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...N ATTACK OF PNEUMONIA.

...r. James Owen, of ...d Him His Lungs ...Could Not Recover

...Gazette.

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A BLESSED MISTAKE.

MARY MAGDALENE STANDING AT THE RIFLED TOMB.

Rev. Dr. Talmage Pictures the Working Day Christ in Common Apparel—The Scars of Earth—Glorious Thoughts Inspired by the Resurrection of Christ.

Washington, April 18.—This sermon of Dr. Talmage will set its readers to thinking on new lines and will make this season of Easter more inspiring than ever. The text is John xx, 15, "She, supposing him to be the gardener."

Here are Mary Magdalene and Christ, just after his resurrection. For 4000 years a grim and ghastly tyrant had been killing people and dragging them into his great prison house. He had a passion for human skulls. For 40 centuries he had been unhindered in his work. He had taken down kings and queens and conquerors and those who were without fame. In that cold palace were shelves of skulls, and pillars of skulls, and altars of skulls, and even the chalices at the table were made out of bleached skulls. To the skeleton of Abel he had added the skeleton of all ages, and no one had disputed his right until one Good Friday, about 1,867 years ago, as near as I can calculate it, a mighty stranger came to the door of that awful place, rolled back the door and went in, and seizing the tyrant, threw him to the pavement and put upon the tyrant's neck the heel of triumph.

Then the mighty stranger, exploring all the ghastly furniture of the place and walking through the labyrinths, and opening the dark cellars of mystery and tarrying under the roof of the cells of which were made of human bones—tarrying for two nights and a day, the nights very dark and the day very dismal, he seized the two chief pillars of that awful palace and rocked them until it began to fall, and then laying hold of the ponderous front gate, he hurled it from its hinges and marched forth, crying, "I am the Resurrection!" That event we celebrate this Easter morning. Handel and Beethoven and Mozart have sound added to this illumination which has set the place.

Scene at the Tomb.

There are three or four things which the world and the church have not noticed in regard to the resurrection of Christ. Our Lord in gardener's attire, Mary Magdalene, grief struck, standing by the rifled sarcophagus of Christ, and turning around, hoping she can find the track of the sacrilegious resurrectionist who has despoiled the grave, and she finds some one in working apparel come forth as to water the flowers or uproot the weeds from the garden or set to reclimbing the fallen vine—some one in working apparel, his garments perhaps having the sign of the dust and the dirt of the occupation.

Mary Magdalene, on her face the rain of a fresh shower of weeping, turns to this workman and charges him with the desecration of the tomb, when, lo! the stranger responds, flinging his whole soul into one word which trembles with all the sweetest rhythm of earth and heaven, saying, "Mary!" In that peculiarity of accentuation all the incognito fell off, and she found that instead of talking with an humble gardener of Asia Minor she was talking with him who owns all the hanging gardens of heaven. Constellations the clusters of forget-me-nots, the sunflower the chief of all, the morning sky and midnight aurora, flaring terraces of beauty, blazing like a summer wall with coronation roses and giants of battle. Blessed and glorious mistake of Mary Magdalene! "She supposing him to be the gardener." What does that mean? It means that we have an everyday Christ for everyday work in everyday apparel. Not on Sabbath morning in our most seemly apparel are we more attractive to Christ than we are in our everyday work dress, managing our merchandise, sailing our anvil, plowing our field, tending the flying shuttles, mending the garments for our household, providing food for our families or toiling with weary pen or weary pencil or weary chisel. A working day Christ in working day apparel for us in our everyday toil. Put it into the highest strain of this Easter anthem, "Supposing him to be the gardener."

In Working Clothes.

If Christ had appeared at daybreak with a crown upon his head, that would have seemed to suggest especial sympathy for monarchs; if Christ had appeared in chain of gold and with robe diamonded, that would have seemed to be especial sympathy for the affluent; if Christ had appeared with soldier's sash and sword dangling at his side, that would have seemed to imply especial sympathy for warriors; but when I find Christ in gardener's habit, with perhaps the flakes of the earth and of the upturned soil upon his garments, then I spell it out that he has hearty and pathetic understanding with everyday work and everyday anxiety and everyday fatigue.

Roll it down in comfort all through these isles. A working day Christ in working day apparel. Tell it in the darkest corridor of the mountain to the poor miner. Tell it to the factory maid in most unventilated establishment at Lowell or Lancaster. Tell it to the clearer of roughest new ground in western wilderness. Tell it to the sewing woman, a stitch in the side for every stitch in the garment, some of their cruel employers having no right to think that they will get through the door of heaven any more than they could through the eye of a broken needle which has just dropped on the bare floor from the pricked and bleeding fingers of the consumptive sewing girl. Away with your talk about hypostatic union, and soteriology of the council of Trent, and the metaphysics of religion which would freeze practical Christianity out of the world, but pass along this gardener's coat to all nations that they may touch the hem of it and feel the thrill of the Christly brotherhood. Not supposing the man to be Caesar, not supposing him to be Socrates, but "supposing him to be the gardener."

