# GODFREY'S WHITE QUEEN

BY WILLIAM RAYMOND

"You have often complained, my dearest mother, of the overwhelming difficulty I have ever had in overcoming my extreme distaste for the works of my own hands; and you have always seemed almost unable to take in the fact that I and set a standard for myself which I must reach. I have ... like the man who at every step across the river destroyed the stepping stone on which his foot had rested, that there might be no retreat. I may be altogether successful. If I am not, my work will die with me. I will not be a Failure! In almost every subject I have met with defeat in my search after perfection. You know that my first acquaintance with the sculptures of Greece carried me away, and inflamed me to think that human effort could go no further. You know how, by degrees, it came upon me that these glorious works were the ideals of other men, no creatures of my own hand, children of my own brain. My Ceres was destroyed in an impulse which sent that stepping-stone far into the river of the past. Others followed. For a while I came to earth from Olympia, and sought perfection in the human eye and the varying grace of a human expression. Varying. There is the difficulty. There can be no variation in perfection. Perfection is passionless. In sunny Italy they told me another tale. They bade me take for my theme the spotless Virgin—the blessed Mary. But herein my hand failed. A pure innocent, and chosen as none other has been chosen, were it not profane to call by her name an idea the result only of my own teeming brain. No. My perfection includes elements that are not of earth. She is not a woman, but a combination of attributes; and that Virgin Mother is too truly womanly to confound with this strange conception of mine."

Mrs. Neville let the letter fall, and looked at Audine.

"Is that the end?" she said. "He has never looked more tenderly before the carnival object of his ambition."

"It is strange," repeated Audine, and her brows were knit, trying to take in the meaning.

Mrs. Neville took up the letter, and read on:

"I have been reading lately a great many novels. They all tell the same story—that should a man fall in love, at once his head is walled. I should have liked much to fall in love; but I fear the rough awakening, the finding out that the ideal is only a pretty woman after all. This is my personal fear. Another; but it leads me to the news of my letter. She is coming—this perfection I have craved for so long. I work night and day, and every hour adds to her grace and her loveliness. I am already working on the marble, the clay has been cast (could I have seen it completed now, and, looking into it, I can see realized the pleasure with which I took to striving to give expression. I gaze till she almost seems to breathe. Out of the marble grave in which she has lain enshrined my lady awakes and comes—to-day, a dell-cate hand and arm, over which the soft folds of her tunic hang. She is very lovely now and I can cease working till she is perfect indeed. So do not come and see me, dear mother, for I could not attend to you now. I can think of nothing but the realization of my wild dreams.

"Surely this is the best of news," cried Audine. "This statue must be very beautiful to satisfy even him, dear aunt Mary, ... are you not glad?"

Glad? ought I to be glad? Yes, I suppose I am glad, but somehow I feel a sort of horror come over me at the idea of this piece of show-white perfection!"

"Well, Godfrey, you must call her Ice White Queen!" cried Audine, enthusiastically. That evening when Audine's blue eyes had closed on this busy world, and her ears had left earth, and were wandering in a sweet fairy world, Mrs. Neville with a care-worn brow and clasped hands, paced up and down her room.

"I have not spared either myself or him. I have told her all," she muttered. "If she stoop to love him, if she prove his salvation, I shall have done my duty. I have told her all—she has had warning—little trusting, pretty Audine!"

## CHAPTER III.

Audine had not completed her toilet the next morning when the door of her bedroom opened and Mrs. Neville came in. The child was surrounded by her play fellows, the companions of her life. A parrot hopped about on the table, a Skye terrier sat on its hind legs begging vainly, and two little Italian greyhounds were playing together on a white woolly rug. Audine would have made a pretty picture in the midst of her favorites, all the more of her long soft brown hair on her shoulders, and her large hazel eyes full of fun and merriment. She started up joyfully to greet her friend.

"Dear aunt Mary, good morning! I am making all the haste I can to be ready for breakfast—please do not wait for me."

"My dear, I am sorry to say that I have come to tell you that I shall be obliged to leave you for a few days."

"To leave me! Oh, where are you going?"

"To London. I have a note from Roger Girwood this morning."

"Mr. Neville is not ill, I hope?" "Not yet, but I see by his wife's notes between the lines that he is overworking himself terribly. He still eats nor sleeps, but is in his study working night and day. I have asked to my mind to go and see him, on my own will to see lonely."

The tears rose to Audine's eyes.

"I do not know what I shall do," she said. "I wish I might go with you."

"Would you? Shall you like it?" cried Mrs. Neville, eagerly—then added hastily, "perhaps your mother might not like it."

"Oh, George would not mind; he always let me have my own way. Will you take me? I would be very dull here alone," she said, ruefully.

"Can you be ready? I am going by the twelve o'clock train."

"Yes. I will call Burns and have my clothes packed at once."

