Bridegroom's Perfume ory Promise.

The groom entered alone and said confidentially:

"Do you use the word 'obey' in your marriage service, Mr. ——?"

"No," said the minister, "I do not usually."

"Well," said the expectant benedict, "I have come to ask you to marry me now, and I want it used."

"Certainly," replied the other. "It shall be done," and presently the couple stood solemnly before him.

"James T——," said the clergyman, "do you take this woman to be your wedded wife?"

"I do."

"Do you absolutely promise to love, to honor, and obey her so long as you both shall live?"

Horror and rebellion struggled with the sanctities of the occasion on the bridegroom's face, but he chokingly responded: "I do," and the meek bride decorously promised in her turn.

After the ceremony was over the bridegroom said excitedly aside to the grave minister:

"You misunderstood me, sir; you misunderstood me! I referred to the woman's promising to obey."

"Ah, you did, indeed?" serenely answered his reverence. "But I think what is good for one side is good for the other, don't you? And, my friend, it is my advice to you, to say nothing about it, for as an old married man, I can tell you you'll have to obey anyhow."

The Origin of Baseball.

The origin of baseball—"our national game"—is not definitely known, but the first club organized to play it was in New York in 1845. Singularly enough, this club, like the one first organized to promote rowing, was called "the Knickerbocker Club." After 1851 other amateur baseball clubs began to organize, including the Atlantic, Mutual, Union, etc. In 1857 a convention of delegates from sixteen clubs in and around New York and Brooklyn was held. About ten years later, at the annual convention of the National Association in 1866, two hundred and two clubs from seventeen States and the District of Columbia were represented. The college baseball associations were started about 1862 or 1863. Amateur baseball throughout the Union was at its height in the years 1865, '66, and '67. Professional baseball was recognized in 1868, and the first games were played in 1869.

If loss of sleep means loss of beauty, the average man must be troubled with insomnia.

BEST SPRING MEDICINE.

The Palm Given to Dr. Greene's Nervura.

That Grand Jury, the People, Have So Decided.

Used by Hundreds of Thousands in Spring as a Blood Medicine.

Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy is indeed "The World's Great Spring Medicine. It has come to be recognized by almost everybody as the best possible spring medicine to take, and hundreds of thousands of our people use it during the trying spring months, to tone up anew the relaxed nerves and re-invigorate and enrich the blood.

A spring medicine is a necessity if one wishes to keep in perfect health and vigor during the changes from winter to summer. This grand spring tonic, this perfect spring medicine, Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, is exactly what the system needs at this season. It not only purifies, but makes rich, red blood; it not only strengthens and invigorates the nervous system, but re-energizes and revitalizes the nerves by feeding them with renewed nerve force and power. It is not only an aid to digestion, but it creates a regular, natural and healthy action of the bowels, liver, kidneys, which in the spring are always sluggish and inactive.

In fact, it is just what people need to make them well and keep them well during these months, so threatening to the health of all, and when it is considered that Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy is made entirely from pure, health-giving vegetable remedies, and that people give it more testimonials of cure than any other remedy on earth, no one can doubt that it is the very best spring remedy for everybody to use.

Mr. Gustave Leibach, of 337 First street, Jersey City, N. J., says:—

"I was troubled with sick headaches, and could not sleep on account of the pains in my head. I was suffering night and day with dyspepsia, could not eat anything, my stomach would sour so. I had to starve myself to have any ease. I had to give up work at last, I was so nervous and miserable, and I was falling away in flesh so that my friends hardly knew me. I tried several remedies, but without avail. At last someone recommended Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy. I tried one bottle and began to improve. I started in to eat all right; then I picked up my health; my headaches disappeared, and my weakness and sour stomach went away. I used three bottles, and could sleep all night with ease; I used six bottles, and felt like a new man. I can now do a hard day's work without any trouble, and I am as happy as a bird in spring. I was so miserable, always suffering, always in pain, but now I am like a new man."

Use Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy this spring, for it is the discovery and prescription of a well-known physician, Dr. Greene, of 35 W. 14th St., New York City, who is responsible for its beneficial action, and who can be consulted free of charge, personally or by letter.

CHRISTIAN HEROISM.

Dr. Talmage Says Those Who Bear Scars Shall Be Recompensed.

