

GOSPEL ON WHEELS.

RELIGION IN A WAGON FOR NON-CHURCH GOERS.

Has a Choir and Free Seats—A Novel Idea in Missionary Work Which is Making Converts in Washington, D. C.

IN WASHINGTON, D. C., the "Gospel wagon" is the newest idea for prosecuting the war against sin and crime. This novel vehicle, which is really a small church on wheels, is twenty-five feet in length, seven feet in width and will comfortably seat thirty-three people.

As may be seen in the picture, part of the panel on the right hand side of the wagon is cut through and works outward from the lower end on hinges. When this is on a level with the floor of the wagon it is held firmly in position by iron straps and constitutes the platform from which the preacher may address the assembled throng. On the opposite side of the wagon is another opening in the panel. When this is in use it falls to a level with the pavement and provides, on its inner side, four steps by which one may ascend and enter this fine delectable chariot of the Lord. The roof is detachable, so that in fair weather it may be removed. On hot days a canvas covering protects the heads of the worshippers from the sun's rays.

On the left hand side of the wagon, and adjoining the pulpit platform, is a handsome organ. The choir is an able one, and singing is an important feature. All the seats are made to fold so that space may be economized when necessary. A handsome pair of roan horses, donated by a wealthy sympathizer, draw the missionary wagon about the city.

This interesting traveling church has no pastor, but it makes up for this



TRAVELING MISSIONARY WAGON, WASHINGTON, D. C.

deficiency in the number of its congregations. Different preachers take charge of the services from day to day, each one going in a different section of the city. On Sunday, when the ordained preachers are busy with their regular charges some deacon officiates, and the wagon is usually drawn to some suburban locality where people congregate in the endeavor to keep cool.

But there is no part of Washington that this wagon does not penetrate. Those neighborhoods in which live the classes considered mostly in need of redemption are visited every day at a scheduled time. There is a great interest in the services and the attendance is always good. The services usually last about half an hour.

Although the Gospel wagon and its occupants have gone among the very roughest classes in Washington they have been treated with respect even by those from whom they had reason to expect ridicule, if not violence, and many persons ordinarily indifferent to religious services became actually interested, with the result that frequent conversions have been made. The builders of the wagon have orders from several other cities for vehicles of similar structure, to be used for the same purpose.

Time Thrown Away.

Clara—What's the matter, dear?
Dora—It's too much to bear. Mr. Faintheart hasn't proposed yet.

Clara—But you told me you wouldn't marry him.

Dora—Of course I wouldn't. But, after all the time I've wasted on him, I think he might at least give me a chance to refuse him.

Levelhead's Fear.

Canvasser (Weekly Borem)—What could be fairer than that? We offer you as a premium an encyclopedia worth ten dollars for only five.

Mr. Levelhead—Y-e-s, that's fair enough; but I'm afraid you'll send the Weekly Borem with it.

MADE HIM EAT IT.

The Policeman Would Have No More Flourishing a Pistol There.

The boys are telling a rather good story on a Fargo citizen and police officer, which runs something in this wise, says Fargo Forum: The citizen had purchased a candy revolver for his little boy, which closely resembled a genuine weapon. Last night he was in the ladies' waiting room at the Northern Pacific awaiting the arrival of No. 2, smoking a cigarette. It's against the rules to smoke in this room, and when the officer stepped in he detected the smell of smoke, and after sizing up the crowd, finally located the citizen calmly smoking away.

"Here," said the officer, "if you want to smoke you will have to go outside."

"Don't you talk to me that way," replied the cigarette smoker, "or I'll blow you full of holes." As he said this he drew the candy weapon from his pocket and leveled it at the officer. The crowd at least took no chances. Convinced there was going to be a shooting and that a "copper" or somebody was going to be killed, there was a unanimous desire among the bystanders not to witness the slaughter of the devoted guardian of the peace. Every one made an attempt at the same time to reach the door. Several might have been injured if the prompt action of the police officer had not prevented the panic that seemed imminent. He seized the citizen's right arm and pushed it up and back so that if the candy revolver was discharged it would be in the air. Then he shouted: "You are under arrest!" and led him out into the hallway, which was soon crowded. The citizen still held the candy revolver, which looked formidable enough in the dim light. He seemed to have lost his bold front and was trembling with fear. In faltering tones he said: "Don't put me under arrest. I would rather eat this revolver than be locked up in a police cell."

"Well," said the officer, half in jest, "you eat that revolver and I'll let you go."

"All right," he returned, and to the amazement of every one, including the officer, he put the barrel into his mouth

A COFFINED CORPSE.

Ghastly Job an Artist Undertook to Please an Undertaker Friend.