Oh, that is what helped Joseph Wedgwood, toiling amid the heat and the dust of the potteries, until he could make for Queen Charlotte the first royal table service of English manufacture! That was what helped James Watt, scoffed at and caricatured, until he could put on wheels the thunderbolt of power which rolls by day and night in every furnace of the locomotive engines of America. That is what helped Hugh Miller, toiling amid the quarries of Cromarty, until every rock became to him a volume of the world's biography and he found the footsteps of the Creator in the old red sandstone. Oh, the world wants a Christ for the office, a Christ for the kitchen, a Christ for the shop, a Christ for the banking house, a Christ for the garden, while spading and planting and irrigating the territory! Oh, of course we want to see Christ at last in royal robe and be-diamonded, a celestial equestrian mounting the white horse, but from this Easter of 1897 to our last Easter on earth we most need to see Christ as Mary Magdalene saw him at the daybreak, "supposing him to be the gardener!"

Hope for Great Sinners.

Another thing which the church and the world have not noticed in regard to the resurrection of Christ is that he made his first post mortem appearance to one who had been the seven deviled Mary Magdalene. One would have supposed he would have made his first posthumous appearance to a woman who had always been illustrious for goodness. There are saintly women who have always been saintly, saintly in girlhood, saintly in infancy, always saintly. In nearly all our families there have been saintly aunts. In my family circle it was saintly Aunt Phebe. In yours saintly Aunt Martha or saintly Aunt Ruth. One always saintly. But not so was the one spoken of in the text.

While you are not to confound her with the repentant courtesan who had made her long locks do the work of towel at Christ's foot washing, you are not to forget that she was exorcised of seven devils. What a capital of demonology she must have been! What a chorus of all diabolism! Seven devils—two for the eyes and two for the hands, and two for the feet, and one for the tongue. Seven devils. Yet all these are extirpated, and now she is as good as once she was bad, and Christ honors her with the first posthumous appearance. What does that mean?

Why, it means for worst sinner greatest grace. It means those lowest down shall come perhaps highest up. It means that the clock that strikes 12 at midnight may strike 12 at midnoon. It means that the grace of God is seven times stronger than sin. Mary Magdalene the seven deviled became Mary Magdalene the seven angeled. It means that when the Lord meets us at last he will not throw up to us what we have been. All he said to her was "Mary!" Many people having met her under such circumstances would have said: "Let me see, how many devils did you have? One, two, three, four, five, six, seven. What a terrible piece you were when I first met you." The most of the Christian women in our day would have nothing to do with Mary Magdalene, even after her conversion, lest somehow they be compromised. The only thing I have to say against women is that they have not enough mercy for Mary Magdalene. Christ put all pathos, and all reminiscence, and all anticipation, and all pardon, and all comfort, and all heaven into one word of four letters, "Mary!" Mark you, Christ did not appear to some Bible Elizabeth, or Bible Hannah, or Bible Esther, or Bible Deborah, or Bible Vashti; but to Mary; not to a Mary against whom nothing was said, not to Mary, the mother of Jesus, not to Mary, the mother of James, not to Mary, the sister of Lazarus, but to a seven deviled Mary.

There is a man seven deviled—devil of avarice, devil of pride, devil of hate, devil of indolence, devil of falsehood, devil of strong drink, devil of impurity. God can take them all away, 7 or 70. I rode over the new cantilever bridge that spans Niagara—a bridge 900 feet long, 850 feet of chasm from bluff to bluff. I passed over it without any anxiety. Why? Because 22 locomotives and 22 cars laden with gravel had tested the bridge, thousands of people standing on the Canadian side, thousands standing on the American side to applaud the achievement. And however long the train of our immortal interests may be, we are to remember that God's bridge of mercy spanning the chasm of sin has been fully tested by the awful tonnage of all the pardoned sin of all ages, church militant standing on one bank, church triumphant standing on the other bank. Oh, it was to the seven deviled Mary that Christ made his first post mortem appearance.

There is another thing that the world and the church have not observed in regard to this resurrection, and that is, it was the morning twilight.

Easter Dawn.

If the chronometer had been invented and Mary had as good a watch as some of the Marys of our time have, she would have found it was about half-past 5 o'clock a. m. Matthew says it was in the dawn. Mark says it was at the sunrising. Luke says it was very early in the morning. John says it was while it was yet dark. In other words, it was twilight. That was the o'clock at which Mary Magdalene mistook Christ for the gardener. What does that mean? It means that there are shadows over the grave unlifted, shadows of mystery that are hovering. Mary stooped down and tried to look to the other end of the crypt. She gave hysteric outcry. She could not see to the other end of that crypt.

Neither can you see to the other end of the grave of your dead. Neither can we see to the other end of our own grave. Oh, if there were shadows over the family plot belonging to Joseph of Arimathea, is it strange that there should be some shadows over our family lot? Easter dawn, not Easter noon.

Shadow of unanswered question! Why were they taken away from us? Why were they ever given to us if they were to be taken so soon? Why were they taken so suddenly. Why could they not have uttered some farewell words. Why? A short question, but a whole crucifixion of agony in it. Why? Shadow on the graves of good men and women who seemed to die before their work was done. Shadow on all the graves of children because we ask ourselves why so beautiful a craft launched at all if it was to be wrecked one mile outside of the harbor? But what did Mary Magdalene have to do in order to get more light on that grave? She had only to wait. After awhile the Easter sun rolled up, and the whole place was flooded with light. What have you and I to do in order to get more light on our own graves and light upon the graves of our dear loved ones? Only to wait.

