CONKLING IN A FIGHT.

A Story of a Meeting in the Great Blizzard of 1888.

GOULD COMPLETELY CORNERED.

The Millionaire Abashed and Silenced by a Tramp's Remarks.

BRIEF ANECDOTES OF GREAT MEN

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.]

NEWPORT, R. I., July 3.—There are many very lovely spots along the sea in Europe where people idle and bathe. Our own coast has countless witching places for summer enjoyment. But after one has experienced all their delights, I think there is an excusable longing in the heart to get back here to noble old Newport. It is a restful old spot, and the dreamer and the thinker can give full swing to his fancy while idling away the summer days here. A few old memories came to me, and they may interest the reader.

As strong a motive and purpose as can move any man to highest physical effort took me through the great March "blizzard" storm of 1888, from Harlem to the Astor House, in New York. I think I am one of less than half a dozen who performed that feat, but its reminiscential interest now chiefly lies in a single incident of the seven hours' struggle. Leaving the vicinity of One Hundredth street at 2 in the afternoon, I fought my way to my destination by 9 o'clock at night, a speed of about one mile per hour. The hope and despair, the effort and vanquishments, of the struggle are unnecessary to recount; but I shall never forget one meeting on the way. Pounded, torn and all but overcome by the storm, I had been dashed against the building at the southwest corner of Union Square and Broadway, and while holding to its window frames with freezing fingers, a violent gust of the storm tore me away and sent me crashing against the tall, well-wrapped figure of a man who was being hurled toward Union Square along the west side of Broadway. We both went down from the collision, stunned and gasping; but with mutual apologies, assisted each other to our feet, when I found I had hold of no less a personage than Roscoe Conkling. This was about 7 o'clock in the evening. I urged him to take shelter in a popular restaurant near at hand; but he refused in that strong, quiet way of his admitting of no further plea. He then said he would cross the square and be at his club directly. I told him he should not do this; that no human being could withstand the furies that had full sweep and action there; and that he must make the western circuit of the square, thus getting a slight protection from the buildings, or he would never see his friends again. I implored him to heed me; but he made light of the danger; and straightening up in that tall grand way he had, said lightly:

"Oh, I will get through there nicely. It does one good to be tested and tried by a storm occasionally. I have seen other great storms in my time." He added, "Good night, sir!" as our hand grasp loosened, and the words leaped involuntarily from my lips:

"I saw you in one when it came something like this—in 1880—at the Chicago Exposition building. There were '306' of you in a political 'Union Square' then." He turned instantly, took my hand again, gave it a quick, firm pressure, and while I fancied his face was a trifle paler from the memory, responded: "Yes, sir; there was something of a blizzard about that occasion. But I think I kept my feet and head then. Good night, again!"

Grand, great, ever-heroic Conkling! He kept his feet and his head somehow that awful night in Union Square. But that last battle killed Roscoe Conkling.

A Place Made Famous by Irving.

No place excepting Tarrytown's dreamful Sleepy Hollow was made more famous by the association, or writings, of Washington Irving than "Cockloft Hall," one of his first mellow-tinted paintings in the celebrated "Salmagundi" papers. It has been allowed to pass completely from sight and almost entirely from memory. It stood upon the banks of the then beautiful Passaic, within the limits of the present resident portion of Newark, N. J. I like to go to the place and identify it now and then even though the glorious old "Hall" itself has disappeared forever, fancying I hear Irving, Paulding and their jolly crew still engaged in their innocent revels. "Cockloft Hall" was simply a queer summer-house overhanging the Passaic on the old and noted "Gouverneur place." It was the property of the Kembles as late as 1824. It was then successively owned by the Duryeas, the Wakemans, and finally by the Whitings, whose heirs now live in the veritable mansion, disguised from recognition by expensive remodeling, to which the ancient summer-house was attached.

The structure was an odd conceit of an eccentric owner. It was octagonal in shape, 18 feet in diameter, containing but one apartment, with a door facing the Passaic on the east, and with single windows opening to each of the three other cardinal points; for, says Geoffrey Crayon, it was one of Cockloft's idiosyncracies "to have all his own views on his own land, and be beholden to no man for a prospect." It was in this quaint place, not 500 feet from the corner of Newark's present Mt. Pleasant street and Gouverneur avenue, that the mirth, wit and satire which stirred the American literary world in the first quarter of our century through "Salmagundi" were born, first enjoyed and finally contrived for public feasting.

