

# St. Landrey Democrat.

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\$2 A YEAR.

## TOO POLITE.

A Fine Old German Gentleman Incurs Losses by His Zeal.



"G-O-O-D MORNING!"



"THE RIGHT STREET? Y-E-S!"



"THE OTHER STREET? NO-O!"

"GOOD MORNING." B. B.

## CURIOS SUBSCRIPTION LISTS.

How They Are Applied to Sentimental and Political Uses.

In Belgium people contrive to make a great deal of use of subscription lists. Plain Mr. So-and-so, "anonymous" and "X. Y. Z." are but rarely to be met with in a Belgian list of donations. Their places are taken by a crowd of people who make up for the smallness of their gifts by the length and piquancy of the mottoes they use. For Belgium the custom, at all events among the smaller bourgeois and downward, is to send subscriptions, accompanied, not by a name, but by a motto or *sea*, which is usually printed in full, notwithstanding that it often extends to four lines. As a rule, the longer the motto the smaller the donation. Most of the Brussels newspapers have been receiving subscriptions for the support of the widows and children of the colliers who perished in the terrible accident at Quaregnon a few weeks ago, and as a large number of workmen have sent small sums the lists have been full of the odd mottoes affected by their class. Some of the *seas* are amatory, some political, some gourmandish, while a few smack of the nursery. "In memory of Germaine's first tooth" is an example of the last class. A day laborer sends a franc in the hope "that my wife may no longer abuse me when I take a glass too much." A domestic warning seems to be indicated in the motto, *opere tuo vivas*. "No doubt, some day Lothario understood the hint conveyed in the pious hope "that C. may leave his friend's wife in peace." There is something almost pathetic in the hope expressed, apparently by a young lady, "that I may again eat croissants with Henri at Namur." Namur is famous for the delightful little croquette which are the prime delicacy of the valley of the Meuse. Uncle Toby may perhaps have eaten them in the intervals of lying in the trenches with his honor. "In the amorous mottoes are by far the most numerous. "That Jeannie may again roll me a cigarette" smacks of a premier amour. "Leon swears to Marie that he will never abandon her in spite in the approved style. "May I forget, before she marries, to think of her first love" seems to tell a story of the rift within the lute. Some poor fellow who seems to have fared exceptionally badly at the hands of the sex exclaims piteously, "When shall I be able to console Oscar at Louvain?" It perhaps an adoration to an unstable maid. "That Alfred may not again go down on his knees to Rose" is the wish, perhaps, of the lady herself. That Eugene may cease listening to the marries, doubt, a delicate hint. Some few mottoes there are of a melancholy cast, as "For the health of our little Emily." "To the memory of our poor little Philippine," and "I hope she rest in peace." The only motto which is a somewhat vindictive is "In that hope that the man who is the cause of a suicide may be punished." The political mottoes are usually violent. "That the masses may be delivered from the odious yoke of absolutism" is the motto of a subscriber. The two-centime Socialist journals have been full of mottoes breathing destruction to kings, ministers, and priests, and all established orders of things. It would really seem that in Belgium a subscription list is regarded as a convenient substitute for the platform when violent political sentiments have to be expressed. But it is pleasant to record that a very large sum of money has been raised in this way, and that a vast amount of hopeless misery has been alleviated, at all events temporarily, by the benevolence of these motto-loving people.

So Easy.

"O, Katie, do tell me how you make that lovely shawl lace insertion. It is hard to make."

"Oh, no! It's easy as anything; you simply cast on twelve stitches, and then knit two, over twice, narrow, over again, knit three, together, over twice, puri one, knit two, slip one, puri one, knit four, narrow, knit six, knit one and slip it back, slip two over it, puri one, knit three, puri again, drop one, knit six, and so on right through."

"Is that all? Why, how easy!"

And yet these are nice who swear that women can never remember anything—*Tid-Bits.*

## A Chinaman's Discovery.

A Chinaman is supposed to have discovered that cast-off horse shoes make a good cutter's steel. The wrought iron of the shoes having been constantly hammered acquires the hardness of steel. It is also supposed that the animal heat of the hoof has something to do with it. The metal is said to be good for the manufacture of knives and sword-blades.

