

METHODIST LAY LADIES.

SKETCHES OF WOMEN DELEGATES WHO WERE REJECTED.

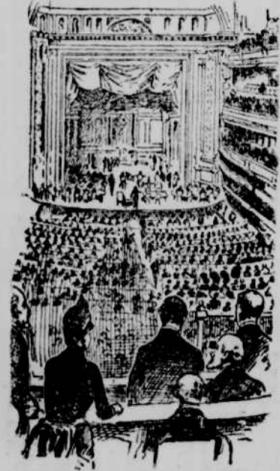
Although They Can Only Sit as Spectators at the Methodist Conference, They Wield a Powerful Influence.—Mrs. Angie F. Newman and Others.

The Methodist general conference at New York has decided admitting women to participate in their deliberations. No member spoke more eloquently against their cause than did ex-Senator Warner Miller. They remain, however, by no means an unimportant factor. Although they have been compelled to give up their seats among the delegates, they wield a potent influence nevertheless. They sit among the spectators, listen attentively to the discussions, and secretly confer with their colleagues.

Among them none can lay claim to greater distinction for hard work and enthusiasm than Mrs. Angie F. Newman. The recent years of her life have been passed in Washington, D. C., as representative of the Utah Christians in their endeavors to have new laws passed for the territory. She is an avowed foe to the Mormons, and by her unaided efforts succeeded in obtaining an appropriation of \$10,000 from the government for a home for Mormon women, victims of polygamy. She is now endeavoring to secure an additional appropriation, and left the capital only to attend the present conference. Mrs. Newman has held many important posts in Methodist church societies. For two years she held the position of western secretary of the Woman's Foreign Missionary society; for several years she was on the editorial staff of the Heavens Woman's Friend, which is the official organ of the society, and for the past five years she has been conference secretary of the Woman's Home Missionary church. Apart from this, she holds the position of national superintendent in the Woman's Christian Temperance union in the department work among Mormon women. She has many distinguished relatives. Her brother is Judge J. M. Thurston, of Omaha, Neb., the general attorney of the Union Pacific railroad, and her brother-in-law is Bishop Warren of the Methodist church. Mrs. Newman has gained considerable distinction on the lecture platform in her battle with the Mormons. In appearance she is inclined to be slight, is below the medium height, and has a profusion of hair which is streaked with gray. Her eyes are remarkable for their size and brilliancy of expression. After the conference finally adjourns she returns to her labors in Washington.

Mrs. Mary C. Nind, another woman active in the conference, was born within six miles of London, England, in 1825. From the time she was 12 years old she has been more or less engaged in church work, beginning as a Sunday school teacher. At the age of 25 she married Mr. J. G. Nind and emigrated to this country. In 1864 Mrs. Nind joined the Methodist Episcopal church, believing in its policy and desiring to share in the larger privileges granted to women in the social meetings of that church. Since then she has done considerable work as an evangelist. Soon after the organization of the Woman's Foreign Missionary society in 1850 she became identified with the movement, first as president, and afterward in minor offices, until appointed to the position of secretary of the Minneapolis branch. Mrs. Nind is also active in the Women's Christian Temperance union and the Social Party or White Cross organizations. She knew nothing of her election to the general conference until the intelligence reached her at Lincoln, Neb., where she was attending executive meetings of the W. F. M. society. Mrs. Nind has a family of several grown up children. Her oldest son is at present editor of The Lumberman. Her second daughter married a missionary, and was at last accounts in Foo Chow, China, in the conference which sent Sia Sek Ong, the Chinese orator, to the big meeting. When the work of the conference is over Mrs. Nind will embark for London to attend the general conference of foreign missions, which is to be held in Exeter hall in June.

Miss Frances E. Willard is probably best known of all the rejected delegates, as she has been active for many years as writer, speaker and worker in aid of temperance and other reforms. She is executive head of the Woman's Christian Temperance union, and its present power is largely the result of her influence. Her home is near Evanston, Ill., a great intellectual center, and among its many active thinkers none is more active than Miss Willard. Of late Miss Willard has been specially prominent in lending the assistance upon "high license," carrying her opposition so far as to advocate the entire abolition of the internal revenue tax on whisky.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE CONFERENCE.

No face is better known to prohibition audiences in the northwest, and none probably so welcome, as that of Miss Willard. She is slender and graceful, perhaps 5 feet 2 inches high, carrying erect a stately and well shaped womanly head, crowned with golden autumn hair. Her blue eyes beam kindly through glasses, and sparkle humorously or glow pathetically in harmony with the attire, appeal or pathos which she so eloquently employs in her addresses.

Her early childhood was spent in Oberlin, O., the Mecca of all the radical reformers for many years before the war; but she is a native of western New York, and at an early age went from Oberlin to a Wisconsin farm, where she is attractively described in her "Young Crusader."

