A FELLOW FEELING.

District Visitor—I've just had a letter from my son Reggie saying he has won a scholarship. I can't tell you how delighted I am. I—Rustic Party—I can understand yer feelings, mum. I felt just the same when our pig won a medal at the agricultural show!

FAMOUS SCOTTISH MINISTERS

I have received from Messrs. Inglis Ker, of Glasgow, a copy of Mr. T. H. Walker's "Clerical Cameos," which will certainly interest many of my readers. The author aims at giving a vivid sketch of the man, and through this revealing something of that indefinable quality which, whether we call it magnetism or charm, is ever an unknown quantity.

PRINCIPAL CAIRD.

Here, for example, is an impression of the late Principal Caird, dear to so many hearts as "the cultured preacher:"

What memorable Sunday afternoons one can recall in the old College Chapel, ere yet the magnificent Bute Hall was reared and devoted to this religious service! The crowded rows of red-gowned undergraduates; the general public behind them, overflowing everywhere; the expectant hush as the stately procession of professors makes its way to the dais, old "Lachie," the janitor, leading on — himself the stateliest figure of all the stately figures in the crowd; the half-shrinking figure of the principal, scarcely noticed in the general throng, until he mounts the pulpit, his veritable throne. To listen to a single sermon was in itself a liberal education. What eloquent diction, what impressive earnestness, what deep-drawing thoughts! The entire audience are touched and thrilled surely as never before; they bend eagerly forward, reminding one of the landward slope of trees and bushes by the seashore; for truly this preacher has the voice and mien of a man to whom has been committed the luminous exposition of the oracles of God.

Principal Caird rarely appeared in public except as a preacher.

DR. GUTHRIE.

The centenary of Dr. Guthrie's birth fell on July 12 of last year. He has been called "the pictorial preacher of his age," and it was in his wonderful word-pictures that his power lay:

On one occasion visiting the studio of a well-known painter, he ventured to offer some criticisms or suggestions, which apparently went home, since the artist was a little touchy under them, for he was provoked to say: "Dr. Guthrie, remember you are not a painter." To this the doctor replied: "I beg your pardon, I am a painter, though I paint in words, and not with colors." Truly, he was a literary artist in wealth of diction and warmth of imagination—not an expository, doctrinal, or hortatory preacher, but, more suo, "the pictorial preacher of his age." He could draw wonderful pictures in enforcing Biblical truth. He believed that "the manner is to the matter as the powder is to the ball." Intensely dramatic, in the pulpit he reproduced in action that which he was describing, often with termendous effect. It might be the picture of a house on fire, a shipwreck, or a battle, the parting of friends or the return of long-lost wanderers; in every case the high-wrought imagery was finely-illustrative of moral and spiritual truth. For example, in one of his discourses a passage describing the fight between David and Goliath was delivered with such animation that when the speaker launched the stone from the stripling's sling everyone seated in the gallery opposite the pulpit, dodged his head to avoid the missile! Well might his friend Professor Blackie describe Guthrie as the "Homer of was the clarum et venerabile nomen of preachers." Yes, in this respect he his church.

He, himself, thinks Mr. Walker would have disclaimed the title; but it is none the less acknowledged even now in the twentieth century.

RACY PREACHER.

Very different in method is the Rev. William Adamson, "the racy preacher," as he has been styled. Mr. Walker writes:

Our preacher is currently reported to be a terror to reporters. They cannot cope with him at all. In the rush of his words—for his brain is nimble, and he seems to think more quickly than the utterances will come—one is surprised, sometimes amazed, at the wonderful fertility of thought which characterizes the speaker. Then, on better acquaintance, you begin to note his power. There is little heed given to "finish," or literary style, in preaching. But the speaker his an idea; and he will burn it upon his hearer's mind and heart by sheer impetuosity of speech.

Dr. Adamson is, says the author of this book, a happy-hearted, companionable man.

SCOTTISH SPURGEON.

