[illegible] JOHN ANDREW SHULZE.

[illegible] OF ONE OF PENNSYLVANIA'S EARLIEST CHIEF EXECUTIVES.

[illegible] Taking a Short Collegiate Course He [illegible] Theology and Administers the Lutheran Faith Six Years—His Part in Politics—A Resident of This City.

John Andrew Shulze, governor of Pennsylvania under the constitution of 1790, from December 19, 1823, to December 15, 1829, was born on the 19th of July, 1775, in Tulpehocken township,* Berks county. His father was a clergyman of the German Lutheran church, and had several congregations to which he ministered. The son received his early instruction in English and German from his father. He was afterwards put to an institution in Lancaster and while there was under the immediate care of his uncle, Dr. Henry Muhlenberg. He completed his preparation for college in York county, under the instruction of the Rev. Mr. Melsheimer. He received a finished classical education in the city of New York, and afterwards studied there with his uncle, Dr. Kunze, a celebrated divine of that day. In 1796 he was admitted as a member of the German Lutheran synod, and was shortly afterwards ordained a minister in that church. For a period of six years he officiated as pastor of several congregations in Berks county, and was esteemed and loved by all who knew him.

In 1802 a rheumatic affection from which he had long suffered obliged him to suspend his labors in the ministry, and two years later, finding no improvement in his condition, he was induced to seek another occupation. He accordingly entered upon mercantile business in the village of Myerstown (then Dauphin county), in which he continued for several years, accumulating a small fortune.

In 1805 he was elected a member of the House of Representatives of Pennsylvania, and was re-elected for the two succeeding years. He declined a fourth term. The journals show that he made an active and efficient member. The attention of Governor Snyder was attracted to him in 1813, and he appointed him surveyor general of the state, but he declined. He then tendered him the position of register, recorder, prothonotary, clerk of the orphans' court, and clerk in the sessions court of Lebanon county, which he accepted. He served efficiently until the close of Gov. Snyder's term, when he was commissioned by Gov. Findlay. In 1821, much against the wishes of his friends, he resigned, and in October of that year he was elected to represent Lebanon county in the lower house of the legislature. The following year he was chosen a state senator for Dauphin and Lebanon counties by a large majority.

Before he had been in the Senate a year he was nominated for governor by the Democrats, who then called themselves Republicans, and was declared elected by a majority of about 26,000 over Andrew Gregg, Federalist. In 1826 he was re-elected without recognized opposition, receiving nearly 73,000 votes out of 75,000 polled. His opponent was John Sergeant. It was during his administration that the system of public improvement was commenced, and if his prudent and cautious recommendations had been followed by the legislature, to finish one line of canal before commencing another, the commonwealth would have been saved from a large portion of the debt which afterwards weighed so heavily upon her citizens.

To Governor Shulze belongs the credit, which is usually accorded to his successor, of having been the first to advocate a general system of education. In his message of 1828 he advocated the system in strong language. Few governors have left the executive chair with as large share of personal popularity, and carrying with them into retirement less personal and political animosity towards them, than did the subject of this notice. Conservative in all his views, honest and straightforward in all his acts, he commanded the confidence of the people and never abused it. His was not a brilliant, but a judicious, faithful and useful career. Unable to agree with all the measure of his party, he had the integrity and the independence to array himself against anything he conceived to be wrong. He was educated in the Jeffersonian school of politics, and was, therefore, in feeling and sentiment, an old school Republican. He favored all the conservative Republican measures, of which Jefferson, Madison and Monroe had been the champions. With his old party friends he came to differ, however, on the question of home protection, and after his retirement from office he became affiliated with the Anti-Masonic party in sentiment.

After his retirement from office in 1829 he removed to Lycoming county, and now begins the period in his history when the closing years of his life were saddened by financial and domestic troubles. In 1831 he purchased of John Cowden a tract of land in Fairfield township, containing 500 acres and 16 perches, for $12,000. The deed was acknowledged April 18, 1831, by John Cowden and Sarah his wife, before Israel Pleasants, a justice of the peace of Northumberland county, and it is recorded in deed book F, page 667, in the recorder's office at Williamsport, under date of April 22, 1831. This splendid farm bordered on the eastern boundary of the borough of Montoursville. Soon after making the purchase he built a handsome brick dwelling house on the farm, which was regarded as a great improvement at that day. It was called "the Governor Shulze residence," and is known by that title at the present time.