And Audine rang the bell. Up to the last moment Mrs. Neville hesitated whether to allow Audine to accompany her or not; but finding that she had set her heart upon it, and was looking forward to a few days in London with keen enjoyment, she put her scruples aside and telegraphed for rooms in the hotel to which she generally went.

They arrived in London about six o'clock, and spelling servants and luggage to the hotel they started in a hansom for Roger Girwood's stone-yard.

It was growing dark when they reached the Thames Embankment, and began to drive by the side of the river. The dark shadowy water was of a deep indigo blue, its stillness disturbed by the long shafts of yellow light reflected from the gas lamps. With a swift rushing sound the last steamer swept by, leaving its fan as it were in a silent salute as it passed under the arches of the great bridges. A feeling of solemnity came over Audine as she looked down on the mighty river stored so deeply with secrets as the heart of a man with thoughts.

They passed trees and houses rapidly, and now they approached Girwood's yard. It could be seen from a distance, and known by its strange medley of objects—here a tall obelisk, gleaming white in the waning light, a couple of lions, a stately stag, and, most strange of all, the huge forms of three great figureheads of ships, each of which could have told its story, of buffeting with storm and wind, of dangers and terrors and anguish and likewise of blue skies and rippling seas, of strange birds of gaudy plumage, and warm odors of tropical lands. Weather beaten and bereft of paint stood the great Siren, on whose harp the gilding still lingered here and there; old Neptune, with long matted hair, and a strange figure with stony eyes that the soldiers had called the Sphinx. They stood like great shadowy ghosts as the carriage drew up beneath them, and Audine involuntarily caught hold of her companion's gown.

They had to pick their way across the yard, for though there was a path, it was strewed with fragments of stone, and or every side of them rose tombs, marble slabs, funeral urns and vases. The door opened, and good Mrs. Parsons appeared, letting a flood of gaslight blaze in their dazzled eyes.

"Bless my heart, ma'am! is it you Well, I'm sure you are welcome. Come in, ma'am; come in, miss; sit down—master will be right down glad to see yo..."

"Well, Parsons, and how is Mr. Godfrey! Your master's account of him has brought me up to London."

"Take a seat, ma'am, and I'll tell you all about him. Master has just stepped out to speak to Honeywood round the corner, and will be back in five minutes."

"And is Mr. Godfrey at home?"

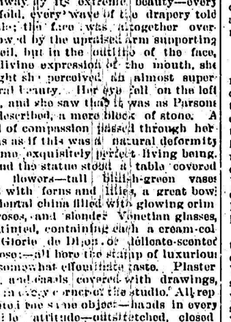
"Yes, ma'am; he's never been outside of his door, not for the last fortnight."

She led the way into a large gas-lit room, furnished with some degree of comfort, two horsehair arm-chairs, a table with a drab table cloth, and in one corner a very tall desk and stool. Smoothing the table cloth with her hands, Mrs. Parsons continued to speak, hardly giving herself time to breathe.

"I am sure it was time that you should come, ma'am, for he and master, we have been quite lonely-like about Mr. Godfrey; he do eat nothing at all, and looks more like a ghost than the strapping young gentleman he was,—and he works awful."

"Is the statue very beautiful, Mrs. Parsons?"

"A female it is, ma'am, very tall, and not so very much to be seen of her. She has a great cloak did much, as you might say, over the upper part of her, and she is holding of it up high over her head with



"GODFREY, MY OWN DEAR BOY!"

one hand, and looking down and bending forward, and the other hand is nothing but a block of stone as yet—for! how he do worrit about that hand! Mr. Castalotti, he took and he said, pointing to his friend. Godfrey stood showing different parts of the statue to his mother, with the light full on his handsome figure. His dress was artistic and picturesque, a dark velvet blouse, with the throat rather open to show a shirt collar of Byronic dimensions.

"Yes, he is very handsome."

"Some have that gift, some have others," and he clapped his brow with the palm of his hand. "In one respect I more than compete with my friend. I never forget what is due to a beautiful female—he has not even given you the bow."

"He did not even see me," said Audine, smiling.

"Ah no, no, mademoiselle! not see you. Do not say that. No, no; you whose presence pervades the room!"

Audine laughed again. Suddenly Godfrey awoke to the consciousness of her presence, and came hastily towards her.

"How are you, Miss Fitzjames?"

Audine was startled by the strange excited expression of his face. She had not seen him for a long time, and she thought him very much altered, so thin and so wild-looking.

In a few minutes she and Mrs. Neville were standing together before the statue. Castalotti having lowered the gas as low as it would go, slowly passed a torch backwards and forwards, to cause becoming shadows.

"She is beautiful, the White Queen, is she not?" he kept repeating. Audine fancied she caught a sound in his voice that had not a true ring in it, and the remembrance of Circe and the swine flashed across her. On looking at him she found his small penetrating eyes watching her fixedly.

"Per Bacco!" he exclaimed. "Godfray, look! Do you not see the resemblance?" and to Audine's confusion and displeasure, he turned the light of the torch full on her face.