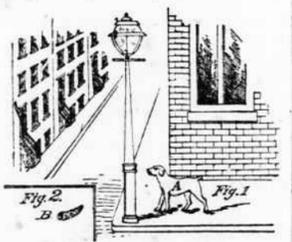
## CRANK INVENTORS.

TWO GENIUSES WHO ARE ENTITLED TO STAND AT THE HEAD.

Grand Philanthropic Schemes—Col. Pinchover's Method of Helping Dogs to Turn Corners—Michael Cahill's Plan for Preventing the Smash-up of the World.

No institution in the world receives so many queer letters and curious applications as the patent office at Washington. The fantastic ideas of cranks of the country fly to it like particles to a magnet. The applications that have been made for patents on perpetual motion machines are simply innumerable, and any occurrence producing a strong impression upon the public mind is sure to be followed by a perfect storm of queer inventions. When President Garfield was lying upon his sick bed in the White House the cranks sent in all kinds of models of inventions for reducing the temperature of the sick room. Applications for models of destructive torpedoes, flying machines, etc., are of daily occurrence, but the palm for grotesque inventions is awarded by the much-enduring officials to Mr. Michael Cahill and Morris Pinchover, Esq.

Both of these gentlemen are well known at Washington, and it must be said of them that their inventions are thoroughly philanthropic in their conception. Mr. Pinchover has noticed with deep concern the difficulties which he thinks beset dogs when they turn corners, hence he has invented a device for adjustable dog's tails. The colonel's title is of unknown derivation, but as titles are very cheap in this country, nobody begrudges him his colonelcy. He is short and wiry, his hair is worn long like the typical cowboy or an Indian war chief, and he generally wears a slouch hat *a la militaire*. He carries with him a cylindrical tin case, which contains maps and diagrams of his great invention. Here is the description given of it in his application for a patent which was accompanied by this diagram:



A—Dog. B—Adjustable tail.

**SPECIFICATION.** Be it known that I, Michael Pinchover, late colonel U. S. A., and an acclimated citizen of the U. S. A., residing at St. Elizabeth, in the county of Washington and State of Columbia, have invented certain new and useful improvements in "Detachable dogtails." My invention has relation to improvements in artificial tails for dogs and other animals, and the novelty consists in providing a detachable tail for dogs and other animals, the gravity of the tail may be directed, and consequently when he arrives at a corner which he desires to round, instead of turning it he flies off at a tangent and goes by.

By my device these objections are overcome, and when the gravity of a hollow tail (in tube) is adjusted to the dog, and he arrives at a corner which he desires to turn, say to the right, the tail automatically swings to the left, and the hind legs of the dog acting as a pivot, the head and body of the dog is thrown around to the right, and he is then enabled to pursue the new direction. The same effect is produced should the dog wish to change his direction at any point.

In testimony whereof I affix my signature in presence of two witnesses, **SEBASTIAN MASON, GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN, MAURICE PINCHOVER, PATSY BOLIVAS, N. P. & N. G.** The names of the witnesses are both in the handwriting of Pinchover, and the name of the justice is written evidently by some waggish friend of the colonel.

Mr. Cahill's invention is far more comprehensive. His idea is that the accumulation of ice at the poles of the earth will in course of time produce a disruption at the equator, and a general smash of all earthly affairs, compared to which a terrible earthquake would be a mere zephyr. Mr. Cahill, who is a tall, rawboned man with curly hair and mustache, illustrates the catastrophe by taking his well-worn hat between his ample hands and compressing it like a concertina.

Mr. Cahill states his theory as follows: "Too much rain has been allowed to accumulate around the poles of the earth, being conveyed there by the atmospheric and electric currents. There it forms into vast mountains of ice, which, exerting hydrostatic and hydraulic forces, is gradually crushing in the earth's crust. If this crushing in takes place, the globe may be exploded like a bombshell, some of its solid constituents being driven among the meteors, which are the debris of other planets (with all their inhabitants), destroyed in similar manner, like causes producing like effects. The accumulation of ice around the poles, and its annual melting to some extent and repelling, causes the gyratory motion of the earth, which has produced the recession of the equinox and lengthened the year."

