NOTE BOOK WAIFS.

A Quaint American Resort Rich in Relics of the Past.

PHIL D. ARMOUR'S COLORED PET.

Prophetic Words Uttered by Lincoln While Coddling a Drowsy Boy.

WAKEMAN FLASHES POLITICAL STRAWS

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.]

NEWPORT, R. I., June 11.—It is pleasant to occasionally come to Newport. The vulgar display on the part of the limp and halting aristocracy is hateful to see; but there is a good and olden face shining benignantly out of unpretentious plenty and a mellow perspective of historic age. Go where you will the eye ranges along mossy walls, by lane and by street; catches shimmerings of light beyond vistas of overarching elms; rests genially upon stone cappings to which the architecture of our time is a stranger.

Then, again, what a real age, for our land, is here. Prof. Rafn, of Copenhagen, believes the Old Stone Mill of Touro Park to be 800 or 900 years old, and a genuine relic of ante-Columbian Norse colonists. The City Hall dates back to 1763. On Clark street is the old Baptist Church, erected in 1735. The ancient Honeyman mansion, at the corner of Church and Thames streets, was built in 1704. Trinity Church, where worshiped the colonists, the British army of occupation, and finally the successful revolutionists, has stood 144 years. The Channing house, on Thames street, was built in 1720. Scores of mansions are here, built in the earlier part of the last century; while the famous Coddington house, on Spring street, has stood 249 years just as you will see it to-day.

One can almost close his eyes and see the ancient folk as they were once here; so much that was theirs remains. The flavor, the incident, the sight and sound of it all, come easily enough as one wanders here. The stately ways of the colonists; the rugged earnestness and often the arrogance of the British occupants; the daring and sacrifice of the revolutionists; the lordly swagger of the rich old sea captains; the pleasance and grace of the French, when De Segur, De Lauzun, Destouches, De l'Estrapade, the Counts De Barras and Noailles, the Marquis de St. Simon, the unfortunate Chevalier De Ternay, and Rochambeau with his dainty, muff-coddled wrists, and with half-caught silhouettes of Washington and Howe and pretty Polly Leiton, and the sound of dancing at Mrs. Cowley's famous Assembly Rooms—all irresistibly live with the old, old trees, thoroughfares and mansions.

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Armour's Colored Protege.

Because I believe there is as great a proportion of rich men as of poor men who are endlessly doing good for good's sake, and absolutely without other motive, it was a genuine enjoyment the other day to sit alongside "General Forrest," the colored smoking car porter on the "congressional limited" train between New York and Washington, and hear his radiant story how the richest man of Chicago, P. D. Armour, had taken him out of the bondage of inexpressible ignorance and made an educated, hopeful, happy man of him. "General Forrest" is probably the best known and best liked railway car porter in the world; and his life has been almost a romantic one. He was a picaninny slave, bought in New Orleans with his mother, Ann Burr (and if black old Ann Burr is living, this little story may give her yet a bit of earthly heaven), a few years before the war by the afterward famous Confederate cavalry leader, General N. B. Forrest, for his Coahoma county, Miss., plantation. Though but a mite of a lad Forrest was fond of him, and kept him at his side as a sort of diminutive valet until the General's surrender at Gainesville, in 1865. For a good many years "General Forrest," who thus honestly came by his sobriquet, knocked about like all the rest of the freemen flotsam and jetsam of the war, finally securing in 1872 a position as smoking car porter on the through New York and Chicago trains of the Pennsylvania Railroad. In 18 years he never was discharged, and never left the company's service but once. P. D. Armour was responsible for that.

He had been to Washington and was on his way West. He had been enjoying a cigar in the smoker, and on nearing Altoona wrote a telegram, which he directed the "General" to be very particular about with the operator, at Altoona, as one word was not very clear. The "General" filed the message; returned to the car; and began his usual avocation, when not waiting on passengers, of studying his primer. Armour saw this with some alarm for the fate of his message; questioned him sharply; found that he could not read, but that his wits and memory served him in such exigencies; and on leaving the car turned to the porter with,

"'General,' have you got sand enough to go to school and be a man if somebody would send you?"

"Golly!" responded the "General," "jess let somebody try!"

"All right! Go to school."

With this Armour left the car. Some two months later, on his way to New York he found the smiling "General" attending to his duties as usual. Regarding him with severity Armour brusquely asked:

"How's this, 'General?' I thought I told you to go to school."

"So you did, for sure, Mr. Armour. But I—I—well, I jess thought you was a-funnin' me."

"No, I don't 'fun' anybody. I tell you to go to school."

"All right, I'll go sure this time, if you say so."

"Well, I 'say so.' Go to school, at once, anywhere you like."