Men Are Not Ashamed of Scars Got in Battle for Their Country—God Will Honor Them.

[Copyright 1901.]

WASHINGTON, D. C.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage praises Christian heroism and tells of great rewards. The text is Galatians vi, 17, "I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus."

We hear much about crowns, thrones, victories, but I now tell the more quiet story of scars, honorable and dishonorable. There are in all parts of the world people bearing dishonorable scars. They went into the battle of sin and were worsted, and to their dying day they will have a sacrification of body or mind or soul. It cannot be hidden. There are tens of thousands of men and women now consecrated to God and living holy lives who were once corrupt, but they have been regenerated, and they are no more what they once were than rubesence is emaciation, than balm is vitriol, than nooday is midnight. But in their depleted physical health or mental twist or style of temptation they are ever and anon reminded of the obnoxious past. They have a memory that is deplorable. In some twinge of pain or some tendency to surrender to the wrong which they must perpetually resist they have an unwholesome reminiscence. They carry scars, deep scars, ignoble scars.

But Paul in my text shows us a scarification which is a badge of honorable and self-sacrificing service. He had in his weak eyes the result of too much study, and in his body, bent and worn, the signature of scourgings and shipwrecks and maltreatment by mobs. In my text he shows those scars as he declares, "I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus." Notice that it is not wounds, but scars, and a scar is a healed wound. Before the scar is well defined upon the flesh the inflammation must have departed, and right circulation must have been restored, and new tissue must have been formed. It is a permanent indentation of the flesh—a cicatrix. Paul did well to show these scars. They were positive and indisputable proofs that with all his body, mind and soul he believed what he said; they were his diploma, showing that he had graduated from the school of hardship for Christ; they were credentials proving his right to lead in the world's evangelization.

Men are not ashamed of scars got in battle for their country. No American is embarrassed when you ask him, "Where did you get that gash across your forehead?" and he can answer, "That was from a sabre cut at San Juan." When you ask some German, "Where did you lose your right arm?" he is not ashamed to say, "I lost it at Sedan." When you ask an Italian, "Where did you lose your eye?" he is not annoyed when he can answer, "I suffered that in the last battle under our glorious Garibaldi." But I remind you of the fact that there are scars not got in war which are just as illustrious. We had in this country years ago an eminent advocate who was called into the Presidential Cabinet as Attorney-General. In midlife he was in a Philadelphia courtroom engaged in an important trial. The attorney on the opposite side of the case got irritated and angry, and in most brutal manner referred to the distinguished attorney's disfigured face, a face more deeply scarred than any face I ever saw. The legal hero of whom I am speaking in his closing argument said: "Gentlemen of the jury, when I was a little child I was playing with my sister in the nursery, and her clothes caught fire, and I ran to her to put out the fire. I succeeded, but I myself took fire, and before it was extinguished my face was awfully burned and as black as the heart of the scoundrelly counsel on the other side of the case who has referred to my misfortune." The eminent attorney of whom I speak carried all his life the honorable scar of his sister's rescue.

A young college student in England found all the artistic world in derisive pursuit of William Turner, the painter. The young graduate took up his pen—in some respects the most brilliant pen that was ever put to paper—and wrote those five great volumes on modern painting, the chief thought of which was his defense of the abused painter.

The heroic author by some was supposed in his old days to be cynical and fault finding, and when I saw him a little while before his death he was in decadence, but I know that over his face and all over his manner were the scars of heroic defense.

In the seventies of his lifetime he was suffering from the wounds and fatigues of the twenties. Long after he had quit the battle with author's pen and painter's pencil he bore the scars of literary martyrdom.

But why do we go so far for illustration when I could take right out of the memories of some whom I address instances just as appropriate? To rear aright for God and heaven a large family of children in that country home was a mighty undertaking. Far away from the village doctor, the garret must contain the herbs for the cure of all kinds of disorders. Through all infantile complaints the children of that family went. They missed nothing in the way of childish disorders. Busy all day was that mother in every form of housework, and twenty times a night called up by the children, all down at the same time with the same contagion. Her hair is white a long while before it is time for snow; her shoulders are bent long before the appropriate time for stooping.