Space will not allow me to quote much more from the twenty "Cameos" which comprise this volume, but I must give this sketch of the Rev. John McNeill. Here is Mr. Walker's impression of him in the first sermon he ever heard him preach:

The old but stately church, with its ambitious if unsightly tower—a substantial block of gray stones, with quaint gables and pinnacles; the interior gorgeous in pine and gold, yet admirably arranged for the staid Presbyterian service; and to have a man of that cult conducting it today surely as never before! Everyone in the crowded congregation can see as well as hear the speaker—a sensible arrangement. Today not all the sacred associations of the place can subdue the stir and whisper of expectancy that await the preacher of the hour. Here he comes! Quietly and with reverence he ascends the pulpit steps. A decidedly pleasant, good-humored face that; honesty stamped on every feature; a firm, well-knit frame, a little over the average height—a "buirdly" man.

There is only one modern preacher, Mr. Walker claims, to whom the Rev. John McNeill can be likened—the late Charles Haddon Spurgeon.—T. P.'s Weekly.

The Overshadowing City.

The new city budget of New York calls for an expenditure for the year of $110,000,000, which is four times as much as the State of New York spends, and nearly twice as much as the total outlay of the United States Government at the outbreak of the civil war.

These figures may help us to realize the magnitude of the city's place in modern American life. They make a new record in municipal bookkeeping. They have never been matched by any other city, as a city, in the history of the world. When Rome was administering the government of an empire and spending the revenues of subject provinces, she may have handled more money, but no city, whether ancient Rome or modern London or Paris, has ever raised so much from its own people for local purposes as New York is raising now.

The case of New York is typical. The city in America has already outstripped the state in its financial operations, and is rapidly overtaking the general government. There are at least a dozen cities, each of which disposes of greater revenues than the state in which is it situated. The chief extensions of public activity are municipal. It is the cities that are talking of investing in street car lines, gasworks, electric light plants and model tenements. The rapid transit system of New York will belong to the city, and the election returns make it evident that the municipal ownership of surface car lines will soon be tried in Chicago.

With all the talk about national extravagance, its costs as much to run the city government of New York already as it costs the taxpayers to run the civil branches of the Government of the United States. If it were not for the army and navy, the pensioners and the postal business, with its independent revenue, the national treasury would soon occupy a modest place "among those present." —New York Evening Post.

T. P. IN HIS ANECDOTAGE

Mr. Menpes, in his sumptuous book, "Whistler as I Knew Him," tells some amusing stories of an eccentric artist whom "The Master" met in his student days in Paris: "Whistler told me of a man who used to copy one special picture at the Louvre, a picture of a saint in a blue dress, for which he always received thirty francs. As many copies as he could paint were sold for that sum. They were not bad in their way, and no one could understand how it was possible for him to paint them for that price and thrive. Whistler explained his methods. The copyist arrived in the gallery quite early, before any of the other students, and, looking round the room, noticed a canvas belonging to a lady artist, with a much-labored, half-finished copy upon it, exactly the size of the picture he wished to copy. Watching carefully until the attendant was out of sight, he very rapidly and cleverly slid the canvas from off the easel of the lady artist on to his own, and quickly covered it with earth colors—ordinary pigment he could not afford. Then he would sketch in his picture and carry it as far as possible before the students arrived. By and by the lady artist appeared and missed her canvas. There was a great fuss and cry all over the room for the 'lost canvas.' From the top of a high ladder the venerable painter, at work on his blue-robed saint, looked down reprovingly through his spectacles, and said, in an authoritative way: "Hush! The students must not be disturbed! What do you say, madam? Your canvas has gone? Nonsense, my dear lady; it can't walk! What size may it have been?" The lady murmured that it was much the size of his own, and, feeling that she had been creating too much of an annoyance, started to work on a new canvas."

WHIMSICAL REVENGE.