Not another word was exchanged on the subject. But the "General" left the road; first located at Hamilton College, Virginia; changed from this to Wilberforce College, near Xenia, O., where he remained six years, leaving the same a well-educated man, and, as he says, "with no airs to be a preacher or an editor," in the summer of 1888, and at once secured a car on the "Congressional limited," between New York and Washington. During all those six years, and to this day, Mr. Armour's tremendous interests have never interfered with his writing this black man, at least once a month, letters containing expressions of friendship, encouragement, approval and drafts ranging from $20 to $50. He has expended fully $4,000 on General Forrest's education and support; has made an educated and sensible man of him; keeps his picture on his desk in his office; both he and his son who, the "General" says, is as "plain as a shoe," treat him with the greatest friendship and esteem, and have neither ever asked so much of the "General" as to brush their clothing or clean their boots. Every story should have a happy ending. This one will be so provided on the 19th of June. On that day "General" Forrest will wed one of the colored belles of Wilberforce. Their bridal trip will be to Chicago for their benefactor's blessing; and I would like to be one to see them ascend the great marble stairs which lead to the millionaire's La Salle street office, and witness the handsome reception when "General" Forrest and bride are announced within.

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Some Presidential Straws.

While in Paris a few days since a member of the present French Cabinet, anxious to secure any sort of intimation as to American Presidential possibilities for 1892, pressed me so closely upon the subject that out of politeness, as a makeshift, I combined a reminiscence with the best guesses I could make upon a matter subject to such deep complications. The result of the conjuring may have interest to others. Along in the last half of the fifties such Illinoisans as Abraham Lincoln, E. B. Washburne, Richard Yates, N. B. Judd, Stephen A. Hurlburt and my own father, had a custom of frequently coming together at the old Tremont House, Dearborn street, Chicago, for political consultation. My father had an odd habit of taking me with him to these meetings; seating me in a huge arm chair; and becoming utterly oblivious of my presence, while the political wisdom and cigar-smoke of these affairs regularly forced me into a half seasick, sodden sleep.

On one occasion, I think it was in the summer of 1858, when I had attained the advanced age of 10 years, I was in this usual comatose condition, when I awoke and found myself in Mr. Lincoln's arms. He held one of my hands with his left hand, and, while discussing certain plans which were about concluded, with his right hand was stroking my head in a gentle, fatherly way. Startled at engrossing so much attention from so great a personage, and blushing confusion at being found asleep, I made effort to escape, my father meanwhile offering ample irrelevant excuses for my somnolent condition. Mr. Lincoln held me closely, and at once quieted me with his simple, tender words. Among his reassuring expressions were these: "Don't be ashamed to sleep anywhere, my boy. Sleepy boys make the greatest men. Why, now, we've got a boy down home, about your age. That boy of mine just sleeps all the time. We call him "Sleepy Bob," to fun him a little. But I often tell him, 'Bob, sleep all you like. If you'll sleep hard enough, you're bound to be President of the United States some day! Who knows, Bob?'"

I stopped my story to the French Cabinet officer right there where Lincoln stopped his kindly prattle to me; but I have thought of what he said to me a million times since; and I told the curious Frenchman that it was possible, as the West must hereafter set the pace in these things, and would doubtless insist on controlling nominating conventions, that there could be many less available Republican tickets named than Robert T. Lincoln, of Illinois, for first place, and Chauncey M. Depew, of New York, for second. Then as to the possible Democratic nominees, I told him I thought there was just one man in that party in the West, impregnable from any previous doubtful associations; a man who would, if any Democrat could, secure a large and sympathetic following from among the veteran war organizations; and who was as nearly as possible the one man the Democratic party could regard as an invincible leader. That man was ex-Postmaster General William F. Vilas, of Wisconsin. With him a wise political management would mate Governor Hill, of New York. While the friends of Mr. Cleveland would never permit either the nomination or election of Governor Hill at the head of the ticket at this time, they would be easily reconciled to giving Governor Hill second place; and with such a ticket a tremendous Western and Eastern enthusiasm, effecting a "united Democracy" in reality, would result; while the South, as usual, could be relied upon to take care of itself.

True this is but a quick conjecture, impelled by foreign curiosity in a high place, making obligatory the best answer possible from an American. But it will do no harm to put these conjectural tickets into "small caps," and let the people look at, and think about, them a little:

PRESIDENTAL TICKETS FOR 1892.

REPUBLICAN.

For President,

ROBERT TODD LINCOLN, of Illinois.

For Vice President,

CHAUNCEY MITCHELL DEPEW, of New York.

DEMOCRATIC.

For President,

WILLIAM FREMONT VILAS, of Wisconsin.

For Vice President.

DAVID BENNETT HILL, of New York.

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Origin of an American Word.

