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VOICE OF THE PRESS.

REV. DR. TALMAGE ON RELIGIOUS NEWSPAPERS.

If They Have the Right Spirit, He Says Each One Does More Good Than Fifty Pulpits—Editorial Responsibility.

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Washington, Nov. 28.—In a previous discourse, Dr. Talmage having shown the opportunities of the secular press, in this discourse speaks of the mission of religious newspapers. His text is, "Then I turned and lifted up mine eyes and looked, and behold a flying roll," Zechariah v, 1.

In a dream the prophet saw something rolled up advancing through the heavens. It contained a divine message. It moved swiftly, as on wings. It had much to do with the destiny of nations. But if you will look up you will see many flying rolls. They come with great speed and have messages for all the earth. The flying rolls of this century are the newspapers. They carry messages human and divine. They will decide the destiny of the hemispheres.

There are in the United States about 20,000 newspapers. The religious newspaper of which I am the editor was born 4 years ago, but born again seven years ago. In this brief time it has grown to about 200,000 circulation, and, by the ordinary rule of calculating the readers of a paper, it has about 1,000,000 readers. Our country was blest with many religious journals, edited by consecrated men, while their contributors were the ablest and best of all professions and occupations. Some of these journals for half a century had been dropping their benedictions upon the nations and they live on and will continue to live on until there will be no more use for their mission, the world itself having become a flying roll on the tempests of the last day, going out of existence. There will be no more use for such agencies when the world ceases, because, in the spiritual state, we shall have such velocity that we can gather for ourselves all the news of heaven, or seeing some world in conflagration, may go ourselves in an instant to examine personally the scene of disaster.

Was there room for another religious journal in this land, already favored with the highest style of religious journalism? Oh, yes, if undenominational, plenty of room. Nothing can ever take the place of the denominational newspaper. When the millennium comes in, it will find as many denominations as there are now. People, according to their temperaments, will always prefer this or that form of church government, this or that style of worship. You might as well ask all to live in one house as to ask us all to worship in one denomination or to abolish the regiments of an army in order to make them one great host.

Denominational Papers.

Each denomination must have its own journal, set apart especially to present the charities, explain the work and forward the interests of that particular sect. The death of one denominational journal is a calamity to all the other denominations. I would almost feel that a great misfortune had happened me if The Christian Intelligencer of the Reformed church (my mother church) did not come to my house every week, for I was brought up on it, and it has become a household necessity. Such a denominational journal had better be edited by some one who rocked in the cradle of that church and, ordained at her altars, having become venerable in her service, sits spectacled and wise and with heart full of sacred memories, addresses the living of to-day. In the most sacred crypt of our memory stands the statue of the religious editors Abel Stevens and Joshua Leavitt and the royal family of the primeval Irenæus and Eusebius, while others linger on the banks of the Jordan, where they will not have long to wait for Elijah's chariot, and when they go up, if we still be sitting at our editorial desks, we will cry out in the memorable words, "My father, my father, the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof!"

But, then, there are great movements in which all denominations wish to join, and we want more undenominational newspapers to marshal and advance and inspire such movements. Yet such journals have a difficult task, because all Christian men, if they have behaved well in their denominations, for some reason prefer the one of their natural and spiritual nativity and, even looking off upon the general field and attempting wider work, will be apt to look at things through denominational preference and to treat them with a denominational twist. In the issuing of the religious journal whose seventh anniversary I preach that difficulty has been met and overcome by the fact that its publisher is a Methodist and in its editorial rooms there are a Presbyterian, an Episcopalian and a Congregationalist, and a time of denominational prejudice in editorial or reportorial column would run against immediate protest. Against John Wesley's "Free Grace," or Calvin's "Eternal Decrees," or Bishop McIlvaine's "Cantenicus," or Dr. Dowling's "Baptistery," from year's end to year's end not a word is written or printed. On all these subjects we have convictions, but undenominational journalism is not the place to state them. He who tells all he knows and expresses all he thinks on all occasions and in all places without reference to the proprieties is a bore or a drunk and of no practical service either to church or state.