"It is very striking," said Mrs. Neville, eagerly.

Godfrey did not seem to hear. He was dreamily sketching on a scrap of notepaper a woman's head.

Audine, to turn the conversation from herself, pointed to a rose which had caught in Mrs. Neville's gown, and was half falling from the vase. At this instant Godfrey looked up—a look of enchantment illumined his face.

"Do not move for heaven's sake, do not move your hand! keep it as it is, I implore."

Audine could not help laughing, though blushing crimson with confusion.

"It is perfect! the very thing!" cried Castalotti. "One finger a little advanced from the other. Would mademoiselle permit? Hot water, plaster of Paris—it is done in the winking of an eye."

And in five minutes Audine found her hand tightly enclosed in a warm soft paste, and was desired to keep perfectly still until the cast had set. The two sculptors stood close beside her, both watching eagerly.

The clock had struck eleven before Mrs. Neville and Audine found themselves again in their brougham on the way back to the hotel.

"I do not half like that Signor Castalotti," said Mrs. Neville.

"Nor I," said Audine; "there is a curious sarcastic turn of the lips and eyebrows which gives me a feeling of distrust. I could never be sure if he was a mere esprit moqueur or something of the malignant sprite."

"He is a, contrast to Godfrey, is he not?"

"Hyperion to a satyr!"

"Did you admire the statue very much? It is curious that it should have a strong look of you, Audine," Mrs. Neville said this with averted head, looking out of the window.

(To Be Continued.)

### Curious Marriage Customs.

Some of the customs peculiar to courtship and marriage among the race of dwarfs who inhabit the Andaman Island are, according to M. de Quatrefages, who recently published a book called "The Pygmies," about these people, very peculiar. Not the least remarkable of them is the procedure of courtship. The young man who has made his choice addresses himself to the parents, who never refuse, but send the girl into the forest, where, before day, she conceals herself. The young man must find her.

If he does not succeed he must renounce all claim to her. The wedding ceremony of these people is equally curious. M. Quatrefages thus describes it: "The two parties climb two flexible trees growing near each other, which an old man then makes to bend toward each other. When the head of the man touches that of the girl they are legally married." Turning from Asia to Europe, we find a very curious custom prevailing in Roumania. Among the peasantry of this country, when a girl attains a marriageable age her trousseau, which has in the meanwhile been carefully woven, spun and embroidered by her mother and herself, is placed in a painted wooden box.

When a young man thinks of asking to be allowed to pay his attention to the girl he is at liberty to open the box, which is always placed in a convenient position, and examine the trousseau. If he be satisfied with the quantity and quality of the dowry he makes formal application for the girl's hand, but, if not, he is quite at liberty to retire.

### To Light Fires.

This inventor may not get a monument in this generation, but in years to come the new woman will be called upon to subscribe the money that will in enduring bronze commemorate the virtues of the man who removed from their husbands' lives the great bugbear of making a fire in the cold range of the chilly and draughty grate, says the New York Journal. The new fire-lighting fan does away with the treacherous kindling that gayly burns out and leaves no impression upon the stubborn coal.

It is a simple mechanical contrivance this "fan," shaped as its name. It fits close to the stove front or the grate. Within its sheet-iron walls is a main spring and clock-wheels to work it. It is wound up by turning a handle at the side and set going or stopped by a lever. When the apparatus is to be used a small quantity of paraffine oil is poured into a cavity in the blow pipe, which is filled with asbestos fiber. When the fiber is thoroughly soaked a light is applied, and the fan set going, thus forcing from the outlet into the grate an oxidizing flame which quickly spreads through and thoroughly ignites the coal with which the grate has already been filled. The machine is also used for blowing up a dead fire; the spring being wound up and the fan set in motion for from three to ten minutes.

### Vanity.

There are times when professional vanity even keeps watch in the place of principle and acts as service to conscience. The complaint is kept back, the murmur checked, the hardship endured, because vanity will not let us seem to be less hardy than others. And when there are so many things to be struggled against it is somewhat comforting to know there is something which is rather an imperfection than a fault, an imperfection which may be left to time's correcting. For, in all wholesome natures this youthful vanity is little more than part and parcel of youth itself. It has its province and its sphere, and should not be hardly dealt with nor hastily condemned. If capable of realizing life at all, the time comes when life is realized, and self stands out in approximately true proportions; but in the meantime efforts have been put forth, admirable habits formed, character built up. And much of the effort achieved is due to that quality we all blush for Vanity.—Ellen Duval.

### How to Wash Corsets.

To wash corsets, take out the steel in front and sides, lay them on a flat surface, and with a small brush scrub thoroughly with a tepid lather of white castile soap. When quite clean let cold water run on them by holding them under a running faucet until the soap is all rinsed-off. Pull them lengthwise till they are straight and shapely, and let them dry in a cool place, pulling them again and again until perfectly dry. Do not iron.