There is probably no word more effusively or irradically fixed in the vocabulary of American slang than that one now exclusively and universally signifying a mysterious, dubious, yet powerful and all-sufficient, influence with, or over, political combinations or dispensers of political patronage. Its use is quite as common and comprehensive in all active business, and not unusually in social, and even in ecclesiastical, affairs. I refer to the word "pull." One has a "pull" at the White House; another has a "pull" in municipal affairs; a clever clergyman has a "pull" at local, or general conferences, with presbyteries, in church and missionary boards, indeed with his bishop or archbishop; and the schoolboy of 10 strives for a "pull" with his teacher or among the juvenile crowds whose affairs comprise the most important considerations of his daily life. The word has been editorially deplored, assailed and unmercifully scourged and pursued, but always comes out uppermost and goes straight on in its sententious work and uses with hardy knuckles and sturdy legs. Like one of those grim and hardy waifs of the street, that, homeless, parentless and without ancestry, pushes himself, from the very aggressive power of his usefulness into position and place, "pull" may be now regarded as a naturalized American, and important enough in its hard-fisted place to deserve attention to its ancestry.

Various philologists have already written essays giving "pull" distinctively American origin. By the purest accident of research upon another subject I discovered this to be incorrect. For its immediate parentage we must charge its obloquy, or credit its merits to the Irish. While recently in Ireland, engaged in an investigation upon certain of its resources, I came upon an old work entitled "A Statistical Survey of Roscommon," printed at Dublin in 1832. Among the quaint and interesting recitals of a local nature to be found in this "Survey," is an account of the rise and fall of the Argina Coal and Iron Company, in 1824, known as the "bubble year" of English and Irish speculation; and particularly of the remarkable manipulations among London nobility and capitalists in a nearly successful effort on the part of an Irish engineer, architect and builder with the significant name of Flattery, to float a Roscommon bog and hole in the ground upon London investors for $1,500,000; Flattery's share of which booty was to be $100,000. Although it was uphill work, and eventually became so glaring a fraud that Parliament investigated and put a quietus upon the scheme, the radiant enthusiasm of Mr. Flattery found frequent vent, by letter, to his Roscommon friends. In one of these, dated London, November 30, 1824, (Appendix p. x.) is found our American "pull" in all its robust force of application and incisiveness. Mr. Flattery writes: "I have not signed anything for them yet, tho' I have humbuged them out of £250, and got them to send of the work of the engine, which comes to £1,000. I have now a pull on them, and will make them do whats rite."

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

BY trifling with a cold, many a one allows himself to drift into a condition favorable to the development of some latent disease, which thereafter takes full possession of the system. Better cure your cold at once with Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant, a good remedy for throat-ails and lung affections.

FAST black ladies' hose, fast black children's hose 12½c to 50c at Rosenbaum & Co.'s.

Excursion to Ohio Pyle

To-morrow (Sunday). Rate $1 50 the round trip. Train leaves B. & O. depot at 8 A. M.

FOR bargains in silks of all kinds see our 50c and 65c counter goods that positively sold for $1 to $1 50, suitable for misses' wear.

TTSSU HUGUS & HACKE.

B. & B.

New French Gray and Other Colors Striped

Tussor silks, with white line cords, very handsome—1,200 yards in this lot this morning at 8:30. BOGGS & BUHL.

The People's Store, Fifth Ave.,

Open to-day latest novelties in ladies' vests, blazers and blouses.

CAMPBELL & DICK.

IT RAINED MONKEYS.

An English Traveler Has a Thrilling Experience in Hindoostan.

SURROUNDED BY COUNTLESS APES

And in Imminent Danger of an Attack From the Vicious Brutes.

THE SHOUT OF A SCOUT SAVES HIM

Duty had taken me to Dharmsala, a hill station considerably west of Simla. On the return journey I turned off the main road at Kangra. The object of the excursion was to see a neighboring shrine, much venerated by the Hindoos and called Jwalamookhee. The native pilgrims who come in thousands lodge in the open air under the trees and cook their own food; the rich bring tents for their accommodations. But there was no place for Europeans to lodge in except the usual "district officers' bungalow." This is always a small house with two or three rooms, built and furnished by the Government and put in charge of a man servant, who both looks after it and looks to the wants of those who occupy it. In it the officers whom duty takes to such out-of-the European-world's places lodge and transact business during the few days of their periodical visits. To this bungalow, therefore, we went.

On telling the care-taker who we were he opened the house, and while I went in and indulged in a very needful and refreshing wash he attended to my horse. These preliminaries being over we sent him into the town for the double purpose of procuring us some food and of inquiring from the priests at what hour we might pay the temple a visit. The main road passes through a dense wood not 100 yards from this house, which was more than half a mile away from the nearest part of the town. From the road a narrow avenue had been cut among the trees to a small clearance around the house; otherwise it was quite buried in the wood.

A SHOWER OF SIMIANS.