The Undenominational Press.

Undenominational journalism is absolutely necessary to demonstrate the unity of the Christian world. Wide and desperate attempt is made to show that the religion of Jesus Christ is only a battleground of sects, and the cry has been: "If you want us to accept your religion, agree, gentlemen, as to what the Christian religion really is. This denomination says a few drops of water dripping from the end of the finger is baptism, and another demands the submergence of the entire body. This one prays with book and that one makes extemporaneous utterance. The rector of one delivers his sermon in a gown, while the backwoods preacher of another sect addresses the people in his shirt sleeves. Some of your denominations have the majestic dominant in the service and others spontaneity. Some of you think that from all eternity some were predestined to be saved and that from all eternity others were doomed." Now, it is the business of young Men's Christian associations and tract societies and Sunday school unions and pronounced undenominational journals to show the falsity of the charge that we are fighting among ourselves by gathering all Christian denominations in one platform or enunciating the united sentiment of all Christendom from one style of religious printing press.

Unity, complete unity. Never was any other army on earth so thoroughly united under one flag and inspired by one sentiment and led by one commander as is the church militant. Christ commands all the troops of all denominations of Christians, and they are going to shout together in the final victory when the whole world is redeemed.

But we have in all our denominations got tired of trying to make other people think as we do on all points. The heresy hunters in all denominations are nearly all dead, thank God, and we are learning that when men get wrong in their faith, instead of martyrizing them by arraignment we do better to wait for the natural roll of years to remove them. Meanwhile, but the truth lives on. We may not all agree as to the number of teeth in the jawbone with which Samson slew the Philistines, or agree as to what was the exact color of the foxes which he set on fire to burn up the corn shocks, but, on the vitals of religion, we do agree.

If we could call into one great convention the 645,566 Episcopalians, the 1,490,105 Lutherans, the 1,460,846 Presbyterians, the 4,168,657 Baptists, the 5,[illegible]3,289 Methodists, putting unto them the following questions, we would get unanimous answer in the affirmative: Do you believe in a God, good, holy, wise, omnipotent? Do you believe in Jesus Christ as a Saviour? Do you believe in the convicting, converting and sanctifying power of the Holy Ghost? Do you believe that the gospel is going to conquer all nations? If you should put these questions to those assembled millions on millions, while there would not be a solitary negative, there would be an aye, aye, aye, loud enough to make the foundations of the earth tremble and the arches of the heavens resound. Let there be platforms, let there be great occasions, let there be undenominational printing presses to thunder forth the unity of all Christendom. One Lord. One faith. One baptism. One God and Father. One Jesus Christ. One cross. One heaven.

So also there is room for a religious journal that stands for liberty as against all oppression. No authority, political or ecclesiastic, must be permitted to make us believe this or that. Liberty of the Armenian to worship God independent of the Turkish government. Liberty of Cuba as against Spanish domination. Liberty of Hawaii as against all monarchial authority which it has thrown off. Civil liberty. Political liberty. Religious liberty.

The weekly journal on whose seventh anniversary I preach has had for its owner and publisher one who in his ancestry experienced just the opposite. His father, an exile from his native land because of his opinions, his property confiscated, his life imperiled, landed on American soil bereft of everything that foreign oppression could rob him of. Naturally his son knows right well how to appreciate liberty. The most of us are descended from those who imperilled all to gain their natural and religious rights. Let the type and the printing presses and the editorial chairs be overthrown which dare to surrender to any attempt again to put on the shackles. The movement has started for the demolition of all the tyrannies of church and state. Religious newspapers must stand shoulder to shoulder in this mighty march for God and the world's rescue.

Old Fashioned Evangelism.