As the purchase of this farm marked the beginning of the financial ruin of the ex-governor, its history may not be out of place in this connection. It originally consisted of two tracts owned by Samuel Wallis. His administrators, John Wallis, Daniel Smith, William Ellis and John Adlum, deeded it on the 11th of June, 1801, to Colonel Samuel McLane. He in turn conveyed it on the 27th of June, 1803, to Abraham DuBois. On the 1st of May, 1805, DuBois sold it to Samuel Denman, who, on the 1st of November, 1811, conveyed it to Thomas Cadwalader. He conveyed it on the 4th of April, 1815, to John Cowden, a party thereto. Cowden had entered into articles of agreement with John Faransworth on the 13th of May, 1813, for the sale of the tract, and agreed upon the payment of the purchase money to execute the same to Faransworth. The latter died without having received his deed, but left a will dated April 5, 1825, in which he gave full power to his executors to sell and convey any part or all. John Burrows and Charles Lloyd were his executors, but Lloyd was afterwards relieved from serving by the court. Burrows then entered into articles of agreement, on the 8th of August, 1830, to sell to Shulze, and the deed of transfer, in consideration of $12,000, was duly perfected and signed by Cowden and wife on the 18th of April, 1831.

In 1839 he was elected a senatorial delegate to the National convention which assembled at Harrisburg to nominate candidates for president and vice president of the United States, and was chosen one of the vice presidents on that occasion. In the following year he was a member of the electoral college, of which he was unanimously chosen president.

In the management of his business the governor was unfortunate. Through endorsing and other causes he became involved, and the more he struggled to get out of debt the deeper he got in. He was public spirited and liberal. He gave an acre of ground and $100 to build a church. General Burrows subscribed $200. It was built in 1838 or 1839, near the eastern borough limits of Montoursville. It was called the Union church, because the Lutherans and Presbyterians had the privilege of using it. In later years it was called the "White Church," because of its color. The building still stands and is now used by the Grangers as a hall.

As years passed away the governor became deeper involved in debt and he was harrassed with lawsuits. May 7, 1844, a judgment was entered against him in the court of Lycoming county, in favor of William Cameron, of Lewisburg, for $3,835.49, upon which a writ of *fiera facias* was issued on the 1st of June to September term of the same year. Hugh Donnelly was sheriff and he levied upon the farm. An inquisition was held and the property condemned, and on the 9th of September, 1844, a writ of *venditioni exponas* was issued. On the 11th of September the court granted the sheriff leave to amend his levy so as to divide the farm in two parts, and the levy was so amended. On the 15th of October, 1844, the sheriff sold the farm in two parts. One part, containing 254 acres and 101 perches, and a large two-story brick dwelling house, was purchased by John Ott Rockafellar for $9,900 and the other part, containing 242 acres and 141 perches, with a large two-story dwelling house, bank barn, &c., was purchased by George Tomb, of Jersey Shore, for $7,600 making altogether the sum of $17,500. The Rockafellar portion was afterwards purchased by Oliver Watson, of Williamsport, and it has since changed hands. Tomb's heirs still own the other portion.

Having been sold out, the governor was obliged to leave the property a ruined man. He took up his residence for a brief time in a house in Montoursville. George Bubb, president of the Lycoming National bank, was present and assisted to move him. He says then when he reached the house in the village and looked back on his lost possessions, he stood in the door and shed tears. Huston Hepburn, who was deputy sheriff for Sheriff Riddell, remembers Governor Shulze well, as he was called upon several times to serve executions upon him. He always received him courteously and sadly informed him that he had nothing. There are many entries against him on the books in the prothonotary's office, and many of the judgments and executions remain unsatisfied to this day.

Broken down in health and without means the governor moved his family to Lancaster in 1846, where he continued to reside in quiet retirement until his death,* which occurred November 18, 1852, at the age of 77 years and 4 months. His remains lie in Woodward hill cemetery, near that city, and a handsome monument erected in honor of him by his friends, point out to the visitor his resting place.—*John F. Meginness in Penn'a Historical Journal.*

*Harris' Biographies of Residents of Lancaster county, p. 523.

[Governor Shulze had two sons and two daughters, Augusta A. was the eldest and Francis S. the youngest. The daughters were named Louisa and Wilhelmina. The latter married Martin Madison Moore. All of the family are dead but Augustus, who resides in Philadelphia.—ED.]

How the Engagement Closed.

From Life.

Robinson—"Hallo, old boy! how are you? Glad to see you."

Jones—"First rate. You well?"

Robinson—"Thanks; quite! By the way, I heard you were engaged to Miss Bondclipper."

Jones—"No, Robinson; I was engaged to her, but that is past."

Robinson—"Well, Jones, between you and me, now, you are a lucky boy. She's rich of course, but that is all she has to recommend her."

Jones—"Yes."

Robinson—"And then her money is only prospective, you know. Her father might loose it all in a pork deal, or in an unwise flyer in stocks, before the daughter got to handle it."

Jones—"That is true."

Robinson—"Well, that's the way I look at it. I could have married her myself."

Jones—You could?"

Robinson—"It's a fact; but I counted the cost and drew out just in time. Fortunate, wasn't it?"

Jones—"Very."

Robinson—"But tell me how you managed to break the engagement. Mine hadn't quite gone that far."

Jones—"I didn't break it."

Robinson—"Oh, she did it herself, did she? But perhaps I ought not to say anything about it. I supposed, of course, you broke it yourself, as she was anxious to marry, and every body knows that."

Jones—"Oh, you needn't apologize. I'm not worrying at all about it."

