progress of his trial before the New York Presbytery. It would have placed him in a far better position in the regard of judicial minds. As it is he is in an attitude of defiance towards the highest and most representative body of his church—the body that speaks authoritatively for the church. At the same time he practically suspends his work in the seminary in order to be able to attend his trial in the Presbytery. Another Professor is to take his classes while he is busy defending himself. If he is confident, as he is reported to be, that his doctrinal views are such as the church must and will approve, he would have lost nothing but gained much if, in a spirit of loyal submission, he had recognized the voice of his church, and waited patiently for his vindication. But he has not chosen to do this. He has chosen to retain the chair which the General Assembly has emphatically refused him permission to occupy. He must, therefore, expect that the church will regard him not simply as an offender but as a defiant offender."

Of the Congregational International Council, the *Andover Review* says: "A more important if not more interesting question than, What the council accomplished? is the question, What it represented? It is not enough to say that it represented Congregationalism. For Congregationalism has not of late years presented itself before the religious world in the large and well-defined proportions of the great Protestant bodies. Its power has been recognized and acknowledged in its indirect effects—its social, educational and political influence—but it has lost ground relatively as a polity. A correspondent of the *Guardian*, the organ of the English Church, writing in criticism of the council, asks why Congregationalism in the United States, which had the start and the ground, has allowed all the newer organizations to outstrip it; and, further, why it has not gained upon Congregationalism in England, where the conditions are seemingly adverse. The answer of the correspondent to the latter question is, that Congregationalism needs the simulus of controversy and oppression to give it growth and vitality. 'It looks as if American Congregationalism just needed the stimulating influences which English independency finds in the struggle with what its orators call a persecuting church. Anyway, it is a fact of no little significance that the more political form of independency which exists in England presents a stronger front to the world than does the sister denomination in the States. We would not for one moment say that Congregationalism in England is nothing more than a political organization, having for its highest aim the overthrow of the church, yet the facts revealed in the International Council, in regard to independency in America, do more than suggest that the political character of Congregationalism at home constitutes a most important and powerful factor in its history. Not only does it form the stronger part of its aggressive action, but it gives a certain cohesion, directness and force to a religious system which, when deprived of all political associations, fails, under the most favorable conditions, to achieve a success at all equal to that which is reached by the younger and less favored sects.' Various answers might be given to the first question proposed, more or less explanatory of the comparatively slow growth of Congregationalism in the United States—the early Unitarian defection and controversy, the period of dallying with Presbyterianism, which lost the great Middle States to Congregationalism, and the exclusion from the South while slavery was a religious question—still the fact remains that Congregationalism as a polity has not been able to compete with the more highly organized denominations. The Baptist churches, which are largely Congregational in form, have, indeed, become very numerous, but no one would claim that polity, rather than ritual, accounts for their growth."

On Dr. Heber Newton's "Church and Creed," the *Living Church* (P. E.) remarks: "To sum up all this, if we compare together the leading religions and philosophies of the ancient world, and extract the principal points in which they agree in their speculations about God and the soul, and if to this we add, by way of clothing, so much of the facts of Christ's life as Strauss, for instance, would leave us, how far would the result differ from the system which Dr. Newton has spent so many pages in expounding? Is not the Creed, after all, rather an embarrassment than otherwise? Since several of its clauses make statements to which we have no right to attach any exclusive meaning; since at least one is mythical, one is a truism, and one requires to be taken in a non-natural sense; and finally, since the 'metaphysical' statements express very lamely, to say the least, such a doctrine as that of a modal Trinity—and in consideration of all this it becomes expedient to regard the Creed, on the whole, as a poetical composition—does it not seem like rather an unreasonable attachment to things just because they are old, to cling still to such a troublesome formula."