A Noble Ship Captain.

A few weeks since, while en route by steamer from Marseilles to Algiers, the ship's second officer, several Algerian officials and myself were enjoying the balmy night at a late hour on deck, relating instances of individual bravery and noble sacrifice having come under our personal observation, when the second officer gave us this incident:

"On the 14th of October, 1882, I witnessed an act of supreme heroism and sacrifice at sea. I was a passenger on board the steamship Cyprian, of the Leyland, Liverpool and Mediterranean line, which was wrecked that date on Nevin Rock, off Carnarvon Bay, Wales. She struck in a great gale, sometime during the first watch, between 8 and 12 at night, and, breaking up fast, went to pieces long before daylight. As we were passing Holyhead, an hour or so before the accident, a stowaway, a pale, trembling, half-starved boy of perhaps 15 had been hauled from the coal bunkers, and set to some menial employment. No ship's boat could be manned the storm was so frightful; the shore life boat could not get to us, and one by one several on board had plunged into the sea, preferring their chances of getting ashore to death on the rocks when the Cyprian finally went to pieces. About three o'clock in the morning, the Captain, whose name was J. A. Strachan, a half dozen under officers and men and the little stowaway were huddled together on deck awaiting the final struggle. The desperate fear and despair of the lad were frightful to behold. Noticing this, Captain Strachan removed the life-belt from his own person, and, fastening it about the boy, said quietly: 'Here, my poor lad, you've more need of this than I!' Shortly after, the Cyprian went to pieces with a crash. I don't know how many of that last little group of us were saved. I was rescued; the stowaway was picked up alongshore and resuscitated; but the dead body of that greatest and noblest hero I ever knew or read of, Captain Strachan, was washed ashore some days afterward. He deliberately gave his life to save that of a helpless stowaway!"

This would be a pathetic tale, even were it a romance. But I took the trouble in Liverpool, recently, of going to the Leyland offices, at the foot of James street, and securing proof of its truthfulness in every particular.

Shipping Gold Abroad.

When one recalls the fact that millions upon millions of dollars in gold annually seek Europe to provide for the necessities of our import trade, the question of how gold is shipped to Europe becomes an interesting one. The Bank of America is the largest single shipper of gold from New York, and indeed from the United States. Shipments are made in stout kegs, very much like the ordinary beer keg. Every one contains $50,000 in coin or bar gold. The latter is the favorite for these shipments, since the Government has permitted the sub-Treasury to exchange coin for bar gold, as coin, in a single million dollar shipment, is liable to loss by abrasion of from eight to 20 ounces, or from $128 to $320; while the bars only lose about three-fourths of that value.

Where coin is sent, double eagles are preferred. They are put in stout canvas bags, each one containing 125 double eagles, or $5,000; and ten bags fill each keg. About the only precaution taken against tampering with kegs, is a treatment of keg-ends technically known as "red-taping." Four holes are bored at equal intervals in the projecting rim of the staves above the head. Red tape is run through these, crossing on the keg's head, the ends meeting at the center, where they are sealed to the head by the hardest of wax, and stamped with the consignor's name. The average insurance is about $1,500 per $1,000,000. Then there is an expense of about $2 per keg for packing and cartage aboard ship, or $200 for the same sum, and the inevitable loss by abrasion, whatever it may prove to be. There are great Wall street firms shipping from $25,000,000 to $40,000,000 annually. Some of these have for years insured themselves, and assert that the saving has been sufficient to replace a loss of $1,000,000. These are large figures, but this has become a country of large figures and affairs.

Jay Gould and Uncle Baker.