Robinson—"That's good. I like to see a man keep a stiff upper lip. Might I inquire what made her break it?"

Jones—"Oh, she didn't break it, either."

Robinson—"Well, that's strange. Then it must have been her father."

Jones—"No; he had no objection."

Robinson—"Then how did you manage to get out of the engagement?"

Jones—"I married her last week."

Robinson (With a gasp)—"Ah-h-h! Well, I must really be going now. Good-by!"

Jones—"Good-by."

Music the fiercest grief can charm,
And fate's severest rage disarm;
Music can soften pain to ease,
And make despair and madness please;
Our joys below it can improve,
And antedate the bliss above.

—*Pope.*

BY CARS TO EUROPE.

Suggested Travel Between the Old and New World by Pneumatic Tubes.

From the Hartford Courant.

Colonel J. H. Pierce, of Saithington, who has been studying the use of pneumatic tubes, has reached a point at which he hopes to show that a tube across the Atlantic can be used. Following is a description of the apparatus as he conceives it: The tubes will always be in couples, with the currents of air in one tube always moving in an opposite direction from the other. The heaviest cannon will serve to illustrate the tube. A car takes the place of the charge, the tube to be indefinitely continuous and the speed of the car to be governed by the rapidity with which air can be forced through. Time is required to establish a current of air flowing with great swiftness through a tube perhaps thousands of miles in length, but when once created the motion will be nearly uniform. The speed of the current may be made as great as may be desired by using the steam driver fans employed in blast furnaces.

Niagara Falls could drive blast fans and furnish motive power to keep in motion the trains to connect this continent with the old world. The temperature within the tube may be regulated by passing blasts of air entering the tube through furnaces or over ice. The speed attainable may reach 1,000 miles an hour. The tube lining and car exterior would be of polished steel with corrugated sides, matching with wheels provided with anti-friction bearings. The speed, owing to the curvature of the earth's surface, will tend to overcome all weight and the pressure will be upon the upper part of the tube; thus there is scarcely any limit to the speed attainable. The inventions consist in the details of the work.

Wilde's Necktie.

Arlo Bates in the Providence Journal.

"I had a funny time with Oscar Wilde," observed a brilliant young novelist from a corner where he had been sitting silent with the very pretty young lady who for the time being was the best beloved of his somewhat fickle soul. "I was awfully impudent to him, but I knew all about his being brought over here to advertise 'Patience,' and I didn't feel like taking him very seriously. He was only an advertisement got up for the benefit of polite society and to let people know what the æsthetic craze was."

He paused as if he had forgotten what he started out to tell, but upon being reminded that he had not completed his story, he continued, rather explosively:

"Ah! Oh, yes. I was going to say, I was walking down street one night when he overtook me. I'd met him once or twice and he walked along with me, until presently he asked me to come in while he bought a cravat. He went into a store and he tumbled over everything he could find with the most topioftical air in the world, and at last he said: 'I can't find a cravat in America of a color a gentleman can wear.' I looked at him, and in that way you'll sometimes be very much annoyed at a little thing, and I was all at once utterly out of patience with him. And before I thought or realized what I was saying I blurted out, 'If you would let your beard grow as long as your hair, you might get along without one.' He looked rather astonished, but he managed to pull up a smile, and take it as an American pleasantry."

The Right Color and Fit.

Lady (in St. Louis bookstore)—I will look at some books, please.

Proprietor—Yes, ma'am. What color and size?

Lady—Blue and gold, I think, and something about nine inches long and five inches wide.

OH, THE CHILDREN!

Oh, the children! Oh, the children! How they suffer, droop and die
In the close and crowded city, when the days are hot and dry!
How they gasp and groan and murmur, in their ceaseless, voiceless prayer
For a bit of God's great bounty, for the blessing of the air!

Rooms and houses packed and reeking hold the children day and night,
Shutting off the healthful breezes, with the sunshine and the light;
Only noxious odors reach them, that can enter everywhere,
All the gases of the garbage, and the fever-laden air.

There the dark Death Angel fans them, watching well the failing breath,
Holds them, folds them in his arms until their eyes are closed in death.
Oh, the coffins nightly, and oh, the hearses that by day,
Through the city's narrow, nasty streets are driven fast away!

Breezes blowing all about them, blowing freshly here and there,
All the glory of the ocean, all the sweetness of the air;
But the children cannot reach them, from the freest blessings barred,
And we do not need to wonder that their lives are brief and hard.

DRIFT.

Mr. Horace E. Scudder has a capital article, in the July number of *The Atlantic Monthly*, on "American Classics in School." It is just one of those papers that are peculiar to this sterling magazine, for which we look in no other periodical, and which we should find in no other if we did look.

