REV. DR. TALMAGE

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUNDAY SERMON.

Subject: "The Human Face."

TEXT: "*A man's wisdom maketh his face to shine, and the boldness of his face shall be changed,*" *or as it may be rendered,* "*The courtesy of his face shall be sweetened.*"—Ecclesiastes viii., 1.

Thus a little change in our English translation brings out the better meaning of the text, which sets forth that the character of the face is decided by the character of the soul. The main features of our countenance were decided by the Almighty, and we cannot change them, but under God we decide whether we shall have countenances benignant or baleful, sour or sweet, wrathful or genial, benevolent or mean, honest or scoundrelly, impudent or modest, courageous or cowardly, frank or sneaking. In all the works of God there is nothing more wonderful than the human countenance. Though the longest face is less than twelve inches from the hair line of the forehead to the bottom of the chin and the broadest face is less than eight inches from cheek bone to cheek bone, yet in that small compass God has wrought such differences that the 1,000,000,000 of the human race may be distinguished from each other by their facial appearance.

The face is ordinarily the index of character. It is the throne of the emotions. It is the battlefield of the passions. It is the catalogue of character. It is the map of the mind. It is the geography of the soul. And while the Lord decides before our birth whether we shall be handsome or homely, we are by the character we form deciding whether our countenance shall be pleasant or disagreeable. This is so much so that some of the most beautiful faces are unattractive because of their arrogance or their deceitfulness, and some of the most rugged and irregular features are attractive because of the kindness that shines through them. Accident or sickness or scarification may veil the face so that it shall not express the soul, but in the majority of cases give me a deliberate look at a man's countenance and I will tell you whether he is a cynic or an optimist, whether he is a miser or a philanthropist, whether he is noble or ignominious, whether he is good or bad. Our first impression of a man or woman is generally the accurate impression. You at the first glance make up your mind that some man is unworthy of your friendship, but afterward, by circumstances being put into intimate association with him, you come to like him and trust him. Yet stay with him long enough, and you will be compelled to return to your original estimate of his character, but it will be after he has cheated you out of everything he could lay his hands on. It is of God's mercy that we have these outside indexes of character. Phrenology is one index, and while it may be carried to an absurd extent there is no question that you can judge somewhat of a man's character by the shape of his head. Palmistry is another index, and while it may be carried into the fanatical there is no question there is no doubt that certain lines in the palm of the hand are indicative of mental and moral traits.

Physiognomy is another index, and while the contour of the human face may sometimes mislead us, as can generally, after looking into the eyes and noting the curve of the lip and the spread of the nostril, and the expression of all the features, come to a right estimate of a man's character. If it were not so there would be no use for Christ and Satan to appeal to souls. While we can not, physiognomy decides a thousand things in commercial and financial and social and religious circles. Even one-third of the Bible is the other, there is no science so recognized as that of physiognomy, and scripture quotations are only taken for granted that the power of the soul to translate itself in face. The Bible speaks of the "face of God," the "face of Jesus Christ," the "face of Esau," the "face of Israel," the "face of Joy," the "face of the old man," the "shining face of Moses," the wrathful "face of Pharaoh," the ashes on the face of desolation, the consecrating salve on the face of the dead child, the hypocrites disguising their face, and in my text the Bible declares, "A man's wisdom maketh his face to shine, and the sourness of his face shall be sweetened." If the Bible has so much to say of physiognomy, we do not wonder that the world has made it a study from the early ages. In ancient Egypt Parliament in the time of George II. ordered publicly whipped and imprisoned those who scoffed physiognomy. Intelligent people always have studied it and always will study it. The sons of Moses and Joshua and Zibeah and Ahiah and Paul as well as of Hippocrates and Hippocrates and Galen and Aristotle and Socrates and Plato and Lavater have been dipped into it, and whole libraries of wisdom on it could have been garnered on this theme.

Now, what practical reflections and sermons we would find out of this subject. I am going to show that while we are not responsible for our features, the Lord Almighty having decided what they shall be generally, as we perhaps discuss when he writes, "In his book all my members were written, which in continuance were fashioned when as yet there was none of them," yet the character which under God we form will so affect the features as to modify. Every man would like to have his face made in appearance an Absalom, and every woman would like to have been made a Josephine. We all want to be handsome. Our comliness depends so much upon it that I consider it important that Christian for every man and woman to be as agreeable in appearance as possible. The sloven, the swearer, the wanton, the sot, how he looks, all such people look repulsive for loathsomeness. A minister who has to throw a gulf of disgust out of his nearly before he separate prayer or thanksgiving with pearl uncrimmed, saying, there to look like wild beasts come out of the lair—lion, unkempt, unscoured, unwashed, this irritable man or woman—are a hindrance to religion more than a recommendation.