When the care-taker left me, I found the house stuffy and damp. It had probably not been opened or aired for days. The stillness around was oppressive. Not a sound was heard except the munching of our horse in the neighboring stable or the rare cry of a bird in the trees. There was nothing in the house to read, and nothing to do. Moreover, I had had a long ride and felt rather stiff in the leg. So, rising from the chair, I strolled out of the house. After walking listlessly around it, and pacing the small cleared space in front, I followed the avenue to the main road, and then, returning, passed into the wood, immersed in my own thoughts. It was literally a "twilight mood," for, though it was nearly noon on a bright August day, the trees stood so close and their leaves grew so thick that scarce a patch of sunshine lighted up a few favored spots. The giant branches of the grand old trees more than touched; they interlaced and formed a leafy canopy overhead, with just here and there a rent to admit a ray of light and to give a glimpse of the bright blue sky above.

Sauntering under these trees, I suddenly became conscious of noises in the branches above me. I looked up and about, but, though the branches stirred and the leaves moved, I could see nothing. I was not, however, long left in doubt or speculation. A monkey, a large male, dropped from a branch to the ground at a distance of about 30 feet in front of me. As he reached the ground he squatted on his heels, resting both his hands on his knees and gazing fixedly and solemnly at me. His gravity upset mine. Then near him another monkey dropped down; a third and a fourth followed. It began to rain monkeys. In tens, in scores, in hundreds; old, middle-aged and young; large and small; males and females—many of the latter carrying babies, some on their backs, others in their arms—kept dropping from the trees around me. I was standing under a mighty giant of the forest, and against its trunk, some five feet in diameter, I set my back as the monkeys in their hundreds squatted down in an irregular semi-circle around. They did not go behind the tree, for its trunk was much wider than my back, and they chose to sit only where they could see me. Around they left a clear space, but at the distance of about 30 feet they sat, huddled close together in several rows, 600 and more in number.

SACRED ANIMALS IN INDIA.

It may be said in passing that monkeys are sacred animals in India. They are fed and protected, and allowed to roam at large with impunity. Vast numbers infest Delhi, Agra and other large towns. At Benares they are a perfect plague. In so favorable a situation as Jwalamookhee, they naturally multiply beyond reckoning, and people the woods in sufficient hordes to account for the hundreds that now surround me. At some distance beyond several young monkey urchins, which preferred play to curiosity, kept suspending themselves from the branches in long chains, holding on to each other's hands or tails, and swinging themselves pendulum-wise to and fro. They were not the small, puny creatures generally seen in European menageries, but the real, genuine Indian Hanooman, of which race the large and strong males stand, when erect, fully four feet in height. There were many such, among others of smaller size, in the crowd around me.

It had not taken three minutes to form that solid semicircle of monkeys. They had come down as thick as a shower of hailstones, but so softly and gently had they descended to the grass and leaf-covered ground that scarcely any noise has been made. For a short time they sat motionless and silent, staring hard at me, and a baby monkey, having made a noise, was instantly smacked by his mother in a most human fashion. They looked at me, and then they began to chatter—first one, then a few together, then many at once, finally all in a chorus. They talked, chattered, jabbered, discussed, argued, shouted and yelled, gesticulating meanwhile, making faces and grinning. Suddenly there was a dead silence for a short interval, during which they gravely stared at me harder than ever. Every now and again one or another or several at once would grin, snarl and growl at me, showing their large canine teeth. Again the chattering discourses would be renewed.

A BAD PREDICAMENT.

I knew that one or two would hardly dare to attack a man, but when hundreds crowded together around one stranger the circumstances were far from encouraging. Here I was unarmed, nothing but a light riding whip in my hand, surrounded by hundreds of monkeys, to which my white face and European dress were evidently objects of as much aversion as curiosity. Natives they did not mind, but Europeans they seemed to regard with the hatred due to intruders.

I fully realized my danger, but continued calm and collected and reasoned the position out with myself. The only chance of safety was to remain quietly against this friendly tree, silently observing the monkeys, careful to give no offense or provocation, watchful to give them no advantage over me till the return of the caretaker or some other chance came to my aid. Had I attempted to strike them or to frighten them, or to break through them, or to flee from them, I have not the slightest doubt that I should not now be writing this account. Their enormous numbers would have emboldened them to any act. I should have been quite helpless in their grasp—would, indeed, have been pounced upon by scores of them, overpowered, beaten and torn to pieces. So, making a virtue of necessity, I kept up a bold front, watched, waited and prayed.

In one of the intervals of silence the great monkey that had first arrived and that seemed to be one of the leaders, suddenly hopped nearer to me two feet or so. His action was immediately imitated by all the monkeys forming the front row of the semicircle, while those behind closed up as before, and the semi-circle contracted around me by two feet in the radius. More chattering and gesticulating followed, more growling and grinning, with intervals of silence. They had a great deal to say, and they all said it, and it was all about me, too, for they frequently pointed at me with their hands and snarled and gnashed their teeth at me.

PREPARING FOR ATTACK.

Again they contracted the semicircle, as before; and so they kept gradually coming nearer and nearer and growing more and more excited. Still I remained quiet and silent and still in the distance the monkey youths played the mad gambols of their living pendulum, heedless of what engaged the attention of their seniors. All else was silent—no sign of man.