The article is so good and full of sound sense and useful truth that I may be pardoned for quoting from it liberally while trying to reproduce some of its best thoughts here. Mr. Scudder maintains, what is unquestionably true, that our national literature is one of the best and strongest conservers of our patriotism. He says: "The deposit of nationality is in laws, institutions, art, character and religion; but laws, institutions, character, and religion are expressed through art, and mainly through the art of letters. It is literature, therefore, that holds in precipitation the genius of the country, and the higher the form of literature, the more consummate the expression of that spirit which does not so much seek a materialization as it inevitably shapes itself in fitting form. Long may we read and ponder the life of Washington, yet fall back at last content upon those graphic lines of Lowell in 'Under the Old Elm,' which cause the figure of the great American to outline itself upon the imagination with large and strong portraiture."

By way of parenthesis let me just call to mind again some passages from that grand and noble poem. You know it was read at Cambridge on the hundredth anniversary of Washington's taking command of the American army, July 3d, 1875. This is one of its strongest stanzas:

"Never to see a nation born
Hath been given to mortal man,
Unless to those who, on that summer morn,
Gazed silent when the great Virginian
Unsheathed the sword whose fatal flash
Shot union through the incoherent clash
Of our loose atoms, crystallizing them
Around a single will's unpliant stem,
And making purpose of emotion rash.
Out of that scabbard sprang, as from its womb,
Nebulous at first but hardening to a star,
Through mutual share of sunburst and of gloom
The common faith that made us what we are."

I can't help giving also the last stanza entire, it is so beautiful an illustration of what the sentiments of true patriotism are over against the wild ravings of political demagogism and the narrow bigotry of mere partisanship:

"Virginia gave us this imperial man
Cast in the massive mould
Of those high-statured ages old
Which into grander forms our mortal metal ran;
She gave us this unblemished gentleman:
What shall we give her back but love and praise
As in the dear old unestranged days
Before the inevitable wrong began?
Mother of States and undiminished men,
Thou gavest us a country, giving him,
And we owe alway what we owed thee then:
The boon thou wouldst have snatched from us
again
A great man's memory is the only thing
With influences to outlast the present whim
And bind us as when here he knit our golden
ring.
All of him that was subject to the hours
Lies in thy soil and makes it part of ours
Across more recent graves,
Where unresentful Nature waves
Her pennons o'er the shot-ploughed sod,
Proclaiming the sweet truce of God
We from this consecrated plain stretch out
Our hands as free from afterthought or doubt
As here the united North
Poured her embrowned manhood forth
In welcome of our savior and thy son.
Through battle we have better learned thy
worth,
The long-breathed valor and undaunted will,
Which, like his own, the day's disaster done,
Could, safe in manhood, suffer and be still.
Both thine and ours the victory hardly won;
If ever with distempered voice or pen
We have misdeemed thee, here we take it back,
And for the dead of both don common black
Be to us evermore as thou wast then,
As we forget thou hast not always been,
Mother of States and unpolluted men,
Virginia, fitly named from England's manly
queen!"

Of this whole Ode of Lowell's it is eminently true as Mr. Scudder says, that "It is his concentration in poetry and the more lofty prose which gives to literary art its preciousness as a symbol of human endeavor, and renders it the one essential and most serviceable means for keeping alive the smouldering coals of patriotism."

Equally true is it of the other examples adduced: "The spirit of the orations of Webster and Benton, the whole history of the giant poised in conscious strength before his triumphant struggle, one may catch in a breath in those glowing lines which end the Building of the Ship. The deep passion of the war for the Union may be overlooked in some formal study of battles and campaigns, but rises pure, strong, and flaming in the immortal Gettysburg speech."

Again Mr. Scudder says, "Practical patriotism is by no means so dependent upon considerations of expediency and personal advantage, or even duty, as it is upon the undying sentiment of patriotism. As well might we say that practical religion rested only in a sense of duty. Its springs are in love of God; let these become dry and choked through the failure to hold conscious communion with him, and practical religion will be but a barren fig tree. Precisely thus, the sentiment of patriotism must be kept fresh and living in the hearts of the young through quick and immediate contact with the sources of that sentiment; and the most helpful means are those spiritual deposits of patriotism which we find in noble poetry and lofty prose, as communicated by men who have lived patriotic lives and been fed with coals from the altar."

"If all this be true, we are bound to make as deliberate a provision for keeping this sentiment of patriotism alive as we are to provide against the possibility of an attack upon the nation from foreign enemies." All this is true as can be. And as true and certain it is that real patriotism is not strengthened in the least, but rather weakened by misdirection, by such primitive and semi-barbarous means as we now employ in celebrating our national festival days. It is not love of country that we foster by all the noise and fuss of brass bands and gunpowder with which we "celebrate," but only a love of excitement, turmoil and confusion; and the worst of it is that the multitude are led to think that this is patriotism. Just as little is it a display of patriotism every Fourth of July to burn up as much property, and kill and maim as many fellow creatures throughout the country, as an ordinary battle in war time would cost us. All the firecrackers in the world will not do as much toward making your boy or girl a true patriot as will the reading of Irving's Life of Washington; or Emerson's Fortunes of the Republic, American Scholar, or any one of a score of his essays; or Bryant's, Longfellow's, Whittier's, Lowell's poetry. Still further it is not only war histories that generate patriotism, they rather generate a love of strife and fighting and adventure. One or two volumes of Hawthorne, or Cooper's tales, or Thoreau, to say nothing of the invaluable series of American Statesmen and American Men of Letters biographies, and the American Commonwealths Series,—these specimens of American literature are worth more as preservers, enlighteners and strengtheners of American patriotism, than all the powder, parades and brass bands in the country.