Again on this seventh anniversary I say there is room for a religious paper charged with old fashioned evangelism. Other styles of religious newspapers may do for advertising purposes or for the presentation of able essays on elaborate theories, but if this world is ever brought to God it will be through unqualified evangelism. It was astounding that the good Almighty should have gone into the bereavement, submitting to the loss of his only Son, that Son stopping at the doorsill of heaven into a darkness and an abyss that no plummet has ever been able to fathom, and through the funeral of the heavens life is offered to a world! But how to get the tidings to the people and in such an attractive way that they will take hold of them is the absorbing question. The human voice can travel only a few feet away, and the world wants something further and wider reaching, and that is the newspaper press, and as the secular press of necessity give itself chiefly to secular affairs let the religious newspaper give itself to the present and everlasting salvation of all who can read or are able to read, have ears to hear and hearts to read. If there be an opportunity for a deeper, grander, than that offered by a newspaper evangelism, name it and we will go to it, that we may see its towers, its pillars, its domes, its infinitude.

Again, on this seventh anniversary of The Christian Herald I notice there is room for a religious paper thoroughly humanitarian. The simple fact is the majority of the human race have not enough to eat or wear. The majority of the human race are in trouble. How to supply loaves of bread and increase the weal and heal the wounds and shelter the homeless are questions that Christ met equally as soon as he did spiritual necessities. The first heart to respond to the cry of sufferers from drought or from earthquake or cruelty should be the Christian heart. Therefore let the pages of religious journalism spread out the story of all such woes and collect relief and disburse alms all around our suffering world. Religious journalism is to become the aqueduct through which the Christian charities of the world should pour until there is no more hunger to be fed and no more ignorance to be educated and no more nakedness to be clothed and no more suffering to be relieved. In trying to do that practical thing the religious paper whose anniversary I celebrate has, during the past seven years, raised and distributed over $[illegible],000 for the relief of physical distresses.

An Optimistic Press.

Again, on this seventh anniversary of a religious publication I notice that there is an especial mission for a religious journal truthfully optimistic. The most optimistic book I know of is the Bible and its most impressive authors are all optimists. David an optimist, Isaiah an optimist. St. John an optimist. Blessed Lord an optimist. I cannot look upon a desert but I am by the old hymn reminded that it will "blossom like the rose." I cannot in a menagerie see a lion and a leopard but I remember that "a little child shall lead them." I cannot see a collection of gems in a jeweler's window without thinking of heaven afloat and ablaze and encrusted and unpurpled with the tones of precious stones. I cannot hear a trumpet but I think of that one that shall wake the dead. All the ages of time rounded on one side by the paradise in which Adam and Eve walked and on the other side by the paradise of which St. John saw in apocalyptic vision. Scriptures optimistic and their authors optimistic, all religious newspapers ought to be optimistic. Not only should all ministers and all religious papers have their heart right, but their liver right. The world has enough troubles of its own without our giving them an extra dose in the shape of religion. This world is going to be saved, and if you do not believe it you are an infidel. None of us wants to get on board a ship which, instead of reaching the destination, is surely going down the embankment. All aboard for the millennium! For the most part in a religious journal the editorials be cheerful. If in one column there be a ghastly woodcut of the famine stricken in India, in the next column have a list of contributions for the relief of the suffering or a picture of ships carrying breadstuffs. If in one column there be the death of an old minister of the gospel whom we cannot spare, in the next put the name of some young Elisha who can wear the mantle of Elijah. If some evil of society is depicted in one column, in the next show the gospel machinery that is to drive it back into the perdition from which it emerged. More and more sunshine let there be in religious journalism. Publish more sermons on texts like "O give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good," and fewer on texts like "Out of the depths of hell have I cried unto thee, O Lord." If any one has anything glorious to say, let him say it to himself. If he must write it, let him not send it to secular rooms, but put it in the pigeonhole of his own desk for his heirs and assigns to read it further on, for probably they can stand it better than we. Once gave $7 to hear Jenny Lind sing. I never will give a cent to hear a man groan. Up with the blinds and throw back the shutters and let the morning light come in. There is not so much religion in the dampness of a cellar as in the breath of an apple orchard in blossom in May. What a victory David got over himself when he closed the Psalms with six chapters of "Praise ye the Lord," saying it over and over again until in any other book it would have been monotonous. If in our diaries and family records and our religious newspapers we would write two honest columns, the one a catalogue of blessings and the other a catalogue of troubles, the former would be five times larger than the latter.