The London *Methodist Times* says: "There is something very significant and very pathetic in the passionate delight with which Mrs. Besant and her disciple, Herbert Burrows, have embraced theosophy as a deliverance from the intolerable coarseness and despair of materialistic atheism. The acceptance of spirit rather than matter as the fundamental fact of the universe is an immense step toward the truth, and has already emancipated Mrs. Besant from the foul 'social science' into which her materialistic atheism betrayed her. No one doubts her intense sincerity and her noble aspirations. We wish, however, that the memory of what she once said about the opponents of the now-abandoned 'social science' could ever be very pleasant to her thoughts. How unjust she was to them, and how utterly wrong! Ought not that to make her very modest and very cautious with respect to the new faith which she has accepted from Madame Blavatsky? Can she not conceive that those of us who are disciples of Jesus of Nazareth may possibly have a better and a wiser teacher than the disciples of Madame Blavatsky? It is quite certain that Mrs. Besant is still the victim of at least one extraordinary delusion. She actually talks of having 'given up' Christianity! How could she possibly 'give up' what she never possessed?"

OUR DREADFUL GHOST.

One summer day not long ago,
'Twas in vacation time I know,
We took our dinners, Jack and I—
Some sugar-cookies and some pie—
And with our hickory crossbows stout
We bravely for the woods set out;
The sun was hot. Jack's face was red
As any turkey gobbler's head,
And he said mine was like a piece
Of flannel with a coat of grease.
But we both laughed, and didn't care,
And let the wind blow through our hair,
And gave a shout, and ran until
We reached the bottom of the hill,
Just where the trees begin to throw
Their shadows on the grass below;
And there we played at Indian; then
We ate awhile, and played again.

And by and by a path we found
That through the forest wound and wound.
Jack said it was an Indian trail,
I said "cows." Then Jack grew pale,
Got awful mad, and wouldn't budge
Until I'd hollered "pshaw" and "fudge"
A dozen times or so, and then
We wandered on and on again,
Till suddenly a flash of light
Before us gleamed on something white,
And we both felt cold shivers run
Clear down our spines. It wasn't fun!
"A ghost!" I cried. The wind swept by;
We thought we heard a mournful sigh,
And fled as though with wild appeals
A score of ghosts were at our heels.

But courage soon returned, and Jack
Declared aloud: "I'm going back!"
So back we crept, still half afraid,
Through strips of shine and plots of shade,
Until before us suddenly
There stood, as plain as plain could be,
Our dreadful ghost—a white birch tree!
—Clinton Scollard, in New York Independent.

THE ACTOR'S PRESENTS.

The Ballet Girl Was Unkind to Him and Sent His Gifts Back.

He was an actor out of a job and looked so woe begone that I stopped to speak to him.

"Had hard luck?" I asked.

"Well, I should say so."

"No engagement?"

"No; but that doesn't bother me. I can get one easily enough when I want one."

"What's the trouble then?"

"My girl's gone back on me."

"I shouldn't think that would trouble a man like you."

"Oh, I don't care for the girl much, but she used me mean."

"Yes?"

"She was in the ballet, you know."

"I didn't know, but what of it?"

"Why, she's returned all the presents I've given her in the past six months."

"That's good. You can use them again."

"But I can't. That's what makes me mad. To think that I should have wasted so much good money on presents that would never be of any more use!"

"Why, what were they?"

"You won't give it away if I tell you?"

"No; never."

"Fourteen pairs of tights."—Buffalo Express.

THE true test of a baking powder is well known to every housekeeper. It is to try it in making bread, cake, etc., and we are of the opinion that it will be impossible to remove from the minds of our housewives the conviction long ago formed from the application of this practical test, that the Royal does make the best, the most, and the most wholesome.

Velocipedes having been introduced in the regular service of the Russian army, as reported, an official name of Slavonic origin has been devised for them. The new name is samoskaty, "self-roller."

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.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

New Plays Presented in New York Last Week.

"Thermidor" a Great Success—Marie Tempest at the Casino—The Realism in "Blue Jeans"—General Stage Notes.

A. P. Dunlop, writing from New York under date of October 10th, says: "The principal production of the week has been Sardou's famous play 'Thermidor,' produced by Manager Charles Frohman at the Twenty-third-street Theater. It is the great dramatist's latest work, and many declare it to be the crowning effort of his wonderful talent. 'Thermidor' is a fierce arraignment of Jacobin excesses. The horrors of the worst days of the French Revolution are spoken of at length, and for that reason it was not tolerated in France. Here there is no such feeling, and the plot of the play will be watched rather for the love story running through it, than for its politics. Manager Frohman's company handled the playmaster's work splendidly, and the play achieved a well-merited success.