## HEALTH OF THE BODY

### DR. TALMAGE PREACHES UPON OVERWORKED LIVERS.

**He Believes That Most of the World's Moral Depressions Are Due to That Hard-worked Organ and Urges His Hearers to Take Care of It.**

Washington, May 16.—Dr. Talmage's sermon of to-day has more to do with this life than the life to come and will be a warning against all forms of dissipation. Text, Proverbs vii, 23, "Till a dart strike through his liver."

Solomon's anatomical and physiological discoveries were so very great that he was nearly 3,000 years ahead of the scientists of his day. He, more than 1,000 years before Christ, seemed to know about the circulation of the blood, which Harvey discovered 1,619 years after Christ, for when Solomon, in Ecclesiastes, describing the human body, speaks of the pitcher at the fountain, he evidently means the three canals leading from the heart that receive the blood like pitchers. When he speaks in Ecclesiastes of the silver cord of life, he evidently means the spinal marrow, about which, in our day, Drs. Mayo and Carpenter and Dalton and Flint and Brown-Sequard have experimented. And Solomon recorded in the Bible, thousands of years before scientists discovered it, that in his time the spinal cord relaxed in old age, producing the tremors of hand and head, "or the silver cord be loosed."

**The Liver and Morality.**

In the text he reveals the fact that he had studied the largest gland of the human system, the liver, not by the electric light of the modern dissecting room, but by the dim light of a comparatively dark age, and yet had seen its important functions in the God built castle of the human body, its selecting and secreting power, its curious cells, its elongated branching tube, as divine workmanship in central and right and left lobe, and the hepatic artery through which flow the crimson tides. Oh, this vital organ is like the eye of God in that it never sleeps!

Solomon knew of it, and had noticed either in vivisection or post mortem what awful attacks sin and dissipation make upon it, until the flat of Almighty God bids the body and soul separate, and the one it commends to the grave and the other it sends to judgment. A javelin of retribution, not glancing off or making a slight wound, but piercing it from side to side "till a dart strikes through his liver." Galen and Hippocrates ascribe to the liver the most of the world's moral depression, and the word melancholy means black bile.

I preach to you the gospel of health. In taking a diagnosis of disease of the soul you must also take a diagnosis of diseases of the body. As it to recognize this, one whole book of the New Testament was written by a physician. Luke was a medical doctor, and he discourses much of the physical conditions, and he tells of the good Samaritan's medication of the wounds by pouring in oil and wine, and recognizes hunger as a hindrance to hearing the gospel, so that the 5,000 were fed. He also records the sparse diet of the prodigal away from home, and the extinguished eyesight of the beggar by the wayside, and lets us know of the hemorrhage of the wounds of the dying Christ and the miraculous post mortem resuscitation. Any estimate of the spiritual condition that does not include also the physical condition is incomplete.

When the doorkeeper of congress fell dead from excessive joy because Burgoyne had surrendered at Saratoga, and Philip V. of Spain dropped dead at the news of his country's defeat in battle, and Cardinal Wolsely faded away as the result of Henry VIII's anathema, it was demonstrated that the body and soul are almost one, and when you thrill the one with joy or sorrow you thrill the other. We may as well recognize the tremendous fact that there are two mighty fortresses in the human body, the heart and the liver; the heart, the fortress of the graces; the liver, the fortress of the furies. You may have the head filled with all intellectualities, and the ear with all musical appreciation, and the mouth with all eloquence, and the hand with all industries, and the heart with all generosities, and yet "a dart strike through the liver."

**A Rebellious Liver.**

First, let Christian people avoid the mistake that they are all wrong with God because they suffer from depression of spirits. Many a consecrated man has found his spiritual sky befogged and his hope of heaven blotted out, and himself plunged chin deep in the slough of despond, and has said: "My heart is not right with God, and I think I must have made a mistake, and instead of being a child of light I am a child of darkness. No one can feel as gloomy as I feel and be a Christian." And he has gone to his minister for consolation, and he has collected Elavel's books, and Cecil's books, and Baxter's books, and read and read, and prayed and prayed and prayed, and wept and went, and wept and groaned and groaned and groaned. My brother, your trouble is not with the heart. It is a gastric disorder or a rebellion of the liver. You need a physician more than you do a clergyman. It is not sin that blots out your hope of heaven, but bile. It not only yellows your eyeballs, and furs your tongue, and makes your head ache, but sweeps upon your soul in dejections and forebodings. The devil is after you. He has failed to despoil your character, and he does the next best thing for him—he rushes your peace of mind. When he says that you are not a forgiven soul, when he says you are not right with God, when he says that you will never get to heaven, he lies. If you are in Christ, you are just as sure of heaven as though you were there already. But satan, finding that he cannot keep you out of the promised land of Canaan, has determined that the Lord shall not bring you any of the Eschol grapes beforehand and that you shall have nothing but prickly pear and crabapple. You are just as much a Christian now under the cloud as you were when you were accustomed to rise in the morning at 5 o'clock to pray and sing "Hallelujah, 'tis done!"