Charles V of Spain with his servants and torches went down into the vault of the necropolis where his ancestors were buried, and went deeper, farther on until he came to a cross around which were arranged the caskets of his ancestors. He also found a casket containing the body of one of his own family. He had that casket opened, and there by the embalmer's art he found that the body was as perfect as 18 years before when it was entombed. But under the exploration his body and mind perished. Oh, my friends, do not let us morbidly struggle with the shadows of the sepulcher. What are we to do? Wait. It is not the evening twilight that gets darker and darker. It is the morning twilight that gets brighter and brighter into the perfect day. I preach it to-day. Sunrise over Pere la Chaise, sunrise over Greyfriars churchyard, sunrise over Greenwood, over Woodlawn, over Laurel Hill, over Mount Auburn, over Congressional burying ground, sunrise over every country graveyard, sunrise over the catacombs, sunrise over the sarcophagi, where the ships lie buried. Half past 5 o'clock among the tombs now, but soon to be the noonday of explanation and beatitude. It was in the morning twilight that Mary Magdalene mistook Christ for a gardener.

Another thing the world and the church have not observed—that is, Christ's pathetic credentials. How do you know it was not a gardener? His garments said he was a gardener. The flakes of the upturned earth scattered upon his garments said he was a gardener. How do you know he was not a gardener? Ah! Before Easter had gone by he gave to some of his disciples his three credentials. He showed them his hands and his side. Three paragraphs written in rigid or depressed letters. A scar in the right palm, a scar in the left palm, a scar amid the ribs—scars, scars. That is the way they knew him. That is the way you and I will know him.

Aye, am I saying this morning too much when I say that will be one of the ways in which you and I will know each other by the scars of earth; scars of accident, scars of sickness, scars of persecution, scars of hard work, scars of battle, scars of old age? When I see Christ's resurrected body having scars, it makes me think that our remodeled and resurrected bodies will have scars. Why, before we get out of this world some of us will be covered with scars all over. Heaven will not be a bay into which float summer yachts after a pleasuring, with the gay bunting and with the embroidered sails as fair as when they were first unfurled. Heaven will be more like a navy yard where men-of-war come in from Trafalgar and Lepanto, men-of-war with masts twisted by a cyclone, men-of-war struck on all sides by 74 pounders, men-of-war with decks scorched of the shell. Old Constitution, old Constellations, floating in discharged from service to rest forever. In the resurrection Christ credentialed by scars. You and I will be credentialed, and will recognize each other by scars. Do you think them now a disfigurement? Do you think them now a badge of endurance? I tell you the glorious thought this morning, they are going to be the means of heavenly recognition.

There is one more thing that the world and the church have not noticed in this resurrection of Christ, and that is that Christ from Friday to Sabbath was lifeless in a hot climate where sanitary prudence demanded that burial take place the same day as death, and where there was no ice to retard dissolution. Yet, after three days he comes up so healthful, so robust and so rubicund Mary Magdalene takes him for a gardener. Not supposing him to be an invalid from a hospital, not supposing him to be a corpse from the tomb, but supposing him to be the gardener. Healthful by the breath of the upturned sod, and by a perpetual life in the sunshine.

Glorious Consolation.

After Christ's interment every cellular tissue broke down, and nerve and artery and brain were a physiological wreck, and yet he comes up swarthy, rubicund and well. When I see after such mortuary silence such radiant appearance, that settles it that whatever should become of the bodies of our Christian dead they are going to come up, the nerves restrung, the optic nerve reilluminated, the ear drum a-vibrate, the whole body lifted up, without its weaknesses and worldly uses for which there is no resurrection. Come, is it not almost time for us to go out to meet our reanimated dead? Can you not hear the lifting of the rusted latch?

Oh, the glorious thought, the glorious consolation of this subject when I find Christ coming up without any of the lacerations—for you must remember he was lacerated and wounded fearfully in the crucifixion—coming up without one! What does that make me think? That the grave will get nothing of us except our wounds and imperfections. Christ went into the grave exhausted and bloodless. All the currents of his life had poured out from his wounds. He had lived a life of trouble, sorrow and privation, and then he died a lingering death. His entire body hung on four spikes. No invalid of 20 years' suffering ever went into the grave so white and ghastly and broken down as Christ, and yet here he comes up so rubicund and robust she supposed him to be the gardener.

Ah, all the side aches, and the head-aches, and the back aches, and the leg aches, and the heart aches we will leave where Christ left his. The ear will come up without its heaviness, the eye will come up without its dimness, the lungs will come up without oppressed respiration. Oh, what races we will run when we become immortal athletes! Oh, what circuits we will take when, all earthly imperfections subtracted and all celestial velocities added, we shall set up our residence in that city which, though vaster than all the cities of this world, shall never have one obsequy!

Standing this morning round the shattered masonry of our Lord's tomb I point you to a world without hearse, without muffled drum, without tumulus, without catafalque and without a tear. Amid all the cathedrals of the blessed no longer the "Dead March in Saul," but whole libretti of "Hallelujah Chorus." Oh, put trumpet to lip and finger to key and loving forehead against the bosom of a risen Christ! Hallelujah, amen. Hallelujah, amen!

Took It for a Tip.

An officer of the United States Lighthouse Bureau tells a good story on himself. While on a trip to England he visited one of the big lighthouses with an English official. He was examining the mechanism of the monster revolving lamp and wished to see how many seconds would elapse before it completed a revolution. He took a half-crown piece from his pocket and placed it on the revolving framework.

Watch in hand he patiently waited for the coin to come round again to where he was standing, but no half crown appeared. The seconds lengthened into minutes—still no half crown!

"Strange!" he exclaimed. "What can be the meaning of it?"