A QUESTION OF HEALTH.

What Baking Powder Shall We Use?

This plain question comes home to every housekeeper. We all desire pure and wholesome food, and this cannot be had with the use of impure or poisonous baking powder. There can be no longer a question that all the cheaper, lower grades of baking powders contain either alum, lime or phosphoric acid. As both alum and lime are so much against us what may have been some of our household gods, there can be no satisfying the unanimous testimony of the official chemists. Indeed, analysts seem to find no baking powder entirely free from some of these objectionable ingredients except the Royal, and that they report as chemically pure. We find some of the baking powders advertised as pure, to contain, under the tests of Professors Chandler, Habirshaw and others, nearly twice per cent. of lime, while others are made from alum with no cream of tartar. This, we presume, accounts for their lack of leavening power as sometimes complained of by the cook, and for the bitter taste found in the biscuits so frequently complained of by our analysts.

But assure us of the inferiority of the work done by these powders, the physicians declare that lime and alum taken into the system in such quantities as this are injurious. Their physiological effects are indigestion, dyspepsia, or worse evils.

The question naturally arises, why do these cheap baking powder makers use these things? Alum is three cents a pound, lime still cheaper, while cream of tartar costs thirty-five or forty. The reasons for the chemical purity of the Royal Baking Powder were recently given in the New York Times in an interesting description of a new method for refining alkalis, or crude cream of tartar. It seems that it is only under this process that cream of tartar can be freed from the lime natural to it and rendered chemically pure, that the patents and plant for this cost the Royal Baking Powder Company about half a million dollars, and that they maintain exclusive control of the rights.

Professor McMurtrie, late chief chemist of the Department of Agriculture, at Washington, D. C., made an examination of this process, and reported upon the results attained in the refined cream of tartar. The following extract from his report would seem to answer the question repeated at the head of this article, and which is so frequently propounded by the housekeeper: "I have examined the cream of tartar used by the Royal Baking Powder Company in the manufacture of their baking powder, and find it to be perfectly pure and free from lime in any form. The chemical tests to which I have submitted the Royal Baking Powder prove it perfectly healthful and free from every deleterious substance. The Royal Baking Powder is purest in quality and highest

Curious Coincidences.

A London telegram relates an amusing incident that occurred in a case on trial in one of the civil courts on Saturday. One of the attorneys in the case was Mr. Henry F. Dickens, son of the novelist, and during the progress of the trial he brought down the house by calling as a witness John Pickwick. Quoth the presiding baron: "What an appropriate witness to be sworn for a Dickens!" This caused immense merriment, which increased when Mr. Dickens added: "By a still more curious coincidence the witness is a descendant of Mr. Moses Pickwick, proprietor of the Bath coach, from which I have reason to believe the character of Mr. Pickwick was taken, and I verily believe that one of the reasons why I was retained in the case was that I might call Mr. Pickwick!"—Indianapolis Journal.

A True Soldier.

"Yes, gentlemen," said the colonel, as he returned his glass to the counter. "The true soldier is never averse to discipline. No matter how objectionable orders from a superior officer may be, they must be obeyed promptly and without question. The true soldier never!" "Pa," said the colonel's little boy, opening the door, "ma says to come home right away." "Gentlemen," said the colonel, "good day!"—New York Sun.

Iron in Milk.

De Leon has been making an extended investigation of the amount of iron in milk, and finds that cow's milk contains more of this constituent than either human or asses' milk. In asses' milk he found 0.025 per cent. of iron, in human milk 0.015 per cent., and in cow's milk 0.040 per cent.—New York Mail and Express.

Revenge in Her Diary.

"I detect him; I never could marry him," said a young girl. "Why, do you know what I call him? I call him the little tin mogul." Oh dear, no, not to his face, but in my diary. That's where I take all my revenges, and have everything out with everybody—in my diary. I find it a great relief.—Harper's Bazar.

The "Old Oaken Bucket."

This is truly an age of iconoclasm. A cold blooded scientist now comes forward to tell that the old oaken bucket, celebrated in song and story, is a compounded mass of nitrogenous and phosphoric filthiness, and the home of the microbe and bacteria.—New York Tribune.

A Check on Dishonesty.

An inventor has patented an electric contribution box for church use. When over a button or piece of tin is deposited in the box an electric bell rings and informs the congregation of the fact.—Detroit Free Press.

The term algebra is of Arabic origin. The science was first transmitted by the Arabians or Saracens to Europe about the year 1100.

The number of hotels "contemplated" each year numbers about 1,350. The number built does not exceed 200.

An ambassador is an honest man sent to lie abroad for the commonwealth.—Sir Henry Walton.

Doctor.