"The first public performance of Pietro Mascagni's 'Cavalleria Rusticina' or 'Rustic Chivalry,' at the Casino. took place on Monday evening, and the young composer's work received enthusiastic indorsement. It is charmingly original and accompanied by a depth of feeling and a certain abandon which compel first attention and then admiration. Like Moskowski or Saint-Saens' finer compositions, the beauties in 'Rustic Chivalry' are discarded only after frequent hearing. It was preceded by 'The Tyrolean,' a comic opera by Carl Zeller, made chiefly interesting in that it introduced Marie Tempest, the clever English soprano, as a Casino star, for the opera itself is of the ordinary light German style, neat and pleasing, but with nothing else to recommend it to attention.

"At Manager Dunlevy's New Park Theater, 'Tuxedo' was brought out on Monday. It is a combination of minstrelsy and farce comedy that is sure to please, at any rate it creates plenty of laughter and has brought plenty of dollars to the box-office.

"A poorer play than 'The Volunteer,' presented at the Harlem Opera-house, has probably never been seen. It stalks on the bill-boards as under the personal direction of Colonel J. H. Haverly, but as the gallant Colonel has never seen the play, or given it a second of his 'personal direction,' he is not to be blamed for the fiasco, which rests on the shoulders of the author-actor, George T. Ulmer, and on Manager William L. Lykens.

"'The Patrol,' an American melodrama by Scott Marble, suggested by the Tascott-Snell Chicago tragedy, was brought to town by Manager Cud Given and presented at the People's Theater. The scenes of the play show how skillfully the Chicago police track down a murderer, and an excellent feature of the performance is the patrol station, depicting the life of the blue-coats when not on duty. The play is sure to do well in popular-priced houses.

"Long-legged De Wolf Hopper and dainty Della Fox have vacated the Broadway with Emperor 'Wang,' and 'The Merry Monarch' in the person of Francis Wilson, ascended the throne on Monday before over 2,000 of his most loyal subjects, who admired the wonderful curves of his lower limbs and laughed at his jokes just as if they had not heard them a hundred times before."

"BLUE JEANS."

Since the primitive days of the drama, centuries ago, when the tour of a band of players meant foot journeys over treacherous mountain passes, from hamlet to hamlet, with costumes meager and effects an unknown quantity, what changes have been wrought in stage representations! What awe any of our modern perfect dramatic offerings would have aroused in the early centuries. Imagine, if possible, the effect on the minds of our distant forefathers if a play of sufficient interest and elaboration to enlist the wrapt attention of theater-goers of to-day were suddenly thrust in their midst. Its perpetrators would be lucky, indeed, if they escaped death at the stake for witchcraft and sorcery. Just what would be the result of the production at that time of one of our realistic plays of to-day is beyond the range of imagination. Picture the effect of the weird grandeur of the ocean scene in "The World," the first of the realistic series, the vivid "turnout" fire scene in "The Still Alarm," or the still greater sensation, the reproduction of a working sawmill in "Blue Jeans!" The latter is confessedly the most thrillingly realistic bit of intense realism that excites theater-goers to-day. Nor is "Blue Jeans" in dialogue, characterization and other environments less happy in conception. Educated even as we are at present to thrilling innovations, scarcely a presentation of "Blue Jeans" occurs without a startling effect on some part of its audience. During the play's phenomenal New York run dozens of strong-hearted men and robust women were nightly overcome with the awful horror of the strange tragedy about to be enacted before their very eyes. What would have been the result of such a stage picture in the fifteenth or sixteenth century? What would have been the fate of the player enacting the role of "Ben Boone?"

STAGE NOTES.

"The Volunteer" went to pieces at the Harlem Opera-house on Tuesday.

Mathews & Smith have a new play in which Al. Lipman will star, beginning next April.

The Abraham Lincoln Company have received two weeks' notice and will probably disband.

Gossip about town positively asserts that Maude Harrison was married to Edward Bell last May.

A new theater is to be built in Chicago, corner of Dearborn and Jackson streets, at a cost of $1,200,000.

Patrice, the well-known soubrette, has been married to W. H. Gunning. It occurred at Akron, Ohio.

Busy Dame Rumor has it that Geraldine Ulmer and her new hubby already talk of getting divorced.