The inventor's scheme to avoid this dread catastrophe is to devise means for obtaining an artificial rainfall upon that area of the earth's surface which is located

between the two pole belts of the globe, thereby preventing the great rains at the poles, which are, as the theorist claims, mainly instrumental in accumulating the enormous mountains of ice in those frigid regions.

Mr. Cahill has had some difficulty in getting a patent lawyer to frame his specifications, but by the operation of some law of sympathy in due time he made the acquaintance of Colonel Pinchover, who made out his specifications for him and prepared the accompanying diagrams.

One device is as follows: He directs that large captive balloons, armed with steel points and big reflectors of light, heat and sound, be sent up at convenient places all over the earth's surface. "High above the moisture zone of the atmosphere," says the inventor, "the particles of vapor freeze and become ice vesicles, or spicula, and are propelled by electric and wind currents to the poles." Strong currents of electricity are sent up to the balloon and complete electric communication established between the earth and the higher strata of the air. The steel points on the balloon becoming electrified, attract the vesicles of vapor, described above, "impinge them," to use Cahill's language, and precipitate them below the moisture belt, where they melt and fall to the earth as rain. To assist this, the reflectors of heat, &c., play an important part.

Another scheme is to have tall towers of iron of telescopic construction erected upon high eminences. Inside of these towers tremendous currents of warm air and steam are injected upward to the atmospheric zones of ice, thereby subserving the melting of "ice spicula," as described above.

The inventor's third scheme consists of immense burning glasses placed on the surface of the earth of such magnitude that the sun's rays will pierce through cloudland and focus in that mysterious region that floats around the globe, melting the ice spicula and producing rain. Cahill was thwarted in his philanthropic designs, as he was refused a patent, but he still feels the proud consciousness that if the earth goes to smash it will not be his fault.

## HOW JONES LOST HIS HEAD.

A Weird Story of the Dangers of Hunting Life in Australia.

So you think our friend Jones is a little off his head? Well, I can assure you some of your young fellows you would be still more off yours had you been stung upon in the way our poor Jones was, and that to my certain knowledge.

You would like to hear how it happened? Well, I do the best I can, and you may serve as a warning as to how to drink, what you drink and where you drink. A long preface to a story is a bore. I simply wish to begin mine with the remark that it is a true one, and a very sad one, and we were true one, and I expect you to believe it as such.

Well, Jones and I, when stationed at the Cape, took leave for some three months for a shooting trip up country. It was nearly the last of our leave, and we were bent on making the most of it, and by four o'clock in the afternoon we had had a pretty hard and successful day. We had been shooting under a broiling sun, and I was getting considerably tired, and I suggested to my friend that we should go to bed, leaving my smoking pipe, and I believe before the pipe was half out I fell asleep. Any way, when I did awake, I found by the sun I had slept some considerable time, and wondered very much at not seeing Jones somewhere near my pipe. I got up, and then went to look at the mangled corpse of my friend Jones, but at the place where his head should be, as true as my name is Bill Sykes, there sat a huge ostrich. I was completely taken aback. I had heard of the digestion of the ostrich. I looked at the bird, and Jones' head was at that moment being digested by that brute. Full of rage I sprang forward, and with the butt end of my gun I knocked the huge creature some dozen yards to the side, and then went to look at the mangled corpse of my friend, picture my wonderment and delight to behold him lying there, his head not only on his shoulders, but looking all the world over like a little infant in its mother's arms, peacefully asleep. I shook him. I called to him, and with the greatest difficulty I roused him up sufficiently to make him sit up and speak to me. From what he said and from my own observation this is what had taken place. After leaving me he had walked about a bit and found nothing. All at once he discovered lying snugly in the sand and close to a bush three or four ostrich eggs. Feeling tired and very thirsty he dropped his gun, ran to the nest, and skillfully punctured a hole in one of the eggs, he lay quietly down and proceeded to suck up the contents (it was newly laid). Unnoticed by him a large female ostrich walked slowly and majestically from the other side of the bush, and he being equally unnoticed by her, she proceeded to look herself calmly on her nest, no doubt with a view to assist in the hatching of these same eggs (an unusual attention on the part of these birds), or perhaps the laying another, but imagine poor Jones' horror! He knew the fierce nature of the monster, and its great strength. He dare not move. He tried to think what he should do—what best—and so wondering and thinking his mind began to wander. He seemed to lose his head. He thought he fell asleep, but I know not about that. All I do know is, you need not wonder that Jones is an old fellow, for when I roused him up from under that ostrich his brain was added, and has been ever since.—*Melbourne Advertiser.*

