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.

On the appeal in the Briggs case the New York *Churchman* (P. E.) says: "In demanding this final decision the prosecutors think they are carrying out the wishes and serving the best interests of the Presbyterian body. They know that already two prominent Presbyterian clergymen in New York have given emphatic notice that the kind of judgment they are working for will produce a schism. But still they evidently believe that they are in harmony with the great bulk of their co-religionists, and that the decision of the General Assembly will justify them. Very likely they are right. Presbyterianism, with the Confessions and Standards, is the stronghold of denominationalism; and denominationalism dies hard. To swear by 'Standards' is immeasurably easier than a careful study of the Bible; that is the reason why Standards were constructed. And though the Standards reserve for Holy Scripture a 'primacy of honor,' the primacy of jurisdiction, so to speak, is exercised solely by the Westminster Confession, Book of Discipline and such like. And as the worst parts of the Standards—that is, the parts least believable or verifiable, most opposed to moral axioms, or to the canons of criticism, or the discoveries of science—are sure to be first and most violently assailed, it is for these that the protection of courts, ending with the General Assembly, will be most ardently invoked. Not only the peculiar polity of the Presbyterians, but the central truths of Christianity and of all religion, are made to depend upon the deliberate assertion of a confident belief of obsolescent dogmas which have ceased to be realized, and which retain their place in a body of doctrine only as atrophied organs which fail to do harm only because they are being quietly obliterated."

"The doctrinal conflicts now going on in the Presbyterian Church are very significant," says the *Living Church* (P. E.) of Chicago. "Yet their real bearing is not uncommonly obscured. In the newspapers the struggle is treated as one between two parties, each determined to force its views upon the other. The primary fact is lost sight of that the Presbyterian body is a society based upon certain formularies to which all its office-bearers are solemnly pledged. The real point at issue just now is simply this—whether or not these formularies are in future to be taken seriously, or whether the pledge of conformity is to be regarded as a mere formality, a survival of the past, and soon destined to fall into disuse and oblivion. It is for this reason that the revision movement and the recent trials at Cincinnati and New York have been regarded by thoughtful people, who have the good of religion at heart, with very keen interest and with much misgiving. There are still many Christian people left with old-fashioned views of truth and honor, who cannot help feeling that men are bound by their promises, that they are not at liberty to take solemn pledges upon their lips with the settled intention of explaining them away or making them mean the opposite of what they were intended to mean, by some process of 'interpretation,' and that there is something very wrong the matter when an eminent man admits that he has twice in his life formally assented to propositions which he did not believe. We ourselves have to deal with men who cannot be brought to see the inconsistency of their position with their vows of adherence to the doctrines of the church, and cannot understand the harm they do to the cause of morality, to say nothing of faith. And undoubtedly we are sufficiently influenced by the compromising tendencies of the times to make it extremely difficult to deal with such cases. But a merciful Providence has so far preserved us from any official action involving a tendency to play fast and loose with our authoritative documents."

The *Interior* (Pres.) of Chicago thinks that the only way to avoid the impending schism in the church is by giving the passions which has been excited time to subside: "Why not let time," it says, "do its work before the disaster, and thus avert it? And what is necessary to secure this precious time? Nothing whatever but the following of the wise customs and laws of the church; nothing but the following of the old, wisely devised modes of procedure, which were expressly provided for the very purpose of preventing precipitant and inconsiderate action. The way of peace and harmony is in the path of the laws and customs of the church—not leaving out the supreme law of charity, which is the chief of all the laws in her constitution. And to these laws and customs all parties and all persons in the church should this day and this hour be ready to submit. There are not a dozen men in our ministry or eldership who do not heartily adopt, and who are not willing to abide by, the Confessional doctrine of the Holy Scriptures. There are not another dozen who would not be satisfied with the liberty exercised by Calvin, Baxter, Doddridge, Henry B. Smith, the great Union Professor of the past, and Shields and Patton of Princeton. We name the latter on the statement recently published in our columns. This is our opinion of the status of the parties in our church. If we are in error brethren will rise up to correct us. Therefore we name as the basis of harmony, the historic position of the church from the reformation onward."