Prayers for Religious Papers.

Pray for the religious newspapers of America because of the fact that if they have the right spirit each one does as much good as 5 or 50 or 200 churches. What are the 500 or 5,000 people making up a Sabbath audience compared with the 10,000 or 50,000 or 200,000 that the religious journal addresses? Such journals are pulpits that preach day and night. They reach weekly those who through invalidism or through indifference never enter churches. They reach people in their quietude, when their attention is not distracted as in church by the fine millinery that appeals to the eye or the rustle of attire that attracts the ear. It will always be our duty and our privilege not to forsake the assemblings of ourselves together, but I believe the consecrated printing press is the chief agency under God to save the world.

Pray also for the religious newspapers of America that they may resist the temptation to become acerb, harsh and denunciatory of those who think differently from themselves. In all denominations there are disappointed people who put mean things in religious newspapers about ministers and other prominent Christian workers. Unsuccessful men and women never like successful men and women: There are editors and reporters who, instead of writing with ink, dip their pens in oil of vitriol or lampblack. When a religious newspaper does lie, it bears all secular journalism in contemptibility. As Adam Clarke, the commentator, said, "Some people serve the Lord as though the devil were in them." That only is a helpful newspaper which, as we fold it up after reading, leave us in a mood to pray for all men and in a spirit that wishes prosperity for all Christian workers, whether they work our way or some other way, and we feel as though the angel, flying through the midst of heaven, having the everlasting gospel to preach, had with the flaming wing stirred the air on our cheek and forehead.

Pray also for religious journalism that it may be alert—not abreast of the times, but ahead of the times. In this day, when by cablegram we seem to get from Europe news five hours before it starts, we do not want in our religious columns information scissored out of an old newspaper or information sent by means of a letter which comes to us through the dead letter post-office because it was misdirected. Nor do we want it to take the place of religious journalism as it was in 1815, when Nathaniel Wilson started his religious paper called The Recorder, or when The Watchman was born in 1819, or when The Christian Register made its first appearance in 1821. The canalboat drawn by mules on a towpath did well in its time, but now we prefer the vestibuled limited express. Because a thing is pious it need not therefore be dull. The printing press may beat the Argus of mythology, for that fabulous being had only a hundred eyes while the newspaper has a thousand eyes, and a thousand ears and a thousand arms. The secular newspaper gives the secular news and does not pretend to give the religious meaning. The religious press ought to put all the events of the day in compact logies, segiments and brigades and show us to what direction that divinely disciplined host is marching and let us know what victories for God and right-ousness they will win. The Christianized printing press is to do in our time on a large scale what the battering ram did in the olden time on a smaller scale. That old war machine was a stout timber, hung by chains to a beam supported by posts, and many men would lay hold of the stout timber and swing it backward and forward until, getting under full momentum, it would strike into awful demolition the wall besieged. God grant that all of us who have anything to do with the mighty battering ram of our century, the printing press, may be clothed of God with especial strength and oneness of purpose, and that, having pulled it back for one mighty assault we may altogether rush it forward crushing into everlasting ruin the last wall of opposition and the last fortress of iniquity.

Editorial Responsibility.

And now let all of us who are connected with either secular or religious journalism remember that we will be called into final account for every word we write in editorial or reportorial or contributors' column, for every type we set, for every press we move and for the style of secular or religious newspaper we patronize or encourage. In Ezekiel's prophecy the angel of God, supposed to be Christ, appears with an ink horn hung at his side, as an attorney's clerk. In other time had an inkhorn at his side. And I have no doubt the inkhorn will have an important part in the day of judgment, those who have used it well to receive eternal plaudit and those who have misused it to recieve condemnation.