This unscrupulous artist was no less ingenious in his modes of avenging himself on his enemy and of supplying his larder. Whistler, having accepted one of his many invitations to lunch, found the little man fuming with fury against his landlady, on whose door he had painted a magnified hair, decorated as those locks were decorated which inspired Burns:

"O wad some power the giftie gi'e us
To see oursel's as ithers see us."

The day before, this extraordinary person told Whistler, the landlady had been so annoying and crotchety that he had revenged himself by fishing her favorite goldfish from out the bowl outside her window, just beneath his own. "She opens the window every morning," he said, "and calls the fish by names—"Rose, Rose, Rose; Fanny, Fanny, Fanny"—then throws them bread. Now, this afternoon I, at the cost of many hours and great trouble, have fished up every one of them, fried them, and let them down again into the bowl. I look forward to seeing her expression tomorrow morning when she opens her window and calls for Fanny and Rose and finds them fried."

A FORAGING MONKEY.

Whistler was surprised at the sumptuous lunch to which he was treated, till the resourceful artist explained how it had been provided: "I have a pet monkey," he said, "which I let down from my window by a rope into that of my landlady and trust to Providence. Sometimes Jacko returns with a loaf, sometimes with a ham. His visits are full of surprises—one never knows what may appear."

FORAGING DOGS.

There are three instances on record of dogs that were similarly trained by their masters to be acomplished thieves. At the end of the eighteenth century a man named Macdonald was hanged for sheep-stealing, which, however, he had for years carried on with impunity by means of a trained collie. He would take the dog with him to a fair, and, under the pretense of looking through a flock of sheep with a view to a purchase, he would contrive to indicate by a certain signal to the dog ten or a dozen of the finest. He and the dog would then return home, and at night the collie would be dispatched to fetch the chosen sheep out of the flock, which he always did infallibly, though he had often to drive his booty back to his master a dozen miles. In 1817 two ladies complained at the Hatton Garden police office of having been robbed at Battle Bridge by a highwayman dog, that seized the reticule one of them carried, tore it from her hand, and disappeared like a flash. It turned out that the dog was well-known to the police as having been trained by his master to rob women; yet neither he nor his owner was ever caught. An Edinburgh young gentleman named Fraser was embarrassed to find that a spaniel bitch he had lately purchased from a dealer was continually fetching home articles she had stolen from shops. He took then to watching her whenever he entered a shop, and noticed that in the shop she affected to know nothing of him. If, however, he happened to lay his hand casually upon any article, it was certain to be brought home to him later on. The shop-people, having been instructed by Fraser to watch her after he had quitted the shop, said that she would sit at the door, or stroll casually in and out, or sometimes lie down in the shop itself, until she thought that the attention of the attendant was distracted by a customer, when she would fetch the marked article off the counter and bolt off with it like a rabbit to its burrow.

WHISTLER AND DUMAS.

Whistler as a Bohemian — not of course as an artist — had many things in common with Dumas. He was no less vain, improvident, and impecunious, and he less casual and resourceful in his hospitality, being, like Dumas, an admirable chef. Mr. Menpes' most amusing accounts of Whistler at the hairdresser's, at the tailor's, and at the auctioneer's who had dared to put an execution into his house, all recall Dumas. Whistler's wit, too, was as French as Dumas', as light, bright, keen, and caustic. When "The British Artists" rebeled against his arbitrary and eccentric presidency, like Coriolanus, he banished them—not they him. He made a dramatic exit, taking with him in his triumphant train a large number of the society. "I am taking with me the artists, and I leave the British," he fired back as his parting shot as he quitted the gallery. "What are you going to do with them?" whispered Menpes to Whistler of this loyal band that followed "the Master" into the wilderness. "Pshaw! Menpes! Lose them, of course!"

DUMAS' DEMON SHIRT.