The following significant paragraph appears in the New York *Evangelist* (Pres): "We wish to acknowledge the extreme courtesy of our conservative friends who, seeing that we find ourselves somewhat straitened in the narrow confines of an iron-bound confession, suggest to us an easy way to escape, by stepping down and out of the Presbyterian Church! We hope they will not be offended if we send back the message of Paul from the jail of Phillippi to those who cast him into prison: 'Nay, verily, but let them come themselves and fetch us out.' Let them by proper confession and apology make amends for the humiliation which they have put upon us, when we have been (mentally) 'thrust into prison and had our feet made fast in the stocks.' Then we will take it into consideration whether we will depart or not. We like the old Presbyterian Church well enough, only we want it 'as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever will be,' not as it has been tinkered by those who prate of 'the original autographs,' when they have not studied even the plain but ever dear old English Bible enough to drink in its spirit. Even then, if we take a sad farewell of the old church that we have loved so long and so well, we will not be 'thrust out,' but we will depart with all the honors of war."

"A generation ago," says the *Congregationalist* of Boston, "most Christians believed that the world was created and completed by God out of nothing in six days of twenty-four hours each, and many affirmed that the denial of this belief meant the destruction of faith in God. But who now does not admit that we have gained a nobler idea of God since we have learned that the world was by Him made habitable for man through the slow development of unmeasured ages? Have we not also gained a profounder reverence for man and his Maker since we have learned that, step by step, through ages higher forms of life were evolved from lower, and that, though we are not yet able to trace all the processes, at last God created man in His own image? Is the Bible any less the record of the revelation of God if it is found that, instead of being a series of utterances of God written down by men at His command, it represents the slow devolment of God's thoughts and designs in human history, finding fragmentary expression through many minds, revised by others under His guidance, and gathered finally into books as we have them, culminating in the revelation of Himself through His Son Jesus Christ, whose life and teachings and Spirit were recorded for us and for all mankind by those who best knew and most loved Him? In any case, the present value of the Bible is its meaning to us as giving us a revelation of God. He who does not see God in it cannot have permanent interest in it. To him who does not see God in it no account which it is made to give of its own history will cause Him to vanish from it."

Touching the new Prayer-Book the *Catholic Champion* of the Guild of St. Ignatius (P. E.) says: "We feel that we would be doing a wrong to the church were we to be silent upon two points. We think the committee exceeded their powers when they placed open spaces in different parts of the Prayer-Book where such spaces had not been ordered by General Convention, and we are more of this opinion since by special resolution of convention such spaces were introduced in five different places. If for these five spaces the order of two consecutive General Conventions was necessary, we cannot but think that for other like spaces like action was necessary; these spaces have been introduced into the Litany, and also before the *Gloria Patri* in several places. In another matter we also think the committee have done that which they had no right to do. We refer to the change of spelling of the words 'moveable' and 'immoveable.' The other matter is the use of red in the book. Here we can only say that we cannot understand the principles upon which the red has been introduced. There have been many rubricated editions of the English Prayer-Book and several of the American, but no book which we have ever seen follows the same rule in the use of the red color. By the ordinary custom in all liturgical books red is used for rubrics, captions, etc., and for initials; thus Minister and Answer are always in red, and, generally speaking, all those parts which are not to be said in the service. Moreover, with the exception of one edition of the English Prayer-Book, the rubrics were printed in Roman type, not in italics. We are exceedingly sorry that the customary method, both as to the places in which red is used and the kind of type employed, should not have been followed."

A SHADOW PAINTING.

"Peace on earth, good will toward men."—Rev. xiv., 6.

Night of mystery, night of wonder,
Rune of ages past and gone;
Wrapt in thee is hope eternal,
Born of thee, celestial dawn.
Night of angel-woven story,
Tell us of the morrow, when
Peace shall come, as it was written,
"Peace on earth, good will to men."

Shadow pictures now the firelight
Paints upon the wall for me,
As I sit and ponder o'er
All the hopes that were to be
With the coming of the morrow;
But remembrance lives, and then
I begin to doubt the song of
"Peace on earth, good will to men."

First appears a scene of grandeur,
'Tis a princely mansion fair;
'Tis the home of wealth and plenty,
Never knowing want or care.
And amid their joy and feasting
They forgot some things—but then
Know you not it is the day of
"Peace on earth, good will to men?"

Yes, they sang of peace and plenty,
Well it is for them to sing,
When they know no grief but gladness,
When the years no sorrow bring.
But the ill-fed and the hungry,
Can they join in praising, when
Hunger mocks them—and they sing of
"Peace on earth—good will to men?"