## THE CARICATURISTS.

SKETCHES OF THE MEN WHO MAKE THE FUNNY PICTURES.

An Art That Has Come Down to Us From Antiquity—How Cartoons are Made—Artists of Celebrity in This Line—Jos. Keppler, Bernhard Gillam and C. J. Taylor.

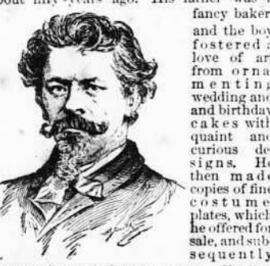
Caricature is an art that can be traced back until it is lost in antiquity. Upon circumstantial evidence it is safe, I think, to say that it was coeval with the first appearance of man on this earth; for, as an appreciation of the ludicrous side of life is inherent in a person, so, also, is the faculty of portraying it in some way or other. When the walls of Pompeii were unearthed forty years ago colored frescoes of Indian figures, animals, etc., were found, and among the Chinese are still extant comic figures known to be over 1,000 years old. Indeed, among sculptures of the Egyptians of 4,000 years ago are some of the most humorous conceptions and caricatures.

But caricature as a power never reached its height until the last quarter of a century, when its influence grew so great that, as you know, Bismarck forbids the sale of several humorous papers in Germany (the London *Punch* among others) for fear of the popular effect of some caricatures of himself; and it is a matter of recent history that Mr. Blaine threatened to sue *Punch* during the campaign of 1884 for publishing Gillam's "Tattooed Man" cartoon. Boss Tweed is said to have offered to pay \$100,000 if the Harpers would discontinue their attacks upon him. "I don't mind the newspaper editorials," said he, "but I don't read papers much, but everybody can understand those cartoons."

The present style of cartooning in color was originated in France, and first appeared in this country in San Francisco. A paper was published there called *The Wasp*, which was printed in black with one tint; it is now printed in colors. Mr. Keppler started the German *Puck* in St. Louis, in 1870, which came to an untimely death within a few months. In 1876 he revived it in New York, and soon afterward *Judge* was published. The English *Puck* was started in March, 1877. There have been a host of colored cartoon papers started in America in the last twenty years, but these two are the only ones that have secured a permanent footing. Among those which are now only a memory may be mentioned *Wild Oats*, *Fifth Avenue*, *Phony*, *The Yankee Notions*, *Mrs. Grundy*, *Unity*, *Fair*, *Beauty* and *Punchinello* as printing black and white pictures, and *Whip*, *Jingo*, *Chic*, *Cranks*, *Son*, *Straws*, *Latern* and one or two others which published colored cartoons.

It may be of interest to some readers to know how cartoons are produced. In the first place, after finding his subject, the artist proceeds to make his composition roughly upon paper, after which it is drawn upon a very fine grained stone, made especially for lithographic work. It requires at least two days to produce a double-page cartoon, and the smaller pictures in proportion; the coloring takes another day. From this it can be seen that the cartoonist must be a very industrious worker, for a day is set apart for each branch of his business, and the cartoons are thus ground out with the regularity of clockwork.