My friend Rev. Dr. Joseph R. Jones of Philadelphia, a translated spirit now, wrote a book entitled "Man, Moral and Physical," in which he shows how different the same things may appear to different people. He says: "After the great battle on the Adda in 1859 between the French and the Sardinians on the one side and the Austrians on the other, so disastrous to the latter, the defeated army retreated, followed by the victors. A description of the march of each army is given by two correspondents of the London Times, one of whom traveled with the successful host, the other with the defeated. The difference in views and statements of the same place, scenes and events is remarkable. The former are said to be marching through a beautiful and luxuriant country during the day and at night encamping where they are supplied with an abundance of the best provisions and all sorts of rural dainties. There is nothing of war about the proceeding except its stimulus and excitement. On the side of the poor Austrians it is just the reverse. In his letter of the same date, describing the same places and march over the same road, the writer can scarcely find words to set forth the suffering, impatience and disgust existing around him. What was pleasant to the former was intolerable to the latter. What made all this difference? asks the author. One condition only—the French are victorious, the Austrians have been defeated."

So, my dear brother, the road you are traveling is the same you have been traveling a long while, but the difference in your physical conditions makes it look different, and therefore the two reports you have given of yourself are as widely different as the reports in the London Times from the two correspondents. Edward Payson, sometimes so far up on the mount that it seemed as if the centripetal force of earth could no longer hold him, sometimes through a physical disorder was so far down that it seemed as if the pathway would quench utterly him. Poor William Cowper was a most excellent Christian, and will be loved in the Christian church as long as it sings his hymns beginning: "There is a fountain filled with blood." "Oh, for a closer walk with God," "What various hindrances we meet" and "God moves in a mysterious way." Yet was he so overcome by melancholy or black bile, that it was only through the mistake of the cabdriver who took him to a wrong place instead of the river bank that he did not commit suicide.

**Christian Physicians.**

Spiritual condition so mightily affected by the physical state, what a great opportunity this gives to the Christian physician, for he can feel at the same time both the pulse of the body and the pulse of the soul, and he can administer to both at once, and if medicine is needed he can give that, and if spiritual counsel is needed he can give that—an earthly and a divine prescription at the same time—and call on not only the apothecary of earth, but the pharmacy of heaven! Ah, that is the kind of doctor I want at my bedside—one that can not only count out the right number of drops, but who can also pray. That is the kind of doctor I have had in my house when sickness or death came. I do not want any of your profligate or asthetic doctors around my loved ones when the balances of life are trembling. A doctor who has gone through the medical college, and in dissecting room has traversed the wonders of the human mechanism, and found no God in any of the labyrinths, is a fool, and cannot doctor me or mine. But, oh, the Christian doctors! What a comfort they have been in many of our households! And they ought to have a warm place in our prayers, as well as praise on our tongues.

I bless God that the number of Christian physicians is multiplying, and some of the students of the medical colleges are here to-day, and I hail you and ordain you to the tender, beautiful, heaven descended work of Christian physician, and when you take your diploma from the medical college to look after the perishable body be sure also to get a diploma from the skies to look after the imperishable soul. Let all Christian physicians unite with ministers of the gospel in persuading good people that it is not because God is against them that they sometimes feel depressed, but because of their diseased body. I suppose David, the psalmist, was no more pious when he called on everything human and angelic, animate and inanimate, even from snowflake to hurricane, to praise God than when he said, "Out of the depths of hell have I cried unto thee, O Lord;" or that Jeremiah was more pious when he wrote his prophecy than when he wrote his "Lamentations;" or Job when he said, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," than when covered over with the pustules of elephantiasis as he sat in the ashes scratching the scabs off with a broken piece of pottery; or that Alexander Cruden, the concordist, was a better man when he compiled the book that has helped 10,000 students of the Bible than when under the power of physical disorder he was handcuffed and strait waistcoated in Bethnal Green lunatic asylum. "Oh," says some Christian man, "no one ought to allow physical disorder to depress his soul. He ought to live so near to God as to be always in the sunshine." Yes, that is good advice. But I warrant you, the man who gives the advice has a sound liver. Thank God for a healthful hepatic condition, for as certainly as you lose it you will sometimes, like David, and like Jeremiah, and like Cowper, and like Alexander Cruden, and like 10,000 other invalids, be playing a dead march on the same organ with which now you play a staccato.

**Dissipations.**

My object at this point is not only to ameliorate the criticisms of those in good health against those in poor health, but to show Christian people who are atrabilious what is the matter with them. Do not charge against the heart the crimes of another portion of your organism. Do not conclude because the path to heaven is not arbored with as fine a foliage, or the banks beautifully snowed with exquisite chrysanthemums as once, that therefore you are on the wrong road. The road will bring you out at the same gate whether you walk with the stride of an athlete or come up on crutches. Thousands of Christians, morbid about their experiences, and morbid about their business and morbid about the present, and morbid about the future, need the sermon I am now preaching.