The semicircle had gradually contracted to within 14 or 15 feet of where I stood; the monkeys indeed were so near that in two or three leaps they could easily have jumped upon me. I felt decidedly uneasy; wondered how they would attack me and when. From the right, or the left, or the front. By jumping on me from a distance, or waiting till quite near? Then I wondered whether the caretaker would return in time to stave off the assault, for I was still quite close to the house. Of the dreadful results of the attack, if once made, I had not the slightest doubt. Still I remained leaning immovable against the tree, calm and cool, facing them straight, looking fully into their faces, all in turn, and showing outwardly no signs of flinching or alarm. Yet I began to think that it was now only a matter of a few more minutes. Before a quarter of an hour at the furthest they would be within touching distance of me. They would be sure to begin to handle my clothes; and whether I permitted it or resisted or tried to fly, I would with equal certainty be attacked and killed.

But my deliverance was at hand. In the midst of one of the most noisy discussions—or did it not seem more noisy because they were now so near?—they one and all became suddenly silent and perfectly still. They seemed to be listening attentively. I listened, too, but at first could catch no sound anywhere; the stillness of death was all around, for even the young monkeys had ceased their tricks.

A STAMPEDE TO THE WOODS.

What could have disturbed and silenced the noisy throng? Next from afar off came the loud cry of a monkey—evidently the warning call of a scout on outpost duty. Then, first faintly from afar, and then gradually nearer and louder, came, down the main road through the woods, the welcome sound of the clatter of a horse's hoofs at a swift walking pace. This it was which their quicker ears had detected long before I had heard it. They kept their ground for a few moments more, but their attention was now evidently divided between me and the approaching horse. Again, and nearer, the scout's cry sounded through the wood. There was an immediate stampede. One and all the monkeys rushed off to the neighboring trees, and, scrambling up the trunks and into the branches, they were in a twinkling of an eye lost to sight in the leafy canopy overhead. They had disappeared in their hundreds as rapidly as they had come, save when the rustling among the leaves indicated their course as they passed from tree to tree and fled further into the woods.

I waited still against the tree till the horse and his rider—a mounted policeman going his rounds—had come quite near, then I made for the house and bolted myself in, thankful for the timely arrival and involuntary aid of the unconscious patrol. Unknowingly, but providentially, he saved my life.—*Chambers' Journal.*

GIANTS, BUT WITHOUT MONEY.

A Russian Family of Aspiring Immigrants Detained at New York.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

NEW YORK, June 13.—A family of Russian giants were landed at the barge office from the steamship Westernland. The grandfather, Johannes Mohr, 81 years old, is the colossus of the lot, measuring nearly six and a half feet in height. His sons and nephew are broad-chested six-footers and his grand children, the youngest of whom is only 9 months old, look as if they were going to be big folks some time. The family party consists of 14 persons. They want to go to a near relative, who owns a farm out in Sutton, Neb., but they have only $10 among them to pay their fare.

They say they loaned some unfortunate countrymen who came over on the Westernland all the rest of their money. They think that the Nebraska farmer may send them enough money to pay their way home. The big fellows are farmers and look as if they could endure lots of hard labor. They will be detained until the Nebraska farmer is heard from.

TO HELP THE WORLD'S FAIR.

Governor Fifer Calls an Extra Session of the Legislature.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL., June 13.—Governor Fifer to-day issued a call for a special session of the State Legislature to be convened on the 23d of July, to submit to the electors of the State a proposition, to so amend the State Constitution as to permit the City of Chicago to issue $5,000,000 in bonds in aid of the Columbian Exposition in 1893; to pass the necessary legislation to permit the use of public grounds as a location for the exposition and to vest the power of eminent domain in the city during the pendency of the Fair.

Arrived Safely in Europe.

A cablegram received in this city yesterday announces the safe arrival of Bishop Phelan and party at Queenstown. They are greatly enjoying their trip, and have endured the fatigue very well, so far.

He Doesn't Work There.

Mrs. McCullough, wife of the liquor dealer, says that no such man as J. M. Hanna is in their employ, despite the latter's assertion of Thursday afternoon to the contrary.

The Buildings at Harcourt Place Seminary.

The buildings of this school for girls at Gambier, O., are so arranged as to admit the sunshine into every room. They are also delightfully furnished, making a charming home.

Our Cosy Little Art Room

Has been renewed and remodeled. No disagreeable stairs to climb to get to it. Just the place to get away from the hurly-burly and sit down to ease and comfort amid beautiful and artistic goods, to decide on that wedding gift for a June Rosebud Bride.

Miss Jessie McCullough, the presiding genius, will entertain you and make you feel entirely at home. It is also well to note the fact that carriages are entirely safe in front of our door. No cable or electric cars to jar and excite your nerves. A call solicited by HARDY & HAYES,

Jewelers, Silversmiths and Art Dealers,

529 Smithfield street. New building.

Louvre.