And the firelight flashing brightly
Paints another scene for me,
'Tis a home among the lowly
Where the darker shadows be;
Where the gaunt wolf's fiercely barking
At the door—and can you, then,
Blame them when they curse the song of
"Peace on earth—good will to men?"

There, amid the haunts of evil,
There where sin and vice are bred,
I can see the drunkard's hovel;
Where no ray of life is shed;
His environments have made him
What he is—I ask again:
Who is guilty?—was there ever
"Peace on earth, good-will to men?"

If there was, then who has robbed us?
What the profit of the birth
Of the Christ-Child in Judea,
While the people of the earth
Live just as they lived before Him—
Righteousness of self again
Making dead the heart of "the
Peace on earth, good will to men?"

But the day of reckoning cometh,
Men have sown and men will reap,
And through terrors awful will they
See truth wake from her sleep;
After this the earth to gladness
Will awake—and not till then—
Peace shall come as it was written,
"Peace on earth, good-will to men."

—Albert Frank Hoffmann.

"LOVES ME."

Over all the din and rattle
Of a noisy railway train,
Rang a little childish prattle
With iterative refrain:
"Darling loves me! Darling loves me!"
Rang the tuneful cadence clear:
"Darling loves me, darling loves me,
'Cause I love my darling dear."

"Sweet," I said, her face caressing—
Eyes of brown and golden hair—
Such a winsome little blessing
For a heart o'erborne with care—
"Sweet," I said, "how do you know it?
Have you never doubt nor fear?"
"No," she said, "she cannot help it,
'Cause I love my darling dear."

And the mother, tired, saddened,
Looked up in the childish face,
While with love her own face gladdened
Till it took an added grace.
"Yes," she whispered; "yes, I love her
More than words can tell, my dove!
She has solved earth's saddest problem;
Love will always beget love."

Then the bare fields faded slowly,
While the sunshine disappears;
For I saw the autumn landscape
Through a misty veil of tears;
Then from out my heart upwinging
Flew unrest, and doubt, and fear;
While the childish voice was singing,
"Loves me, 'cause I love my dear."

O my darling, I, through loving,
Still may hold your heart steadfast
When, all other loves disproving
You will turn to me at last.
So, though sun or cloud above me,
I shall love you, far or near,
Till you cannot help, but love me,
'Cause I love my darling dear.

Newest Mother-in-Law Joke.

The intense cold had caused a rail to snap and the express train had been wrecked. The distracted wife of the Cincinnati man rushed up from the unhurt rear car to the shapeless smoker, where he had been enjoying a cigar when the crash came.

"Save my husband!" she cried in agony.

Smoke ascended; timbers crashed; the roof settled lower and lower, while horrible groans emerged from the inside.

"Oh, Henry," she wailed, "are you still alive?"

"Yes," came the agonized reply, "but I am pinned across a red-hot stove, my clothes are on fire, the roof is crushing me, a beam has half impaled me and I shall be dead in one instant if help does not come."

"Oh, help! help! Rescue my husband!" she shrieked in frenzy.

The rescuers worked like demons.

"I am safe, Henry," she cried.

"Thank Heaven for that!"

"The baby is not hurt a bit."

"Thank Heaven for that!"

His voice grew rapidly fainter while he moaned; "Make haste, men; the car is on fire all about me and I shall be roasted alive in two minutes more."

"And Henry," again cried the wife, "dear mamma is safe, too."

Then from under the blazing wreck, in clear, calm, collected Pearl-street business tones of resolve, the husband cried: "That settles it, boys—rescue somebody else!"

Horsford's Acid Phosphate

FOR WAKEFULNESS,

Hysteria, and other diseases of the nervous system.

IN 1850 Brown's Bronchial Troches were introduced, and their success in relieving coughs and bronchial troubles has been unparalleled.

THE SPANISH REFORMED CHURCH.

[Translated from the Spanish by S. H. Gerrish for the RECORD-UNION.]

The German press is occupied with minute details of the inauguration of the new temple of the Reformed Church in Madrid, and as to that event says: The formation of a Reformed Church in Spain, with temple, bishop and liturgy, being an event, we believe it opportune to dedicate a few lines giving a knowledge of its history.

The same day that General Prim arrived at Algesiras, after the outcry at Cadiz, some Spaniards presented themselves to him—emigrants until then in Gibraltar—for the only crime of not accepting the official religion. The General said to them: "You can go anywhere in Spain and will not be molested for your creeds." That group of Spaniards were evangelican or Protestant emigrants, in consequence of the persecutions they suffered in the year 1800 for professing their doctrines in secret.