It is an exceedingly nimble fellow citizen that ever gets the advantage of Mr. Jay Gould. And yet I have myself on two occasions seen him, in a sense, at the mercy of the most God-forsaken of human beings. One was quite recent, when on walking from his office to his home, as is his custom for exercise, being for a moment without the escort of young George Gould who had halted to speak to a friend, he was so importuned, hustled and offensively pushed to the wall by a foul old beggarwoman, evidently having no idea who the little big man was, that to rid himself of the hag he plumped a pretty heavy piece of coin into her rheumy and trembling hand. The other, was the most remarkable Dives-Lazarus scene I ever expect to look upon; one strong, unexpected and dramatic enough for a great situation in fiction or upon the stage. It occurred in the summer of 1882, in the open upper, or La Salle street, rotunda of the Grand Pacific Hotel, in Chicago. There was then in that city, if he is not still living, a venerable old wreck, a most familiar figure about the streets, whom every one knew as "Uncle Baker." His story briefly was that, once a merchant of Cattaraugus, New York, the financial troubles of '57 had nearly ruined him; he had transferred the remnant of his fortune to daughters who at once became another Regan and Goneril; and the old man, half demented at their base ingratitude, shortly became a confirmed tramp about the streets of Chicago. "Uncle Baker," with hands folded plaintively in front of him, with bowed head and trembling gait, seemed never at rest. At all hours of the day and night you would meet him, pushing on and ever on, as if endlessly studying that one problem of filial ingratitude. He never begged. He was never known to utter an ungentlemanly word. Liquor never passed his lips. A few of us, touched by his pathetic life and ways, saw that he did not physically suffer, when we could keep track of the poor old fellow; though we could never secure his consent to provide for him in any charitable institution.

On the occasion referred to Gould was a guest at the Grand Pacific. Before 8 o'clock in the morning he was stirring. About the same time "Uncle Baker," after his morning custom, tremblingly began his daily and undisturbed march through the two rotundas from Clark street to La Salle. The employes always greeted him civilly. In a spirit of innocent mischief, I told him that his "old friend, Jay Gould, was waiting up there behind the column, by the telegraph window, to see him."

Halting a moment, as if to accustom his feeble sight to the dim light of the place, he made straight for the column, and in another moment had grasped the astonished magnate's hand.

"Mr. Gould," said the old man trembingly, "you and I did a good deal of business together at one time. Most people despise you. They believe you unkind, cruel, unjust, merciless."

Gould wriggled, but "Uncle Baker" would not release him.

"It has always been one of the few hopes of my life," he continued, "to be able to myself say that I remember you with esteem; thank you for a few unsolicited kindnesses; and to show you one human being in rags"—her "Uncle Baker" drew himself up proudly—"who is so little that, with all your power you could neither help nor harm him; and to add with the most respectful sincerity that, great as you are, he pities you and your joyless life, barren of one disinterested friend, with an unutterable and inexpressible pity from the bottom of his heart. I beg you to pardon this intrusion and to say good morning!"

Then while the amazed man of millions wiped a film he seemed to think had gathered upon his steel-rimmed eye-glasses—though he looked for the dimming of his newspaper print in the wrong place—the man of rags shuffled away; the telegraph window came down with a sharp click; and the memory voices that had a moment since given Jay Gould almost a youthful and hopeful face, were drowned by the music of the instrument, which, upon the heels of the little play, was merrily transmitting the words of this one little man that too often make and unmake his fellow men.

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

PLEURISY pains, asthmatic and all throat affections are soon relieved by that certain remedy for coughs and colds, Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant.

The State Line.

As an evidence of the increasing travel to Europe, Messrs. Austin Baldwin & Co., the general agents of the popular State Steamship Co., of New York, send a handsome sailing list of the steamer State of Nebraska, which sailed a few days ago with over 225 first cabin passengers, many of whom have made the journey in previous years via this line. This company furnishes first-class passage to all the principal points of Europe at moderate rates, with comfortable state rooms, well-supplied table, and in fact all that tends to make the ocean voyage a long-remembered one. Those who contemplate a trip of this nature, or have friends coming to this country, will do well to apply to the agents of this popular line for information. S

JERSEYS—Regular $5 and $6 qualities; 32 in. and 34 in. Bust measure only; reduced to $2 to close. HUGUS & HACKE. TTSSU

It Might Rain on the Fourth.

750 Como silk umbrellas, paragon frame, 26 inch, silver rings and long oxydized handles, only $1 50, worth $2 50.
Ths ROSENBAUM & Co.

Excursion to Wheeling

On to-morrow (Sunday), July 6. Rate $1 50 round trip. Train leaves B. & O. depot at 8:30 A. M., city time.

Pretty Evening Dresses,

That are inexpensive, for summer resorts.
TWTS PARCELS & JONES, 29 Fifth ave.

The Baseball Season.

Marvin's baseball cakes are a delight to every boy who loves the national game. Grocers all keep them. TTS

SCRAPS OF HISTORY.

Interwoven in a Romance by George Alfred Townsend.

ALEX. HAMILTON IN THE WEST.

How He Sang an Old Revolutionary Song for Pennsylvania Boys

WITH FIFE AND DRUM ACCOMPANIMENT.

