

Tempting a Clergyman.

A prominent clergyman who is the representative in New York of a large publication society in Philadelphia recently found two strange men waiting for him in his parlor. They had a letter of introduction from the head of the Philadelphia society. The clergyman read it, and found that his visitors were detectives, and that their mission was to arrest a young man who had obtained employment in the office of the society in Philadelphia on the strength of a letter of recommendation written by the clergyman, and, a few days after he was put to work, had disappeared with a sum of money belonging to the society. The letter writer asked the clergyman to assist the detectives in finding the whereabouts of the thief. The clergyman was nearly overcome by the discovery of the young man's crookedness. He even ventured to doubt that it could be true. He recalled the young man's mother, one of the most devout and sweetest members of his congregation when he was pastor of a church up town six or seven years ago, and he remembered that she was now a widow. He pictured the boy—or rather one of the boys, for they were twins, and so near alike that only their intimate friends could tell one from the other—and he felt tempted to give the detectives no information. Then he decided that it was his duty as a clergyman and a good citizen to help carry out the laws of his country. He told the detectives to wait awhile in the parlor and he would go up stairs and try to find in some old letters the address of the young man's mother. He had not seen her for several years and had forgotten her residence.

While he was overhauling his papers there was a ring at the door bell.

Presently the servant came up and told the clergyman that a young man in the back parlor wanted to see him. He came down and was dumfounded to find himself face to face with one of the twins. He fervently hoped that it was not the one that the detectives in the front room were looking for, and he asked with some hesitation, "Are you George or John?" The young man answered, "I am George." Then a great temptation came up in the clergyman's mind. Should he open the back window and let the son of the widow escape into the yard? No; he would do justice. But he was determined that the young man should not be arrested in his house. He excused himself to the young man and went into the front parlor. He walked up to the detectives and said impressively, because he felt that he was now acting as an agent of God, who, he believed, had sent the young man to him: "The one you are looking for is in the other room." Both detectives sprang to their feet as if dynamite had been set off under their chairs, and wanted to go immediately into the back room and arrest the young man. But the clergyman motioned them back to their seats, and said: "You may arrest him, but you must not do it in my house. Go out on the street and wait for him there. He will be the first person to come out of the house." So the detectives went out, and the clergyman, pale with suppressed excitement, returned to the back parlor and talked for a few minutes with the young man about his family and home. Then the young man left.

One of the detectives had stationed himself a few hundred feet east of the house, and the other stood about the same distance west of it. The young man walked eastward, and the detective quickly followed him. At Lexington avenue both detectives, without letting the few observers who were around know that they were making an arrest, simultaneously approached the young man from the rear, and quietly slipped their arms, after the manner of sportive friends, under the arms of the young man. He was as good as smothered as they were, and nobody guessed that they had told him the moment they locked arms with him that he was their prisoner. The clergyman says simply that it was a case of Providence. The young man may not look at it in that light.

Old Things the Best.

It was her third season out, and De Ville, who was watching the "hulls," found it hard to talk to her. At last he said:

"That's a beautiful bracelet you are wearing, Miss Passe."

"Do you think so? Popper gave it to me on my last birthday. I think it looks like new. Do you know, Mr. De Ville, I like jewels best when they are old."

"Yes, they seem more like yourself, I suppose," he said, and he wondered at the icy silence that fell upon them.

Yellow silk with glass figures for house gowns and carriage boleros.

A Sea Monster.

Last Friday night the pilotboat Lady Mine, Capt. Steve Castle, was lying becalmed about ten miles southwest of the main Farallones, says the San Francisco *Evening*. Not a ship was in sight and the captain improved the opportunity to shift the schooner's canvas for her lighter summer suit. All hands were engaged on the work, and to secure more room the yawlboat used for boarding vessels was heaved over the side and made fast astern by six or eight fathoms of painter.

The sea was full of whales, lolling about on the glassy surface, playing and blowing, and emitting an unpleasant, oily odor, as whales are wont to do when the sun is shining, the air is still, and the water smooth. One particularly big fellow of the finback variety, commonly called California grays, manifested much interest and came alongside to investigate. The first notice of his approach was received from a tremendous flock of small seabirds that skimmed along the surface, flying down to snatch their food of parasites every time the whale came to the surface. All the birds flew away when the whale sounded a cable's length from the Lady Mine, and the crew thought he had taken his departure. In this they were erroneous, for in about two minutes the schooner set up a violent rocking, a huge black bulk suddenly loomed up alongside, there was a sound as of escaping steam, and half the deck was wet with a cloud of ill-smelling spray.

It was an awful big whale for a finback. It was longer than the Lady Mine, which measures eighty-three feet.

When he came up he touched the schooner, but did it very gently, not with a jar or a bump, but with a slow upheaval that simply shoved the vessel off sideways and careened her over a little until her round bottom slid off the monster's back. The whale appeared highly delighted, and repeated the performance. For two hours he was never 200 yards from the Lady Mine, and half the time when he was above water the crew could have touched him by simply extending their hands over the side. A dozen times he rubbed against her side, but always with the same gentleness that characterized his first contact, and often his huge fin protruded above the rail as big as a boat sail.

He was an old bull and his back and head were literally covered with barnacles. It was to rid himself of these that he rubbed up against the boat the crew soon learned. Several times it looked very scary to see the terrible bulk rising swiftly from the depths of the clear water, but he was considerate enough to always slacken speed just before striking, so that the contact amounted to no more than a gentle push.

The crew did not mind the whale using the Lady Mine for a backscratcher as long as he continued good-natured about it, but they did protest against the odor and finally made an attempt to drive him away. The boatkeeper prodded him with a sharp-pointed spinnakerboom just as he rose near the schooner's stern.