Now, my text suggests how we may, independent of beauty, make ourselves agreeable, "A man's wisdom maketh his face to shine, and the sourness of his face shall be sweetened." What I say may come too late for some people. Their countenance may by long years of hardness have been frozen into scowling, or by long years of cruel behavior they may have literalized all the machinery of expression, or by long years of avarice they may have been blocked until their face is as hard as the precious metal they are hoarding, but I am in time to help multitudes if my Lord will. Now, it is possible to overcome disadvantages of physiognomy was in this country mightily illustrated by one whose life recently closed after having served in the Presidential cabinet at Washington. By accident of fire in childhood his face had been more piteously scarred than any human visage that I ever saw. By hard study he arose from being a poor boy to the very height of the legal profession, and when an Attorney General for the United States was needed he entered the Presidential cabinet. Want a triumph over disorganized human countenance!

I do not wonder that when an opposing attorney in a Philadelphia court-room sneeringly referred to this personal disfigurement Benjamin F. Brewster replied in these words: "When I was a babe, I was a beautiful blue-eyed child. I know this because my dear dead mother told me so, but I was one day playing with my sister when her clothes took fire, and I ran to her relief and saved her, but in doing so my clothes took fire, and the fire was not put out until my face was black as the heart of the scoundrel who has just now referred to my disfigurement," thus completely disarming personal disparagement. That scholarly regular features are not necessary for secular personal impression was in my text illustrated by Jacob, who photographic lines as on a lovely possession, and George Washington, whose eyes were strange in their expression, and Alexander H. Stephens, who sat with pale and sick face in invalid's chair while he detailed the American congress with his eloquence, and Hezekiah of invalid prescribers and Saint Paul of invalid Christian workers. Aye, the most glorious being the world ever saw was foreseen by Isaiah, who described His face bruised and gashed and scourged, and said of Him, "His visage was so marred, more than any man." So you see that the loveliest face in the universe was a scarred face.

And now I am going to tell you of some of the chisels that work for the disfiguration or irradiation of the human countenance. One of the sharpest and most destructive of those chisels of the countenance is cyniism. That sours the disposition and then sours the face. It gives a contemptuous curl to the lip. It draws down the corners of the mouth and indites the angel up with a malediction. What David said in haste they say in their deliberation, "All men are liars," everything is going to ruin. All men and women are bad or are going to be. Society and the church are on the down grade. Tell them of an act of benevolence, and they say he gave that to advertise himself. They do not like the present fashion of hats for women or of coats for men. They are opposed to the administration, municipal and State and National. Somehow food does not taste as it used to, and they wonder why there are no poets or orators or preachers as when they were boys. Even Solomon, one of the wisest and at one time one of the worst of men, falls into the pessimistic mood and cries out in the twenty-first chapter of Proverbs, "Who can find a virtuous woman?" If he had behaved himself better and kept in good associations, he would not have written that interrogation point implying the scarcity of good womanhood. Cynicism, if a habit, as it is with tens of thousands of people, writes itself all over the features; hence so many sour visages all up and down the street, all up and down the church and the world. One good way to make the world worse is to say it is worse. Let a depressed and foreboding opinion of everything take possession of you for twenty years, and you will be a sight to behold. It is the chastisement of God that when a man allows his heart to be cursed with cynicism his face becomes gloomed and scowled and lachrymosed and blasted with the same midnight.

But let Christian cheerfulness try its chisel upon a man's countenance. Feeling that all things are for his good, and that God rules, and that the Bible being true the world's floralize

[illegible] and distillery and bombshell and rifle pit seventy-four pounders and roulette tables and corrupt book and satanic printing press will have quit work, the brightness that comes from such anticipation not only gives rest to his work, but shines in his eyes and glows in his entire countenance. Those are the facts I look for in an audience. Those countenances are sections of millennial glory. They are heaven impersonated. They are the sculpturing of God's right hand. They are hosannas in human flesh. They are hallelujahs alighted. They are Christ reincarnated. I care not for what your features are or whether you look like your father or your mother or look like no one under the heavens, to God and man you are beautiful.