From "Mrs. Reynolds and Hamilton, by George Alfred Townsend (Gath).

The President now proceeded to Cumberland, while Hamilton and a few mounted friends moved out from the Welsh settlement to pass the great Tuscarora Mountain by a trail. The mighty mass of rock and woods seemed to open as they approached like a gray cloud, and showed a cove that had a low gate cut by a brook, and beyond this opening seemed nothing but a deep, round bowl of forest and rampart, sublime and serene. Yet within the cove a little way they came to a "store," or settler's shop, of stones and logs, and found some pack horses loading with supplies for the Monongahela. Within the Irish trader's cot the gentlemen took some of the cove whisky and a snack of venison.

"If I had my Eliza here," said Hamilton to the young trader's wife, "I should be the happiest settler in this cove. What is this little fellow's name?"

"James—James Buchanan, sir," replied the young mother, giving her child to the Secretary.

"May the United States last after Jamie is its President, madame!"

Out of the cove, like motes ascending within a blue-bell, the travelers wound, and gaining the summit after miles, looked over upon a small valley like a grave, posied with new-broken farms, and pebbled by a small, new hamlet.

Down the mountain, up the next one, down the next and over others, the party went along in forests illimitable, till they found the army the second day, toiling up the heights and wondering at the profusion of mountains, also marching like themselves upon converging lines through stars and storms. But the human army seemed hardly a caterpillar, dwarfed by the nature it had entered on. The few settlers, however, were sickly creatures compared to the soldiery, who were only worn with unaccustomed marching.

Hamilton's soul thrilled with the soft yet sacred scenery, which seemed to his chastened spirit the revealment of God's mercy and majesty—stupendous as the meaning, "I was set up from everlasting, before the mountains were settled, * * and my delights were with the sons of men."

The predestinarian in his Scotch type carried his imagination no farther than the Scriptures and belief, and out of this faith came his love of fond authority on earth and nearly ruined him; he had transferred the remnant of his fortune to daughters who at once became another Regan and Goneril; and the old man, half demented at their base ingratitude, shortly became a confirmed tramp about the streets of Chicago. "Uncle Baker," with hands folded plaintively in front of him, with bowed head and trembling gait, seemed never at rest. At all hours of the day and night you would meet him, pushing on and ever on, as if endlessly studying that one problem of filial ingratitude. He never begged. He was never known to utter an ungentlemanly word. Liquor never passed his lips. A few of us, touched by his pathetic life and ways, saw that he did not physically suffer, when we could keep track of the poor old fellow; though we could never secure his consent to provide for him in any charitable institution.

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Like the fingers on the drum;
Ra-ta-tah!
Ra-ta-tah!
Ra-ta-tah!

Hear the little children weep,
"Ba-a-ah, ba-a-ah,"
Like the tender little sheep—
Ba-a-ah, ba-a-ah.
But their terrors rouse the dumb
Ra-ta-tah! ra-ta-tah!
And their sob is in the drum;
Ra-ta-tah!
Ra-ta-tah!
Ra-ta-tah!

Do you see this harmless flock—
Ba-a-ah, ba-a-ah—
Filing up the mountain rock?
Ra-ta-tah! ra-ta-tah!
There is nothing quarrelsome,
Ba-a-ah, ba-a-ah,
In the bleating of our drum:
Ra-ta-tah!
Ra-ta-tah!
Ra-ta-tah!

We are only clad in wool,
Ba-a-ah, ba-a-ah;
We are marching in from school,
Ra-ta-tah! ra-ta-tah!
And the lesson that we hum—
Ba-a-ah, ba-a-ah—
You shall hear upon the drum;
Ra-ta-tah!
Ra-ta-tah!
Ra-ta-tah!

If the wolf is in these hills—
Ba-a-ah, ba-a-ah—
'Tis the fife the wolf that thrills;
Ra-ta-tah! ra-ta-tah!
'Tis a little drummer's thumb,
Ba-a-ah, ba-a-ah,
Thrills the sheepskin to a drum;
Ra-ta-tah!
Ra-ta-tah!
Ra-ta-tah!

Can that be Columbia's cry?
"Ba-a-ah, ba-a-ah."
Forward, march! For she may die:
Ra-ta-tah! ra-ta-tah!
Dear mother, straight we come,
Ra-ta-tah! ra-ta-tah!
'Tis your sons with fife and drum—
Ra-ta-tah!
Ra-ta-tah!
Ra-ta-tah!