After this, and the protection and liberty established by the Constitution of 1869, they extended over Spain publicly, the evangelical ideas, establishing numerous chapels and congregations, that had more or less success for the great difficulties they encountered, as may easily be supposed in a country considered Catholic *par excellence*.

Then came the Restoration and the present Constitution, in which the liberty of worship was substituted by a simple tolerance, that made more or less persecution for freedom of belief of the dissenters.

Notwithstanding, and although they have not lacked causes of restriction in their rights, and yet of processes without reason, in general the majority of the Governors have complied with the constitutional precept, and the evangelical churches, although slowly, have gone on prospering.

The labors of the Propaganda were effectual; they gave for the result the formation of the various evangelical churches existing to-day in Spain, and if they differ in the form of their organization or in certain proceedings, as occur in the diverse branches of reformed Christians, they are found united by the community of doctrines and by the analogy of confessions. Among the diverse churches, the Spanish Reformed Church occupies the most important place, that has congregations in many places in Spain, and among others has two in Madrid, two in Seville, one in Malaga, one in Salamanca, one in Valladolid, etc.

This church was constituted in 1880, in a synod celebrated in Seville, by the pastors and representatives of divers capitals, and with the assistance of the Bishop of the Mexican Episcopal Church.

The new arrangement had for the principal object the formation of a National Church, for which they adopted the Episcopal regimen, and a liturgy written mostly from the ancient Spanish called Muzarabe or Visigothic, used by the Spanish church of the first centuries, before they submitted to the dominion of Rome.

This liturgy was published the following year, according to the decision of another synod, and corrected and augmented in form definitive, that was approved by the synod of 1889. The first synod elected the Bishop of the new church, the Rev. Senor Cabrara, one of the Gibraltar emigrants, pastor of the Church of the Redeemer of Madrid, and a distinguished literary writer, to whom they owe the liturgy of the church, a notable and laborious work, and a great many hymns that they have adopted in the official hymnal of the church, and other works of propagation of the church and controversy. Said reverend continued as Bishop-elect, as there were no other Reformed Bishops in Spain, and the consecration had to be effected by foreign Bishops, and this presented no small difficulties, taking the independent and Spanish character of this church.

The doctrines they sustain are those professed by all the reformed churches, who as is known, wish to return to primitive Christianity.

Abandoning the dogmas and rites established by the Church of Rome, in the transcourse of centuries, its confession of faith is that sustained by all the Christian communions, in the Apostles' Creed, and in that of Constantinople, and its declaration of doctrine is the same as that of the Anglican, contained in its thirty-nine articles. The religious monument that this church represents is analogous to that of the official Church of England, Sweden and Norway, and the Episcopal Church of the United States, and has some points of contact with the Galician Church of France, the Italian Catholic, and with the old Catholics of Switzerland, Germany and Holland.

This church has its organ in the press, a quincenal review, denominated *La Luz* (The Light), the oldest of the Protestant periodicals published in Spain. The new edifice, although it is the first temple constructed expressly for the Reformed worship in Madrid, is not the first in Spain, since in many places they have already built edifices of this kind, and in Seville they make use of two ex-Catholic temples, that were bought of the Government after the revolution.

The first day of December they effected in Madrid the consecration and opening of the new temple. The persons that took part in the ceremonies were the Archbishop of Dublin and the Bishop of Clogher, that in union with the other Bishop, formed the provisional Council of Bishops of the new church. Taking the national character and the traditional sentiments, purely Catholic, of the Spanish, we think that the reformers of the doctrines, Catholic, Apostolic and Roman, will not obtain great success in their labors, with the exception of the great centers of population, where in general there are people for all kinds of worship and all classes of ideas.—La Raza Latina.

EGGING ON THE TEXAS COAST.

Tubs and Barrels Full Gathered Up and Sent to Market.

Egging in years past has been a regular business on the Texas coast. It is beginning to show results in a marked decrease of bird life. But there are still many places where the people turn to "egging" as surely as the season comes round, says the St. Louis *Republic*. Fishermen keep a sharp watch on the birds when laying time is near. They note the hidden islands and the secluded beaches where the birds of all kinds are getting ready for breeding. Then the word is passed along. The whole population turns out with everything in the form of a boat. A descent is made on the breeding ground. The first visit is for the purpose of destroying every egg that can be found. This is to make sure that all will be fresh on the next visit. After smashing the contents of the nests the eggers take to the boats and go away far enough to give the birds opportunity to return. The next day or the second, the "egging" begins in earnest. If the first visit has been well timed, and it usually is, for practice has made perfect this robbery, there are found in the nests many thousands of freshly-laid eggs. The eggers go from nest to nest, gathering all, with the certainty that there will be no spoiled among them.