Another practical use of this subject is for the young. The theory is abroad that they must first soy their wild oats and afterward Michigan wheat. Let me break the delusion. Wild oats are generally sown in the liver, and they can never be pulled up. They so preoccupy that organ that there is no room for the implantation of a righteous crop. You see aged men about as at 80, cruel, idle, splenetic, grand old men. How much wild oats did they sow between 18 years and 30? None, absolutely none. God does not very often honor with old age those who have in early life sacrificed swine on the altar of the bodily temple. Remember, O young man, that while in after life and after years of dissipation you may perhaps have your heart changed, religion does not change the liver. Trembling and staggering along these streets to-day are men, all bent, and decayed, and prematurely old for the reason that they are paying for liens they put upon their physical estate before they were 30! By early dissipation they put on their body a first mortgage, and a second mortgage, and a third mortgage to the devil, and these mortgages are now being foreclosed, and all that remains of their earthly estate the undertaker will soon put out of sight. Many years ago, in fulfillment of my text, a dart struck through their liver, and it is there yet. God forgives, but outraged physical law never, never, never. That has a Sinai, but no Calvary. Solomon in my text knew what he was talking about, and he rises up on his throne of worldly splendor to shriek out a warning to all the centuries.

Stephen A. Douglas gave the name of "squatter sovereignty" to those who went out, west and took possession of lands and held them by right of preoccupation. Let a flock of sins settle on your liver before you get to 25 years of age, and they will in all probability keep possession of it by an infernal squatter sovereignty. "I promise to pay at the bank $500 six months from date," says the promissory note. "I promise to pay my life 30 years from date at the bank of the grave," says every infraction of the laws of your physical being.

**Solomon's Diagnosis.**

What! Will a man's body never completely recover from early dissipation in this world? Never. How about the world to come? Perhaps God will fix it up in the resurrection body so that it will not have to go limping through all eternity. But get the liver thoroughly damaged, and it will stay damaged as long as you are here. Physicians call it cirrhosis of the liver, or inflammation of the liver, or fatty degeneration of the liver, but Solomon puts all these pangs into one figure and says, "Till a dart strikes through his liver."

Hesiod seemed to have some hint of this when he represented Prometheus, for his crimes, fastened to a pillar and an eagle feeding on his liver, which was renewed again each night so that the devouring went on until finally Hercules slew the eagle and rescued Prometheus. And a disheated early life arouses a ferocity pecking away and clawing away at the liver year in and year out, and death is the only Hercules who can break the power of its beak or unclench its claw. So also others wrote fables about vultures preying upon the liver. But there are those here with whom it is no fable, but a terrific reality.

That young man smoking cigarettes and smoking cigars has no idea that he is getting for himself smoked liver. That young man has no idea that he has by early dissipation so depleted his energies that he will go into the battle only half armed. Here is another young man who, if he put all his forces against the regiment of youthful temptations, in the strength of God, might drive them back, but he is allowing them to be reenforced by the whole army of midlife temptations, and what but immortal defeat can await him?

Oh, my young brother, do not make the mistake that thousands are making in opening the battle against sin too late, for this world too late, and for the world to come too late. What brings that express train from St. Louis into Jersey City three hours late? They lost 15 minutes early on the route, and that affected them all the way, and they had to be switched off here and switched off there, and detained here and detained there, and the man who loses time and strength in the earlier part of the journey of life will suffer for it all the way through—the first 20 years of life damaging the following 50 years.

Some years ago a scientific lecturer went through the country exhibiting on great canvas different parts of the human body when healthy, and the same parts when diseased. And what the world wants now is some eloquent scientist to go through the country, showing to our young people on blazing canvas the drunkard's liver, the idler's liver, the libertine's liver, the gambler's liver. Perhaps the spectacle might stop some young man before he comes to the catastrophe and the dart strikes through his liver.

**A Few Epitaphs.**

My hearer, this is the first sermon you have heard on the gospel of health, and it may be the last you will ever hear on that subject, and I charge you, in the name of God and Christ and tastfulness and eternal destiny, take better care of your health. When some of you die, if your friends put on your tombstone a truthful epitaph, it will read, "Here lies the victim of 'late suppers'"; or it will be, "Behold what lobster salad at midnight will do for a man"; or it will be, "Ten cigars a day closed my earthly existence"; or it will be, "Thought I could do at 70 what I did at 20, and I am here"; or it will be, "Here is the consequence of sitting a half day with wet feet;" or it will be, "This is where I have stacked my harvest of wild oats"; or instead of words the stonecutter will chisel for an epitaph on the tombstone two figures—namely, a dart and a liver.