By the death of a cousin, George H. Jessup, the dramatist, has fallen heir to a considerable estate in Ireland. Something near £50,000.

It is estimated that Roland Reed has lost $10,000 during the six weeks' run of Sydney Rosenfield's "The Club Friend" at the New York Star Theater.

John W. Jennings has made a very marked hit in "Quack M. D." The play was written by the late Fred Marsden for Roland Reed, but he never produced it.

Maude Granger tried her new play "Gabrielle" at Johnston, Pa., last week, and made a success. It is a dramatization of a French novel called "Germain."

Walter Perkins, a young comedian, who figured successfully in "All the Comforts of Home" last season, is making a decided hit with "A Barrel of Money."

A good many plays by women will be used this season. Martha Morton has two, Etta Henderson and Matilda Estrau one, Blanche Marsden two, Adelaide Ober one, Agnes Monroe one.

Manager Charles Frohman will produce "The Lost Paradise" at the Twenty-third-street Theater after the run of "Thermidor." It was tried in Chicago by Mr. Frohman's stock company a month ago and made a very strong hit.

Flora Moore has kicked over the traces of the A Wolf's Wedding Company and left for pastures new. Miss Stella Mayhew, the lady who played the juvenile part, succeeds in the soubrette role.

Wachtel, the once great tenor, is active and well at Hamburg, Germany, his native town. Wachtel made $93,000 during a four-months' tour in America with Don Diego de Vivo, who says he lost seventeen pounds of flesh during that period trying to manage him.

It is said about Mlle. Rhea's new play "Judith" that while certain episodes arouse Jewish religious ceremonial, and the respectful admiration of strangers to that faith for their dignity and beauty, the play, in all probability, is regarded by Jewish professors as inexcusable profanations. This is certainly awkward.

The New Columbia Theater, which, for some months past, has been constructing on the site of the Cathedral of the Holy Cross on Washington street, Boston, was formerly opened, October 6th, by Chas. Frohman's Company in "Men and Women." The general style of the interior is Moorish, with soft chocolate tints, brightened by terra cotta.

As usual we are this week indebted for much of our theatrical news to Dunlop's *Stage News*, which we have found to be most reliable. Whether they acknowledge it or not, most dramatic editors are largely indebted to this little sheet, which is printed expressly for their use. It comes in such a tempting form that the inclination to use the scissors, instead of the pencil, is irresistible, especially when one knows that its information is generally correct.

An amusing incident occurred at the Academy of Music, in Milwaukee, during the recent engagement of the great romantic actor Alexander Salvini. He appeared in "Don Cæsar de Bazan" before a crowded house. His magnificent work was applauded to the echo, and at the close of each act Mr. Salvini was called before the curtain. When the third act had closed the audience was almost wild, and Salvini came before the lights. As the applause died down a boy in the gallery leaned far out over the rail and shouted, "You're out of sight." At this the whole gallery burst into renewed applause. Mr. Salvini could not express himself, so overcome was he at the homely, but yet feeling and expressive compliment from the gods of the gallery.

Annie Lewis is the bright and piquant little lady who plays the book agent so nicely in "Yon Yonson." She has been engaged by Manager Jacob Litt for a starring tour of three years, which will begin at the expiration of the present season in Mr. Litt's new play, "The Consign." Miss Lewis has all the qualities of a successful soubrette. She can dance and she can sing, and she can act, which is more than be said of most of the young women who have blossomed out with farce comedy within the last few years. She is modest, too, and does not think she can revolutionize the stage; nor does she think she has a special dispensation to elevate the drama. She is ambitious to rise above the work of a rough soubrette and get into something a little bit more creditable, and that is the reason she wishes to create a part that will endure, at least, for a time.

Harry Lacy's new play, "Jack Royal of the 92d," has created one of the dramatic sensations of the season. The part of the hero is admirably suited to Mr. Lacy's quiet, effective style of acting. The company with which he has surrounded himself is composed of capable artists. The play is far superior, both as a scenic production and as a dramatic work, to "The Still Alarm," in which Mr. Lacy, as is well known, obtained fame and fortune. There are several realistic and spectacular scenes presented during the play; perhaps the strongest of these is that representing the interior of the Manhattan Iron Works, showing the casting of the Bessemer steel plates to be used in the construction of the United States monitors. This scene is far more exciting and realistic than that of the engine-room in "The Still Alarm," and at each performance has caused several curtain calls. The tunnel scene is also very effective; the perspective of it being very fine. A. C. Wheeler, who is better known to the public as "Nym Crinkle," has certainly written a most effective and thrilling drama.