Michael Angelo, the sculptor, visiting Florence, some one showed him in a back yard a piece of marble that was so shapeless that it seemed of no use, and Angelo was asked if he could make anything out of it, and if so, was told he could own it. The artist took the marble, and for nine months shut himself up to work, first trying to make of it a statue of David with his foot on Goliath, but the marble was not quite long enough at the knee to make the prostrate form of the giant, and so the artist fashioned the marble into another figure that is so famous for all time because of its expressiveness. A critic came in and was asked by Angelo for his criticism, and he said it was beautiful, but the nose of the statute was not of right shape. Angelo picked up from the floor some sand and tossed it about the face of the statue pretending he was using his chisel to make the improvement suggested by the critic. "What do you think of it now?" said the artist. "Wonderfully improved," said the critic. "Well," said the artist, "I have not changed it at all." My friends, the grace of God comes to the heart of a man or woman and then attempts to change a forbidding and prejudicial face into attractiveness. Perhaps the face is most unpromising for the Divine Sculptor. But having changed the heart, it begins to work on the countenance with celestial chisel, and into all the lineaments of the face puts a gladness and an expectation that changes it from glory to glory, and though earthly criticism may disapprove of this or that in the appearance of the face Christ says of the newly created countenance that which Pilate said of Him, "Behold the man!"

Here is another mightly chisel for the countenance, and you may call it revenge or hate or malevolence. This spirit having taken possession of the heart, it escapes seven devils under the spectacles. It puts cruelty into the compression of the lips. You can tell from the man's looks that he is pursuing some one and trying to get even with him. There are suggestions of Nero in the nostrils, of Domitian and Thumbscrews and racks all up and down the features. Infernal artists with murderers' daggers have been cutting away at that visage. The revengeful heart has built its pedition in the revengeful countenance. Disfiguration of diabolic passion!

But here comes another chisel to shape the countenance, and it is kindness. There came a moving day, and into her soul moved the whole family of Christian graces, with all their children and grandchildren, and the command has come forth from the heavens that that woman's face shall be made to correspond with her superb soul. Her entire face from ear to ear becomes the canvas upon which all the best artists of heaven begin to put their finest strokes, and on the small compass of that face are put pictures of sunrise over the sea, and angels of mercy going up and down ladders all aflash, and mountains of transfiguration and noonday in heaven. Kindness! It is the most magnificent sculptor that ever touched human countenance.

No one could wonder at the unusual genitality in the face of William Windom, Secretary of the Treasury of the United States, after seeing him at the New York banquet just before he dropped dead, turning his sunglass upside down, saying, "I may by doing this offend some, but by not doing it I might damage many." Be kind to your friends. Be kind to your enemies. Be kind to the young. Be kind to the old. Be kind to your rulers. Be kind to your servants. Be kind to your superiors. Be kind to your inferiors. Be kind to your horse. Be kind to your dog. Be kind to your cat. Morning, noon and night be kind, and the effects of it will be written in the language of your face. That is the gospel of physiognomy.

A Bayonne merchant was in the south of Europe for his health, and sitting on the terrace one morning in his invalidism he saw a drifter fling into a horse into a river, and without thinking of his own weakness the merchant flung off his invalid's gown and swam to the drowning man, and clutching him as he was about to go down the last time bore him in safety to the bank, when groaning into the face of the rescued man he cried, "My God, I have saved my own son!" All kindness comes back to us in one way or another; if not in any other way, then in your own face. Kindness! Show it to others, for the time may come when you will need it yourself. People laughed at the lion because he spared the mouse that ran over him when by one motion of his paw the monarch could have crushed the insignificant creature. But it was well that the lion had mercy on the mouse, for one day the lion was caught in a trap and roared fearfully but one he was held fast by ropes. Then the mouse knawed off the ropes and let the lion go free. You may consider yourself a lion, but you cannot afford to despise a mouse.

When Abraham Lincoln pardoned a young soldier at the request of his mother, the mother went down the stairs of the White House saying: "They have lied about the President's being homely. He is the handsomest man I ever saw." All over that President's rugged face was written the kindness which he so well illustrated when he said, "Some of our generals complain that I impair discipline and subordination in the army by my pardons and respites, but it makes me rested after a hard day's work if I can find some good excuse for saving a man's life, and I go to bed happier as I think how joyous the signing of my name will make him and his family." Kindness! It makes the face shine while it lasts, and after death puts a summer sunset between the still lips and the smoothed hair that makes me say sometimes at obsequies, "She seems too beautiful to bury."

But here comes another chisel, and its name is hypocrisy. Christ, with one terrific stroke in His sermon on the mount described this character, "When you fast, be not as the hypocrites are, of a sad countenance, for they disfigure their faces that they may appear unto men to fast." Hypocrisy having taken possession of the soul, it immediately appears in the countenance. Hypocrites are always solemn. They carry downward entry corners in their faces. Hypocrites are generally supposed to be very about to be in their prayers they gash for their brains and have such general cadaverousness that they disgust young people with religion. We had one of them in one of my churches. When he expired, he always deplored the low state of religion in other people, and when he prayed it was an attack of hysteria, and he went into a paroxysm of sighs and sobs that seemed to demand resuscitation. He went on in that way until we had to expel him from the church for stealing the property intrusted to him as administrator and for other vices that I will not mention, and he wrote me several letters not at all complimentary from the West, saying that he was daily praying for my everlasting destruction. A man can not have hypocrisy in his heart without somehow showing it in his face. All intelligent people who witness it know it is nothing but a dramatization.