Piled up in all the world's printing offices, secular and religious, are the publications of past years, bound up year by year, and in those offices they can tell just what they printed any day for the last 20 years, and in the great day of judgment all that we have ever written or printed will be revealed from the mighty volumes of eternity. All those who have ruthlessly pried into the secret of the happy domestic life and despoiled home, come to judgment! All those who have by the pen assassinated character come to judgment! All those who have anything to do with salacious and depraved literature, come to judgment! All those who have produced pictures illustrative of vice, come to judgment. No one will then dare say, "I knew it was not true," and I only intended it for a joke," or, "I had to make my living, and the paper that I worked for paid me in proportion to the startling nature of the stuff I prepared," or, "I corrected the falsehood in the next issue," or, "I felt my power in the editorial chair, having opportunity to address such multitudes week by week, and I wanted to keep the church and the world in awe of me." On that great day of judgment all the power we have had on earth will be insignificant compared with the power that will pronounce our rapture or our doom and that when might have been considered a joke in the "composing room," because it humiliated an enemy, will be no joke at all amid the wreck of mountains and seas, and the inkhorn will there tell of all we wrote anonymously and under the impersonality of a newspaper as well as that which was signed with our own name. But what a beautiful day for a Frances Havergal, when she gets rewarded for all the kind thing she ever wrote with the tears of her invalidism, or when the authors and authoresses of all lands and ages are told how many came to heaven through their instrumentalities, and for all those who use the influence of the press to correct the errors and extirpate the wrongs and break the serfdom of mankind!

Then the inkhorn by the side of the angel of the new covenant will speak out and tell of what it had to do with all letters of kindness written, with all emancipation proclamations, with all editorial and reportorial eulogies of the good, with all the messages of salvation to a lost world. Better in that day will it be to have set up the type for one line of Christian encouragement or written one paragraph of useful sentiment, or published one page of helpful truth than to have written books as big as Gibbon's five large volumes concerning "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," if those volumes put Christianity at a disadvantage, or as brilliant as Voltaire's "Discourses Upon Man," if they inoculated injurious theories, or as rhythmic as Byron's "Don Juan," if it sacrificed the decencies. On that day the flying roll which Zechariah of the text saw thousands of years ago, and the rolls which we see flying over all our towns and cities, and flying from the swiftest printing presses that were ever invented, will be found to contain messages divine or satanic. Not only the inkhorn which Ezekiel saw, but all the inkhorns will come to judgment. "And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God, and the books were opened."

The Decadence of Legs.

It is one of the most alarming symptoms of the decadence of the race exhibited in the weakness of modern legs to see big men get into cars for a few minutes' ride of a fine day, as they do every morning at the stations and all along the streets, waiting as many minutes for the machine to drag them to their destination as it would take to walk it; waiting at elevators to take them up one or two stories; shirking every natural opportunity to stretch their limbs. We may boast ourselves as we will over English cousins, but so long as we remain such sturdy walkers they exhibit and maintain a superiority over the nation which in its infancy has not yet learned to walk. It must be said, too, that women, even those who "stand all day," would be better for a brisk walk for a change in the open air instead of the half hour's swinging and lurching from the leathern thongs of the cars.

It is impossible to avoid becoming local on this subject of legs. The want of proportion in their legs is the cause of all the woes of Boston. All decency, propriety and harmony of living are sacrificed to the proposed necessity of bringing everybody everywhere or very near to everywhere, without walking. It is, of course, impossible to accomplish this result or anything approaching it. But for the sickly, effete Bostonese whose triceps femoris is shriveling to a useless rag, the effort must be made; instead of being by a network of rails, miles of streets of houses destroyed, the thoroughfares turned into tracks, driving and walking rendered impossible. Whatever means we use to make ourselves superior to our natural conditions enslave and limit us. We are only ourselves, upright, free, in full command of our powers, every muscle judiciously exercised, standing, walking, running, leaping, climbing. On his legs alone

Man is man and master of his fate.

—Time and the Hour.

Might Have Been Laureate.