In order to ascertain the cause of the strange phenomenon, he walked round to the other side of the lamp, and in doing so encountered one of the lighthouse men, who touched his hat and said: "Thank you, sir," in an undertone.

The man, seeing the coin coming towards him, had pocketed it, thinking it was meant for a tip.

ICES IN WINTER.

A Practice That is Growing Condemned by High Authority.

The practice of eating ices in winter is condemned by The Hospital, and women are said to be its chief upholders, although probably the writer speaks for England alone. He says: "It is ladies who provide ices in midwinter for their guests; and, so far as a pretty wide and careful personal observation can be relied upon, it is the ladies who eat the ices when provided. A man, be he young, middle aged or old, is rarely, if ever, seen partaking of an ice in the month of December. Is it, then, the fact that blood of woman is of a higher temperature than that of man, that her heart pulsates with greater vigor, that she is less subject to the possibilities of mere collapse due to sudden lowering of the temperature of the body? Not one of these questions can be answered in the affirmative.

"The blood of woman, instead of being better able to resist the cold than that of man, is less able, the action of her heart is not so vigorous and sustained, her nervous system is much more sensitive. Why is it, then, that wherever a party of human beings is assembled under the control and direction of the more conservative sex, whether the occasion be an at home or a small dining party or a public ball, ices anywhere tempt the female palate and are partaken of at the risk of the sufferings we have mentioned and of others there is not space to mention. It can only be that the female mind is so poor in resources that ices having once been begun and having been found agreeable to ladies are brought in as a matter of course all the year round, although for the winter months they are as unsuitable for the stomach as a muslin dress would be for outside wear."

Future of the Fur Seal.

Mr. David Starr Jordan, president of the Bering sea commission for 1896, and Mr. George Archibald Clark, secretary to the commission, say in the April Forum:—

The regulations adopted by the Paris tribunal of arbitration in 1893 for "the protection and preservation of the fur seal" have signally failed of their object. This failure is chiefly due to the treatment of the creature as an object of international litigation, not as an animal having habits and prejudices to which international statutes must conform if they are to serve any purpose. In the compromise adopted by the tribunal were embodied certain propositions, apparently fair from the legal side of the case, but wholly repugnant to the animal. The only possible basis for a final arrangement for the protection and preservation of the fur seal must conform perfectly to its habits. That such a settlement must finally be made admits of no doubt. It is not to be supposed for a moment that England, Russia and the United States will fail to settle so simple a problem, or that these great nations are so weak or so barbarous as to allow this wonderful animal to be wasted without mercy, when the conditions of its preservation are fully understood.

To balance land killing against sea killing, to kill with guns in one sea and with spears in another, to kill on land in July and at sea in April and August, to have a closed zone of 60 miles and an open zone of 200—all these compromises are ingenious on paper and find their precedent in the checks and balances of constitutional law, but not in the facts of natural history. How such regulations affect the animal is not to be settled by compromise. It is a question of fact, and any system of regulations must be judged from the standpoint of the animal itself. The whole Bering sea dispute belong primarily to natural history, not to international law. If existing forms of international law fail to protect a noble and valuable animal in its migrations or its feeding excursions at sea, then more international law must be written, and the actual habits of the animal must determine the nature of such law.

More Apparent Than Real.

"You're looking strangely sensible to-day," said the ubiquitous friend.

"On the contrary," replied the bicycle inventor, "I have a new wheel in my head."—Texas Siftings.

THRIFT OF RUSSELL SAGE.

A Recent Occurrence Which Illustrates His Ruling Passion.

Many stories are told in New York of the thrift which invariably characterizes the habits and conduct of Russell Sage. A recent occurrence illustrates in a forcible manner his ruling passion. On Saturday last, while on his way to take an elevated train, the great financier stopped at a news stand and began looking over the papers there on sale. J. Arthur Joseph, an old friend of the "L" road magnate, came along.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Sage," cried Mr. Joseph cheerily. "Buying your evening papers?"

"Oh, no, Arthur," replied Mr. Sage. "No, no, Arthur. Not yet, Arthur. Hadn't quite made up my mind, Arthur—"

"Well, I'm just going to buy mine," said Joseph. "What paper do you read, Mr. Sage?"

"Oh, any of them—any of them—or all of them, Arthur," said Mr. Sage, as a strange light came into his eyes.

"Well, have a set of them with me; it's my treat," said Mr. Joseph, and he handed Mr. Sage a full set of the afternoon newspapers, for which he counted our eleven cents.

"Oh, very kind of you; very kind of you, indeed, Arthur," said Mr. Sage as he tucked the newspapers in his inside pocket, and, taking Mr. Joseph by the arm, escorted him up the steps in the rear toward the "L" station.

A train was just pulling up to the crowded platform as Mr. Sage and Mr. Joseph, arm in arm, the latter with an "L" ticket in his hand, approached the ticket chopper.

"Good evening, gentlemen," said the ticket chopper, who knows Mr. Sage too well to halt him for the formality of exhibiting his pass.

The two men ran aboard the train, the guard slammed the gates and was about to release his hand from the bell rope when Mr. Joseph discovered that he had forgotten to deposit his ticket in the box.

"By Jove, Mr. Sage," said Mr. Joseph, "look here! I forgot to put my ticket in the box and I suppose the chopper didn't stop me because he thought I was your guest."