**JOSEPH KEPPLER.** Joseph Keppler, the great cartoonist who is inseparably associated with the growth of caricature in America, was born in Vienna about fifty years ago. His father was a fancy baker, and the boy fostered a love of art from ornamental designs. He then made copies of fine costumes, plates, and sundries, and subsequently drew for the comic German papers. Finding this did not pay, he joined a dramatic troupe and assumed at will the role of tragedian and comedian. The company, founded, and he became a prestidigitator, doing the acrobatic and assistant act. About 1869, feeling that the country was too small for him, he came to America, settling in St. Louis. There he began to work in earnest, and his first time was spent in making designs for lithographers, but he was too ambitious for that work and induced some friends to aid him in establishing the German *Puck*. St. Louis was a poor city for such a paper, and he went to New York in a few months. Thwarted, but not discouraged, Keppler came to New York in 1872. His genius was at once recognized, and he and Matt Morgan drew cartoons on *Leslie's* in opposition to *Nast's* on *Harper's*. He remained with *Leslie* until 1876, when, in company with A. Schwartzmann, he revived the German *Puck*, the English edition of which appeared the following March. Keppler was not mistaken, and the paper was an assured success almost from the start. He has always been quick in appreciating young genius, and there was never anything in the country too good or too expensive for *Puck*, which has been a father to the whole younger generation of cartoonists and a fortune to its owners.



Personally, Mr. Keppler impresses one as a dashing, brilliant man. He is five feet ten inches in height, of military bearing, with large mustache and goatee. Great masses of hair seem to float on the top of his head. His temperament is quick and nervous, but his disposition is very genial. His home is in Inwood-on-the-Hudson, where he has a beautiful house, surrounded with all the comforts and conveniences of a gentleman's long-deferred hopes can afford.

## BERNHARD GILLAM.

Bernhard Gillam, a prince of cartoonists, was born in Bamby, Oxford, England, October 28, 1836, and is still a young man, considering the reputation he has won. He came to New York fifteen years ago and entered a lawyer's office, but following the natural bent of his mind he covered more foolscap pages with character sketches than with legal notes, and after a couple of years the lawyer found that he could dispense with young Gillam's services. Mr. Gillam

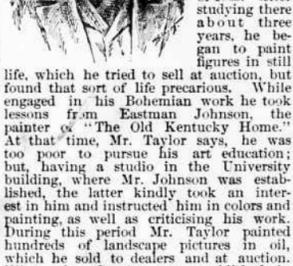
conceived the idea that he could draw cartoons. He spent four days on a drawing for *Wild Oats*, and was rewarded by receiving the munificent sum of \$1 from the firm, the drawing being declined. This experience lessened his enthusiasm, and for the next six years he became a sort of artistic tramp, being by turns an engraver, portrait painter and designer for show cards and the like. In 1879 he accepted an engagement as cartoonist on *Frank Leslie's Weekly*. Mr. Leslie dying soon afterward, and the policy of the paper being changed, Mr. Gillam went upon the *Graphic*, for which paper he drew for some time. During the Garfield-Hancock campaign he was upon the staff of *Harper's Weekly*, drawing in conjunction with *Nast*. In 1881 the owners of *Puck* sent for Mr. Gillam and engaged him at a high salary. Preceding the campaign of 1884 he invented the "Tattooed Man" which created such a sensation at the time. In January, 1886, he, in company



with W. J. Arkell, took hold of *The Judge*, convinced that there was ample room for two papers of the kind. The policy of *The Judge* being straight Republican, and *The Puck* having a Democratic leaning, the conflict between these two journals is very interesting. Mr. Gillam comes of an artistic stock. His father was an artist, and three out of his father's four sons have followed in his footsteps. Personally, Mr. Gillam is very attractive. His manners are excellent and his voice is low and musical. He is five feet and a half inches in height; has a wealth of black hair, which he combs in the Pompadour style, and a fine brown mustache. Put a frock coat on him and he would be easily taken for a minister. True to the instincts of a Bohemian, he has remained a bachelor. So much has been written about Gillam as an artist and his work is so generally well known that there is little left to be said. He and Keppler are so much in advance of their contemporaries that I can't think of one who is deserving to be ranked even second to them. Perhaps Keppler is more original, says and natural, and even *Quaker* may possess more real fun; but Gillam excels them all in strength, execution and color. He is the Titan of the cartoonists, and his warm, sunny nature is always to be found wrapped up in his best work.