Silk gloves and mitts, in all shades, reduced to 25c a pair to close them out entirely. Call while the opportunity offers.

LOUVRE,

24 Sixth st., opp. Bijou Theater entrance. No branch store.

REAL ESTATE SAVINGS BANK, LIM.,

401 Smithfield Street, Cor. Fourth Avenue.

Capital, $100,000. Surplus, $61,500.

Deposits of $1 and upward received and interest allowed at 4 per cent. TTS

Excursion to Wheeling

To-morrow (Sunday) via the B. & O. R. Rt Rate $1 50 the round trip. Train leaves a. 8:30 A. M.

Umbrellas! Umbrellas!

Look at window display.

TSSSU ROSENBAUM & CO.

ALL OF CHRISTENDOM

To be Represented at the Coming Sunday School Convention.

THE NEED OF MISSIONARIES HERE.

Remarkable Religious Growth of the Busy Town of Braddock.

GLEANINGS FROM CHURCH FIELDS

The International Sunday School Convention, which will convene at Exposition Hall on June 24, promises to be one of the great religious events of the year. From 1,000 to 2,000 delegates are expected, and all parts of Christendom will be represented. Last year the convention was held in London. It was a compliment to our city that it should be chosen next to the world's metropolis as the place of meeting for Sunday school workers from all lands. It is said that Pittsburg, however, was selected for reasons not complimentary. It seems that by some oversight of the Allegheny county Sunday school representatives at the London convention very meager statistics of the Sunday school force of this region were presented. The total Sunday school membership for the county, as reported, was less than the actual membership of Allegheny City. The poor showing for our county, it is reported, led the convention to select this city as the place of meeting this year in the hope of exciting greater interest in the cause in this unenlightened region.

The religious activity of Braddock seems to be keeping pace with its business activity. New churches are springing up, with every prospect of great usefulness and success. It seems that every denomination of Christendom promises to be represented at the place where Washington first won the laurels which paved the way for his leadership in the founding of the American Republic.

BRADDOCK'S NEW CHURCHS.

Apropos of the dedication of the pretty new Swedish Evangelical Lutheran Bethel Church at Braddock, which took place last Sunday afternoon with appropriate ceremonies, being built at a cost of $8,000, another church dedication is set for next Sunday. The First English Lutheran Trinity Church, Rev. Charles Reinewald, pastor, which is located on Fifth street, will be dedicated next Sunday evening with impressive ceremonies. The Sunday school of this church will hold special services in the afternoon, relative to the dedication. About 15 Lutheran ministers are expected to take part in the dedicatory exercises.

The St. Luke's Reformed Church congregation will lay the corner stone of a fine brick edifice, to be built, on Camp avenue, Copeland, on next Sunday afternoon about 4 o'clock.

The following Sunday, June 22, is set for the dedication exercises of the handsome brick edifice, on Burton street and Parker avenue, the new place of worship of the First M. E. Church congregation. Strenuous efforts are being put forth for the consecration of the new All Saints' P. E. Church, located on Sixth street, near Braddock avenue, also on that day.

A Congregational church was organized at Braddock a little more than a year ago. For a season the society held its services in the Opera House. About a month ago they were notified that they could have the Opera House no longer, and immediately all hands went to work and in two weeks' time had a neat chapel capable of seating over 300 people built and ready for occupancy.

Last Sunday, Children's Day, was celebrated in the new chapel which was crowded. Offerings of over $50 were made at the different services. A church, to cost in the neighborhood of $10,000, will be started as soon as the congregation has a needed rest from building the temporary chapel. There is now a membership of about 80.

WOMEN WHO PREACH.

There is coming ere long a great controversy in the Baptist denomination, says the *Colloquium*, on the question of the admission of women to the ministry. Here and there they are invited into the pulpit, and one at least has been "regularly ordained." It has been asked: If a woman has ability enough to be principal of a high school, may she not successfully minister to a little country church? If she can teach a Bible class of young men and women, and even one in which are old men and old women, why can she not preach to them? If she may write a book like "Grace Truman," or even a theological treatise by which ministers shall be instructed, why may she not address a congregation of 50 sitting in the pews? If a woman missionary like Mrs. Ingalls can be a sort of bishop giving instructions not merely to female converts but also to native preachers, why can she not preach herself? But on the other hand, what will you do with the words of Paul? There is material here for a very lively discussion, and the next 20 years will see it agitated in the Baptist denomination.

President Harrison and family were down at Fortress Monroe in the United States steamer Dispatch last Sunday, says the Pittsburg *Christian Advocate*. They went on shore for service in the morning, and at 5 o'clock in the afternoon set sail for Washington. There are people in this country, not cranks, either, not holding any such high place or grave responsibility as the President of the United States, who would not have sailed on the Sabbath day. Revision of something else than the creed might be a good thing for Brother Harrison.

Pastor and People.

FORD CITY—The new church at this place, built through the generosity of Captain Ford will be dedicated on Sabbath, June 22.