"Oh, that's all right, Arthur; that's all right," said the great financier. "Just give me the ticket, Arthur; give me the ticket," and snatching the ticket Mr. Sage rushed to the door of the car. "Thomas! Come here, Thomas!" cried Mr. Sage to the ticket chopper, and the latter left his box and ran up to Mr. Sage.

"Put this ticket in the box, Thomas!" said Mr. Sage. Then rejoining Mr. Joseph, the great financier said:—

"Arthur, really now, Arthur, I would have treated you, but it wouldn't be fair to the stockholders."—Chicago Chronicle.

A Wail From a King.

Even a king—if he doesn't happen to be born in Germany or Spain—can learn something from experience, and can finally appreciate that the motion of the world carries royalty as well as other things along with it. This possibility is illustrated in a way at once amusing and pathetic by a letter which the consul general of the Niger Coast protectorate recently received from Nana, once a king of some eminence as African kings go, but for several years past a sorrowing exile at Accra, with nothing to do except to meditate upon the disastrous results of what, for a few days, he thought was a war with Great Britain. "I used to think my country big," he writes, "and no man fit or able to touch me. But I have now been away from my country nearly three years and have seen the world, and I know I have been very foolish." He asks the consul to remember that wisdom was not to be expected of a man who had never left his native village, and says that the first real instruction he ever received was when the English man-of-war bombarded him. "I learn big lesson now," the letter proceeds, "for I lose all my cargoes, all my cash, all my houses, and my town is now only sand and bush. All my people are far away and many of my family killed by the ship. I think your queen she punish me plenty. I beg you, consul, to ask queen to let me sit down for my river before I die. I swear I never do wrong again, but will make a small place for trade in one river close for Sapele. I hear queen have big play for this year because she live long past other king or queen. I beg you ask her to have mercy on me and pity my case." All this is decidedly unkingly, but Nana confronts a condition, not a theory, as formerly, and shows good sense, if not heroism, by expressing a desire to turn his royal mind to trade.—New York Times.

A Century of Dismemberment.

The idle talk about the integrity of the Turkish empire deceives nobody today. The dismemberment of Turkey began over 100 years ago. In 1783 Turkey lost the Crimea. In 1830 she lost Greece. In 1857 Moldavia and Wallachia, the two Danubian principalities, were united, and finally became the present flourishing kingdom of Roumania under King Charles in 1881. In 1863 the Turkish garrison evacuated Belgrade, and in 1878 Servia became an independent kingdom. Bulgaria is virtually independent under Prince Ferdinand, and Turkey quietly acquiesced in the absorption of eastern Roumelia in 1887. Kars and Batum were snatched by Russia in 1878. England seized Cyprus in the same year, and Austria was comfortably installed in Bosnia and Herzegovina. Where is the alleged integrity of the Turkish empire in the face of the above historical facts? Bosnia and Herzegovina, two essentially Mussulman provinces, have nothing in common with Austria, which now rules over them.

But when the question of Crete and Greece comes to be considered, all Christian Europe shakes with holy horror at the unreasonable aspirations of Greece in seeking to free an island inhabited by a homogeneous population, professing the same faith and situated at its very doors. But in this advanced era of civilization a new force, that makes for justice, is always felt on occasions like this among civilized nations, and that is public opinion. While Lord Salisbury was declaring in the house of Lords that Crete cannot be united to Greece, 100 English Liberals were signing a telegram of sympathy to King George, and a monster meeting of 80,000 Englishmen in Hyde Park were passing resolutions in favor of Greece. —Demetrius N. Botassi, Grecian Consul General at New York, in North American Review.

Two Early Risers.

An Irishman who was on poaching intent was out very early one morning on an estate where the game law was strictly enforced. Turning a corner, he suddenly confronted the proprietor of the estate, who eyed him sharply. Patrick coolly advanced and said:

"The top of the morning to you, sir! And what may have brought your honor out so early?"

"I came out to try and find an appetite for my breakfast," replied the gentleman. "And pray, sir, what might have brought you here so early on my estate?"

"Indade, your honor, I came here to try and find a breakfast for my appetite."—Exchange.

"And he was a flame of hers!"

"Until her father put him out, yes."

Hydraulic Barber Chairs.

There are barber chairs that are operated by hydraulic power. The chair is movable, like any other. Under the seat and supporting it is a vertical steel column, which is a piston working in a cylinder in the base of the chair. Adjoining this cylinder and also within the base of the chair is a small reservoir containing oil. By means of a pump operated with the foot oil is pumped from the reservoir into the cylinder under the piston, causing the chair to rise. The pump is so adjusted that a single pressure on the lever downward to its limit lets the column of oil flow back into the reservoir, and the chair is thus lowered.—New York Sun.

THE ONLY ONE

Dodd's Kidney Pills Cure Where all other Remedies Fail.

BRIGHT'S DISEASE NOT INCURABLE

But there's only One Cure in the World, and that we have Named—Hundreds Testify to Cures—Never a Failure Recorded.

It used to be said, "If you have Bright's Disease, it won't be long before people are walking slow behind you."

Bright's Disease affects brainy men particularly. The brainier and more active a man, the more liable he is to Bright's Disease. Bright's Disease is a disease of the Kidneys. It is the name given to the fatty degeneration of those organs. It is caused by excessive use of alcoholic drinks. It is caused by excessive eating of rich food. It may be caused by exposure to cold and moisture. It may be caused by improper living.

But it's not with the cause we have to deal. It is with the cure.

It used to be thought that Bright's Disease was incurable. We know better now. Restore the Kidneys to health, and you may eat what you like, drink what you like, work as hard or be as active as you like, and bid defiance to death-dealing Bright's Disease.