It seems that Sir Edwin Arnold's recent marriage to his Japanese wife, Watanabe, Sama, gave the sanction of English law to a relation that has existed in accordance with Japanese custom for three years past. Furthermore, it is said that had the English ceremony taken place some time ago, Sir Edwin would now be poet laureate. The Queen, it is alleged, declined to appoint him on account of the relations he maintained with the Watanabe, which she declared would be a public scandal. If Sir Edwin were given the laureateship, Her Majesty need not have taken that view, however, as a Japanese marriage has been recognized by the English courts as valid, notably in the case of Captain Brinkley of the Royal engineers, now editor of The Japan Mail in Yokohoma.

The Century Magazine for the Coming Year.

The Century Magazine, with its November number, enters upon its twenty-seventh year. During its long career, by reason of its many notable successes, it has won an assured and commanding position. During the coming year The Century will maintain its exceptional position as a magazine of entertainment and as a leader in art and thought.

Its pictorial features will be notable, and it will command the services of the foremost artists, illustrators and engravers of this country and of Europe. Nothing like a complete announcement of its literary features can be attempted now.

There will be a group of clever stories about horses and people who like horses, under the general title of "Gallops." "A Woman's Reminiscences of the French Intervention in Mexico" will be given in a series of graphic and highly picturesque papers by Mrs. Cornelius Stevenson. Further contributions to the interesting series of "Heroes of Peace" will be made by Jacob A. Rus, Gustav Kobbe, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward, and others.

For the benefit of readers of The Century an unusual combination offer is made for this year. There has been issued "The Century Gallery of One Hundred Portraits," made of the finest engravings that have appeared in the magazine, and representing a total expenditure of nearly $30,000. These are printed on heavy plate-paper, with wide margins, like proofs. The retail price of the gallery is $7.50, but this year it will be sold only in connection with a subscription to The Century, the price of the two together being $6.50.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.

Jealousy.

"All their neighbors speak very badly of Mr. and Mrs. Talbat."

"They must be living happily with each other then, if I know anything of the neighbors."

Way He Was Welcome.

"Here, Harry, is a dime for you," said Mr. Hopper to the little brother of the one he loves. "Have you ever heard Miss Bessie say anything about me when I wasn't here?"

"Oh, lots of times," replied the sweet child.

"And what does she say, Harry?"

"She says she's always glad to have you come here when she's feelin all wore and tired."

"And," continued the delighted young man, "does she ever explain why she likes to have me come at such times?"

"Yes. She says you're so easy she can go to sleep and still keep you guessin."—Cleveland Leader.

'One, Sweet 'Ome.

She had a voice like a siren, and when she sang—

Mid play sure, sand pal aces, though home a Rome
Be it averse, oh wum bull there snow play sly comb

and so on to the conclusion, there wasn't a dry eye in the room.—Tit-Bits.

Perils of a Great City.

"Jenkins says bicycles are more dangerous than trolley cars."

"Has he had any disastrous experiences?"

"Yes. He got hit by a trolley car while his head was turned watching a girl on a wheel."—Chicago Record.

Too Much Realism.

Walker Farr—How'd you make it down at the Plunkthumpers last night? Could you get much realism in the Klondike winter scene?

Count de Ties—Too realistic. Biggest frost I ever struck.—New York Truth.

Evasive.

"Did you hear any preaching this summer?" said Jones to Smith the other day.

"Well, I went to church a number of times," was Smith's somewhat ambiguous reply.—Congregationalist.

Any Old Thing Acceptable.

"Ah," remarked Mr. Barnes Tormer from the wings as his new leading lady successfully dodged a flying egg, "that is something like! I was beginning to fear she would attract no attention."—Indianapolis Journal.

Watering Our Educational Stock.

"Our public school system is doomed, that's what it is."

"Somethin new goin wrong, Weary?"

"Yes; they're talkin of puttin a flower bathe in th' schoolhouses."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Expense No Object.

"You have put too many r's in the word 'very,'" said the tutor.

"What of it?" retorted the pampered scion of a newly rich house. "I guess paw is able to pay for the ink."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

As He Understood It.

Her Father—So you are my daughter's affianced, eh? Well, young man, what can I do for you?