SUPERIOR COURT.

Department One—Catlin, Judge.

FRIDAY, October 16th.

Mary B. Lindley vs. Mohawk Canal Company—Continued one week.

W. S. Kendall vs. Schneider et al.—Demurrer withdrawn.

Margaret Byrne vs. Catherine Quale—Motion to inspect papers granted.

In re F. L. Bates, an insolvent—Sheriff appointed assignee.

S. W. Belcher vs. George Booth, et al.—Continued one week.

E. A. Burr vs. W. D. Comstock—Continued one week.

W. S. Kendall vs. J. E. Camp et al.—Demurrer withdrawn.

Ione Coal and Iron Company vs. W. D. Comstock et al—Continued one week.

Charles Jenkins vs. Wilson et al.—Continued one week.

In re George H. Apple, an insolvent—Petition for discharge granted.

Estate of Catherine Gruhler—Continued one week.

W. W. White vs. Mebius & Drescher—Demurrer overruled.

T. B. Green vs. J. C. Stubbs—Demurrer withdrawn.

Maria Cardoza vs. Antone Cardoza—Continued one week.

O. P. Willis vs. F. Ray—Continned one week.

Charles F. Seebe vs. P. F. Dolan et al.—Continued one week.

W. S. Kendall vs. O. A. Lovdal et al.—Demurrer overruled.

D. Dierssen vs. P. R. G. Horst et al.—Continued one week.

People vs. Samuel Brown, charged with attempted grand larceny—Verdict of guilty.

Estate of Eleanor Fassler—Will admitted to probate and appraisers appointed.

People vs. David Patton Rich, information for perjury—Case dismissed on motion of District Attorney, and prisoner discharged.

People vs. P. F. Shell, convicted of barglary—Defendant ordered to appear Monday morning for sentence.

People vs. T. H. Lynch, alias Harry Welch—Defendant is allowed to plead guilty of burglary, and ordered to appear for sentence on Monday at 10 A. M.

Department Two—Van Fleet, Judge.

FRIDAY, October 16th.

Estate of Mary W. Lansing—Continued one week.

Guardianship of Elizabeth Woods—Evidence taken and case submitted.

Estate of B. Gorman—Decree of distribution in accordance with deposition.

Estate of A. H. Estill—Final account allowed and distribution ordered.

Estate of Watson—Continued one week.

Estate of Aiken—Petition for distribution continued one week.

Estate of Darling—Petition for partition granted. J. F. Brown appointed commissioner.

Estate of Keema—Executrix allowed $100 per month.

Estate of Dwyer—Continued one week.

Estate of Bauquier—Continued one week.

Estate of Eleanor Fassler—Continued one week.

E. W. Jones vs, B. F. Ward—Further testimony taken.

H. C. Muddox vs. George Muddox—Continued one week.

C. J. Stillwell vs. Elwood Bruner—Demurrer submitted on briefs.

S. B. Smith vs. F. W. Fratt—Set for hearing for October 22d.

L. D. Jones vs. M. Hirsch—Improperly on calendar.

Bank of D. O. Mills vs. L. S. Taylor—Demurrer withdrawn.

C. A. Jenkins vs. R. G. Wilson et al.—Transferred to Department One.

George Smith vs. Emil Cavillier et al.—Motion for judgment granted.

People vs. John Haggerty, for sentence—Continued until Wednesday.

People vs. Daniel Gardner, for sentence—Continued until Thursday.

Menefee vs. Parker—Continued one week.

Estate of Nicholas Tusch—Administrator discharged.

Estate of Esther Koffle—Administrator discharged.

Self-Made Men.

