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# Woman kind

**Chalk in Milk.**  
Dilute the milk in water; the chalk, if there be any, will settle to the bottom in an hour or two. Put to the sediment an acid, vinegar for instance, and if effervescence takes place, chalk is present in the milk.—National Magazine for February.

### The Princess Gown.

Princess models grow constantly in popularity, and most of the velvet broadclothes and the light-weight broadclothes are built on these lines. An attractive princess frock of deep cream broadcloth is plain from hem to the line of the bust. A collar of Irish lace falls over the puffed sleeves, which are of muslin to match, and it turns back in little collar points from the gump of muslin. A black velvet ribbon encircles the neck and is drawn under the turned-back lace points and knotted in front.—New York Globe.

### Talks With Her Shoulders.

When it comes to the display of her back and arms the French woman excels. She shrugs with them. She says yes and no. She expresses surprise, joy, disdain and sorrow, all by the gestures of her back and arms. She laces her waist so tight that it seems as though she would break in two. But her bust is free and her breathing space is full. She would not think of cramping her lungs. She pulls the laces tight below the ribs and below the lung space, and below the bust line, in order that the beautiful upper figure may have plenty of room in which to breathe and expand and be graceful.—New York Globe.

### Magazine Children.

"I don't see what has come over the people who attempt to illustrate children's stories for grown-ups," remarked a woman recently, as she turned over the pages of a popular magazine. "Now, here!"—and she held up a group of babies and small children at play—"did you ever see such silly, ugly children! Any child that looked like that with its pig eyes, buttonhole of a mouth and fatuous expression, ought to be chloroformed. In nearly every periodical that is built expressly for women's reading you find this same type of child reproduced over and over again. I wonder why? I wonder why a child should be more engaging for looking like a fool? But it seems to be the fashion to make them look that way."

### Made Over Batteries.

Dry batteries used for ringing doorbells last but a few months, the zinc outer casing becoming eaten through by the chemicals within. The holes thus formed allow the moisture to escape, and, as the moisture is what keeps the battery at work, its escape means the death, as it were, of the battery. But they still suffer. It is only necessary to take a glass or porcelain jar (quart fruit jar) and set the battery in it after having filled it about half full of water in which a tablespoonful of sal ammoniac has been dissolved. The moisture will then be again supplied, and the sal ammoniac will replenish what has been used up in the use of the battery. If the holes eaten in the zinc are small or few in number, punch a few with a nail. I have rung the bell in our house for more than a year with two batteries which had been thrown away as useless, and they seem to be in as workable condition now as ever. Ten cents or less and a little work saved at least a dollar.—Good Housekeeping.

### To Renovate Black Cloth.

Spots may be removed from black cloth by the use of soap bark, to be had of the druggist. Pour a quart of boiling water over an ounce of soap bark, let stand fifteen minutes, strain through cheesecloth and it is ready for use. Use a piece of material, if you have it, saturated well with the fluid, for sponging off the soiled or stained spots. Any old black skirt, stained, spotted or soiled to an apparently hopeless condition, may be made anew by immersing it in a tub of diluted soap bark and water in the proportions as above, adding thereto about two gallons of hot water to the quart of soap bark suds. Immerse the skirt in this, dip up and down, in and out, many times, as you would wash flannels. When the dirt is wholly out, rinse well in clear, lukewarm water, shake vigorously, but do not wring, hang in the open air and iron before it becomes thoroughly dry, ironing on the wrong side. Before wetting carefully hunt out all spots, mark them with a white thread, and give them attention in the suds.

### Secret of Her Vitality.

"What is the secret of the English woman's wonderful vitality?" asked some one of a traveling Englishman. "The secret," said he, "lies in your own homes. The English woman would never in the world think of sleeping in the atmosphere in which you Americans live. She sleeps in a room that is almost down to freezing. She bathes in cold water, and she sits in a cool apartment during the day. Then she walks out a great deal. "The English woman," said he, "while beautifully dressed, is less fond of dress than an American woman, and the result is not difficult to behold. She has more time to put upon herself. While the American woman is doing fancy work the English woman is out seeing the sights. "I notice," said he, "in a walk through your parks that your women seldom or never take the air in this manner. When the American woman goes out she goes to shop. She hurries from one hot store to another, and when she gets home she has a shopping headache."—New York Globe.



### FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS

#### The Civilized Squirrel.

Whether or not I will presently be necessary to put steam heat into the squirrel houses in the trees of Central Park, New York, is an interesting question. These popular little animals are now so thoroughly pampered by the public that they have abandoned their old self-dependent habits. They no longer sleep a great part of the winter away, as is natural to them in this latitude. As their usual partial dependence upon a state of semi-torpor to protect them from the effects of the cold is broken up, it may be that they suffer a good deal from the temperature of such nights as these.

To determine whether all the public pampering of the park squirrels is good for them, or whether they are being cut off in their prime by a not sufficiently simple life, the park authorities are going to take a census of the little animals and keep track of them. The squirrels are certainly getting peanuts by the bushel. Some of them have grown so critical that they refuse to accept single nuts, and insist upon having access to the bag in order that they may make their choice. Others scorn peanuts altogether, and search the pockets for candy and other dainties.

### Why the Tree Fell.

Some years ago I was passing through a forest in the state of Maine. Perhaps you know that Maine has been noted for its forests, though, alas! many of the finest of them have been destroyed. By and by I came to a large tree that had fallen, and I wondered why it fell. It had stood among many trees, some of them much smaller than itself, and none of them had fallen. There was nothing to show that any great tempest had passed that way. Yet here it was, a noble tree of great size and height, lying on the ground. I wondered what mighty force had thrown it down.

I found out after a while, as I looked at it carefully, what had happened. I knew why it fell, with no wind at all to bring it down. Let me tell you about it. Many years before a little worm bored through the bark of the tree and began to eat the fibre of the wood. That was a small matter, wasn't it? Just one little worm! But soon there were more worms, and they were eating the fibre, too. And more and more came, and they all kept eating. And they went on until the inside of the tree was just honey-combed, like this piece which you see, for I brought some bits of it home with me and have kept them until now. The bark, meanwhile, looked sound and well; for the worms did not eat that; they only bored through it and lived in the tree. Anyone passing by would have said the tree was a giant, well and strong, and likely to stand for a hundred years. But it was rotten through and through. The worms had left hardly a fibre of it.

### Befriend the Trees.

During the first week of the new year, the American Forestry Congress met in session in Washington, D. C., and was addressed by President Roosevelt. The meetings were distinguished by the fact that, for the first time, large business interests have joined in an intelligent effort to promote scientific forestry in this country.

### On the Trail of the Kangaroo.

Hunting the kangaroo is a decidedly dangerous sport. It requires a man or woman who has a good nerve, nice hands, a fine eye and all those essentials required of one who has to ride at full speed through dense scrub, heavy timber, lumpy, rocky ground, where logs are to be found at every turn, fallen monarchs of the forest hidden by an indescribable maze of other branches, semi-tropical growth, and rope-like creepers. It is all hard work as riding to foxhounds in any country, while you have not only to keep a sharp eye open for what is before you, but that which is overhead or at your side. The horses have wonderful eyes and sense; so used are they to the bush that it is often better for the "new chum" to give his mount his head, when he will swing around stumps, avoid trees, and take a log at the right place. While the rider is watching overhead branches and swaying thorn branches aside with uplifter arm, the nag is generally looking after what is underfoot. It is more than often a hazardous game, and I have often mar-

veled at the pluck of the women. The Australian is a born horseman; he lives in the saddle. It is true that the wayback man is from childhood on the back of a horse, while even in the oldest and most important city in Australia—Sydney—today the postman in the suburbs delivers letters on horseback, the pillar boxes in the city are cleared by mounted men, and the lamplighter goes about his work in a like way. All this is mentioned to emphasize the fact that the horse is part and parcel of the life of the often reckless, hard-riding and hard-sweating devil m-care colonial of the southern seas.

There are two kinds of kangaroo hunting; that is to say, where he is run down with kangaroo dogs and beagles. The first named is the old style, while the latter may be only called into use in the case of the smaller kangaroos, such as the brush-tail, that stands perhaps about three feet six inches, or at times four feet. We will take the old sport, and in this we will find the greater dash, for there is a great deal of difference in following a deerhound that runs at sight and the small hound that puts his nose to the ground and gradually wears down his quarry. The kangaroo dog is a gaze-hound all out, and running mute, he endeavors to catch by the aid of his limbs that which he can see with his eyes. Always running about the station and following the mounted hands, he is full of dash and muscle; his sinews are as of steel, while his feet are sound and tough enough for any ground—in short, he knows his work, and that is his occupation.—Sports of the Times.