President Washington and Governor Lee arrived at Bedford from Cumberland the 20th of October. Four dragoons were the President's only escort. Instead of the magnificence which attended the mighty Mifflin's movements, 15 guns welcomed the President, and all the camps cheered, and straightway business began.

Philadelphia troops were dispatched into the surrounding country for offenders, and brought in 13 miserable objects, who had been locally greater than Washington. As these "leaders of the people" rode on their forest-fed ponies through the army, each preceded, flanked, and followed by a trooper of noble air and knightly uniform, the militia looked on in astonishment that these degraded beings had caused the State such expense.

NEED IT HERE.

Kansas City to be Allowed a Recount Owing to Inaccuracies.

KANSAS CITY, July 4.—A recount will be made of 20 districts in this city where it appears upon the face of the returns that the enumeration has been made in a slighting manner. Telegrams from Superintendent of the Census Porter and Congressman Tarsney to Supervisor Miller and President Foxon, of the Commercial Club, to-day announced that the recount had been ordered as requested by the latter gentleman.

At a meeting of the special committee of the Commercial Club, at which Mr. Miller was present, it was decided to do everything possible to obtain a fair count on this recount, which it is expected will increase the total by a considerable amount.

A HANDSOME FORGER.

A Leading Society Lady of Providence Arrested on a Serious Charge.

NEW YORK, July 4.—On the arrival of the 5:30 train from Boston yesterday afternoon central office detectives took into custody a handsome, richly dressed woman, named Nettie Clark, of Providence. She was taken before Inspector Byrnes, and shown a telegram from Providence, calling for her arrest. It was said that she had secured $5,000 on forged notes.

The woman confessed that she was the party wanted, and handed over $3,500 to the Inspector. She resides with her parents in Oak street, Providence.

REMINISCENCE OF THE GREAT FLOOD.

A Good Letter From Rev. H. L. Chapman, Pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

JOHNSTOWN, PA., Nov. 12, 1889.

Messrs. Chamberlain & Co., Des Moines, Ia.:

DEAR SIRS—The box of six dozen Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhea Remedy, which you sent at the suggestion of Hon. Wesley Redhead, reached us soon after the great flood and at a time when diarrhea was quite prevalent. As soon as it became known that I had the medicine for distribution, there began a great run on it, which continued until it was about all gone. Every one, so far as I heard from them, testified to its virtues, declaring it the best medicine for the purpose they had ever used. Those who got it shared it around with their neighbors, so that I am confident your generosity in sending it was productive of great good. We used some of it ourselves and found it not only an excellent medicine for diarrhea, but for all kinds of pain and uneasiness in the stomach and bowels. It has been regarded as the best medicine known here for the diseases it is recommended for. In view of your sending such a large quantity for free distribution among poor people, I think you are entitled to this testimonial in its favor.

H. L. CHAPMAN,
Pastor Methodist Episcopal Church.

FROM M'KEESPORT, PA.

I spent several weeks in Johnstown, after the great flood, on account of my husband being employed there. We had several children with us, two of whom took the diarrhea very badly. I got some of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhea Remedy, from Rev. Mr. Chapman. It cured both of them. I knew of several other cases where it was equally successful. I think it cannot be excelled and cheerfully recommend it.

MRS. ANNIE M. BEAM,
McKeesport, Pa.

CURED AFTER TWO DOCTORS HAD FAILED.

Last June, after the great flood, I received a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhea Remedy from my pastor, at a time when I was very much run down with diarrhea, and had tried two doctors without finding any relief. This remedy relieved me at once, and cured me entirely in a short time. I got several bottles and gave it around among my acquaintances who were afflicted in the same way. I think I gave it to a dozen people, and it relieved and cured, so far as I know, in all cases. It is the best medicine for the disease I have ever known. MRS. E. L. HENRIE, Johnstown, Pa.

Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy is sold at 25 cents a bottle by E. G. Stucky, 1701 and 2401 Penn ave.; E. G. Stucky & Co., cor. Wylie ave. and Fulton st.; Markell Bros. cor. Penn and Faulkston aves.; Theo. E. Ihrig, 3610 Fifth ave.; Carl Hartwig, 4016 Butler st.; John C. Smith, cor. Penn ave. and Malin st.; James L. McConnel & Co., 455 Fifth ave., Pittsburg; and in Allegheny by E. E. Heck, 72 and 194 Federal sts.; Thos. R. Morris, cor. Hanover and Preble aves.; F. H. Eggers, 172 Ohio st., and F. H. Eggers & Son, 199 Ohio st. and 11 Smithfield st. WSSU

SCOTCH and French ginghams, exclusive styles, plaids and stripes, worth 40c and 50c at 25c and 30c a yd. HUGUS & HACKE. TTSSU

Provide Yourself

With one of our American gloria umbrellas, 26 inch, paragon frame, with silver crook handles, at $1. Did you ever hear of such a bargain? ROSENBAUM & Co.
Ths

SEEKING FOR SHADE.

Pastor and People Alike Anxious for a Summer Vacation.

GOOD PROSPECTS OF A UNION

Between the Various Sects Bearing the Presbyterian Name.

GLEANINGS FROM CHURCH FIELDS

In most of the denominations preachers' vacations are now accepted as a fixed fact. Among Presbyterians and Episcopalians a vacation to the minister is generally accepted as a part of the contract with the congregation. The preacher is expected to take a summer's rest, and the congregation is usually not only submissive, but cheerful in having the opportunity of seeking green shades, by seashore and on mountains during dog days. One of our leading churchmen said a day or two ago: "The people are as ready for a vacation as the priest. These hot days are hard on the preacher and congregation alike. We are more than willing to give our preacher a rest until cooler weather. It is good all around to have a quiet time in the churches, and the rest and recreation will no doubt enable us to do better work when we return from the summer tour."

The Methodist churches have not so generally accepted the idea of a vacation. In general the preachers of this denomination keep down to the work in hot weather as cold, and only vary the work by camp meeting preaching. In connection with this subject of preaching in hot weather, a wag of a preacher recently related the following incident. After preaching an hour or more on a very hot Sunday a member of his congregation asked him if it did not make him very tired to preach in such weather. "No," said he, "I was not a bit tired, but I enjoyed it hugely to see how tired my congregation were."

Presbyterian Union.

At the late meeting of the United Presbyterian Assembly held at Buffalo, the question of union with the Reformed Presbyterians or Covenanters was one of the prominent questions under consideration. A committee of five was appointed to meet in joint committee with the representatives of Reformed churches to develop a plan of union. The United Presbyterian committee appointed by the assembly were: Rev. Dr. S. Littell, pastor of Sixth Avenue Church, Pittsburg; Dr. W. J. Robinson, First Church, Allegheny; Prof. James A. Grier, Dr. D. W. Collins and Rev. John A. Wilson, Wooster, Ohio. There are two wings of the Covenanters (Old and New School) and while there is little prospect of a union with the Old School, the New School are apparently ripe for a marriage with the United Presbyterians.

Pittsburg has twice been a meeting ground for Presbyterian sects. The Associate and Associate Reformed Presbyterian churches were joined in this city in 1858, and the united church from that day to this has been the United Presbyterian Church. Some ten years later the old and new wings of the Presbyterian churches came together in this city and old and new were unanimously abolished. The old school assembly convened in the First Presbyterian Church on Wood street, and the new in the Third Church, Sixth avenue in 1868. As Pittsburg has twice been the meeting ground for discordant Presbyterian sects, it is not at all improbable that in the next decade it will be the place of meeting for other sects of the Presbyterian faith, and that the time is drawing near when there will be but one Presbyterian fold in all the land.

The questions which now divide the branches of the Presbyterian fold are not essential to the faith. Covenanters, who hold that Christianity should have a place in the Constitution, are not so strenuous for their particulars views since Abraham Lincoln proclaimed liberty to the bondsmen.

Christianity is now the recognized religion of the Republic, and the malcontents who were justifiable in their opposition to the Government prior to the emancipation proclamation, have no longer a just ground of opposition. All signs point to a union of the various Presbyterian bodies before the century is past. As Pittsburg has been the place selected for two Presbyterian unions, it is highly probable that it will be selected as the place where all American Presbyterians will in the near future come together.

Pastor and People.

REV. W. D. HAMEL, M. E., presiding elder from Carthage, Mo., was in the city this week, on his way to visit his parents in Butler county.

Mr. Hamel has still a soft place in his heart for his native Western Pennsylvania, and, although enthusiastic over the Great West, thinks he has not seen any place that beats the scenes of childhood.