There is a kind of sickness that is beautiful when it comes from overwork for God, or one's country, or one's family. I have seen wounds that were glorious. I have seen an empty sleeve that was more beautiful than the most muscular forearm. I have seen a green shade over the eye, shot out in battle, that was more beautiful than any two eyes that had passed without injury. I have seen an old missionary worn out with the malaria of African jungles, who looked to me more radiant than a rubicund gymnast. I have seen a mother after six weeks' watching over a family of children down with scarlet fever, with a glory around her pale and wan face that surpassed the angelic. It all depends on how you got your sickness and in what battle your wounds.

If we must get sick and worn out, let it be in God's service and in the effort to make the world good. Not in the service of sin. No, no! One of the most pathetic scenes that I ever witness, and I often see it, is that of men or women converted in the fifties or sixties or seventies wanting to be useful, but they so served the world and satan in the earlier part of their life that they have no physical energy left for the service of God. They sacrificed nerves, muscles, lungs, heart and liver on the wrong altar. They fought on the wrong side, and now, when their sword is all hacked up and their ammunition all gone, they enlist for Emmanuel. When the high mettled calvary horse, which had been spurred into many a calvary charge with champing bit and flaming eye and neck clothed with thunder, is worn out and spavined and ringboned and springhalt, he rides up to the great Captain of our salvation on the white horse and offers his services. When such persons might have been, through the good habits of a lifetime, crashing their battle axe through the helmeted iniquities they are spending their days and nights in discussing the best way of curing indigestion, and quieting their jangling nerves, and rousing their laggard appetite, and trying to extract the dart from their outraged liver. Better converted late than never! Oh, yes, for they will get to heaven. But they will go afoot when they might have wheeled up the stoop hills of the sky in Elijah's chariot. There is an old hymn that we used to sing in the country meeting house when I was a boy, and I remember how the old folks' voices trembled with emotion while they sang it. I have forgotten all but two lines, but those lines are the peroration of my sermon:—

"I will save us from a thousand snares
To mind religion young."

**Fallacies Concerning Prayer.**

The question which some still think is worth while to ask, "Why does a loving God, who knows our needs, require us to petition for their supply?" both reveals the fundamental misconception and brings into contrast the fundamental truth in regard to the whole subject. Dr. Edward Caird has noted, as a strange survival of the pagan mode of thought among Christians, that some of them still conceive of prayer as an attempt to get God to do man's will rather than as an inspiration to get God's will done by man. Jesus has expressly cautioned us not to think that either he prays for or we pray for the purpose of informing God about our needs or inducing him to supply them. What end, then, is served by petitionary prayer for the things God knows we need and that he wills to bestow? Surely no thinker is unaware that verbal expression has much to do with both clearness of thought and the concentration of attention and will. It is reason enough for engaging in petitionary prayer that the confession in words of our wants to God enables and pledges us in a clearer consciousness to work out more reverently and patiently the divine conditions of their supply.

Thus it is that through prayer the individual will strive toward unity with the universal will. To impute to the leaders of religious thought to-day the crude, primitive fancy of bending the divine will into line with the human is unworthy of any who profess to keep abreast of the world's advancing intelligence. The true function of prayer is to lift the will of man into line with the will of God. This it does by its effect in clarifying moral insight, deepening reverent convictions of responsibility and dedicating self more thoroughly to divine ends, which can be accomplished in the world no sooner or more fully than men devote themselves to their fulfillment.—Rev. James M. Whiton in Forum.

**A Barometer.**

"Are you going to have your house painted this spring, Mudger?"

"No; but I'll have to paint the back fence, or the pump, or something. Mrs. Mudger never thinks she has cleaned house until she can smell new paint."


STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
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.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by druggists, 75c.


**Spring in the Suburbs.**

"I hear that you and your wife have separated."

"Yes."

"How did you get along dividing the household furniture?"

"Oh, peaceably enough until we came to the motto, 'God Bless Our Home,' and then we had a quarrel as to who should have it."


## HEART DISEASE.

**Kate's Tears' Blazing Between Death With Acute Heart Dis. in Thirty Minutes After Taking Dose of Dr. Agnew's Cure for Heart Disease. What it Did' Cousley, West Shefford, Que., for any Sufferer From the Same.**

"I had been suffering from a trouble for over four years. Doctors had tried, and failed to relief, I procured Dr. Agnew's Heart. In thirty minutes first dose, I had relief, and mine was a case of long stand bottles effected a permanent c firmly believe, after knowing w done for me, that there is n case while this great cure is to cheerfully sanction the use o many in whatever way it m most good."

**Homeless.**

"Come," said the kind-hear "you can't wander about here You must go home."

"Home," echoed the un bitterly, "what is home to me

"But you have a home, a w fortable, cheerful home."

"I did have such a home home you have painted, but heaven, but now—"

"But now what, sir?"

"My wife is house cleaning

## Catarrh of Long S Relieved in a Fe Hours.

It is not alone the people of country, and prominent ot Urban Lippe, M.P. of Jolie and other members of Parlia having used Dr. Agnew's Powder, pronounce it the mos remedy they have ever known, everywhere are expressing that tion at the effectiveness of cine. C. G. Archer, of Brew says: "I have had catarrh years. Water would run from and nose days at a time. months ago I was induced Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, using the wonderful remedy had an attack. I would not it." It relieves in ten minutes.