I shall quote one more paragraph from Mr. Scudder's admirable article, and then will stop. It is so full of just that kind of truth which we most need, and which our public educators need most carefully and earnestly to heed, that I hope it will be carefully read and thought over in spite of the heat.

"We have gone quite far enough in the mechanical development of the common school system. What we most need is the breath of life, and reading offers the noblest means for receiving and imparting this breath of life. The tendency of our schools is always toward an assimilation of the common life of the country, and there is no danger that they will not be practical enough. Arithmetic passes into the making out of bills and the calculation of interest. Writing gravitates toward business forms. Geography points to commercial enterprises. Reading finds its end in a Sunday newspaper. But the common life of the country has also its heroic, its ideal temper, and it is the business of those who have to do with schools to see to it that this side is not neglected. This requires thought, adaptation of means to ends, organization. To secure a just equilibrium, we need to use the great power of reading, and apply it to what is noble and inspiriting. The spiritual element in education in our common schools will be found to lie in reserve in literature, and, as I believe, most effectively in American literature."

UNCAS.

ARCHBISHOP WALSH.

An Irish Prelate Who Has Done Vast Service for His Country.

Archbishop Walsh, of Dublin, who is endeavoring by every effort in his power to induce the government to suspend the still continuing evictions in Ireland until the land bill has been settled by Parliament, suggests that a conference on the subject be held by the leaders of the various parties, and determine on the feasible and humane plan of dealing. The question is an obstinate one and Archbishop Walsh has his hands full, with the work of mitigation and leniency. Dr. Walsh is a recent appointee to the archbishopric of Dublin. At the time of the vacancy Pope Leo XIII was a long time making up his mind as to whom to select for the vacant archbishopric of Dublin, but as might have been expected when he had to choose between the presumed desires of the British government, as conveyed through the mysterious Mr. Errington, and the loudly expressed aspirations of Nationalist ecclesiastics, he decided in favor of the latter. The advance Irish party were naturally highly delighted when a telegram arrived from Rome announcing that the Very Rev. and Dr. Walsh, vicar capitular, and president of the college of Maynooth, had been appointed to the vacant see. The Nationalists regard Dr. Walsh as an ardent sympathizer but there has been nothing in his former public life to warrant such a belief. He had never until the present time taken part in politics, but has been exclusively devoted heretofore to a scholastic life nor could his views have been distasteful to Cardinals Cullen and McCabe, as these reverend gentlemen promoted him to be first a professor, and finally the president and responsible administrator of a college specially intended for the education of candidate for the priesthood.

THE OLD STORY.

The Virtuous Deacon is Roped in Again by the Sleek Card-Monte Man.

The good people of the South Shore are very shy of strangers, very. A certificate of "faith" only is, as a rule, an open sesame to their homes and confidences, but an exception was recently noted when a merry picnic party arrived upon the beach and were spreading the cloth for dinner. A little distance below them a boat was moored, and two or three figures could be seen upon it evidently engaged in fishing. Several boys of the beach party, with the confidence of their age and sex, were soon upon friendly terms with the fishing party.

"Mamma," said Billy, coaxingly, a while after, "can't we invite Senator Miller to dinner?"

"Senator Miller? Hear the child, cried the lady, "who's he?"

"That gentleman in the tall hat and—"

"The other one is Congressman Duffy," said the other boy, breathlessly, "in the white derby; ask him, too."

"Why, I don't know why we should not," replied the matron, who had great veneration for the titles, "I'll see."

The rest were disposed to be affable to the illustrious strangers, "bein' as it's only out on the beach," said they, and accordingly the strangers were invited to dinner. How entertaining they were! What a fund of anecdotes! How red they grew in the face over Mr. Smith's and Mr. Seacrumb's chestnuts! With what grace did they wait upon the ladies. Dinner over and jokes languishing, the senator idly drew from his inner coat pocket a few cards with cabalistic spots upon them.

"Cards!" cried the deacon in virtuous alarm.

"Oh, that's nothing," said the widow with several other ladies in an amiable tone, "we're on the beach, you know, and the example cannot harm anyone out here."

"And besides," whispered one to the deacon, "one of them is a senator and a perfect gentleman of course."

"We only play a boyish game of 'guess,'" said the senator carelessly. "It helps to pass away the time when we are not on duty at Washington."

"Yes," said the other, politely stifling a yawn.

"What will you bet I can't turn up the ace of hearts the first thing?" asked the senator.

"A dime," answered the congressman, half asleep.

"Yours," laughed the senator, tossing him a coin.