A well-known artist of Syracuse, N. Y., is amusing a very few of his friends with an experience he had some days ago that has a tinge of the uncanny. It seems, says the Star, that the artist has a friend who is an undertaker and who at that time was badly in need of assistance. It seems that the undertaker had accidentally spilled a fluid upon the face of a body he was preparing for burial, and on account of his carelessness the fluid had acted upon the skin and turned it black in many places. The undertaker realized that something must be done, and that very soon. It would be out of the question for the family to learn of the accident. For a moment he was nonplussed, but his mind shortly turned to his artist friend, and he thought that he could relieve him. "It was at night when he called," said the artist, in narrating the story, "and I had retired. At first it seemed impossible for me to attempt such a job as he laid before me, but his sad plight touched me, and I finally consented to do the best in my power. I went to the house with my box of paints. The undertaker entered the front door, but he feared that suspicion would be aroused if I was seen. According to arrangements I waited outside until he had reached the death chamber. Then he silently raised the window, and I crawled stealthily in. For more than an hour I labored silently upon the spotted face, carefully painting over the black places, and finishing the whole with that effect which betokens death. It was a ghastly job, and I never want another like it. After it was all over the body looked as lifelike as possible, and no one ever knew that the face was entirely made up."

"All right," he returned, and to the amazement of every one, including the officer, he put the barrel into his mouth

AMBASSADOR BAYARD'S TIP.

Journalistic Consideration Not Understood by the Foreign Minister.

Ambassador Bayard, whatever his diplomatic prestige, is not known as a joker, says the New York Sun, so the victim in this case blames Buttons, although some of the others who were present are suspicious that our representative at the court of St. James saw his opportunity and helped it along. It was when Mr. Bayard made his brief visit home last winter. A dozen newspaper men went down to quarantine to meet him. They boarded the steamship and discovered the ambassador leaning against the rail, surrounded by a group of men and women. The newspaper men decided not to frighten him by a combined onslaught, and appointed one of their number to do the interviewing. The delegate, it happened, bears the time-honored name of Smith. Calling one of the junior assistant stewards, Mr. Smith handed him his card, with the request to take it to Mr. Bayard, at the same time dropping a dime and a nickel as a tip into the boy's outstretched hand. The lad hurried away while the reporters awaited the issue with complacency. In a few minutes he returned and extended the card and the money with these words: "Mr. Bayard sends his compliments to Mr. Smith and desires to state that while he has the honor of the acquaintance of many Mr. Smiths he does not remember any Mr. Smith who owes him 15 cents!"

"W-what!" demanded the newsgatherers in a body. "What in the name of Horace Greeley have you done?"

"Why, I gave Mr. Bayard the card and the 15 cents as you told me to do, and told him that you sent them. That's all," replied the boy calmly.

The Wonderful Human Fish.

One of the oddest human freaks that ever saw the light of day in the United States or, possibly, in any other country, is Herman Schepler, who was born at Cleveland, Ohio, in 1884. At last accounts the little fellow was living with his parents on St. Clair street in the above-named city, and was as bright and happy as boys of his age usually are. Herman has a handsome, intelligent-looking face, and shapely, sunburnt hands. In fact, to all outward appearance, he is an ordinary boy, but those who know him best say that the only parts of his anatomy that are covered with common human skin are his face, neck, hands and feet, and that the other portions of his body are literally incased in tiny, dark-blue fish scales. From the neck to the ankles this wonderful coat of mail so thoroughly covers the body that not the slightest section of skin bearing any semblance to that of the human being is visible. The family were perfectly horror-stricken when the little "fish baby" was born, and for more than seven years managed to keep the matter a profound secret. However, little Herman's playmates finally learned that their companion was a veritable fish. This soon leaked out and the matter became public. I understand that doctors and professors who have recently examined the boy are unanimous in pronouncing him to be the "eighth wonder of the world."

GREAT NUMBER OF CARS MADE

Comparisons of Orders for 1895 With Previous Years.

The Railroad Gazette, in its issue of May 24, published a tabulation of orders for cars, placed by railroad companies this year, which shows that 22,029 cars have been contracted for so far this year. Besides cars ordered, bids are out now for an additional 2,000 cars, approximately. These figures are for freight cars only. The passenger cars ordered amount to 72, with contracts for 13 more to be given out very shortly. We suppose that this represents an investment of over \$10,000,000, which is a very important expenditure and worth considering among the influences working to make "times better" for many people. The Railroad Gazette says that these figures show an unlooked-for improvement in car building this year. In less than five months the total output of the contracting car shops, as shown by the records which it has collected, exceeds that of the entire year 1894 by over 5,000 cars. The passenger car output makes a very different comparison, 500 cars having been built in 1894. The comparisons, of course, going back several years it finds from its annual summary of car building that in 1893 the car companies built 51,000 cars, but that also was a slim year for car building. In 1892 the output was more satisfactory, footing up 43,000 freight cars, and that figure is nearly more nearly the normal average of cars likely to be added yearly to the freight equipment of railroads in this country. It is less than the number built in each of the two years preceding 1892, the output in 1891 having been over 48,000 freight cars and in 1890 over 103,000. It appears, then, that this record of 22,000 cars ordered in five months is only encouraging as indicating a material improvement over extraordinarily dull years; as showing that business is on the mend; that railroads need new equipment and will give orders as soon as they can see their way toward paying for the equipment.