Christopher Columbus was the son of a weaver and also a weaver himself. Claude Lorraine was bred a pastry-cook. Cervantes was a common soldier. Homer was the son of a farmer. Demosthenes was the son of a cutler. Oliver Cromwell was the son of a brewer. Howard was an apprentice to a grocer. Franklin was a journeyman printer, and son of a tallow-chandler and soap-boiler. Daniel Defoe was a hosier and son of a butcher. Cardinal Wolsey was the son of a butcher. Lucian was the son of a maker of statuary. Virgil was the son of a porter. Horace was the son of a shopkeeper. Shakespeare was the son of a wool-stapler. Milton was the son of a money-scrivener. Pope was the son of a merchant. Robert Burns was the son of a plowman in Ayrshire.

No buffet should be without a bottle of Angostura Bitters, the South American appetizer. Manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.

"BROWN'S Bronchial Troches" are of great service in subduing hoarseness. Sold only in boxes.

"BOHEMIA."

[Written for the RECORD-UNION by Gale Braith (Alice Robertson)].

In creed of Priest and Statesman
Hypocrisy is rife,
The cloak and hood of devotee
May hide a faithless wife.

Then ho! let us tread a measure
With the world in it's swift mad spin,
With the free, wild sons of pleasure
Drink deep to the Goddess "Sin."
—Will Combs.

The champagne corks are popping merrily, and to the accompaniment of the music in the ballroom there is a clatter and tap of dancing feet. The music and colored lights are almost maddening, whilst the stifling, warm, perfumed air, mingled with cigar smoke, renders it almost painful to draw an ordinary breath.

See! Varley has just emptied his glass, and staggering past, clumsily overturns the potted palm tree yonder.

Crash! smash go a trayful of glasses in the adjoining salon.

One side of the velvet portiere hangs trailing heavily upon a single hook. Someone in danger of falling has grasped it, no doubt to steady his wayward feet, and in so doing torn it from its fastenings.

Upon the green-carpeted floor, powdered thickly with golden marguerites, are here and there a few white and yellow rosebuds lying, their withered petals scattered around them, favors fallen from some careless gallant's button-hole, or likely from a fair one's breast or tresses, now to be trampled and crushed under foot. At the entrance to the conservatory a dainty, white fan has been thrown upon the floor, with its slender ivory handle snapped in twain. Perhaps the owner in a fit of jealousy or rage has broken the frail toy and then cast it aside in the heat of passion.

To the back of a light willow rocking-chair, around which is trimmed and tinsled numerous yards of green and gold ribbon, a flimsy lace, wine-stained handkerchief is loosely clinging.

Ha! a footman is slyly slipping into St. Luce's hand a note, which that gentleman quickly conveys to his inside pocket.

The young English diplomat, who is lazily leaning against a white marble pillar, remarks:

"By jove! Natalie is growing careless. That was a dangerous move—actually passing billet-doux under her husband's nose."

His companion, a portly, dark-faced man, with an expansive and immaculate shirt front, who is also bent upon diplomatic business, laughs lightly, and as lightly blows the ash from his half-smoked cigar, puff. "The husband is a fool. But you are wrong, however, for the note was not sent by 'our charming hostess. Can't you see what a fury she is in about it? Just watch her eyes. They can almost read through her lover's pocket."

The two Embassadors laugh knowingly as their eyes rest upon Natalie, lounging indolently upon a low, dark-green divan. Natalie, with corsage cut remarkably low, which displays to good advantage the snow-white breasts and shoulders; and whose daintily crossed feet are showing a little more ankle than is absolutely necessary, and resembling in her brilliant plumage of green and scarlet a little, bright-eyed tropical bird. Montrose is by her side, as usual lately. This St. Luce knows without raising his eyes, and a smothered curse escapes his smoke-wreathed lips. She is laughing now, and her laughter is the sweetest thing on earth—so fresh, so gay. St. Luce is growing desperate with jealousy.

The two diplomats still stand eying alternately Natalie and the handsome, reckless man at the gaming table.

The young Englishman adjusts his eyeglass more firmly and remarks: "The husband is plucking him pretty clean to-night. There, you see, he has just forked over another I. O. U."