"Again," cried the senator, with the same result.

"I'll wager a dollar," at last cried the senator, "that you can't pick out the ace from these three cards."

"Done," said the congressman, smilingly. The congressman lost.

"Why," exclaimed the doctor, who prides himself upon his astuteness in baffling disease, "why, I saw the ace all the time!"

At his bidding the senator threw again.

"Yours," he said with a slight frown, tossing a silver coin to the doctor.

"Let me try," eagerly cried the deacon, whose palm was itching; "I'm a mighty good guesser."

His keen glance at the first throw espied the ace, much to the senator's evident chagrin and the deacon's delight.

"Yours," cried the senator, and another coin was tossed to the deacon.

After that the game grew hot. Dollar after dollar changed hands.

"My," said the deacon, after a while, in astonishment, as no more coins came his way. "My! why I haven't got nary a dollar left to guess on. Lend me two or three Mr. Smith, will you?"

"I haven't one left to lend," said Mr. Smith, "for I'm cleaned out myself. It's surprising how warm it's grown," he added, wiping the heavy moisture from his brow.

The senator and congressman alone kept cool.

"Why, bless my soul," cried Congressman Duffy at this juncture, "if our man isn't raising the sail. What does the scoundrel mean?"

"Go and see," said the senator, quietly.

"You better come with me," answered the congressman. "See he waves his cap to us."

"It's all nonsense," frowned the senator, departing reluctantly. "But au revoir," he added, "we will return in a few moments and begin our little game over again."

"Well, I'll be — ——," said the doctor angrily a moment later, "ef they ain't off. There they go, with a brisk wind a fillin' their sails, and the senator a kissin' of his hand."

"With all my money," cried each lady in consternation, "did you ever?"

"And mine, and mine," came in the chorus.

Then they took account of stock.

"Ninety good dollars; good sound Long Island dollars," moaned the deacon, mopping his brow. "We have been took in, that's sartain."

And "took in" they had been, cleverly took in, by Messrs. Duffy and Miller, the three-card monte men.

The New York Y. M. C. A.

From the New York Tribune.

When the Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby was a professor in the University of the City of New York every Sunday for eight years he taught a large Bible class of young men. While a student, with no thought of entering the ministry, he had taken an active part in the weekly meeting for prayer, and he said recently that whatever of good he had been able to accomplish in later years was due largely to the stand then taken. He early became interested in the hundreds of young men who came to the city from the country and from other lands, and, with a few friends, decided to organize a branch of the Young Men's Christian association. This was thirty-seven years ago, when there were only two in this country—one in Boston and the other in Providence. The leading clergymen frowned upon the plan, and of all the city pastors only three approved the undertaking. It was started, however, and was a success from the first. Dr. Crosby was president for three years and in his reports, addresses, everywhere he urged need of a new building, to be the permanent home of the growing body. At last his appeal was answered, and the present association building at Fourth avenue and Twenty-third street, was the result of efforts begun by its energy and perseverance.

CLEVELAND'S PENSION RECORD.

He Has Approved More Special Pension Acts Than any Other President.

From the New York Herald.

As an earnest that the president is in harmony with the loyal sentiment of the country and not in conflict with the Grand Army of the Republic or soldiers' interest, the following figures are given from official sources and show a record unmatched in the history of pension legislation:

During Grant's first administration 321 special acts were approved; during his second, 254. Hayes approved 303 special acts. During Arthur's administration 736 were approved. In the first two years of President Cleveland's administration he approved 836, or 275 per cent more than during Grant's first term, 210 per cent. more than during Grant's second term, and nearly double the number, or 100 per cent. more than in Grant's two terms. President Cleveland has approved 183 per cent more than Hayes, and over 17 per cent more than Garfield and Arthur combined. As a still further manifestation of the attitude of the present democratic administration toward the Union soldiers the pay rolls of the pension office alone, a bureau more closely connected with the soldiers of the country than any other, show that out of 1,531 employes 831, or fifty-four per cent. are either soldiers' or sailors' widows, sons or daughters, while only 700 are civilians, most of whom occupy the minor positions, as messengers, watchmen, etc. Three hundred and seventy soldiers or their kindred occupy the higher positions, paying $1,200 and upward, against 292 civilians, a difference in favor of the soldiers of twenty-seven per cent.

Out of 416 appointments made by General Black from March 17, 1885, to June 30, 1887, 230 were soldiers or soldiers' kindred and 186 were civilians—a net difference in favor of the soldier of forty-four, or nearly twenty-four per cent. Fifteen out of the eighteen United States' pension agents, receiving a salary of $4,000 per annum each, are among the number of ex-Union soldiers appointed, and one is the widow of brave General Mulligan, whose fame is associated with the battle of Lexington, Mo. The only two who hold over from previous administrations are distinguished ex-Union soldiers who have been severely wounded. General Black has appointed twenty-nine ex-Union soldiers in excess of the total number dropped from the roll by death, discharge, resignation or otherwise, and this, with 150 employes less than were on the rolls during the last fiscal year of the previous administration, would make a net difference in their favor of 179, which upon the basis of the total number upon the pay rolls the last fiscal year would leave at present almost twelve per cent more soldiers, sailors, or their widows and kindred, than were ever upon its pay roll in the history of the office.