### Getting at Life's Values.

Things that come easily are not of much value. Vacation time does not often record noteworthy accomplishment. It is when the pressure of life is at its highest, perhaps close to the breaking point, that results usually count for most. That time that we are looking forward to, when this present grinding pressure will be off and we shall have an opportunity to do something, is not likely to record nearly as good work as we are doing under friction and stress. Those particles of carbon might have been nothing more than coal or graphite if consuming heat and enormous pressure had not crystallized them into a diamond. If such a weight is just now upon us, let us rejoice at the opportunity we have for getting at the precious things of life.—S. S. Times.

### The Bible.

Alone it has civilized whole nations. It is the one book that can fully lead forth the richest and deepest and sweetest things in man's nature. Read all other books—philosophy, poetry, history, fiction—but if you would refine the judgment, fertilize the reason, wing the imagination, attain unto the finest womanhood or the sturdiest manhood, read this book, reverently and prayerfully, until its truths have dissolved like iron into the blood. If you have no time, make time and read. The book Daniel Webster placed under his pillow when dying is the book all should carry in the hand while living.—Newell D. Hillis.

### A Mockery.

To be dishonest during the week, to defraud one's creditors, to rent property for saloons or brothels, to water stock and sell the water to the public, to live in sin and then to go to church on Sunday to worship, or to pretend to worship at home, is mockery. If there is one thing the Bible declares, it is that God abhors such worship. He must be worshiped in truth.—Sunday-School Times.

### The Cheeriest Music.

We can set our deeds to the music of a grateful heart, and seek to round our lives into a hymn—the melody of which will be recognized by all who come in contact with us, and the power of which shall not be evanescent, like the voice of the singer, but perennial, like the music of the spheres.—Wm. M. Taylor.

### The Key and the Lock.

Let, then, our prayers be "the key that opens the door, and the lock that shuts the night," and also from morning to night our staff and stay in all our labors, enabling us to go cheerfully up to the mount of God.—Canon Farrar.

## THE PULPIT.

### AN ELOQUENT SUNDAY SERMON BY BISHOP D. A. GOODSSELL.

Subject: The Face of Christ.

Brooklyn, N. Y.—A very large audience filled the Tabernacle Sunday to listen to Bishop D. A. Goodsell. His subject was "The Face of Christ." The text was from II. Corinthians iv:6: "The glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ." Bishop Goodsell said in the course of his sermon:

As you read the Bible both in the Old and New Testament you are impressed with the great number of times which the word "face" is used. When you travel in Eastern lands you find that this word is used far more often and in many different relations among the Eastern people than we ourselves are accustomed to use it.

This word face is used in reference to a man's whole character, I am told, everywhere in the East, and we have a great many traces of it in the Bible; and now when we come to think of it isn't it true that we are accustomed to recognize each other more by the face than by any other one thing. Is it not wonderful that upon the few elements in the face, the forehead, the eyes, nose, mouth and chin there should be such an infinite variety of expression stamped by the great Creator?

There is a general conviction among us that the face will work out the inner character, so that whatever may be the beginning of life when we have lived with ourselves a long time we will be pretty apt to show upon our faces what kind of a person we have lived with. It is impossible for any person to give way to avarice without showing it on their face. If he had an open face once it will change; and so the man who gives way to the forces of passion, whether he gives way to lust or whether he gives way to drink, or whether he gives way to appetite for food, it will show out on his face. We write upon our faces what we live with and no man can wear a mask so completely that those who are wise in these things are not able to read behind the mask.

Now, what one is there among us that has not desired again and again to have lived when the face of Jesus Christ could have been seen. I think there is no devout soul that in his trouble has not said, "Oh, that I could look into my Master's face. Oh, that I could live as the little children did, 'have rested my head against His breast and have heard Him say to me as He said to them, 'Suffer them to come.'" You can scarcely go into a Christian home these days where Christian education has presided where there is not at least one or more representations of the face of Jesus Christ. I have observed according to our experiences, according to our wants, we fasten upon the representations of Jesus Christ's face that are most satisfying to us, most fitting. So that if we are under deep penitence of sin, we are apt to have the face of the suffering Christ upon the Cross, and if the sorrows of the world have burdened our hearts, we will carry there the face of the thorn-crowned Christ in our homes. If we have dwelt upon Christ in His strength, in His power, in His resistence to evil, in the calm majesty of one who knows he is innocent, we would most likely have the picture of Christ before Pilate. From the days of the thorn-crowns up to the present times, men have been trying to put Christ's face before humanity, and why? Because all souls in their greater moments, in their spiritual moments, and therefore in their religious moments, would like to have Him brought near.