I cannot, however, imagine Whistler, with all his love for the eccentric in costume, appearing at an ambassador's reception in the Dantesque shirt Dumas was compelled to wear at an at home of his excellency's. Madame Mathilde Shaw in her recollections of Dumas says that on visiting him in 1868 she found him both ill and deserted—his very servants having abandoned him. "I have been calling in vain for Nathalie to bring me some barley-water. Who opened the door to you?" asked Dumas, when she appeared at his bedside. "No one. The door was not shut." When she had brought him the barley-water he insisted upon getting up to go to an ambassador's reception, though his face was in a terrible state, owing to some skin eruption, and though, for that matter, he was hardly able to stand. Besides, he had neither shirt nor tie, nor money to buy them! Madame Shaw, however, undertook to run out and buy him a shirt and tie; but as the hour was late and most of the shops were shut, and Dumas needed a shirt of extraordinary dimensions, she had almost given up the search in despair when she came upon a haberdasher's where they advertised as their specialty "The Hercules Shirt." But even here she could get only a colored shirt of sufficient size, and one not colored only, but colored to suit some student of the Quartier Latin to wear as a ball costume. On a white ground were depicted a legion of red devils dancing about in flaring yellow flames! When she brought back this shirt of Nessus to poor Dumas he was speechless for a moment, and then he burst into such a frenzy of rage that the terrified Madame Shaw hurried from the room. However, he called her back and apologized, and said with gloomy resignation, "I suppose I must wear it." And wear it he did! "Before long he reappeared clad in his dress suit, its low waistcoat showing off the dancing devils to the fullest advantage. He had forgotten the tie; I had forgotten it. The only available tie was a flaming red one, which he had to wear. Then, sulky and silent, he got into a cab and was driven to the reception. A few days later an urgent note summoned me to see him, and when I arrived I found him radiant. 'You would hardly believe it,' he cried, 'but my costume was an immense success. Everyone thought it was my own idea, and I really think I have started a fashion of devilled shirts for evening wear!" — T. P.'s Weekly.

At West Point, N. Y., it has been decided that no fat cadet may go into the cavalry, because he must lack the agility of the horseman and must prove weight," says Gen. Burton, the inspector, "is ruinous to a horse, is cumbersome to a rider, and weakens the endurance of the individual."

In spite of lavish payment of wolf scalp bounties the beast still holds its own in the west. On the cattle ranges their numbers are increasing.

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THE CONFIDENCE MAN THRIVES IN MEXICO

SNEAK THEIVES COPY AMERICAN CONFERES IN SMALL WAY.

An inspector of police in the City of Mexico sees as strange things as are registered in the police books of cosmopolitan Bombay or Hong Kong. With Japanese servants, hill tribes which might be mistaken for Northern Asiatics, and the Moor continually coming into view, he has to deal largely with petty thefts showing much ingenuity in their perpetration.

The tricks of the rateros, or sneak thieves, are innumerable. A new scheme for trapping the unwary was revealed the other day. A woman called in her coach at the house of a gentleman who was ill to make personal inquiry after his health. She had a costly cloak with her and took it upstairs to the parlor for safe keeping, for whatever is left in a coach is apt to "evaporate."

On leaving the house she forgot the cloak, and next morning it was sent to her in a large bonnet box, carried by a young Indian servant girl of some 15 years. The girl was bright, but unaccustomed to the ways of the city, and on her way had an interesting and unpleasant adventure.

While passing through a garden she was accosted by a well-dressed man, who called her attention to an open purse lying at her feet. He suggested they should go to a snop and exchange the American gold coins for Mexican silver, and he would give her half. While she was attending to the exchange he held her package, but when she turned round the thief had disappeared.

To add to her troubles, the shopkeeper accused her of trying to pass counterfeit coins, and the poor Indian girl is now in prison, awaiting investigation of her story, while ratero and cloak are probably forever missing.

The confidence men are emulating the tricks of their American confreres in a common trick played on poor "payos," or countrymen, who come up to the "city of palaces" to see the sights, bringing the money saved up for years for this famous visit. The countryman is bewildered by city sights and sounds and the big electric cars, and a couple of strange men come up and ask him if he would not like to see the town. They remark that they, too, are sightseeing.