But woe to the man who doesn't take care of his Kidney's! When they cease to filter the blood, the blood reeks with poison. Urine actually flows in the veins. You die a lingering death. The spine and extremities first; the brain last. Dying at the bottom while living at the top!

Bright's Disease may be cured by DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS, which restore the Kidney's, making them filter the blood properly. DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS are the only specific for Bright's Disease. They were compounded just for that purpose. They have cured hundreds of cases. They will cure your Kidneys. Try them. Fifty cents a box. For sale at all druggists.

Wm. G. Wade, 940 Queen East, Toronto, says: "I have used thirty-six boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills and am cured of Bright's Disease after all else had failed."

T. E. Craig, 769 Queen East, Toronto, says: "Never expecting a cure of Bright's Disease, I have been agreeably disappointed by a few boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills."

Miss Maude Cotterell, Belleville, Ont., says: "I have used two boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills and have been cured of what the doctor said was Bright's Disease.

Mr. James West, Orillia, Ont., says: "I began to use Dodd's Kidney Pills about six weeks ago, have taken three boxes which have cured me perfectly of Bright's Disease.

Why He Wouldn't Shoot.

An English guardsman the other day was discussing politics in a public house in the Edgware Road with two seedy Hyde Park orators.

"Tell us," they asked him, "if one day the down-trodden British workman were to revolt, would you fire on him?"

"Never!"

"You're one of the right sort. You must have a drink with us. Three pints, please."

After they had drank the soldier's health, one of them casually asked:—

"How many men like yourself can we count on in your barracks?"

"All the band; they will all act as myself. I play on the big drum, you know," the guardsman quietly remarked as he finished the contents of his glass.

Jenny Lind's Terrible Nervousness.

A reminiscent article on Jenny Lind and her home life has been prepared by her daughter, Mrs. Raymond Maude, for publication in the May Ladies' Home Journal. It is said to be filled with interesting memories of the famous singer, and is noteworthy also as being the first view we have of her through the eyes of her adoring daughter. Mrs. Maude brings to light the fact that Jenny Lind was always nervous and overstrung before events—just before singing in a new opera or oratorio, but was quite calm when the very moment of action arrived.

Mrs. Celeste Coon, Syracuse, N. Y., writes: "For years I could not eat many kinds of food without producing a burning, excruciating pain in my stomach. I took Parmelee's Pills according to directions under the head of 'Dyspepsia or Indigestion.' One box entirely cured me. I can now eat anything I choose, without distressing me in the least." These Pills do not cause pain or griping, and should be used when a cathartic is required.

A Thin Wrapper.

She—Why don't you say something, Mr. Folly?

He—Oh, I beg your pardon, dear. I was completely wrapped up in thought.

She—Aren't you cold?—New York Evening Journal.

Always on Hand.—Mr. Thomas H. Porter, Lower Ireland, P. Q., writes: "My son, 18 months old, had croup so bad that nothing gave him relief until a neighbor brought me some of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, which I gave him, and in six hours he was cured. It is the best medicine I ever used, and I would not be without a bottle of it in my house."

True to Life.

"Harry says his life was a barren desert before he saw me."

"Well, he looks as if he had lived where he couldn't get water to drink."—Chicago Record.

Recognized.

Although Lord Tennyson hated the toadyism of those who love a lion, he did not always avoid his kind. At one time he fell in with a party of tourists who were traveling in the highlands and made himself indispensable to their daily pleasure. Yet they did not know who he was, and when a gentleman who had met him at length joined the party they fell upon him with entreaties.

"Who is that gentleman?" they besought him. "He has been the life and soul of the party, and we cannot get a clew to his name. He has baffled us in every way. He has torn his name from his luggage and out of the book he was reading."

And the newcomer told, much to Tennyson's disgust. But not always were there those who were able to betray him. One day a tourist in Scotland asked another who that fine looking gentleman could be. "That's Alfred Tennyson," was the reply, "the American poet."—Youth's Companion.

Trimming the Eyelashes.

Cutting the eyelashes to make them grow may be successful, but in most cases it is not. The practice should be discouraged, as in some cases eyelashes which have been cut have never grown out fully. Besides, even when they do they are frequently like bristles and rough, and therefore unsightly.

PILL-OSOHPY.

There are pills and pills—but Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills at 20 cents a vial lead in demand. The sale borders on the phenomenal.

Sluggish liver, constipation or irregular bowels are the precursors of many physical disorders.

These little wonders remove the cause.

They are entirely vegetable. They act on the liver and bowels without disturbance to the system, diet or occupation. They never gripe. They act pleasantly. 40 in a vial for 20 cents.

A HAUNTED FAMILY.

Remarkable Sights and Sounds With Which Its Members Are Tormented.

Yzeures, a picturesque little town in Indre et-Loire, not far from Roche Posay and Fontgombault, was till recently a place of which the existence was unknown even to most Frenchmen. It had no history, but it has now begun to obtain that perhaps unenviable notoriety attached to the possession of a haunted house. It is not, however, quite correct to call the dwelling in which the "manifestations" occur a "haunted house," for it is less the building than the family inhabiting it that is haunted. Twenty years ago M. and Mme. Sabourault, then a newly married couple, who took up their residence at Poitiers, first witnessed the extraordinary phenomena which still occur at their house. At Bourneau and Loudun, where they lived successively before coming to Yzeures, they were the victims of the same persecutions, the phenomena sometimes ceasing for awhile, only to recommence with renewed intensity.