The best thing is to so carry Jesus Christ in our hearts that we shall see Him and behold the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ. The actual picture must remain the same. We may study it, we may understand its history. It is not at all probable that any one is going to see in a moment what it took the artist years to produce, though this may happen. But as we grow spiritually it is possible for us by spiritual sight to behold our Lord, to behold Him more clearly as the years go on.

When we study this one word, the word face, we find that it stands related to three great facts and to three other that I know of, and these three facts are, first, revelation, then inspiration and finally reward. This is exactly what the Apostle means by the text, that he who studies the face of Jesus Christ, he who enlarges his vision by spiritual imagination, will have the revelation of the divine truth come to him. For do we not know that Jesus came to reveal God to us, to reveal God to a world in which the dim eye of sin could but imperfectly see Him. But the trouble is that our eyes are so educated to see. I have often noticed while passing along the streets that a man is usually interested in the trade he represents. If he was a hatter, he looked at my hat; if he was a tailor he looked at my clothes; if he was a shoemaker he looked at my shoes; if he was a bootblack he looked to see whether they were muddy or not, and so our vision facts are, first, revelation, then inspiration and finally reward. If our eyes are trained only to the things of time, then all the beauty that we see in the things of time, but by using these as stepping stones to something higher and nobler, then we see by the power of God's revelation that there is a God here in this world, and that He is ruling the world in the interest of Jesus Christ.

I believe that you would have thought yourself victims of fate if you had not been taught by Jesus Christ that He is our Fatherhood. You would have thought perhaps that this world was made by chance if you had not seen Him standing in the stern of the ship and saying to the troubled waves, "Peace, be still." But because He has come, because He has passed through all the phases of our life from infancy to maturity, because He has been tempted, because He submitted to wrong in order that He might do a great and holy work, because He has given the most perfect example of what humanity ought to be under all phases and circumstances, because He is here and was God manifested in the flesh, we, His brethren

in the creation, and we, His brethren in the redemption of the cross, know that we are dear to God, for God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son to die for us.

I have to travel a good deal in my work, as you know. Very often I wake early in the morning, and lift the curtain of my sleeping car that I may see where we are, and what the prospects are. Sometimes it is cloudy, sometimes it is clear. There are pools in the ditches beside the tracks, or perhaps we are running alongside the lake and I look at the lake and out there I can see things mirrored. It has been a great pleasure to me sometimes to pick out the stars. Why there is Orion and there is Sirius, there is the big dipper and there is Jupiter and there is Venus, the morning star, and there is Mars. I didn't have to look up. I looked down and saw it reflected. And then I would see the round face of the moon and I could see what phase of the moon was on by looking down as I could by looking above. Then I have seen the wind set the glassy surface into waves, and it would be only belts of broken light. That is the way it is in human society. We are looking down upon the world which reflects human weaknesses, human sin, human passions. There isn't a glassy place to reflect the glory of Christ in. There are all kinds of passions at work and the best that we can see is the ruffled surface of humanity, but I see belts of light that are on the surface, then, when I look up I see the glorious Christ.

Now, finally, the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ is revealed, not only as a revelation, not only for inspiration, but for reward. How full the New Testament is of this idea that the sight of Jesus Christ shall be the reward of the saint and the Old Testament, too: "My eyes shall see the King in His beauty." "We shall be satisfied when we wake in His likeness." "We shall see Him and know Him as He is." How many more passages does your memory bring up out of your religious education that teach this doctrine?

We who are here this morning, if we believe in God we shall not only see those who have gone before, who have been in our homes, but the great multitude of a devoted soul will be gratified—we shall see God. Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God. According to the measure of our inward purity do we seem to see God here. When we shall, by the washing of regeneration and the renewal of our hearts and the sanctification of our spirit, until we can say the Lord hath made me whiter than snow. We walk with Him, our hand is in His hand and our head is on His bosom. He carries us when we are weak, as a shepherd carries the lamb. He heals our disease, He comforts us in our sorrows. He is in our homes when we are there, in our shops when we are there, in the streets when we are walking, on the sea when we are sailing.

We shall see Christ, not in His humiliation, but in His exaltation; not as a babe in the manger, but as a king of the universe; not as humbled before Pilate, but as ruling all things and judging all things. I believe in heaven because I believe in God. I do not know where it is, I think that I am convinced that it is a condition rather than a place. This is shown by the parable of Dives and Lazarus, one in paradise and one in hell, yet they could talk across the gulf. That must have been moral rather than physical. But I do not know that if God is everywhere our soul shall soar through space and find Him everywhere. It may be that heaven is everywhere, as God is everywhere to the devout soul.

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