I have been giving my children Dr. David's Cough Syrup, and it acts so well that if you do not object I will always give it in coughs, colds, and bronchial and lung troubles. "Object! Why, certainly not, knowing as I do the ingredients of the excellent Cough Syrup. I always recommend it to my patients and find it cures every time, but see that you get the genuine Dr. David's Cough Syrup."

One That Will Bear Telling Again.

A certain fort in the far west, so the story goes, was in command of a major of artillery who was constantly lamenting that his favorite arm could not be more frequently used against the Indians. Finally one day he took one of the small howitzers, which defended the fort, and had it securely strapped to the back of an army mule with the muzzle projecting over the animal's tail. With this novel gun carriage he proceeded in high feather with the captain and a sergeant to a bluff on the bank of the Missouri, near which was encamped a band of friendly Indians. The gun was duly loaded and primed, the fuse inserted, and the mule looked to the edge of the bluff. The major remarked something about the moral effect the exhibition was likely to produce upon the Indian allies, and stepped gayly forward and applied the match.

The curiosity of the mule was aroused. He jerked his head around to see what was firing away there on his neck, and the next second his feet were all bunched together and making forty revolutions a minute, while the gun was threatening everything under the canopy within a radius of ten miles with instant destruction. The captain shinned up himself flat on the ground and tried to dig a hole with his bayonet to crawl into, while the mule rolled over and over in agony, alternately invoking the protection of Providence and cursing the mule. Finally the explosion came, the ball going through the roof of the fort. The recoil of the gun and the wild leap of the terrified mule carried both over the bluff to a safe anchorage at the bottom of the river. The discomfited party returned sadly to the fort.

Shortly after the chief the Indians appeared and announced briefly, "Injun go home."

Questioned as to why, he thus explained: "Injun va' leave, hep white man. Injun go gun, use bow arrow, use knife, but when white man fire off whole jacks injun no understand, no think right. Injun no help un light that way."—Toronto World.

He Nursed a Striking Memory.

The clock was just striking 9 yesterday morning when two dogs jumped at each other at the corner of Monroe avenue and Randolph street. Neither was with his master, and both could have been placed under the head of "unknown." Inside of ten seconds twenty men were around the dogs. In thirty seconds 100 men had gathered.

"Throw water on em!" "Call the police!" "Who's got a cane?" "Kick that yaller one!"

All these and a dozen other exclamations flow from mouth to mouth. Seven or eight men rushed in to cause the dogs, and three or four others to kick them, and then fresh voices cried: "Let up on 'em!" "It's a shame!" "Knock that red faced man down!" "Let go, there, or I'll smash your nose!" There were four wrangles, two fights, six "dare-you-tos," fifty growls and a hundred surly inquiries, and at four minutes after 9 the dogs had departed, the crowd vanished and the sole remainder of the incident was a man sitting on a barrel nursing a black eye.—Detroit Free Press.

Not That Kind of a Bird.



"WELL, MY LITTLE BOY, WHAT DO YOU WANT?"—Life.

A Nice Servant Girl.

Mother—What, novel reading again, Mary? Daughter (pulling up the head of her slipper)—Well, there's nothing for me to do. You do everything about the house. M.—I have to. I'm sure I don't know what's to become of you, Mary. You can't cook, you can't make bread, I can't trust you to make a bed. If your father and I should be taken away what would become of you? D.—I'd get married. M.—But suppose you couldn't get married? D.—Well, if the worst came to the worst, I could hire out as a servant girl.—Boston Courier.

A Boy Again.

"Henry, you were talking in your sleep," said Mrs. Jones to her husband. "What did I talk about?" inquired Jones, anxiously. "You spoke of 'raking in the chips.'" "Ah, yes," said Jones, with a relieved look. "I was a boy again. I was always the one to rake in the chips."—Detroit Free Press.

No Need to Send Abroad.

Young Wife—John, did you post my letter asking Mr. Potts, of New York, to send me a new bundle of the largest size? Young Husband—No; I didn't think it was necessary. Young Wife—Why not, if I may ask? Young Husband—Editor Tomney is going to enlarge his paper next week.—Judge.

An Enduring Suit.

Bagley—That's an awfully durable suit of yours, Tom. It just seems to wear like iron. Bagley—I've got another that's lasted nearly as long. Bagley—Which one is that? Bagley—The tailor's suit for his bill.—Texas Sigsbee.

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THE CLOSING EXERCISES OF THE Night School of Technology, Session 1887-88, will be held at the Y. M. C. A. Hall, Sixth and Main streets, this day, FRIDAY, at 8:30 p.m.

Introductory Address by President George A. Austin. Presentation of Prizes and Diploma by Principal C. P. E. Burgess, and closing address by Hon. James N. Dunlop.

The public are cordially invited to attend. W. J. WHITEHEAD, Chairman. HENRY C. JONES, Secretary. Committee on Night School of Technology. 4-13-11

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