Oh, the power of the human face! I warrant that you have known faces so magnetic and impressive that, though they vanished long ago, they still hold you with a holy spell. How long since your child went? "Well," you say, "if she had lived she would have been ten years old now, or twenty or thirty years." But does not that infant's face still have tender supremacy over your entire nature? During many an eventide does it not look at you? What a sanctifying, hallowing influence it has been in your life! You can say in the words of the poet, "Better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all." Or it may have been a sister's face. Perhaps she was the invalid of the family. Perhaps she never went out except on very clear days, and then she had to be carried down the stairs to the piazza or for a short ride, but she was so patient and cheerful under it all. As that face looks at you through the years with what an elevated and heavenly emotion you are filled. Or was it a father's face? The storms of life had somewhat roughened it. A good deal of the brightness of the eye had been quenched, and the ear was turned with the hand behind it in order to hear at all. But you remember that face so vividly that if you were an artist you could put it on canvas, and it would mean to you more than any face that Rembrandt ever sketched. That face, though long ago veiled from human sight, is as plain in your memory as though you this moment saw it moving gently forward and backward in the rocking-chair by the stove in the old farmhouse. Or was it your mother's face? A good mother's face is never homely to her boys and girls. It is a "Madonna" in the picture gallery of the memory. What a sympathetic face it was! Did you ever have a joy and that face did not respond to it? Did you ever have a grief and no tears trickle down that maternal cheek? Did you ever do a bad thing and a shadow did not cross it? Oh, it was a sweet face! The spectacles with large, round glasses through which she looked at you, how sacredly they have been kept in bureau or closet! Your mother's face, your mother's smile, your mother's tears! What an overpowering memory! Though you have come on to mid-life or old age, how you would like just once more to bury your face in her lap and have a good cry!

But I can tell you of a more sympathetic and more tender and more loving face than any of the faces I have mentioned. "No, you cannot," says some one. I can, and I will. It is the face of Jesus Christ as He was on earth and is now in heaven. When preparing my life of Christ, entitled "From Manger to Throne," I ransacked the art galleries and portfolios of the world to find a picture of our Saviour's face that might be most expressive, and I saw it as Francesco Francia painted it in the sixteenth century, and as the emerald intaglio of the sixth century presented it, and as a fresco in the catacombs near Rome preserved it, and as Leonardo da Vinci showed it in "The Last Supper," and I looked in the Louvre, and the Dresden, and the Vatican, and the Dresden, and the Berlin, and Neapolitan and London galleries for the most inspiring face of Christ, and many of the presentations were wonderful for pathos and majesty and power and execution, but although I selected that by Ary Scheffer as in some respects the most expressive I felt as we all feel—that our Christ has never yet been presented either in sculpture or painting, and that we will have to wait until we rise to the upper palace, where we shall see Him as He is.

What a gentle face it must have been to induce the babes to struggle out of their mother's arms into His arms! What an expressive face it must have been when one reproving look of it threw stalwart Peter into a fit of tears! What a pleading face it must have been to lead the psalmist in prayer to say of it, "Look upon the face of thine anointed!" What a sympathetic face it must have been to encourage the sick woman who was beyond any help from the doctors to touch the hem of His garment! What a suffering face it must have been when suspended on the perpendicular and horizontal pieces of the wood of martyrdom, and His antagonists slapped the pallid cheek with their rough hands and hissed it with the saliva of their blasphemous lips! What a tremendous face it must have been to lead St. John to describe it in the coming judgment as scattering the universe when he says, "From whose face the earth and the heaven fled away."

O Christ! Once the Nazarene, but now the celestial! Once of cross, but now of throne! Once crowned with stinging bramble, but now coronated with the jewels of ransomed empires! Turn on Thy pardoning face and forgive us, Thy sympathetic face and console us, Thy suffering face and have Thy atonement avail for us, Thy omnipotent face and rescue us. Oh, what a face! So scarred, so lacerated, so resplendent, so overwhelmingly glorious that the seraphim put wing to wing and with their conjoined pinions keep off some of the luster that is too mighty even for eyes cherubic or angelic, and yet this morning turning upon us with a sheathed splendor like that with which He appeared when He said to the mothers baskful about presenting their children, "Suffer them to come," and to the poor waif of the street, "Neither do I condemn thee," and to the eyes of the blind beggar of the wayside, "Be opened." I think my brother John, the returned foreign missionary, dying summer before last at Bound Brook, caught a glimpse of the face of Christ when in his dying hour my brother said: "I shall be satisfied when I awaken in His likeness." And now unto Him that loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father, to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen and amen! Amen and amen!