Only those who have seen one of these breeding places on the Texas coast can have any comprehension of the vast numbers of birds that assemble in the laying season on a comparatively small space. The eggers find no difficulty in gathering tubs and barrels full. It is the rule to take everything over an inch in diameter, except the pelican eggs, which are too fishy to be palatable. For days after the return of the eggers there are eggs to be had in almost any quantity and at almost any price. An ornithologist who examined one of these breeding places before the eggers gather them says the eggs are fragile, and a large percentage is broken in the gathering. Still, enough reach the town to glut the market. Some of these gulls and terns do a very strange thing when driven from the nests by the eggers. They dart about, and with feet and wings and bills they destroy all the eggs they can in the vicinity before the eggers reach them. They seem to realize the purpose of the visit, and deliberately set about thwarting that purpose.

Immense numbers of the birds would be bred along the Texas coast if it were not for the egging sport. The ornithologists say that the people will bring retribution if they do not stop. The pelicans, gulls and herons are the scavengers of the shoal waters, just as the buzzards are on land. The punishment for shooting buzzards is severe in Texas. If it was not for the work the birds do along the coast, the excess of valueless fishes and other animal life bred in the shallows would create such a stench that human life about the bays would be out of the question.

THE DEADLY PARALLEL.

What She Thought.	What He Thought.
9 A. M.	9 A. M.
Dear me! I wonder if I made a mistake? I don't love him. Mamma is right about that, and I'm sure I ought not to marry him just because he has a little money. I suppose he is eating his breakfast now. He'll never call again, of course. I really believe I'm glad. My right ear is burning—I guess he must be thinking of me.	Well, I guess I acted very wisely after all. She is a sweet little girl, but we haven't either of us enough money to get married on, and I am not absolutely sure that I love her. Of course I do not. We've known each other a long time, and all that, but that doesn't always mean love. Of course I've got to stop calling on her so often. I suppose it will break her heart. I'll bet she's thinking of me now.
11 A. M.	11 A. M.
I wonder if there is any possibility of his calling again to-night? I am sure I hope not. Still, I wouldn't like to spend the evening alone, and perhaps no one else will call. After all, he was certainly an interesting fellow; yes, he was more than interesting, and I almost wish—	I wonder if she'll expect me to-night? I hope not. I don't want to pain her any more than I can help. Wonder what I'll do with myself? Club? Bah! Theater? Pooh, bah! I might call on some one else, but I would not be paid to. If I hadn't been so cool last night I might still—
1 P. M.	1 P. M.
I am more satisfied than ever that I did well in following mamma's advice—it's much better to give a man an intimation that you don't care for him seriously before he proposes than to break his heart by a single—and we have been such good friends.	Well, I'm satisfied, after thinking it over, that I did the correct thing. Father is right. Never be too abrupt when dealing with the female heart. How pretty she was last night! I feel rather mean. Guess I'd better write her not to expect me to-night. Then I will stay at home and smoke.
3 P. M.	3 P. M.
A note from him saying that he won't call to-night. Hem! I don't know that I recognize the necessity for such a note. Who ever asked him to call or wanted him to call, or expected him to call? I am sure I didn't. I thought I made myself clear last night. Oh, my, why will things always go wrong? I'm going upstairs to have a good cry.	Confound it! I can't help thinking about her. Must look as blue as the Alsatian Mountains. Saw father laughing at me a few minutes ago. How the deuce does he know anything about it? Wish her father and mine weren't such confoundedly thick friends. I feel like the very deuce.
5 P. M.	5 P. M.
I want to cry some more. Dear me! I'm the most unhappy girl alive, and it is all my own fault. I have broken his heart, and I have broken my own, and I detest myself.	Feel worse. Wish I hadn't written that letter. I know I am to blame. Wonder what is the easiest way of committing suicide? Wonder if father would sympathize with me then?
7 P. M.	7 P. M.
I don't want any dinner, and I don't want to see papa's friend; so there!	I don't want dinner. Going to smoke—going to drink. Brandy's the thing.
9 P. M.	9 P. M.
Dear me! he is in the parlor. I am not dressed, and my eyes are as red as the curtains. What shall I do? I certainly must not keep him waiting. I suppose he has come after all to bring me back my letters. Oh, I wish—	Well, here I am in her parlor, after all. Wonder if she'll see me? I'll bet she won't. She always was the proudest girl in town. I look like a fool; and, what's more, I am one. I suppose she'll insist on my taking all my presents.
9:30 P. M.	9:30 P. M.
He has not mentioned the letters, and he seems awfully melancholy. I almost believe—	She has not said a word about last evening. I honestly believe I have got a chance. Here goes—
10 P. M.	10 P. M.
I am the happiest girl in the world. Who would have thought he intended to propose? Engaged at last, and to him! Oh—	I am the luckiest fellow in the world. I had no idea she would forgive me. Guess I've got the laugh on father this time. We'll be married in the fall and we'll go—— —Tom Hall in Life.