"Serves him right," answers the other, who now casts aside his finished cigar. "Ever since his arrival in Rome the fool has been squandering his fortune like water, and only exists in Natalie's shadow. It is quite an old affair, you know. He wanted to marry her, but the mother had higher views for her lovely daughter, and cleverly sold her to our host yonder. At that time St. Luce was poor as church mouse. But, cruel fate! no sooner was Natalie Madame Le Princess, than an old uncle died suddenly leaving the whole of his immense wealth to this nephew, with but one clause, he must wed the old gentleman's orphan ward, Marion de Rohan. This happened some four years ago. His wife was a schoolmate with my youngest sister, from whom I have heard the most glowing praises, and from the description I conclude she is strongly inclined to be devout; and like all good women, a trifle slow; she evidently possesses no charms for her husband, who neglects her openly for pretty, wicked little Natalie, here."

The two men cease speaking, and with a sudden, loud crash the music stops. The dancers, tired but merry, come trooping in. Confusion follows, mingled with laughter and snatches of song. The black-coated attendants are nimbly fliting hither and thither, bearing trays heavily laden with sparkling wines, ices and fruits. The laughter becomes louder. With soft, quick footsteps Natalie approaches the table. She passes St. Luce with a smiling nod to pause beside his partner, where for a moment she stands, then, bending her straight, subtle body, she places her bare, white arms upon her husband's shoulder, who, pleasantly surprised by such a rare mark of wifely attention, tosses back his rumpled hair from a flushed and burning forehead to lean his head for a moment upon her fair bosom. St. Luce's eyes are filled with a sudden passion, and he grinds an oath between his teeth. Why does she do it? Why does she torture him by fawning over that half-drunken sot—this beast who calls her wife. He sits with knitted brows, and the cards held losely in his nerveless hands. He is losing, losing; but what signifies now. What matters to him if he loses all? It came too late, too late. He cares nothing for this money; it is her he wants, and she mocks him. He is in a reckless mood; a reckless delight takes possession of him.

Then, wild-eyed, haggard, with ashen face, St. Luce suddenly arises and staggers like a drunken man from the card-table, to make his way blindly outside to the loggia, hoping the chill night air might cool his bursting temple. St. Luce sinks wearily into a cushioned seat and rests his feet on the railing. Beneath him a flight of white steps lead down into the garden. The sweet breath of the sleeping flowers are wafted to him from below.

From his cigar-case he selects a weed, and as he replaces it his hand comes in contact with the note which the waiter handed him during the evening. Of course it is from Natalie, but with a blank look of disappointed astonishment as he observes the handwriting is unfamiliar, he tears the envelope open. It reads thus:

Monsieur: Our child is sick, perhaps dying. I beg you to come in all haste. MARION.

From his wife—the first letter he has ever received. He starts. That is now two hours ago. Jumping to his feet he hurriedly re-enters the room, but stops suddenly to see his wife standing in the center. Calm she stands amidst them; her modest garments and pure, sweet face seem far apart from the false glitter and noise of this Bohemian crowd. The painted, smiling faces of the women present seem distorted and gibbering beside her fair, white loveliness. Like a saint she stands in simple grandeur.

St. Luce's heart swells with sudden pride, for this is his wife, this grand, clear-eyed woman, looking with wondering pity upon her frail, shame-faced sisters, who are striving to cover their naked arms and necks. She stands tall, majestically tall, fully a head above any woman present, and as she towers above them all seems like a divine goddess, sent to rebuke these mortal butterflies of fashion.

A fit of repulsion seizes St. Luce as he glances at Natalie, whose face has assumed an artificial glow, and her golden hair an ugly, brassy glitter.

Without a word, he gently takes Marion's arm and leads her quickly out of the gaping crowd. In silence they reach their dimly-lit dwelling.

He advances with an aching sob in his throat to the cot whereon his little son is lying. The baby face is flushed, and the large, dark eyes unnaturally bright. At St. Luce's approach the child raises his burning arms to throw them around the father's neck.

"Papa, papa, you have come at last; I was so afraid you would not come."

The man sinks upon his knees in a passion of remorse, clasping the little fellow tightly in his shaking arms. Sobs are coming thick and fast; the tears are streaming from St. Luce's eyes.

"Don't, papa; please don't cry. I will see you again in heaven if you will be good."

The little hot hands are patting fondly the grief-stricken father's cheek and brow.

"See, mamma does not cry; I made her promise not to."

Marion is standing at the foot of the bed, with dry eyes of misery. But now, a moan of anguish escapes her pain-drawn lips.