WITCH DOCTORS' VICTIMS.

Strange Fancies Increasing Among the Negroes of Tennessee.

Mary Harper, a negro woman, died recently in Tennessee of fright caused by witchcraft, although the physician's certificate states that she died of nervous exhaustion. The facts as related by one of her neighbors, with whom she was very intimate, are as follows:

The deceased and a woman named Watson were rivals for the hand of a negro man named Thompson, who seemed first to prefer one and then the other, being exceedingly variable in his moods. Several quarrels took place between the women; none, however, with serious consequences. Some few weeks ago the Watson woman told the Harper woman that if she did not leave Thompson alone she was going to "fix" her, by which it was meant that she was going to resort to witchcraft. This weighed heavily on the woman's mind, and within two or three days she became too weak to work, and was confined to her bed.

The sheets were found to be pinned together with a rusty needle, and after this discovery the woman grew more feeble every day and died as stated. The physician was unable to find any disease, and the presumption is therefore irresistible that she died from the effects of sheer fright.

Whitecraft among the negroes is on the increase in this section, and a number of notable instances have occurred within the last few months. The case of Claib Franklin has become a noted one. Afflicted with heartburn, stomach troubles, with icy feeling in the back, he sought relief from a regular witch doctor, who is well known here, going about the streets with a small crooked stick, with which it is supposed she controls the elements. She cupped the man with a horn, then emptied the horn, which contained live frogs and bugs which she said came from the man's side. He then became better and the operation has been repeated several times until now he is in a dangerous condition from exhaustion and loss of blood.

A short time ago Mary Christian was "conjured" by a rival, who placed a ball of red flannel and sticks tied with a white string, to the other end of which was a toad, under the woman's doorstep. This so worked upon her mind that she at once began barking like a dog and it was not expected that she would live. She has now recovered physically, but is insane and is regarded as incurable.

A rare case of epilepsy, in which the woman wandered away from her home and remained two days without the slightest recollection of where she was, is regarded by the negroes as an instance of witchcraft.

A man named Gardner poisoned his wife with love powders given to him by a witch doctor, who prescribed them for the purpose of winning back the wife's affections, she being estranged from her husband.

There are several well-known witch doctors in this city, and the belief in charms and potitions is becoming more general every day, and, unless stopped in some way, will soon rival the early days of New England.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

If you wish for anything which belongs to another you lose that which is your own.

Honor and intelligence should be considered the bulk of wealth.

Mix with your grave designs a little pleasure.

Two souls with but a single thought want that thought doubled.

The stars are the punctuation marks in the poetry of the heavens.

Most men would prefer to be remember as knaves than as fools.

Covetousness is both the beginning and end of the devil's alphabet; the first vice in corrupt nature that moves, and the last which dies.

Society, if good, is a better refiner of the spirits than ordinary books.

A SUPREME AMERICAN.

Abraham Lincoln and the Place He Holds in Our History.

A Calendar of Great Americans is the title of an article contributed to the current Forum by Woodrow Wilson. In it he very interestingly discussed Lincoln's greatness. Lincoln, he says, more than Jackson, was the supreme American of our history. The most singular thing about his wonderful career is the way in which he steadily grew into a national stature. He began an amorphous, unlicked cub bred in the rudest of human lairs; but, as he grew, everything formed, informed, transformed him. The process was slow but unbroken. He was not fit to be President until he actually became President. He was fit then because, learning everything as he went, he had found out how much there was to learn, and had still an infinite capacity for learning. The quiet voices of sentiment and the murmurs of resolution that went whispering through the land, his ear always caught, when others could hear nothing but their own words. He never ceased to be a common man, that was his source of strength. But he was a common man with genius, a genius for things American, for insight into the common thought, for mastery of the fundamental things of politics that inhere in human nature and cast hardly more than their shadows on constitutions for the practical niceties of affairs, for judging men and assessing arguments. Jackson had no social imagination; no unfamiliar community made any impression on him. His whole fibre stiffened young, and nothing afterward could modify or even deeply affect it. But Lincoln was always a-making; he would have died unfinished if the terrible storms of the war had not stung him to learn in those four years what no other twenty could have taught him. And, as he stands there in his complete manhood, at the most perilous helm in christendom, what a marvelous composite figure he is! The whole country is summed up in him: the rude Western strength, tempered with shrewdness and a broad and humane wit; the Eastern conservatism, regardful of law and devoted to fixed standards of duty. He even understood the South, as no other Northern man of his generation did. He respected, because he comprehended, though he could not hold, its view of the constitution: he appreciated the inexorable compulsions of its past in respect to slavery; he would have secured it once more, and speedily if possible, in its right of self-government, when the fight was fought out. To the Eastern politicians he seemed like an accident; but to history he must seem like a providence.