**Curiosity.**

The jester had gone a lit that time, and the Mogul rema

"I think it is about time to example of you by cutting short off."

Whereat the jester, who, for the mathematics, inquired:

"Is this to be an example or fractions?"

## PILES CURED IN 3 to 6

Dr. Agnew's Ointment will cases of Itching Piles in from six nights. One application be fort. For blind and bleeding, peerless. Also cures Tetter, Sa Eczema, Barber's Itch and all of the skin. 35 cents.


In Christian art the horse is goodness and generosity.


## The Latest Popular

**For 10 cents a Co**

Regularly sold for 40 an Send us cash, post-office order and we will forward postpa address. The music selecte amount of your purchase.

**Vocal.**

All for you
Don't forget your promise.
He took it in a quiet
natured way (comic).
There will come a time
Don't tell her you love her.
Star light, star bright
You are not the only pebble
Words cannot tell my love.
The girl you dream about.
Hide behind the door, when
comes.
I loved you better than you

I love you if others don't.
Don't send her away, John. Re
She may have been better

When the girl you love is mea away
Ben Bolt, English ballad.
The wearing of the green, national song.

**Instrumental.**

Royal-Jubilee waltzes Imp. Mu
Wheeling Girl two-step Imp. Mu
El Capitan march and two-step
20th Century Woman two-step
A story ever told, and true
Murphy on parade, the latest hi
King Cotton march and two-ste
Handicap march and two-step
Chocchi Chocchi polka.
Yale march and two-step.
Black America march.
Belle of Chicago two-step.
Star Light, Star Bright waltz
Nordica waltz.
Princess Bonnie waltz.
D.K.E waltz.
Darkies' Dream parade.
Dance of the Brownies caprice

Rastus on Parade two-step
Gendron two-step. Imp. Mu
Narcissus (classical).
In the Land two-step.
Semper Fidelis March.
Thunderer march.
Washington Post march.
High School Cadets march.
Liberty Bell march.
Manhattan Beach march.
Love comes like a summer sig

NOTICE—We sell only for payment must accompany all o

If you send for any music list you must be willing to s substitute we send you just have not the music ordered. tion will be paid inquiries unle panied by a 3-cent stamp for an

BE SURE TO READ TH

We publish new music, instrumental, every week. We will post free to any ad music as published at the follo scription rates, paid in advanc One piece a week for 52 weeks One piece a week for 26 weeks One piece a week for 13 weeks.

Address all money and corre to EMPIRE MUSIC CO 44 Bay St.,

WANTED—SMART MEN TO S Blood Purifier on earth. Ex ritory; large profits. RADAM'S KILLER, 68 Dundas street, Londo

AGENTS—"VICTORIA SIXTY Queen"—the book of the year; it s defies competition; over 100 illustr grant binding; popular prices; ter write quick. G. M. ROSE & SON

## "THE VICTO ELECTRIC MOT

1-2 Horse Power
1 Horse Power
2 Horse Power
3 Horse Power
5 Horse Power

Write for Cash Disco

Special prices on larger size Electric Motor is guaran

TORONTO TYPE FOUNDR 44 Bay Street, Toro

## ATTRACTED BY SCENT.

**The Perfume of Flowers and Not Their Beauty Draws the Bees.**

There has always been a popular belief that one of the reasons why nature made flowers beautiful was the utilitarian one of attracting bees and other insects to them. This helps the transferring of the pollen, which in the fertilizing power of the plant, by means of which its reproductive capacity is kept up.

Certain exceedingly interesting experiments which have just been performed tend to show that this idea is incorrect, and that the bees are really attracted by the perfume, and not by the hue of the flower.

In order to demonstrate this fact, bright blossoms were covered over with sheets of paper so that they were completely hidden from view. These, however, were not sufficient to prevent the escape of the perfume into the air any more than a box of musk can conceal the color of the contents.

These covered-up flowers were watched carefully, and it was seen that the bees went first to them and ignored equally bright blossoms which had no scent. Not only did they gather on the paper concealing the perfume which attracted them, but they actually endeavored to force their way through and under the obstacles which kept them from their feast.

Such experiments will probably have the effect in time of modifying our views and opinions of the habits of the lower animals, for we have, as a rule, regarded the microscopic character of their eyes as furnishing evidence of the enormous powers of these organs, and have concluded that they overshadow the other senses to an inordinate extent.


## PILL POINTS.

Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills are a purely vegetable compound—a scientifically blended combination. The after effects of the use of these pills are seen given as much consideration as the immediate results. Not so with many of the ancient formulas—painful purgers and no help to our powers. Think of these points. If you must use medicine, look out for the most gentle, safest and surest to take. Dr. Ag