Down he went like a flash and in his flurry he breached directly across the little yawl's painter, which was hanging slack a foot or so beneath the surface of the water. One of his flukes caught the line and as the several tons of blubber and whalemeat went down the yawl boat went too. The bow plunged under with a terrific dash and the oars and loose bottom-boards of the boat flew for yards around in all directions.

The entire boat was lost to sight for over a minute, when it popped up like a cork, full of water, but right and tight and perfectly uninjured. The crew used garnished language, hailed the boat out, gathered up the gear that strewed the surrounding ocean, and hauled the rescued craft aboard.

The whale manifested no anger whatever, but returned in a few minutes as if nothing had happened. He rubbed off a couple or three more barnacles as gently as before, flitted his monstrous tail contemptuously, and took his departure.

Waste of Religious Funds.

BY THE REV. N. C. CLARK, D. D.

The article under this head in The Christian Union of April 9 is one that may well arrest the attention of all interested in the promotion of missions at home and abroad. The waste of funds in our home communities in sustaining rival denominations, with all the attendant expense of separate church edifices and preachers, while agreeing in the essentials of Christian truths, is crippling our great benevolent societies and delaying the world's evangelization, but "the evil of dividing the body of Christ into separate and rival factions in Christian lands" is by no means as disastrous abroad as it is at

home, where it uses up funds that ought to be used for the support and enlargement of the work abroad.

Dr. Barrows says: "Japan has twenty-six missionary organizations to make known the one way and truth and life; India has thirty-eight, and China thirty-nine." The inference drawn by Dr. Barrows is hardly a just one, that all this is "humiliating and painful;" it would be so were there not ample room for all without interfering one with another. As it is, in view of the very scanty supply of Christian teachers, it is rather a matter of congratulation that so many religious bodies are at work in these different countries. In Japan there is not yet one ordained preacher, foreign or Japanese, to 100,000 souls, and not yet one believer to 1,000 souls. In China the proportion is still less, their being hardly one evangelized preacher, including missionaries and native helpers of all kinds, to 150,000 souls, and scarce one believer to 10,000. In India the proportion is one ordained preacher, missionary or native, to about 200,000 souls, and one believer to 2,000. In these countries there is certainly room enough yet for missionaries without jostling one another; still much land to be possessed, still a call for foreign missionary work.

While differences of polity and doctrine are to be regretted so far as they attract the notice of the native population among whom the missionaries labor, they are far less unfavorable than they might at first seem. Missionaries have other work to take up their time and attention—matters in which they differ far more than at home. They recognize that they are brethren in Christ. Witness their conferences together, their loving sympathy one with another. The burden resting on them, in view of the multitudes on every hand accessible to effort, turns their attention to the one great business of winning men to Christ and establishing Christian institutions. Probably one-tenth of the missionaries have not neighbours near enough to make it easy to have any trouble over denominational methods, even if they were disposed to do so. Now and then some poor specimen of a man gets into the foreign field and makes some trouble over some denominational question, or attempts proselyting from another's field, but it is the fault of the man rather than of the missionary, and sheep-stealing abroad is regarded much as it is at home.

It is only in the large centers like Bombay, Tokyo, and Peking that funds might be saved by uniting in the support of higher Christian institutions of learning, of colleges and theological seminaries, and in the production of a Christian literature. An exception should perhaps be made in reference to some of the smaller mission fields, as in Mexico, Syria, and Persia, and, after another decade, possibly, in Japan; but at present there is little danger of waste of funds from an undue multiplying of evangelical agencies in the foreign field. Rather would we commend Mr. Barrows's article to the practical regard of churches and Christians in the home field, that the means in men and money may be available for a tenfold enlargement of the work abroad.

Dangers of Dirt.

An Italian physician has recently been investigating the dust gathered from the pavement of the barracks. He inoculated fifteen guinea pigs with this dust, all of which died with tetanus, or lockjaw, within a week. It is quite possible that house dust may be the cause of lockjaw, rather than nerve irritation, as has been heretofore supposed. It seems, in fact, probable that this disease is due to infection of the wound with dirt from the ground, floors, or other similar sources. Appropos of the subject we quote the following paragraph from the *Sanitary Inspector*:

"This may all be taken as again emphasizing the importance of cleanliness, and of the danger from dirt. Modern surgery has learned the fateful significance of filth, the dire consequences which may follow a trace of dirt upon the hands, beneath the nails, upon the bandages; and outside the medical ranks it should be common knowledge, not only that wounds are to be guarded from any possible source of pollution, but that infection comes not always directly from sick to well. The half-washed hands of the nurse may carry the germ of typhoid fever from the patient to her own food or to that of others; the hand soiled with tuberculous expectoration needs more than a careless washing to free it from the possibility of carrying infection; the emanations from a case of scarlet fever or diphtheria may be absorbed by the milk placed too near the sick room, and so carry disease and death to distant homes.

George Francis Train has arrived at Yokohama on his trip around the world.

"August Flower"

Mrs. Sarah M. Black of Seneca, Mo., during the past two years has been affected with Neuralgia of the Head, Stomach and Womb, and writes: "My food did not seem to strengthen me at all and my appetite was very variable. My face was yellow, my head dull, and I had such pains in my left side. In the morning when I got up I would have a flow of mucus in the mouth, and a bad, bitter taste. Sometimes my breath became short, and I had such queer, tumbling, palpitating sensations around the heart. I ached all day under the shoulder blades, in the left side, and down the back of my limbs. It seemed to be worse in the wet, cold weather of Winter and Spring; and whenever the spells came on, my feet and hands would turn cold, and I could get no sleep at all. I tried everywhere, and got no relief before using August Flower. Then the change came. It has done me a wonderful deal of good during the time I have taken it and is working a complete cure."

G. G. GREEN, Sole Man'fr. Woodbury, N. J.

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