Spectacles are adjusted, some for close by and some for far off, years before you would have supposed her eyes would need re-enforcement. Here and there is a short grave in her pathway, this headstone bearing the name of this child and another headstone bearing the name of another child. Hardly one bereavement lifts its shadow than another bereavement drops one.

After thirty years of wifehood and motherhood the path turns toward the setting sun. She cannot walk as far as she used to. Colds caught hang on longer than formerly. Some of the children are in the heavenly world, for which they were well prepared through maternal fidelity, and others are out in this world doing honor to a Christian ancestry.

When her life closes and the neighbors gather for her obsequies, the officiating clergyman may find appropriate words in the last chapter of Proverbs: "Her price is far above rubies. The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her, so that he shall have no need of spoil. She will do him good, and not evil, all the days of her life; she stretcheth out her hand to the poor; she is not afraid of the snow for her household, for all her household are clothed with scarlet. Her husband is known in the gates when he sitteth among the elders in the land; her children arise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her. Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all."

Then after the Scripture lesson is read let all come up, and before the casket is closed look for the last time at the scars of her earthly endurance.

She never heard the roll of a gun carriage or saw a banner hoisted upon a parapet, but she has in all the features of that dear old face the marks of many a conflict—scars of toil, scars of maternity, scars of self-sacrifice, scars of bereavement.

She is a heroine whose name has never been heard of ten miles from the old homestead, but her name is inscribed high up among the enthroned immortals.

People think they must look for martyrs on battlefields or go through a history to find burnings at the stake and tortures on racks when there are martyrs all about us. At this time in this capital city there are scores of men wearing themselves out in the public service.

In ten years they will not have a healthy nerve left in their body. In committee rooms, in consultations that involve the welfare of the nation, under the weight of great responsibilities, their vitality is being subtracted. In almost every village of the country you find some broken down State or National official.

There is a woman who has suffered domestic injustice of which there is no cognizance. She says nothing about it. An inquisitor's machine of torture could not wring from her the story of domestic woe. Ever since the day of orange blossoms and long white veil she has done her full duty and received for it harshness and blame and neglect. The marriage ring, that was supposed to be a sign of unending affection, has turned out to be one link of a chain of horrible servitude. A wreath of nettle and nightshade of brightest form would have been a more accurate prophecy. There are those who find it hard to believe that there is such a place as hell, but you could go right out in any community and find more than one hell of domestic torment. There is no escape for that woman but the grave, and that, compared with the life she now lives, will be an arbor of jasmine and of the humming bird's song poured into the ear of the honeysuckle. Scars! If there be none on the brow showing where he struck her arriving home from midnight carousal, nevertheless there are scars all up and down her injured and immortal soul which will be remembered on the day when there shall leap forth for her avengement the live thunderbolts of an incensed God.

When we see a veteran in any land who has lost a limb in battle, our sympathies are stirred; but, oh, how many have in the domestic realm lost their life and yet are denied a pillow of dust on which to slumber! Better enlarge your roll of martyrs; better adopt a new mode of counting human sacrifications. A broken bone is not half as bad as a broken heart.

There are many who can in the same sense that Paul uttered it say, "I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus"—that is, for the sake of Christ and His cause they carry scars which keep their indenture through all time and all eternity. Do you think that Paul was accurate when he said that? If you have studied his career you have no doubt of it. In his youth he learned how to fashion the hair of the Cilician goat into canvas, a quiet trade, and then went to college, the President of which was Gamaliel, an institution which scholars say could not have been very thorough because of what they call Paul's imperfect command of Greek syntax. But his history became exciting on the road to Damascus, where he was unhorsed and blinded. His conversion was a convulsion. Whether that fall from the horse may have left a mark upon him, I know not, but the mob soon took after him and flogged and imprisoned and maltreated him until he had scars more than enough to assure the truthfulness of his utterance, "I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus."

All ye who bear in your body the marks of the Lord Jesus, have you thought what use those marks will be in the heavenly world? What source of glorious reminiscence! In that world you will sit together and talk over earthly experiences. "Where did you get that scar?" saint will say to saint, and there will come back a story of hardship and struggle and persecution and wounds and victory through the grace of the gospel.

"Where did you get that mark?" says another spirit to listening spirit, and the answer comes: "That is a reminder of a great bereavement, of a desolated household, of a deep grave, of all the heartstrings at one stroke snapped altogether. But you see it is no longer a laceration, for the wound has been healed, and my once bereft spirit is now in companionship with the one from whom for awhile I was separated."