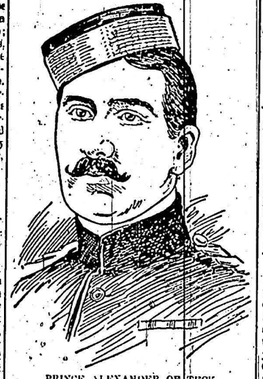
Her Affianced—Well—er—what do you think is about right, sir?—New York Journal.

AFTER AN HEIRESS.

The Alleged Object of Prince Alexander's Visit to America.

Prince Alexander of Teck, who is soon to visit America for the purpose of wooing, as it is rumored, an American heiress, is the youngest son of the Duke and Duchess of Teck. His brother-in-law, the Duke of York, may some time be the ruler of England for he is the eldest son of the Prince of Wales. Prince Alexander is a tall, at the young man of 23, who has always behaved himself and in whose future Queen Victoria has taken no little interest. Long ago she arranged that he should marry Wilhelmina, the little Queen of Holland.

There has been some hitch in this arrangement, and the prospects are that the Dutch Queen will not take a Teck for a consort. In this event it is probable that the Prince will wed Miss Mary Goelet, daughter of the late Ogden Goelet. Miss Goelet's mother, who was one of the



PRINCE ALEXANDER OF TECK.

Wilson girls, is of that family of famous matchmakers. The Prince may find the young woman last spring, and is said to have been very much taken with her. Through the aid of the Prince of Wales he contrived that her parents should meet the Queen, and the royal lady was much pleased with them, so much so in fact that it is alleged she gave her conditional assent to the proposed match. The condition was that Prince Alexander should first try his best to persuade Wilhelmina to accept him. Less than a month ago Prince "Leckie" went to Holland. What the result of his perfunctory wooing was has not yet been divulged, but it is known that after reporting to Queen Victoria he at once made arrangements to visit America.

The Prince will be the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Burrell-Hoffman at their magnificent country seat near Lenox.

HOW WORRY KILLS.

It Injures Beyond Repair Certain Cells of the Brain.

Modern science has brought to light nothing more curiously interesting than the fact that worry will kill. More remarkable still, it has been able to determined, from recent discoveries, just how worry does kill.

It is believed by many scientists who have followed most carefully the growth of the science of brain disease that scores of the deaths set down to other causes are due to worry, and that alone. The theory is a simple one—so simple that any one can readily understand it. Briefly put, it amounts to this: Worry injures beyond repair certain cells of the brain, and, the brain being the nerve center of the body, the other organ become gradually injured, and when some disease of those organs or a combination of them arises death finally ensues.

Thus does worry kill. Insidiously, like many another disease, it creeps upon the brain in the form of a single constant, never lost idea, and, as the dropping of water over a period of years will wear a groove in a stone, so does worry gradually, imperceptibly, but no less surely, destroy the brain cells that rule all the rest—that are so to speak, the commanding officers of mental power, health and motion.

Worry, to make the theory still stronger, is an irritant at certain points which produces little harm if it comes at intervals or irregularly. Occasional worrying of the system the cells can cope with, but the iteration and reiteration of one idea of a disquieting sort the cells of the brain are not proof against. It is as if the skull were laid bare and the surface of the brain struck lightly with a hammer every few seconds, with mechanical precision, with never a sign of a let up or the failure of a stroke.

Just in this way does the annoying idea, the maddening thought that will not be done away with, strike or fall upon certain nerve cells, never ceasing and week by week diminishing the vitality of these delicate organisms, that are so minute that they can only be seen under the microscope.—Pharmaceutical Products.

His Threat.

"Do you wish to drive me to my manhood's last resource, woman? Do you wish me to strike you?"—Ally Sloper.

A STORY OF TENNYSON.

How the Dignified Poet Was Routed by a Mere Lad.