REV. T. DEWITT BENHAM, pastor of Point Breeze Presbyterian Church, will sail on the steamer Alaska, from New York on Tuesday next for a two months' trip in Europe. His congregation have generously provided him with the needful, having supplemented his salary with a $500 check, and in addition will supply his pulpit during his absence.

REV. NEVIN WOODSIDE, pastor of the Reformed Pre-byterian Church on Grant street, will leave on Monday, July 7, for his summer sojourn in Ireland. He will sail on the steamer Nevada from New York Thursday, July 10. His congregation has granted him a three months' furlough, and bountifully provided him with the means to have a good time in his native land.

PROF. HENRY GIBBONS was recently chosen to fill the chair of Greek at Amherst College. Prof. Gibbons was teacher of Latin and Greek in the Pittsburg High school from 1873 to 1880. For the past nine years he has been Greek professor in the Western University, Allegheny. He now goes to Amherst where he graduated in 1873. Prof. Gibbons originally hails from Brownsville, of this State.

REV. F. R. WOTRING, born, reared and educated in Western Pennsylvania, and for several years pastor of one of the churches of the Presbytery of Pittsburg, writes to the *Presbyterian Banner* from Rawlins, Wyo.: "I am still moving with the Star of Empire westward. I have struck more Pennsylvania Presbyterians here than I have met with anywhere else in the West. This is one of the most encouraging features of the work here, as wherever found they are a good and staunch element."

REV. DR. KUMLER, pastor of the East Liberty Presbyterian Church, has recently been in attendance at the commencement of his alma mater, Miami University, Oxford, Ohio. Dr. Kumler was a fellow student of President Harrison and Prof. Swing. Following is a communication from Oxford concerning our East Liberty pastor: "Dr. Kumler for years has been the President of the Board of Trustees of the Ladies' Seminary. This year he tendered his resignation, which was, after due consideration, unanimously not accepted. The Pittsburg region is not regarded as too far off from Oxford to render distance a reason for relieving the Doctor. We know he is full of work, and many others are calling for him. All we can say is, let him refuse the new calls and hold on to the old."

IN at least five of the leading cities of the United States graduates of old Jefferson College, Cannonsburg, are occupying foremost positions in the ministry. Dr. John R. Paxton, a native of Cannonsburg, and graduate of the college there, is recognized as one of the foremost preachers of New York. Dr. David Gregg, a graduate of the same institution and native of Allegheny City, stands at the front in Boston Drs. Dickey, Graham and Agnew are doing good work in Philadelphia pulpits, and all are proud of the memories of Jefferson and Washington. In Chicago Bishop McLaren stands at the front in the Episcopal Church of the Illinois diocese, and no doubt cherishes fond recollections of his student days in Cannonsburg from 1849 to 1851. At St. Louis the Rev. Dr. Nicols holds the Presbyterian fort. Dr. Nicols was a graduate of Jefferson College, not long before the war, and has the honor of being the youngest man ever chosen to be Moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly. That he is still alive was proved by his prominent part in the recent convention of the Christian Endeavor Societies held in St. Louis.

Outside Church News.

GLADSTONE, in his old age, seems to be turning his attention to the Bible. He has recently published a series of papers on the old book. In the *Sunday School Times* of June 26, is an interesting article from his pen on the Book of Psalms. He defends the imprecatory Psalms from some of the charges made against them by modern skeptics.

REV. DR. WILLIAM TAYLOR, of the Broadway Tabernacle, New York, is working earnestly for the aged ministers' fund of the Congregational Church. He hopes to secure $100,000 for this fund, and has already secured over $20,000. The preacher who has worn himself out in the service, has hitherto had a poor outlook in his old days. The churches are gradually waking up to the idea that the veterans should be cared for in declining years.

PREACHERS are, no doubt, like other mortals, and when salary is not equal to the supply of ordinary wants, and they find it difficult to furnish the ordinary comforts to wife and little ones, they have their anxieties as other men. While it is not claimed that they are above the ordinary besetments and weaknesses of our common humanity, it is a pleasure to record the following incident in the life of the great London preacher: Mr. Spurgeon inherited a large sum of money recently from an admirer in an English town, but distributed the entire amount among the testator's poor relations.