"Where did you get that long, deep scar?" says another immortal to listening immortal, and the answer comes: "That was the awful fatigue of a lifetime struggle in attempting amid adverse circumstances, to achieve a livelihood. For thirty years I was tired—oh, so tired! But you see it is a healed wound, for I have found rest at last for body and soul, the complete rest, the everlasting rest that I heard of before I came here as the rest that remaineth for the people of God."

Some one in heaven will say to Martyr John Rogers, "Where did you get that scar on your foot?" and the answer will come, "Oh, that was a burn I suffered when the flames of martyrdom were kindled beneath me." "Ignatius, what is that mark on your cheek?" "Oh, that was made by the paw of the lion to which I was thrown by the order of Trajan."

Some one will say to Paul, "Great apostle, that must have been a deep cut once—the mark which I see on your neck." And Paul says, "That was made by the sword which struck me at my beheadment on the road to Ostia." But we all have scars of some kind, and those are some of the things we will talk over in the heavenly world while we celebrate the grace that made us triumphant over all antagonism.

Now, what is the practical use of this subject? It is the cultivation of Christian heroics. The most of us want to say things and do things for God when there is no danger of getting hurt. We are all ready for easy work, for popular work, for compensating work, but we all greatly need more courage to brave the world and brave satanic assault when there is something aggressive and bold and dangerous to be undertaken for God and righteousness. And if we happen to get hit what an ado we make about it! We all need more of the stuff that martyrs are made out of. We want more sanctified grit, more Christian pluck, more holy recklessness as to what the world may say and do in any crisis of our life. Be right and do right, and all earth and hell combined cannot put you down.

The same little missionary who wrote my text also uttered that piled up magnificence to be found in those words which ring like battleaxes on splitting helmets: "In all these things we are more than conquerors, through Him that loved us, for I am persuaded that neither death nor life nor angels nor principalities nor powers nor things present nor things to come nor height nor depth nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

How do you like that, you cowards, who shrink back from aggressive work, and if so much as a splinter pierce your flesh cry out louder than many a one torn in auto-da-fe. Many a soldier has gone through a long war, been in twenty battles, led a regiment up a hill mounted by cannon and swept by musketry, and yet came home without having been once hit and without a mark upon him. But it will not be so among those who pass in the grand review of heaven. They have all in the holy wars been wounded, and all bear scars. And what would the newly arrived in heaven do with nothing to show that he had ever been struck by human or diabolic weaponry? How embarrassed and eccentric such a one in such a place! Surely he would want to be excused awhile from the heavenly ranks and be permitted to descend to earth, crying, "Give me another chance to do something worthy of an immortal! Show me some post of danger to be manned, some fortress to be stormed, some difficult charge to make. Like Leonidas at Thermopylae, like Miltiades at Marathon, like Marlborough at Blenheim, like Godfrey at Jerusalem, like Winkelried at Sempach gathering the spears of the Austrian knights into his bosom, giving his life for others; show me some place where I can do a brave thing for God. I cannot go back to heaven until somewhere I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus." My hearer, my reader, quit complaining about your misfortunes and disappointments and troubles and through all time and all eternity thank God for scars.

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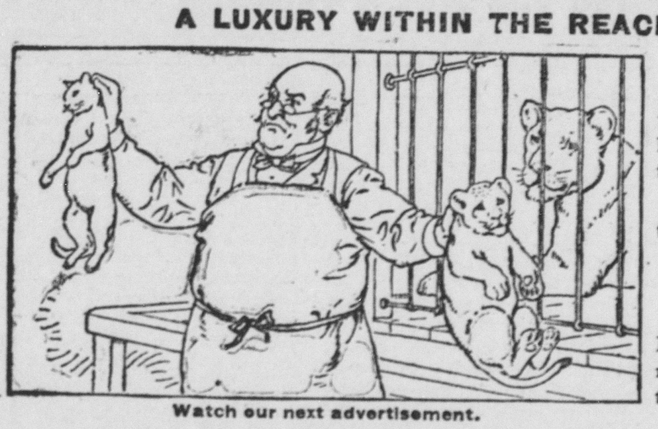

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