In this case a girl of about 12 years of age, Mlle. Renee Sabourault, seems to be the involuntary medium. In any case, it is she who is at the present time particularly persecuted. For instance, when by chance she goes on a visit to friends or relations the phenomena follows her to the place where she may temporarily reside. The manifestations which have accompanied M. and Mme. Sabourault ever since their wedding day have been various. The displacement of objects has seldom occurred, but fantastical shaped phantoms have been seen more frequently, especially in recent years, by Mlle. Renee, and noises of all sorts have been and are still constantly heard. At Yzeures a large number of the inhabitants have heard the sounds, which they regard as supernatural, but such stories would scarcely merit any attention whatever if they had not been supported by more trustworthy testimony.

M. Reymond Duplautier, a barrister at Poitiers, having learned that one of this friends, M. Urbain, and several other persons living at Yzeures had heard the unaccountable sounds, resolved to go with a few strong nerved friends to expose the fraud. They went to Yzeures four times—once in December, twice in January and once in February. On each occasion M. Duplautier and his friends spent a night in the haunted house with the Sabourault family. They commenced by inspecting every nook and corner, and then spent the night in the bedrooms inhabited by the members of the Sabourault family, who were thus kept under strict observation the whole time. Generally lights were kept burning the whole night. But when that was not done the lamp was lighted on the first sound being heard. The phenomena therefore took place in full light.

In a long detailed account of his four visits to Yzeures M. Duplautier declares that on the first occasion he and his friends heard six loud knocks on the stairs. The second night they spent under M. Sabourault's roof was a little more interesting. After 1.30 in the morning a great deal of knocking occurred on the stairs, on the walls and all round, some of the blows seeming to be struck in the air several meters above the roof of the house. Then came scratching at a partition wall, followed by the noise of the walking of a man in a garret above and the pattering of a four footed animal. Immediately those unaccountable sounds were heard M. Duplautier and his friends examined anew the rooms from which they seemed to issue, but could discover nothing which could have produced them. As soon as the door was opened the noise ceased, but began again immediately it was closed after the inspection of the room. During the third night the manifestations were very similar to those observed on the second.

But on M. Duplautier's fourth visit they were for the Poitiers barrister and his friends yet more extraordinary. Some invisible hand, which from the sound might be nothing but bone, began knocking at a partition wall as early as 10 o'clock in the evening. The questions put by M. Duplautier were invariably answered by three clear knocks and energetic scratching at the wall. After that five hours elapsed without anything extraordinary occurring. But at 3 o'clock in the morning the wooden stairs were heard to crack and groan under the weight of a colossal though invisible being. Describing what occurred M. Duplautier says:—

"We heard on each step of the stairs the noise of immense feet shuffle heavily down one after the other till the last step was reached. During all the time the stairs, though they are new and strong, groaned and cracked. Then it was the turn of the partition wall separating the passage from the rooms leading out of it which was shaken by sudden and energetic blows. With a light, we looked about everywhere. We searched the garret, the staircase and the passage, which was absolutely empty. During the rest of the night distant knocking was heard. The blows seemed to be struck above the house."

M. Duplautier concludes his communication with the remark that, though what he and his friends observed at Yzeures is insignificant compared with what the Sabourault family witness constantly, it is sufficient to merit attention, as he regards it as impossible to be explained by natural causes or fraud.—Paris Letter in London Standard.

Bicycles Driving Dogs Out.

It seems to be a fact that the bicycle is ousting the dog from its old-time place as an outing companion with men. Whether large or small, a dog may, with the best intentions in the world, become a danger to his owner by running against the wheel, or by causing an accident in some similar way. In the country one sometimes notices a dog running with a bicyclist, but on the city thoroughfares they are generally tabooed. Besides the trouble they might cause, few dogs can live with a bicycle for a ten-mile run, and they would be utterly done for a longer journey.

The men who once took pride and pleasure in their dogs as companions on pedestrian jaunts, are now wheeling and their canines have vanished. So it seems that dogs are suffering from the rivalry of the machines as well as the horses. An exception, to be noted here, is that of a Harlem man who races whippets and trains the fleet and lithe dogs by giving them systematic runs after his wheel over the Westchester county roads. But, as a rule, dogs and bicycles go better apart.—New York Sun.

Not Alive.

Teller (wrathfully)—That fellow Petty is too mean to live!

Grimshaw—He does not. He resides with his wife's mother.

Humors of the Law.

Calling a harmless old woman a witch is so serious a matter that a late Pennsylvania libel case sustains a verdict of $600 in her favor against a newspaper for merely reporting the fact that her neighbors said and believed that she was a witch. When a young woman is called a "witch" or a "little witch" her remedy is different.

The spirit of litigation finds fitting expression in the title of the recently reported case of Damm vs. Damm. In this case both parties were women, but the controversy may not have been less spirited on that account.

Under the bold heading "Free from Errors," a law publishing company announces that its volumes will be free from "mistake, erratas, and pages reprinted to correct errors."

Much has been said recently about the right of privacy, but now comes a big law book which says "public baths are also necessary to health." This seems to place a hygenic but bashful person between the—public—and the deep sea.

The prohibition of suicide by policies of life insurance seems to have carried a step further in a policy lately litigated. The court recites that "the assured went, and lived for a time in the State of Texas, without the consent of the company, where he died, which was prohibited by the policy." The company is apparently trying to do a safe business.