The decrease in cost of cars to railroads has been very considerable in the last few years. They can now secure a more strongly built car, better designed, of greater capacity, with safety appliances, for a less price than was paid within a few years for a twenty-ton car without air brakes or vertical plane couplers.

JAPAN'S HIGH AMBITION.

She Hopes to Be the Center of New and High Civilization.

In "The Far East," a book by Mr. Henry Norton, appears the following speech made by Count Okuma, ex-minister of foreign affairs, in the Japanese diet just after the present war began. It is probably a good summary of Japanese hopes and feelings: "The European powers are already showing signs of decay, and the next century will see their constitutions shattered and their empires in ruins. Even if this should not quite happen, their resources will have become exhausted in unsuccessful attempts at colonization. Therefore, why is it to be their proper successors if not ourselves? What nation except Germany, France, Russia, Austria and Italy can put 200,000 men into the field inside of a month? As to their finance, there is no country where the disposal of surplus revenue gives rise to so much political discussion. "As to intellectual power, the Japanese mind is in every way equal to the European mind. More than this, have not the Japanese opened a way to the perfection of a discovery in which foreigners have not succeeded, even after years of labor? Our people equal, even surpass, the French, who are the most skillful among artisans, by the cleverness of their work. It is true the Japanese are small of stature, but the superiority of the body depends more on its constitution than on its size. If treaty revision were completed, and Japan completely victorious over China, we should become one of the chief powers of the world, and no power could engage in any movement without first consulting us. Japan could then enter into competition with England as the representative of the Oriental races."

Commencement Scenes.

In senior badge and swallow-tail, With lots of things to say, The college boy his speech begins On graduation day. He sweeps the whole great universe Into his little boat. He's "bitched his wagon to a star." He's old enough to vote. But when he's hustled for his food He soon will sadly say His education just began Upon "commencement" day. —Washington Capital.

The Bicycle Girl.

She was thrown on the world, "Merciful heaven," she gasped, Considerable turf was knocked off the world where she struck it. Before anybody could reach her she had risen and was swiftly leading her bicycle away.—Town Topics.

The Duchesse d'Aosta's Pearls.

The pearls given to the bride by her betrothed are so magnificent that the future Duchesse d'Aosta may hope in this respect to rival the Queen of Italy, whose pearls have long been the admiration of experts and onlookers. The wedding present includes an entire set of pearls and diamonds, a string of thirty-five pearls exquisitely matched and a necklace consisting of eleven rows of pearls clasped with a splendid emerald set in diamonds.—New York World.

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Taught to Be Resigned.

Mamie's mother was very ill, and Mamie, who had been brought up in the strictly orthodox fashion, was brought in to see her. "Oh, my dear, what would you do without mamma?" asked the sick mother. "I don't know, mamma, but I suppose it would be all for the best," responded the child. "You hard-hearted little thing!" exclaimed the mother, who promptly proceeded to get well again.—Texas Siftings.

Names and Places.

The attempt of some of the people of Sing Sing to get a change in the name of their village was defeated by a large body of the voters at an election held the other day. There have been people who wanted to change the name of America, for the reason that it ought never to have been called after Amerigo Vesputi. Others have sought to change that of the United States to Columbia, and hence "Hall, Columbia!" Others have desired that this city be called Manhattan, though its name has already been changed from New Amsterdam. The question of turning the Bowers into something else has been given up.—New York Sun.

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From present indications the summer girl will look much like a slice out of a rainbow.

In ancient Rome two argurs could not meet in any other way without laughing. But two bores could.

To go to the door with him and keep him talking a little longer is no way to speed a parting guest.

Literary men are a good deal like hens. The author lays a plot and then the editor sits on it.

She—Let us sit under the grand old oak and talk. He—Beautiful tree. And did you plant it yourself?

Tobacco Chewing Dose.

Supt. McAlvey has a little English mastiff pup, eight months old and weighing 135 pounds, that has developed an abnormal appetite for tobacco. He acquired his taste for it by watching Amos chew, no doubt, and he is never happier than when he is given a "chaw." He chews and spits like any other man and has never yet been sick. His tobacco habit is a very expensive one, and he will be given a treatment of No-to-bac in the hope of curing him.—Crawfordsville Argus News.

In some parts of the country the English language must be very sick—at least our mother tongue is badly quoted.

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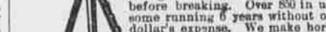
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