AMONG deaf mutes the sign meaning "Methdist" is the rubbing of the palms of the hands together—just as you do when you feel happy. Catch the point?—*Michigan Advocate.*

BRADDOCK, T. N. Boyle, pastor—The new church will be dedicated on Sunday, June 22. Pastors who formerly served this charge, and others, are cordially invited to be present.

THE Presbyterian Church of Wilkinsburg, Presbytery of Pittsburg, has provided means for its pastor, Rev. S. H. Moore, to spend six weeks in Colorado, that he may rest and recuperate, and will in the meantime supply the the pulpit.

IT seemed rather funny to us a short time ago to read in the daily papers an advertisement of a grand organ recital in a United Presbyterian church in this city. If the sun does not move, the world does, and the United Presbyterian part in particular.

THE June thank-offering meeting of the Woman's Home Missionary Society, of Allegheny and Pittsburg Presbyteries, will be held in Sewickley Wednesday, June 18, at 10:30 A. M. Trains leave Ft. Wayne depot at 9:15 and 10 A. M. An all-day meeting will be held, with interesting reports and addresses.

A FEW weeks ago the Rev. A. H. Norcross, D. D., preached the baccalaureate sermon at the Barnesville (O.) High School commencement. Last Sabbath he preached the baccalaureate for the Pittsburg Female College, the school which under his care is quietly and steadily regaining its former enviable standing as a ladies' school of the highest grade.

REV. NEVIN WOODSIDE, pastor of the Reformed Presbyterian Church, Grant street, has been granted a three-months' leave of absence by his congregation, which has supplemented the grant with a present of $1,000. Mr. Woodside has been in poor health for some months. He proposes to spend his vacation in the North of Ireland, whence he came, and will sail about July 10.

THE Allegheny County Union of the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor will hold their third public meeting next Tuesday evening in the Second Presbyterian Church, Penn avenue and Seventh street. An especially interesting programme has been prepared, and all who are interested in "Christian Endeavor" work are earnestly requested to be present.

THE regular eighteenth quarterly meeting of the Young People's Christian League of Allegheny County, to be held Thursday, June 19, 1890, at 7:45 P. M., at the Sixth U. P. Church, corner Franklin and Chartiers streets, Allegheny. An interesting programme has been arranged. There will also be held an election for officers to serve for the next six months. All are invited.

THE *Congregationalist* is responsible for the following: "Our system for candidating for a pulpit is bad enough, but it can be outdone. A parish in England lately was in need of a minister, and from 89 who applied selected 6 competitors. Each of the six was allotted a Sunday to show what he could do, and at last accounts the trial was in progress. When it is through a choice is to be made, the richest voters having each six times as many votes as the poorest. If the Apostles were still living, and Paul were to write a letter to the successful candidate, and James to the parish, the two together might be interesting reading."

BELOW is the programme of the approaching Commencement of Washington and Jefferson College: Sabbath, June 22—Baccalaurate sermon, First Presbyterian Church, 11 A. M., by President Moffat; sermon before the Y. M. C. A., First Presbyterian Church, 7:30 P. M., by Rev. David Gregg, D. D. Monday, June 23—Meeting of the Board of Trustees, College, 11 A. M.; reunion of the classes of 1840, First Church Chapel, 11 A. M.; class day exercises, Town Hall, 1:30 P. M.; President's reception, College, 8 P. M. Tuesday, June 24—Quarter Centennial exercises—Reunion of classes; Jefferson, 1850, Y. M. C. A. room, 9 A. M.; Washington, 1850, First Church Chapel, 9 A. M.; Jefferson, 1865, Franklin and Washington Hall, 9 A. M.; Washington, 1865, Philo and Union Hall, 9 A. M.; Washington and Jefferson, 1880, College, 9 A. M. History of the College since the union, by President Moffat, First Presbyterian Church, 11:45 A. M.; Alumni banquet, Governor Beaver presiding, College, 1:30 P. M.; Alumni addresses by Rev. Dr. C. A. Dickey and Rev. Dr. M. B. Riddle, Hon. James G. Blaine presiding, Town Hall, 7:30 P. M. Wednesday, June 25—Commencement, Town Hall, 9 A. M.

OIL IN COLORADO.

EXTENSIVE OPERATIONS IN THE NEW PETROLEUM FIELD.

The Various Companies are Rapidly Putting Down Wells—Some of the Holes are Sending Fourth Generous Streams—Refineries Running Steadily.

FLORENCE, COL., June 13.—The Rocky Mountain Oil Company is ready to begin drilling on its first well, and on Monday morning the boiler will be fired and the engine started in drilling No. 1 well. The site selected is one and a half miles south of the city, quite close to the Florence and Coal Creek Cemetery. There are wells nor th, west and east owned and operated by the United Oil Company, and there is scarcely a doubt but what the Rocky Mountain people will strike oil on the spot chosen for its first well.