THE semi-centennial of Dr. Dales' pastorate of Philadelphia was one of the recent prominent events in the religious world. Dr. Dales stands at the front in the United Presbyterian Church, and has stood there for an entire generation. In his semi-centennial sermon he furnished some interesting statistics as to religious growth, some of which are appended. 1. In 1840 there were 26 States and nine Territories, with 17,069,453 people and 903,216 square miles, mainly along the Atlantic coast and east of the Mississippi river. In 1890 there are 42 States and four Territories, with a population of from 65,000,000 to 67,000,000, and an extent of 3,602,990 square miles. In this last particular we stand third among the nations, being excelled only by Russia and the Chinese empire. Then the dark pall of slavery was hanging over 15 States and Territories; now, since January 1, 1863, not a slave is found breathing upon American soil. 2. In our city. Then, with a population of 258,087, now over 1,000,000; then about 250 Evangelical churches, now 599; then few Sabbath schools, now 616, with 178,868 scholars in them. 3. In our customs. Then, public worship was conducted largely in the mornings and afternoons, leaving the evening for home and household religion; then Sabbath school was held before each church service, and the teachers went, devoutly taking the children from the one to the other; then there was little sensationalism, preaching from topics or isolated texts, but from subjects and entire passages of the Bible; then women had a very limited sphere; now doors are open for their work everywhere. In our own church there are now 827 women's missionary societies, with over 8,000 members, which last year raised over $60,000.

NOT A WORK OF NECESSITY.

Judge Pennypacker Rules That Sunday Shaving Violates the Law.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

PHILADELPHIA, July 4.—Judge Pennypacker to-day delivered a decision on the question of Sunday shaving in the city. The opinion was given in connection with the appeal of William R. Waldman, a barber, from the magistrate's fine. In stating his decision the Judge said:

"It is contended upon the part of the defendant," Judge Pennypacker said, "that since there are some persons whose beards require shaving daily, and there are some whose occupations through the week make it difficult or impossible for them to get shaved except upon Sundays, the conduct of his business upon the days in question was a work of necessity, and therefore within the exception in the statute. It seems to me quite obvious that the argument is a fallacy.

"If the position so strenuously and ably urged by counsel for the defendant were sound, it would result in the entire abrogation of the act of 1794, because the same process of reasoning would throw open substantially all of the avenues of business life. If there are persons so closely tied to their occupations during the week that they cannot find sufficient time to get shaved except upon Sundays, the same want of time will prevent them from seeking the shoemaker, the plumber and the forgeman upon the ordinary days of labor. If, as has been earnestly said, the demands of the people of this Commonwealth have grown too great to be restrained by the bonds imposed by the statute of 1794, and the development of modern life are such as to require that these restraints should be broken or relaxed, an appeal to the law-making power will not long remain unheeded. The province of a judge is to interpret, not to legislate. I will affirm the decision of the magistrate and cause the fine to be paid.

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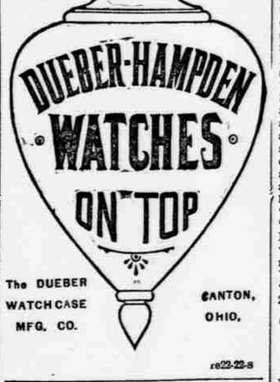

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100 TAPE WORMS TAKEN IN LAST 18 MONTHS.

The hundredth one was taken on Sunday, June 29, from J. T. Slagle, of Callery Junction, Butler county, Pa. During my professional career I have taken successfully over 500 tapeworms, and this is undoubtedly the broadest and one of the longest on record. It measured when stretched 163 feet 5 inches, and to anyone doubting same, if they will call at my office the fact will be demonstrated, and Mr. Slagle was only two hours under treatment. Thousands are suffering who do not know it. Send stamp for circulars describing symptoms. Remember that I also cure Cancer without knife or plaster. Catarrh and Parasites positively cured. I desire to inform my patients and public that owing to my large increasing office practice, it has necessitated the employment of an assistant, a physician of years of practice and a graduate of one of the largest and best medical colleges in this country. Hitherto it has been an impossibility for me to visit patients at their homes but on and after July 1, I shall try and visit, either day or night, all those afflicted who cannot call at my office.

Don't forget Burgoon's system renovator; thousands are using it with success, who have been suffering for years. Don't suffer, but get a bottle at your drugstores, or if you live in Pittsburg, call at Jos. Fleming & Son's drugstore, cor. Diamond and the Market, where seven large worms can be seen that were taken in the last two weeks, or call at my office. Consultation free. My office hours from 8 A. M. to 9 P. M. Sunday, 2 to 5 P. M.

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