It would not seem that the first Democratic administration since the war had neglected the soldier interests so far as concerns the pension bureau, so closely associated with their welfare. By the introduction of sound business principles into the management of the pension bureau more pensions have been issued and the execution of the pension laws has been fuller, more prompt and more impartial than in any former administration. For the first time in the history of the government the case of every applicant is either disposed of or actually undergoing consideration.

FOUR GOOD RECIPES.

Dainties That are Particularly Toothsome at This Season.

From the Country Gentlemen.

Fruit Custards.—These are best when made from soft juicy fruits, such as strawberries, raspberries, currants, &c. Bruise the fruit lightly, sprinkle over it a little fine white sugar, and heat it very gently and slowly in order to extract all the juice. Measure this into an enamelled saucepan, and to every pint allow the well-beaten yelks of three eggs, and a tablespoonful of sifted white sugar. Stir the custard over a gentle fire until it begins to thicken, then pour it out, and when cold stir in a few tablespoonfuls of good cream. Serve in small custard glasses.

Raspberry Patties.—Beat four ounces of butter to a cream; add a tablespoonful of fine sugar, three tablespoonfuls of milk, the beaten yelks of four eggs, and two tablespoonfuls of either raspberry jelly or fresh raspberry juice—the latter to be preferred. Beat or whisk the mixture thoroughly until all the ingredients are nicely blended. Line out some small patty tins with good pastry, fill them three parts full with the mixture, and bake in a well heated oven for about a quarter of an hour. Put the egg whites on a with half a teaspoonful of salt, and beat them to a stiff froth, using a narrow-pointed knife for the purpose. The froth must be so firm that it could bear a raw egg laid on the top. When the patties are cold, pile the egg-snow high in the centre of each, and serve tastefully arranged on a pretty dish. To still further improve the attractive appearance of this dish, a small quantity of pink sugar may be sprinkled over the top of each patty.

Fruit Salads.—These form one of the most delightful and acceptable dainties imaginable, a sight of which, on a hot, stifling summer day, is sufficient to charm even the most cross-grained individual into good humor. The dish is prepared in a very few minutes and is suitable for any meal in the day. Take equal quantities of strawberries, raspberries, cherries and white currants. Arrange the strawberries at the bottom of a glass salad-bowl, and next put a thin layer of white currants; then place the cherries, followed by another layer of the currants, and last of all the raspberries, with the remainder of the currants sprinkled on top. Between each addition, add a little fine white sugar, also on the top, and immediately before serving, pour over some good rich cream. Sometimes wines, and even brandy is added, but this, I think, entirely destroys the delicious flavor of the fruit which is always so welcome and refreshing.

Frosted Fruits.—A housewife will be wise to prepare a large quantity of these during the season, as they keep good for almost any length of time, and are useful in such a variety of ways. They form lovely dishes for dessert, and are unsurpassed as a means of garnishing and ornamenting other sweet cakes and dishes. The preparation is a very simple process. Put the fruit, such as apricots, peaches, cherries and plums, into a saucepan with a small piece of alum, and cold water sufficient to cover them. Let them stew for a few minutes very gently, until the skin can be easily taken off, dip the fruit into clarified butter, or finest salad oil, then strew them thickly over with coarsely crushed loaf sugar. Put them in a moderate oven, and let them remain there till the sugar sparkles, but care must be taken to see that the fruit neither burns nor breaks. A pretty variety can be obtained by covering part with white sugar and the rest with pink. If wanted for a dessert dish, pile the fruit, when cold, upon a glass dish with fresh green leaves interspersed; but if not required at once, pack it in boxes with thin paper between each layer, and store in a cool place until wanted. The boxes must have close-fitting lids.

JULY IN THE WEST.

DAY.

A rhythm of reapers; a flashing
Of steels in the meadows; a lashing
Of sheaves in the wheatlands; a glitter
Of grain-builded streets, and a twitter
Of birds in a motionless sky—
And that is July!

A rustle of corn-leaves; a tinkle
Of bells on the hills; a twinkle
Of sheep in the lowlands; a bevy
Of bees where the clover is heavy;
A butterfly blundering by—
And that is July!

NIGHT.

A moon-flooded prairie; a straying
Of leaf-hearted lovers; a baying
Of far away watchdogs; a dreaming
Of brown-fisted farmers; a gleaming
Of fireflies eddying nigh—
And that is July!

A babble of brooks that deliver
Their flower purpled waves to the river;
A moan in the marshes; in thickets
A dolorous droning of crickets.
Attuned to whippoorwill's cry—
And that is July!

—*James Newton Matthews.*

MEDICAL.

HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA.