Early Postal Changes.

Before the use of postage stamps various sums were paid for the delivery of letters. The amounts were regulated by the distance and were collected on the delivery of the letter.

In the early part of this century the postage on a single sheet of paper was eight cents, and on over forty miles the rate was increased, so that over 500 miles a single sheet was 25 cents. But after a time these rates were gradually reduced, until 1845 a letter weighing not over half an ounce was five cents under 300 miles, and over that distance, 10 cents.

Sir Rowland Hill who was at the head of the Postoffice Department of England at this time, introduced the use of postage in 1840, and also lessened the charge for postage. In 1847 the United States adopted the use of the postage stamp, the lowest-priced one being five cents.

But railways and steamboats have now taken the place of the old-fashioned mail coaches and post boys; and with the more rapid sending of the mails, the cheaper rates of postage, and the growing population of the country, gradual changes and improvements took place in the Postoffice system. And here we are, in 1893, receiving our letters from the Pacific Coast in six days—also from England in the same time; and a few days or hours will place us in direct communication with our friends and correspondents in almost every part of the country.

Two uncut diamonds, green and white, mounted on a square diamond, on which is engraved the word "Marie," has been creating interest in England. It formerly belonged to Marie Antoinette. In the same exhibition were two pearl epaulettes worn by the late Emperor of Delhi, and an ornament made of an idol of pearl in a niche of pearl. A black diamond was shown, the largest that has yet been discovered, and which it took a year to cut, losing 100 carats in the operation.

"*It makes me tired!* People ask me—is marriage a failure? Of course 't'aint; s'pose I don't know my biz—what am I here for?" If the women only keep healthy they keep in good spirits and cupid is in demand. Let every enfeebled woman know this—there's a remedy that'll cure her, the proof's positive. It does what is promised.

Here's the proof—if it doesn't do you good within reasonable time, report the fact to its makers and get your money back without a word—but you won't do it!

The remedy is Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription—and it has proved itself the right remedy in nearly every case of female weakness. It is not a miracle. It won't cure everything—but it has done more to build up enfeebled and broken-down women than any other medicine known.

WANTED A TICKET.

The Agent Was Busy So He Missed His Train.

"Ticket to Vincennes," he said quietly, as he entered the little station at Calvin, warmed his hands, and stepped briskly up to the window.

"Twelve-seventy-four, three-eighty-two, nine-sixty-five," came the monotonous voice of the ticket-agent, checking off his running account to his assistant.

"Twelve-seventy-four, three-eighty-two, nine-sixty-five," replied the drawl of the clerk, as he O. K-ed the tally.

"A ticket to Vincennes, please," crisply called the traveler, as he looked quickly at his watch.

"Thirty-four-nineteen, eight-fifty-one, nine-seventy-five," went on the undisturbed voice of the agent, as the whistle of the coming train was heard at the half-signal post.

"I would like a ticket to Vincennes," sharply said the traveler a little louder, and he impatiently twisted his five-dollar bill in his nervous fingers.

"Thirty-four-nineteen, eight-ninety-seven, nine-seventy-five," came the uninterrupted call of the assistant bending over his list.

"I want a ticket to Vincennes," imperatively remarked the traveler, while the onset of arrival and the bustle of parting friends filled the air, and his hastily-strapped gripsack and hurriedly-wrapped umbrella tangled themselves up under his arms as he leaned over the shelf and tried to attract attention.