A large water tank will be erected on the top of Kendrick mountain, an eminence two miles south of the Arkansas river. A site for a pumping station at the river has been selected and work upon the same will be started in a few days. A three-inch pipe line will connect the station and tank. From the tank will be laid other lines into all parts of the company's development field, the elevation being such as to furnish ample pressure to any part of the field. General Manager Coon is pushing work in every direction with considerable vim, and says it is his company's intention to sink ten wells before it stops the drill. No. 2 string of tools is en route from the East, and another well will be started upon their arrival. The William Graver tank builders of Chicago have the contract for building 11 crude tanks for this company and are at work now upon the same with a large force of men.

The Triumph Oil Company continues to push its business. The No. 1 well is throwing a good stream of oil. No. 2 hole, in course of drilling, is down probably 1,500 feet, with good prospects of striking oil before it reaches the 2,000 mark. It has started another derrick and will start the drill in it as soon as No. 2 is completed.

The refineries of the United and Florence companies are running steady and turning out a great deal of oil for the summer season. The United Oil Company is not drilling any new wells at present, but is trying to increase the flow of some of its old wells by sinking them deeper.

The Florence Oil and Refining Company is running a string of tools on new holes, being engaged at present on its fifteenth hole. A better feeling exists here this year than ever before concerning the future of the Western oil city. Property has advanced a peg, the merchants report better trade and the laboring classes are at work, getting good wages.

DOCTORS GO HOME.

The End of the Annual Convention of the Pennsylvania Medical Society.

The last session of the State Medical Society was held yesterday forenoon, lasting a little over two hours. The following doctors were named to read papers next year: J. C. Lange, of Philadelphia, on Medicine; Oscar H. Allis, of Philadelphia, on Surgery; John Milton Duff, of Pittsburg, on Obstetrics; A. B. Brumbaugh, of Huntington, on Hygiene; Samuel Ayers, of Pittsburg, on Mental Disorders; J. A. Lippincott, of Pittsburg, on Ophthalmology. President Murdoch, upon giving up the gavel, thanked the society, and Drs. Early and Ulrich then led the new President, Alexander Craig, of Columbia, to the chair.

Upon the motion of Dr. Bishop the society unanimously voted its thanks to the retiring President. Thanks were voted to Allegheny County Medical Society. On the motion of Dr. Murdoch it was ordered that a portrait of the late Dr. Henry Smith should be the frontispiece to the society's annual publication this year. The society adjourned to meet in Reading on June 2, 1891.

DUQUESNE THEATER PLANS.

Architect Allen Tells How the House Will be Built and Arranged.

Architect Allen has the plans for the Duquesne Theater ready. The decorations will be in ivory white, gold, silver, shrimp pink, salmon and lemon color. The relief work will be of fibrous stone finished in Moorish style.

The theater will be 75x112 feet. The vestibule will be 10 feet wide and promenade 5 feet. Two stairways will lead to the balcony, two to the gallery and one to the second-story boxes. Back of the first floor boxes will be parlors. The stage will be 34 feet deep and 75 feet wide. A fancy railing will be placed between the parquet and parquet circle.

Three hundred lights will supply the house. The total seating capacity will be 1,752. The actors will have 14 rooms under the auditorium. The stars will have special dressing rooms. There will also be music, ballet and supe rooms. The house will be supplied with fire plugs and plenty of hose. The contract for the building has been let to a Philadelphia man, but Mr. Allen declined to name him.

CHARGED WITH EMBEZZLEMENT.

An Employe of Graff, Hugus & Co. Arrested and Jailed.

Detective Morris, of the Heiner Agency, went to Kittanning yesterday and returned having in charge D. C. Rogers, against whom an information had been made before Alderman McMasters by W. C. Burry, on behalf of Graff, Hugus & Co., who alleges that Rogers is an embezzler to the extent of $2,500. Rogers has a wife and family living in Allegheny at No. 196 Chartiers street, but he has been making his home at the Eagle Hotel, Kittanning, for some time, where, he says, he has been working up an insurance business. He was staggered when he heard the charge made against him, but accompanied the officer without any trouble. He said that he had been employed by Graff, Hugus & Co. for almost ten years, but kept clear of any intention of the alleged embezzlement.

In default of $5,000 bail Rogers was committed to jail for a hearing before Alderman McMasters on next Wednesday.

NO APPLICANTS AT HAND

For Examination To-Day for Admission to the Union Colleges.

At 9 o'clock to-day Prof. C. B. Wood will be prepared to examine applicants for admission to the colleges and universities which accept the standards of the Society of University Extension and Home Culture, whose headquarters are in Chicago. Until 5 o'clock yesterday no persons had registered their intention to apply for examination, and Prof. Woods thinks there may be none.

He says that the young men who graduate from the Pittsburg High School and who desire to pursue their studies in a college, generally wish to go to Harvard or Princeton or some Eastern college. Nearly all collegiate institutions in the society are Western and Southern schools.

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