Arranging Home Tableaux.

To get to the actual working details the first thing to do is to select your room, writes Edith Townsend Everett in an article on "Help in Arranging Tableaux" in the Ladies' Home Journal. One that connects by folding doors with the one to serve as auditorium is the best to chose. Let the entire space occupied by the doors be filled in with black gauze stret hed across the opening, and the foot and top lights placed behind it. This arrangement produces the effect of a thin mist, light enough to be easily seen through, and yet softening the rugged outlines and bringing out the points of the picture at the back with a clearness that is wonderfull. This gauze is one of the most important features in tableaux, and should no sooner be disregarded than arrangement of the stage. Of course my readers understand that I am dealing only with such an entertainment as can be given in either a city drawing-room or the spacious rooms of a country mansion. Very few people, no matter how much they may enjoy theatrical and tableaux, can afford to set apart a room or hall for such purposes, consequently preparations must be made whenever any such festivities are contemplated

Little Hamstede.

A kindly, honest and simple little man was Frederick William Hamstede, originally a city clerk of London, and a versifier who concocted worthless doggerel, for love and not reward, at a rate which would surprise most poetasters. Yet his claim to rememberance lies now in the fact that Thackeray called him "dear little Hamstede," and loved and protected him from banter with a strange touching chivalry.

If any one laughed at the great novelist's attachment to so insignificant a portege, Thakeray would exclaim:

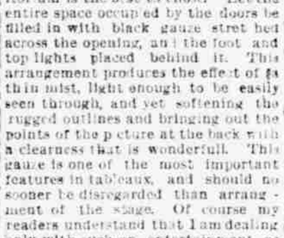
"No one shall say a word against little Hamstede in my hearing! I love little Hamstede, and as for his verses over which you have been making merry, all I care to say is that I take more pleasure in reading his poetry than I do in reading your prose."

The secret of this large-hearted protection was not far to seek. Hamstede was a dwarf and a hunchback; he had been crippled by falling from a nurse's arms in infancy, and could not get about without a cane. Thackeray, the giant, loved him for the sufferings he had undergone.

Butterflies Outnumber the Dudes.

Ward McAllister is alarmed over the decadence of marriageable men in the Four Hundred. Last year there were ninety-seven debutantes while only nineteen males were added to the fashionable circle. Every year sees an increasing number of debutantes and a decreasing number of eligible men. No wonder the coachman is called in occasionally to equalize somewhat the disparity between the married and the single. There is less marrying in New York's ultra fashionable contingent than in any corresponding number of the other grades of society.

In Good Fashion.



Father—Why, daughter! Why have you on a riding habit? You haven't a horse! Daughter—I'm going down town to horse-whip Bill Johnson, and want to be in good form! —Truth.

A Wise Burglar.

Burglar—Your money or your life. Inventor—I have nothing in the world but my great invention which I just completed to-day. Take that. Burglar (retiring)—I don't want it. I'm out for der dust—not trouble.—Puck.

A rosebud of a girl sometimes turns out to be a thorn of a woman.

Mrs. O. E. Beebe
Solon, N. Y.

All Run Down

Headache—Weak Stomach, Etc.

Strength Imparted and System Built Up by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.:

"Dear Sirs: I can recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla to all my friends and acquaintances as one of the best tonics to strengthen and build up the system when one feels all run down. For years I suffered with very severe

Headaches and Stomach Troubles.

These spells would unfit me for work and left me in a very weak condition. I commenced taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and it helped me greatly. I can truthfully say I received more benefit and relief from Hood's Sarsaparilla than

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

from any other source or medicine I have ever taken. I am willing the above statement should be published for the benefit of other sufferers." MRS. O. E. BEEBE, Solon, N. Y.

Hood's Pills cure liver ills, constipation, biliousness, jaundice, sick headache, indigestion.

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Hurrah!

Vokes—The men who came through the war without being wounded have much to be thankful for. Carson—Yes, indeed! Being in good health they can enjoy their pensions fully.—Puck.

How Those Girls Love One Another.

Clara—I don't think that he knows enough to propose. Maude—What if you should hear that he and I were engaged? Clara—Well, my opinion would still be the same.—Truth

Best of all

To cleanse the system in a gentle and truly beneficial manner, when the Springtime comes, use the true and perfect remedy, Syrup of Figs. One bottle will answer for all the family and costs only 50 cents; the large size $1. Try it and be pleased. Manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only.