VIGOR AND VITALITY

Are quickly given to every part of the body by Hood's Sarsaparilla. That tired feeling is entirely overcome. The blood is purified, enriched and vitalized, and carries health instead of disease to every organ. The stomach is toned and strengthened, the appetite restored. The kidneys and liver are roused and invigorated. The brain is refreshed, the mind made clear and ready for work. The whole system is built up and rejuvenated by this peculiar medicine.

HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA

"Thanks to the use of the successful medicine, Hood's Sarsaparilla, all that poison in my blood, which caused sores to break out and made life almost a burden, has been driven into exile, and though seventy-six, I am enjoying life, and feel active and strong as at fifty. 'Hold fast to that which is good' is my motto. I shall recommend to all my friends similarly affected that Hood's Sarsaparilla is the true elixir of life." WILLIAM HEGEMAN GOSSBECK, Brooklyn, N. Y.

MAKES THE WEAK STRONG

"I was in bad condition with fainting spells and general debility. I was run down, ate hardly anything, and hardly dared go out on the street alone for fear of having a fainting spell. Hood's Sarsaparilla has done me a wonderful amount of good, and I am now in good health again. My appetite has been good ever since taking the medicine, and I can eat a square meal with relish." MRS. MOLLIE COTTER, 119 Eleventh St., Covington, O.

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Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 DOSES ONE DOLLAR. (3)

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STABLE CASE, with Specifics, Manual, Witch Hazel Oil and Medicator $7.00
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In use 30 years. The only successful remedy for Nervous Debility, Vital Weakness, and Prostration from over work or other causes. $1 per vial, or 5 vials and large vial powder, for $5.

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LIQUOR HABIT POSITIVELY CURED BY ADMINISTERING DR. HAINES' GOLDEN SPECIFIC.

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WHITENS THE SKIN.

Cures and Removes TAN, SUNBURN, BEE STINGS, MOSQUITO and all INSECT BITES, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES, HUMORS, BIRTH-MARKS, and every form of skin blemishes, positively cured on the most delicate skin without leaving a scar by

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ELY'S CREAM BALM.

CATARRH—HAY FEVER.

HAY FEVER is an inflamed condition of the lining membrane of the nostrils, tear-ducts and throat, affecting the lungs. An acrid mucus is secreted, the discharge is accompanied with a burning sensation. There are severe spasms of sneezing, frequent attacks of headache, watery and inflamed eyes.

TRY THE CURE.

ELY'S CREAM BALM.

ELY'S CREAM BALM cures Cold in Head, Catarrh, Rose Cold, Hay Fever, Deafness, Headache. Price 50 Cents. EASY TO USE. Ely Bro's, Owego, N. Y., U. S. A.

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july23-lyd&lvw

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO.

Mexican War Veteran.

The wonderful efficacy of Swift's Specific as a remedy and cure for rheumatism and all blood diseases, has never had a more conspicuous illustration than this case affords. The candid, unsolicited and emphatic testimony given by the venerable gentleman must be accepted as convincing and conclusive. The writer is a prominent citizen of Mississippi. The gentleman to whom Mr. Martin refers, and to whom he is indebted for the advice to which he owes his final relief from years of suffering, is Mr. King, for many years the popular night clerk of the Lawrence House, at Jackson.

JACKSON, Miss., April 29, 1887.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC COMPANY, Atlanta, Ga.:

Gentlemen.—I have been an invalid pensioner for forty years, having contracted pulmonary and other diseases in the Mexican War, but not till the 1st of March, 1875, did I feel any symptoms of rheumatism. On that day I was suddenly stricken with that disease in both hips and ankles. For twenty days I walked on crutches. Then the pain was less violent, but it shifted from joint to joint. For weeks I would be totally disabled, either on one side of my body or the other. The pain never left me a moment for eleven years and seven months — that is from March 1, 1875, when I was first attacked, to October 1, 1886, when I was cured. During these eleven years of intense suffering I tried innumerable prescriptions from various physicians, and tried everything suggested by friends, but if I ever received the least benefit from any medicine taken internally or externally, I am not aware of it. Finally, about the first of September I made arrangements to go to the Hot Springs of Arkansas, having despaired of every other remedy, when I accidentally met an old acquaintance, Mr. King, now of the Lawrence House of this city. He had once been a great sufferer from rheumatism, and, as I supposed, had been cured by a visit to the Hot Springs. But when I met him he told me that his visit to the Hot Springs was in vain—he found no relief. On his return from Hot Springs he heard for the first time, of S. S. S. as a remedy for rheumatism. He tried it and six bottles made a complete cure. Several years have passed since, but he has had no return of the disease.

I immediately returned to try it. In September I took four bottles, and by the first of October I was well—as far as the rheumatism was concerned. All pain had disappeared, and I HAVE NOT FELT A TWINGE OF IT SINCE.

I have no interest in making this statement other than the hope that it may direct some other sufferer to a sure source of relief, and if it has this result I am well rewarded for my trouble. I am very respectfully and truly your friend, J. M. H. MARTIN.

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