"Darling, darling, you will get well," she whispered, hoarsely, "You must; you shall."

The curly head shakes sadly. "No, I will die. Come here, mamma; come and kneel beside papa." Shaking with a suppressed agony of sobs, the wretched young mother sinks by her husband's side, and the little hot fingers clasp their hands together.

"Poor mamma will be so lonely now, and miss me so much more than you will. Because, dear papa, you are so seldom home. Will you kiss her for me, sometimes, and will you pray with me a little now?"

When the prayer is finished the sweet baby soul has fled. St. Luce clasps his wife in his arms—Marion, his wife, whom he has just discovered he loves beyond all others.

LEARNING BY ROTE.

Some Things Which Children Love that They Do Not Understand.

Speaking of children's classics, annotated in an article on "The Oppression of Notes," in the August *Atlantic*, Agnus Repplier says:

It is healthy and natural for a child to be forcibly attracted by what she does not wholly comprehend; the music of words appeals very sweetly to childish ears, and their meaning comes later—comes often after the first keen unconscious pleasure is past. I once knew a tiny boy who so delighted in Byron's description of the dying gladiator, that he made me read it to him over, and over, and over again. He did not know—and I never told him—what a gladiator was. He did not know that it was a statue, and not a real man described. He had not the faintest notion of what was meant by the Danube, or the "Dacian mother," or "a Roman holiday." Historically and geographically, the boy's mind was a happy blank. There was nothing intelligent or sagacious in his enjoyment—only a blissful stirring of the heartstrings by reason of strong words and swinging verse and his own tangle of groping thoughts.

But what child who reads Cowper's pretty remonstrance to his spaniel, and the spaniel's neat reply, wants to be told in a succession of dismal notes that "allures" means "tempts," that "remedy" means "cure," that "killing time" means "wasting time," that "destined" means "meant for," and that "behest" means "command?" Cowper is one of the simplest writers, and the little boys and girls who cannot be trusted unarmed in his company had better confine their reading to "Robinson Crusoe" in words of one syllable, or to the varacious pages of "Mother Goose." But perhaps the day is not far distant when even "Mother Goose" will afford food for instruction and a fresh industry for authors, and when the hapless children of the dawning century will be confronted with a dozen highly abbreviated and unintelligible notes referring them to some Icelandic saga or remote Indian epic for the bloody history of "The Three Blind Mice."

The brusque and fussy impulse of these days of false impression would rate down *all* as worthless because *one* is unworthy.

As if there were no motes in sunbeams! Or comets among stars! Or cataracts in peaceful rivers!

Because one remedy professes to do what it never was adapted to do, are all remedies worthless?

Because one doctor lets his patient die, are all humbugs?

It requires a fine eye and a finer brain to discriminate—to draw the differential line.

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Miscellaneous.

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In Spite of the Worries Which All Women Have, They Appear Well and Happy—How to Make This Apparent Happiness Real.

"Yes," said an eminent physician recently, "I do not think I exaggerate when I say that one-half of the suffering and sickness which exists among women might and should be avoided."

"How? Listen, and I will tell you. Pains and weakness and the little cares, which no man other than a physician suspects, frequently combine to make women more or less miserable. Yet they come up smiling nearly always, hiding beneath their seeming happiness an infinity of mental and physical torture. This is all wrong. Woman was born to brightness and happiness; she needs strength to resist her many trials. Her body, her mind and all her faculties and functions must be put into a healthy condition or she cannot secure strength; and where nature fails she must be assisted. Here is where stimulants prove so valuable.

"Yes, I mean spirits, but not the spirits of the saloon; and while I recommend whisky as the best and most useful of spirits, I am always most careful to impress upon my patients the necessity of obtaining it absolutely pure, as impure whisky is worse than useless." It has been agreed by the leading scientists and physicians of the day that Duffy's Pure Malt Whisky is absolutely pure. The proper use of it will strengthen the nerves, blood and body. It is not a beverage, but is designed for medicinal use. It stimulates all the faculties of the body and mind, adds energy and strength and builds up waste tissue. It may be obtained from your druggist or grocer. In justice to yourself see that you obtain the genuine Duffy's Pure Malt Whisky, and do not be satisfied with any substitute which may be offered as just as good.

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