## C. J. TAYLOR.

C. J. Taylor, who has been doing so much work on *Puck* during the past year, was born in New York city August 11, 1831. In 1849 he went to Harper's as an apprentice. At the end of nine months the firm, of which Fletcher Harper was at that time the guiding spirit, wished to make a contract with him for three years. Before Mr. Taylor went to Harper's he took lessons from Emanuel Leutze, who painted the *Washington* crossing the Delaware. He was admitted to the Academy of Design in the fall of 1863. After studying there about a year he began to paint figures in still life, which he tried to sell at auction, but found that sort of life precarious. While engaged in this Bohemian work he took lessons from Eastman Johnson, the painter of "The Old Kentucky Home." At that time, Mr. Taylor says, he was too poor to pursue his art education; but, having a studio in the University building, where Mr. Johnson was established, the latter kindly took an interest in him and instructed him in colors and painting, as well as criticizing his work. During this period Mr. Taylor painted hundreds of landscape pictures, many of which he sold to dealers and at auction. When the *Graphic* was established in 1873 he joined its staff and began to draw cartoons and do general work. His first cartoon was a picture of a paper building with small caricatures, explanatory of the subject, and figures of the directors of the Industrial Exhibition scheme throwing dust in the people's eyes. He thought cartooning would be an immense success, and deemed it a good plan to acquire a store of varied knowledge and to discipline his mind; so, in 1873, he entered Columbia Law School. During the first year he continued to draw for the *Graphic*; but as the strain was too severe, he wished to obtain a degree, he resigned from that paper and devoted the whole of 1874 to the study of law. He received his diploma in May, 1874, and at the first alumni meeting, a few weeks later, he was elected secretary. Wm. Walker Phelps was chosen alumni orator at the same time. Mr. Taylor had as classmates at Columbia Law School Robert Ray Hamilton, a member of the New York Assembly for three terms; Hugh Rely, now district attorney of Albany, N. Y.; Wm. C. Gulliver, one of the directors of the new Madison-square Garden scheme, and a brother of Theodore Roosevelt, the latter being then in the junior class, was also Wm. Waldorf Astor, ex-minister to Italy. After leaving the law school Mr. Taylor formed a legal firm, in company with Edward Nicoll and Adam E. Schatz; but he withdrew after six months and returned to the *Graphic*, where he remained until 1882, when he took a studio and did general work, which he exhibited at the exhibitions. After leaving the *Graphic* Mr. Taylor was elected a member of the Salmagundi Club and American Black and White Society. He continued to work for himself until April, 1886, when he joined the staff of *Puck*. Last summer, in company with Julian Ralph, he "did" the fashionable seaside resorts for the *Sunday Sun*. The illustrations were very exhaustive, and three days were devoted to each place. While the sketches were rough and hurriedly executed, they were very effective. Mr. Taylor says they were true to life. In appearance Taylor is the beau-ideal of an artist. He is six feet in height; has a large head and a very long nose, which is covered with bushy hair, slightly tinged with gray. His nose is large and rather pointed, and he has a medium mustache and side-whiskers. He is married and has two children. His



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in East Orange, N. J., where he has resided in his own house for five years. He is a steady worker, and even works five nights out of the seven.

## AMONG THE CHURCHES.

Facts and Opinions on Matters of Interest in the Religious World.

A most interesting development of the principle of evangelical union in missionary labor has been successfully in operation for ten years in Japan. In June, 1877, the missionary agents of three churches resolved to enter heartily into an united effort in their mission work, so as to secure the organization of all existing native churches under their respective care into one body. The three churches in question were the Reformed (Dutch) Church of America, the Presbyterian (North) Church of America, and the United Presbyterian Church of the movement—namely, the Presbyterian Church (South) of America and the Reformed (German) Church of the United States. There is, thus, at present, a fivefold representation in the Union Church of Christ in Japan, which is the name given to the combined organization that has thus been brought into being.