The oldest New England Church, in point of use as a religious edifice, is at Hingham, Mass.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by the firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

Baron Haller, a German poet, when a young man risked his life to save his manuscript poems from a burning building. He laid them away, and a few years later, sitting down to read them over, was so disgusted with them that he threw them all into the fire.

Kidney Difficulty and Indigestion.

Mr. Velder Yates, of Randall, N. Y., writing to C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass., proprietors of Hood's Sarsaparilla, makes the following statement: "It is with pleasure that I send you a brief statement of how Hood's Sarsaparilla has helped my wife. She had suffered some years with kidney difficulty when she began to use Hood's Sarsaparila. After a short time she began to experience considerable relief and is now quite well. She has also suffered from indigestion, but is much better now, which she attributes to the use of Hood's Sarsaparilla."

A lake of boiling mud, two miles in circumference, exist in the island of Java, near Solo. Masses of soft, hot mud continually arise and fall, and huge mud bubbles explode like balloons, with reports like guns, at the rate of three a minute.

1119 Bus. Potatoes Per Acre.

This astonishing yield was reported by Abr. Hahn, of Wisconsin, but Salzer's potatoes always get there. The editor of the Rural New Yorker reports a yield of 736 bushels and 8 pounds per acre from one of Salzer's early potatoes. Above 1119 bushels are from Salzer's new seedling Hundred-fold. His new early potato, Lightning Express, has a record of 803 bushels per acre. He offers potatoes as low as $1.50 a barrel, and the best potat planter in the world for but $1.

IF YOU WILL CUT THIS OUT AND SEND IT with 6c postage to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., you will receive free his mammoth potato catalogue and a package of sixteen-day "Get There, Eli," radish. A

Tanning with Palmetto Leaves.

Tanning is usually done with oak or hemlock bark. But now it has been found that the palmetto tree is equally serviceable for such purposes. For several months a tannery at Marlow, near Savannah, Ga., has been working with this material, and the leather turned out has been largely used for making harness. A lot weighing about 2,000 pounds was sent to Baltimore last month, and was sold as "oak tanned." This leather is said to be strong, pliable, and bright in color; its weight is normal and satisfactory, and the new astringent performs its work in such a way as to make rapid fanning desirable. Time-saving in some of the old processes was attained at a sacrifice of quality.

It is the leaves and stems of the palmetto, and not the bark, which are thus used. Two crops a year may be taken, and it seems that the cutting stimulates growth and improves the condition of the plant. A contributor to the Manufacturers' Record says that a fraction over two pounds of salted hide, at 2 cents a pound, is needed for one pound of leather. The labor employed costs 4 cents more. The palmetto added another cent, making the total cost between 9 cents and 10 cents a pound. The leather sold for 17 cents. After paying freight and commission, the profit was 59 per cent. Having done duty in the vat, the palmetto fiber can be sold again for use in cheap mattresses, a facter not introduced into the foregoing calculation: and under better management it is thought that palmetto tanning can be rendered less expensive than at present. Here is a new and very promising industry for the South.—New York Tribune.

ONLY TWO EVER FOUND.

A Rare Insect Which Devours the Leaves of Books.

One of the rarest insects is the book worm, a creature hated by the lover of books, for it eats the paper of which they are composed, boring through it in every direction. But two specimens of this curious insect's work have ever been discovered in this country, one in a private library at Philadelphia, the other more recently in New York. This second was a copy of Seneca published in London in 1675 and now owned by W. E. Benjamin, and in the book two worms were discovered. When found the worm was motionless. Protruding over the edge of the leaves and to the tail of the worm was a conical cocoon. One worm began at the end of Seneca to eat forward, while the other began at the front and worked toward the end.

The worm eating in the front of the book was about three eighths of an inch long and one-eighth of an inch in diameter. Its head ended bluntly, while its tail tapered to a sharp point. It was the color of water mixed with oatmeal. Being

A BOOK-WORM (MAGNIFIED)

disturbed by one of the many who saw it, the cocoon was torn from the paper. The worm raised itself suddenly, but almost instantly resumed its formed position, deep in the pages.

When the cocoon was examined under a microscope it appeared to have six legs or cases, and a white medium line, barely perceptible, on its under side. At the end from which the worm had emerged were two fine horns, thinner than silk thread. There were five rings around the tail. The structure of the shell was so thin that one could easily see through it. No shell was found with the worm in the back of the book. On the third day one of the worms died. The other gave up the task of consuming the "Seneca" two days later.

What the Angelus Means.