But only a stony, unconcerned glare looked over his head to the ceiling beyond, and the list went slowly, methodically on:

"Thirteen-thirty-four, sixty-two-ten, eleven-forty-two," said the agent.

"Thirteen-thirty-four, sixty-two-ten, eleven-forty-two," repeated the clerk.

"All aboard," came the faint warning of the conductor on the frosty air.

"I want a ticket to Vincennes," shouted the traveler, kicking on the partition.

Scratch, scratch, scratch, went the sputtering pen; tab, tab, tab, went the woolly blotters; and the agent and the clerk went slowly, mechanically, sullenly on, unmoved, though the premonitory piff-piff-piff-f-f-f-phee-e-e-e of the air-brake test broke the deadly oppressiveness of the air.

"Here, you, agent, I want a ticket to Vincennes," shrieked the traveler, with an angry ring in his voice, and his umbrella beat an agitated staccato on the partition panel as he fiddled his anxious knees.

"Nineteen-forty-one, six-fifteen, eleven-ten, ninety," drowsily droned the call of the agent.

"Nineteen-forty-one, six-fifteen, eleven-ten, ninety," burred the dragging echo of the clerk's recording note, as the clang of the engine bell announced the starting of the train.

"Gimme a ticket to Vincennes," yelled the traveler, fairly dancing up and down as the grind of sullen iron upon the clanking rails announced the swiftly-increasing impetus of the limited express.

"Thirty-six-sixty-one, two-twenty-two, ten—balance entered," calmly said the agent.

"Thirty-six-sixty-one, two-twenty-two, ten—O. K.," sighed the clerk, and the yellow book closed with a slam.

"What is it you want?" asked the agent imperiously, with a careless glance through the wire screen, as he prepared to close the shutter.

"I wanted a ticket to Vincennes, you dunder-headed duffer!" bellowed the traveler, foaming at the mouth, and pounding upon the shelf with his fists in impotent wrath as the clank, clank of the last switch in the yards smote upon the ear.

"Well, there's no need of being fidgety," growled the agent with injury and annoyance in every tone, "the train's gone, and there won't be another till eight-twenty-one to-night; so you've got all day to get your ticket. I don't see what you're so everlastingly snatched about!"

But the traveler was gone, slamming the door so hard behind him that the Big Four time-card became loosened from the wall.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Best Cure For

All disorders of the Throat and Lungs is **Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.** It has no equal as a cough-cure.

Bronchitis

"When I was a boy, I had a bronchial trouble of such a persistent and stubborn character, that the doctor pronounced it incurable with ordinary remedies, but recommended me to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I did so, and one bottle cured me. For the last fifteen years, I have used this preparation with good effect whenever I take a bad cold, and I know of numbers of people who keep it in the house all the time, not considering it safe to be without it."—J. C. Woodson, P. M., Forest Hill, W. Va.

Cough

"For more than twenty-five years, I was a sufferer from lung trouble, attended with coughing so severe at times as to cause hemorrhage, the paroxysms frequently lasting three or four hours. I was induced to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and after taking four bottles, was thoroughly cured."—Franz Hoffman, Clay Centre, Kans.

La Grippe

"Last spring I was taken down with la grippe. At times I was completely prostrated, and so difficult was my breathing that my breast seemed as if confined in an iron cage. I procured a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and no sooner had I began taking it than relief followed. I could not believe that the effect would be so rapid and the cure so complete."—W. H. Williams, Cook City, S. Dak.

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CERTIFICATE OF COPARTNERSHIP.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, COUNTY OF Sacramento—ss. We, the undersigned, do hereby certify that we are partners transacting business in this State, at the City of Sacramento, in the County of Sacramento, under the firm name and style of JACOX BROS.; that the names in full of all the members of such partnership are LESLIE A. JACOX and LEON H. JACOX, and that the places of our respective residences are set opposite our respective names, hereto subscribed.

In witness whereof, we have hereunto set our hands, this 7th day of February, 1893.

LESLIE A. JACOX, Sacramento, Cal.
LEON H. JACOX, Sacramento, Cal.

State of California, County of Sacramento—ss. On this 7th day of February, in the year 1893, before me, William M. Sims, a Notary Public, in and for said county, personally appeared LESLIE A. JACOX and LEON H. JACOX, known to me to be the persons whose names are subscribed to the within instrument, and acknowledged to me that they executed the same.

[SEAL.] WILLIAM M. SIMS, Notary Public, In and for Sacramento Co., Cal.
fe15-6t

Miscellaneous.

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