The revision of the Westminster confession is contemplated by some of the leaders of the Free Church of Scotland, and the opinions expressed by some of the most thoughtful of the Presbyterian ministers are interesting. Professor Blackie asserts his belief in the necessity of a definite creed in a church. But while assenting to the confession, he is none the less persuaded that it is too long, too elaborate and too minute to be imposed absolutely, in its every article and clause, on all ministers, and that some relaxation ought to be allowed. He would abridge the document and modify the existing formula of assent. While maintaining the necessity of creeds for a church, he "must own, however, that the Scriptural authority for creeds is extremely small, if it exists at all." Dr. Marcus Dods seems to think that mere revision would excite much ecclesiastical strife, and effect very little good.

Now that the results of the past year are becoming apparent in the year books of the several denominations, it is seen that the gains of the various Protestant Churches of this country aggregate for the past year over half a million members. The largest gains are in the two branches of the Methodist Episcopal Church, the "North" and "South," which aggregate 153,000. The Baptists come next in order, with an increase of 100,000 members. Following are the Lutherans, with an increase of 37,626, and then the Presbyterians with 27,326, and the Episcopalians, who report an increase of 19,541. The other denominations add largely to these numbers.

The old gibe to the effect that it takes a dollar to get a dime to the heathen does not have facts to back it. In the administration of the Methodist Missionary Society out of every \$100 contributed \$95 goes to the missions direct; \$2 74 to "incidental expenses"—that is, interest and annuities, expenses of bishops in visiting missions, insurance, exchange, etc.; \$1 33 to "office expenses"—that is, salaries, traveling expenses, stationery, etc., after deducting amounts received from rental of mission buildings; ninety-one cents to disseminating missionary information.

An enormous official-looking document has arrived in England from Siberia, in which a number of convicts expressed, in touching words, their gratitude for the pamphlets and portions of Scripture which the British Tract Society had sent out to them. At the foot of the neatly written letter a long string of the names of the convicts appeared. Some were written in a firm, clear hand, many more faintly and illegibly, while not a few of the condemned men had put the mark of the illiterate, which seems to be a X all the world over.

The Rev. H. U. Weitbrecht, C. M. S. missionary at Batala, has issued a pamphlet on "Hindu Literature in India." It is stated that a native publishing firm in Lahore is disseminating translations in different languages of new European infidel publications from Central India to the Afghan border. To some extent this propaganda of unbelief and agnosticism has influenced Europeans; but its chief influence has been among natives, both the English-speaking class and those who understand the vernacular only.

The work of the American Bible Society the past year has been large. According to the annual report, the cash receipts were \$463,328 and the expenditures were \$554,490. During the year 1,675,877 copies of the Scriptures were printed and purchased. The aggregate circulation in foreign lands was 821,356 copies. In seventy-one years the society has issued 48,234,916 copies, which have been distributed in all parts of the world.

Christian work is moving forward in the Hermit nation. A Bible committee, for the translation of the Bible, has been formed by the missionaries at Seoul. Several Koreans have been baptized and others are studying the Word. This, at present, is done in a private way, because of the existing laws against the introduction of Christianity.

The *Christian Advocate*, the official Methodist Church paper, publishes a document of John Wesley, in which he says: "I believe there is no liturgy in the world, either in ancient or modern language, which breathes more of a solid, spiritual, rational piety than the Common Prayer of the Church of England."

The women of the Presbyterian Church in this country are said to have raised in the past sixteen years \$2,150,000 for missions.

## Couldn't Have Been His Wife.

"Has my wife been here?" asked a nervous man of a clerk in a Harlem dry-goods store.

"Tall woman?"  
"Yes."  
"Red hair?"  
"Yes."  
"Cross-eyed?"  
"Yes."  
"Bonnet on sideways?"  
"Yes."  
"Bought ten yards of silk dress goods and paid cash for it?"  
"Did that woman do this?"  
"Yes."  
"Well, I don't think it could be Maria," and out he went.—*Tid-Bits.*

## Women in India.

The Bombay *Gazette* has broken the ice by employing sixteen Anglo-Indian girls as compositors and a woman as proof-reader.