HEART RELIEF.

Eight Years Hanging Between [illegible] Death with Acute Heart Disease—[illegible] 30 Minutes After taking [illegible] Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart [illegible] Comes—What It Did for Alfred [illegible] West Shefford, Que., It Can [illegible] Sufferer From the Same Cause.

"I had been suffering from [illegible] heart trouble for over four years. [illegible] doctors had tried, and failed to give [illegible] relief, procured Dr. Agnew's Cure for [illegible] Heart. In thirty minutes after the [illegible] dose I had relief, and although mine [illegible] case of long standing, eight bottles [illegible] permanent cure, and I firmly believe, after knowing what it has done for me, that there is no hopeless case [illegible] great cure is to be had. [illegible] sanction the use of my [illegible] whatever way it may do the [illegible] good."

Some Tales Always Wi[illegible]

"It is said we shall all pass [illegible] tale that is told."

"That sounds all right; but [illegible] that are told don't pass away—they [illegible] for ever being told over again [illegible] Record.

Catarrh of Long Standing Relieved in a Few Hours.

It is not alone the people [illegible] own country, and prominent [illegible] Urban Lippe, M.P., of Jo[illegible] Que., and other members of Parlia[illegible] who, having used Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, pronounce it the most effective remedy they have ever known [illegible] people everywhere are expressing their gratification at the effectiveness of this medicine. C. G. Archer, [illegible] Brewer, Maine, says: "I have had catarrh for several years. Water would [illegible] from my eyes and nose days at a [illegible] About four months ago I was induced to try Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, and since using the wonderful remedy I have not had an attack. I would [illegible] be without it." It relieves in ten minutes.

Only a Small Insult.

Mrs. Lightfist—The waiter appeared to be very much offended when you gave him that tip.

Mr. Lightfist (in surprise)—Why, he couldn't be very much offended. I only gave him 5 cents!—Puck.

PILES CURED IN 3 to 6 NIGHTS

Dr. Agnew's Ointment [illegible] cure all cases of Itching Piles in from three to six nights. One application [illegible] comfort. For blind and bleeding [illegible] it is peerless. Also cures Tetter, [illegible] Eczema, Barber's Itch and [illegible] eruptions of the skin. 35 cents.

Misjudged.

Charley Marshall was tra[illegible] up to town. He was the pride of [illegible] village. He was but 18, and this was [illegible] first extended trip alone. He felt [illegible] he was going to seek his fortune, [illegible] the fact that he wore a new suit [illegible] correct clothes intensified his enjoy[illegible] and his sense of importance.

At one of the midway stations there entered an old man who looked the honest farmer. He wore the [illegible] "dicky" and rusty stock of an elder [illegible] and his clothes were very evidently homemade.

Charley took to him at o[illegible] breath from the hills. And when the old gentleman wandered [illegible] the seat with him, it was a vi[illegible] pleasure to move along and make room [illegible].

Finally the two began to talk together, though the old gentleman kept a distinct air of reserve, and, [illegible] Charley redoubled his efforts to make the time pass pleasantly.

They reached the city and made preparations to leave the train.

"Well," said the old gentleman, grasping his carpet bag and [illegible] to move toward the door, "I bid you good evening."

Charley, very conscious of his new clothes and the splendor with which he was about to burst upon the great world, was still loyal to his home [illegible].

"Where do you stop?" he asked.

The other hesitated a moment before answering coldly, "The Ph[illegible] hotel."

"Why, that's where I'm going," said Charley. "Let me have your bag. I'll carry it for you."

Then at last the old gentleman turned upon him and transfixed him with a cold blue eye, in which there was not a righteous indignation.

"Young man," said he, "I hain't said nothin about it, but I know. I live in the country, but I ain't quite so green as I may appear. I've read about you confidence men and bunko [illegible]. And as for you, I don't mind tellin [illegible] I don't liked yer looks from the fust."—Youth's Companion.

Just the Other W[illegible]

Western Transient—Did you ever live on the border, madam?

Landlady—No, indeed, [illegible] but I have had a good many boarders [illegible] on me. —Boston Courier.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, LUCAS COUNTY,

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D., 1886.

SEAL

A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

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Sold by druggists, 75c.

Under [illegible] Colo[illegible]

Daughter—Pat w[illegible] ts us [illegible] married on St. Patrick's day,

Mother—Phut's he think[illegible] Sure, ye'll be kilt entoirely of ye [illegible] orange blossoms on thot day.

Are you a sufferer with corns? If you are get a bottle of Holloway's Corn Cure. It has never been known to [illegible]

More Poetical Than [illegible]

"I woke up in the night, [illegible] couldn't tell the time. My watch had stopped."

"What kind of a watch is [illegible]"

"One of those silent midnight watches."

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How It Happened.

In an Irish case of assault and battery counsel, in examining one of the witnesses, asked him what they had the first place they stopped at.

"Four glasses of ale," was the reply.

"Next?"

"Two glasses of whiskey."

"Next?"

"One glass of brandy."

"Next?"

"A fight."—London Tit-Bits.

At Times.

Jack—That Miss Short you go to see, I understand, doesn't come up to your shoulder.

Tom—She got up to it last night all right.—Yonkers Statesman.

How She Did It.

"I declar' it didn't take you no time at all to men dem trowsis, Sis' Brown."

"No, Br'er Jinson, I done it with neatness an dis patch."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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