Millet's great picture, "The Angelus," has become familiar from the innumerable copies seen everywhere, and lately the noble Turk shows it on the rugs he offers for sale on nearly every corner in San Francisco, says a San Francisco contemporary. The origin of the term is given by a church contemporary as follows:

"The angelus, or be I rung about 6 o'clock in the Catholic churches of this country, is a survival of the curfew bell. In many parts of Europe it is known as the 'prayer bell.' Pope John XXIII. about the year 1410, fearing deposition at the hands of his people, among whom he was unpopular, ordered all Christian people to repeat three Aves to avert the misfortune. He was afterwards deposed, but the custom continued. The noonday bell was first instituted by Pope Calixtus III. about 1455, at a time when the contemporaneous invasions of Europe by the Turks and the appearance of a great comet seemed to threaten the whole Christian world with extermination."

Italian soldiers are given cigars every day, but have to pay for their underclothing, washing and all toilet articles.

To Get at the Facts

Regarding Hood's Sarsaparilla, ask the people who take this medicine, or read the testimonials often published in this paper. They will convince you that HOOD'S CURES.

Hood's Pills cure constipation.

The register of a country hotel in Maine one day recently contained names of Mongolians, Russians, Prussians, Italians, Turks, Greeks, Canadian, French and Germans, each written in the man's language.

You don't have to take our word for the good quality of Dobbins' Electric Soap. Just get one bar of your grocer, and let it tell you its own story next Monday, and be governed by that, good or bad. Remember Dobbins' Electric.

A. B. Myers, of Hanover, Penn., lost both his hands in an accident years ago. He was recently married, and signed his marriage certificate with a pen held in his teeth. His penmanship is fine.

The Throat.—*Brown's Bronchial Troches* act directly on the organs of the voice. They have an extraordinary effect in all disorders of the throat.

"A Schoolmaster' wishes to exchange his little daughter, aged eleven, for a boy of similar age," was and old advertisement in the Kentish Mercury, England, recently.

Japanese Tooth Powder. Genuine.

A large box mailed for 25 cents. Lapp Drug Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

Byron wrote his first poem of consequence when he was eighteen, and at twenty-eight published the poem of "Childe Harold," on which his fame chiefly rests.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25c. per bottle.

A woman in Portland, Me., deposited $300 in a savings bank in 1864 and has seen the amount grow to $1268 by the accumulation of interest.

Beecham's Pills instead of sloshy mineral waters. Beecham's—no others. 25 cts. a box.

New York has the biggest gas tank in the world. It towers high above the buildings in West Sixty-fifth street, and holds 4,000,000 feet.

CURES OTHERS

To build up both solid flesh and strength after grip, pneumonia, fevers and other prostrating diseases, there is nothing to equal Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

PROSTRATION FOLLOWING GRIP.

MRS. GARRETT.

Mrs. REUBEN GARRETT, *King George C. H., Va.*, writes: "I was taken with grip which finally resulted in pneumonia. Was prostrated for three months. Had a terrible cough and was emaciated and very weak. Was fast drifting into 'quick consumption.' The doctor gave me medicines all the time. I grew weaker. He advised cod liver oil emulsion. I took two bottles of it without any relief. I had pain in my left shoulder and back. I wrote you, and you prescribed your 'Golden Medical Discovery.' I took only one bottle before I felt better. After two bottles I could sit up, and felt I had been saved from the grave. I increased rapidly in flesh and strength."

WHY NOT YOU?

Married Ladies Send 10c for Royal Safeguard. No drugs; no fraud; every lady needs it. LADIES EMPORIUM St. Louis, Mo

KIDDER'S PASTILLES. Sure relief ASTHMA. Price 50 cts. By mail. Stowell & Co. Charlestown, Mass.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

ST. JACOBS OIL

Cures Permanently

RHEUMATISM.

THE MATRIMONIAL CARRIAGE.

I took my darling for a drive,
Just such a night as poets love;
The stars were twinkling and the moon
Shone radiant in the sky above.

And, as we in the country drew,
My horse instinctively went slow,
The situation taking in—
("'Tis funny how dumb creatures know!)

I asked her if she'd like to drive;
She took the reins—my arms were free,
And one stole lovingly—oh, well,
You know where it was apt to be!

She held the reins. I pressed her waist,
And loving words to her I said;
The old horse almost stopped, as I
Asked, finally, if she would wed.

She held the reins then listlessly,
But when she answered "Yes," she seemed
To grasp them closer in her hands;
Then how the silv'ry, bright moon beamed!

Well, we've been married just a year;
I'd like the single track again;
For since she took the reins that night,
I've never got them back again.
—Lawrence American.

FUN.

Best place to hold the World's Fair—right around the waist.—Boston Herald.

Mary (practical)—A beautiful ring, my dear; what did you give for it?
Elean