Flattered by the attentions of the well-dressed strangers, the payo goes with them to a barroom once he feels that he must not be outdone, and displays his cash with pride. His money is snatched from him and the men sneak out of a side door and the countryman is left penniless in a big city.

Often a pair of rogues meet a countryman just off the train and pretend they know that he is a passer of bad money. The countryman protests that he is an honest man.

"O, we don't doubt it, but you resemble Fulando de Tal, who is wanted at police headquarters. It will be a mere formality, but you must come with us." On the way to nowhere in particular the men ask to see his money, telling him if it is good he may go his way in peace. The countryman, glad to see a way out of a bad scrape, shows his "wad," when the men examine it with care. They take his bank bills and remark: "We see we are mistaken; it is all good." They return him his money or what looks like it, but later on, when he has occasion to make a purchase, he finds he has a roll of worthless paper of a color simulating bank notes.

Sometimes the innocent countryman is met by men, well-dressed, who tell him that there is a way of doubling or trebling his pile in a neat business. There is a great boom on and a quick speculation will make him comparatively rich. The men have prepared the payo's mind by previous and ingratiating conversation, so that when he has bought some shares in the Stone Pasture mine he thinks his fortune made. By this time his new found friends have disappeared.

Recently a lady bought some silk underskirts at a fashionable shop, ordering them sent to her house. A shop mozo, or servant, was dispatched with the goods, and on entering the courtyard was met by a decent appearing man; who said: "How slow you have been! But never mind; give me the package and let me sign your book." This he did, and in a day or two the lady called at the shop to inquire why her skirts had not been delivered. The book was produced and the signature proved to be in an unknown handwriting.

A man servant carrying a roasted fowl on a platter through the streets, a gift from his mistress to a friend, was met by a thief, who said: "What a splendid fowl! How my master will appreciate the gift! Here, let me take it and save you the trouble of delivering it." The simple chap handed over platter and fowl, and some thieves had a good meal that day.

The other day a wine merchant received an order by telephone for several cases of champagne. It was to be delivered to another merchant, whose clerk, he supposed, was talking with him. He hurried up the clerk and sent him with a handcart to the address, where at the door a man took it, gave a receipt, and somehow managed to get it out on a cart standing conveniently at hand, and the wine was heard of no more.

The ingenuity and audacity combined of the rateros are the despair of the police. Every day a new trick is invented. The rateros are apparently ubiquitous; they hear everything, see everything, and one has continually to be on guard against them. Great robberies, burglaries, and the like, are rare. Safes are rarely broken into, and one lives in security from great crimes, but, as the police say, who can have eyes all around his head to catch the rateros?

Sometimes there is a general round-up, and the noted thieves are captured and sent down to the hot country to work on the plantations under contract, but a new crop of rateros comes up almost immediately.

One of the papers recommends public floggings for the sneak thieves, but other journals protest that this is barbarous, "too much like lynching!" The detectives are bright men, and yet they are often beaten in the game.

Some months ago the chief detectives in a large American city went to Mexico to take home a prisoner. He also went about to see the city. One fine afternoon he was relieved of watch, chain, and pocketbook. It is related that when the thief read in a morning paper of the robbery, and who was concerned, he sent back the property with a polite note, saying: "The caballero will excuse me; I had no idea who you were. It would be unprofessional for me to keep your money and watch. You will find them in a package accompanying this note."

In the old bookstalls one finds many books in English of great rarity and interest, belonging probably to the small book collections taken to the City of Mexico years ago by traveling Englishmen. How they find their way to the "puestos" is a mystery, but it is surmised that house servants filch them from private libraries and sell them to the old-book venders.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DISTEMPER.

An extremely fine quality of green leather made in Turkey is manufactured from the skin of an ugly fish called the angel fish. This is a kind of shark—a shark with thick, winglike fins that have earned for him the name of angel.

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Dr. Shoop's Restorative

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