The biography of the late Lord Tennyson by his son Hallam recalls to mind an amusing story anent the laureate told by James T. Fields, and which does not appear in the present memoir. Tennyson was very bizarre in his dress, and always affected a cape coat and a huge wide awake hat. He went up to Oxford on a bright May morning in 1862 to receive his doctor's degree, which the university had just conferred upon him. The great university hall was crowded with students and visitors to the topmost galleries. Suddenly a hush fell on the vast assemblage, and a whisper was heard everywhere, "Tennyson—Tennyson." There he stood in the doorway, his tall figure swaying from side to side, his cape coat unbuttoned, and with a pair of white gloves that he had only half drawn on, so that the unfilled finger ends stood out on his hands. The silence was profound and almost painful as each one of the assemblage gazed their fill on the really great man. Suddenly from one of the topmost seats a little piping voice—afterward discovered to be that of a freshman—called out: "Did your mother call you early, Alfred, dear?"

The effect may be imagined. Tennyson retired amid the uproarious laughter, which greeted this rally and was with difficulty induced to return and receive in public the degree that had been conferred upon him.—Town Topics.

THREE CLASSES.

According to Which the General Public in England Have to Pay.

"Well, you see, sir," said a rather pretty girl all in black, save a wide white collar and natty white cuffs, "we know our customers by what they ask for, sir. What I mean is that if any one comes in and asks for a 'number' we know he is a 'commercial' and charge him two and six. On the other hand, if he asks for a 'bed,' we know he is a business man or a professional man, and the charge is three and six, but if he asks, as you did, for a bedroom, we know he belongs to the gentry and we charge him accordingly."

"Exactly," I replied. "So you charged me accordingly."

The bookkeeper barmaid or barmaid bookkeeper smiled, and I realized that in country hotels or inns in England every one was classified, as in everything else English, into three classes. So firmly is this three class business imbedded in the British mind that there are even three distinct rates for cemetery accommodations, first, second and third. In this case, however, you are not left to the judgment of the clerk or superintendent in charge, but classified according to the rent of your dwelling house. For example, if you live in a house paying £50 a year rent you must die first-class and pay first class burial rates for everything, from the sexton who digs your grave to the parson who reads the burial service over your remains. Under £40 to £20 or possibly less you may have the privilege of second class prices for practically the same accommodation and service, but if the rent you pay is less than this then you are entitled to the joyous economy of a third class funeral.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

When Lawyers Were Scarce.

In the year 1820, under the authority of the state of New York, an enumeration of the lawyers entitled to practice at the state or local courts was made. The regulations for admission to the bar at that time were simple and easy to comply with. Nevertheless there were found to be only 3 lawyers on Staten Island 13 in Westchester, 60 in Albany and 45 in Onondaga. Monroe county had not then attained the distinction which it has had since the growth of Rochester into a city, and it had within its borders only 17 lawyers, while Columbia county, which has since given to the bar of the state many learned jurists, had 32 and Dutchess county 52. The people of Long Island were even less inclined to litigation then than they are now, for in the whole of Suffolk county there were 6 lawyers only, in Queens county there were but 2, and in Kings county (it is very different now) there were 3 only.

In Broome county there were 3 lawyers, in Greene 21, in Putnam 3, in Steuben 12 and in Tioga 14. But perhaps the lawyer of that period who enjoyed what might in these days be called an easy snap was the member of the New York bar who resided in Orleans county. After 1820 there was a large increase of lawyers in New York state, and in 1834 they numbered 2,034.—New York Sun.

To Drive Nails in Hard Wood.

Rub the pointed end of a nail along the side of the nose in the crease near the nostril. Then drive. No holes need be made. Try it and be surprised, as I was at the results. There is always a grease there, as you can see by rubbing your finger end there, and this oil is the best thing I ever used in my 25 years' experience in hard wood.

There is danger in neglecting a cold. Many who have died of consumption dated their troubles from exposure, followed by a cold which settled on their lungs, and in a short time they were beyond the skill of the best physician. Had they used Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, before it was too late, their lives would have been spared. This medicine has no equal for curing coughs, colds and all affections of the throat and lungs.

A Handsome Prince.

Prince Boris, the future ruler of Bulgaria, is a pretty little boy, and he is fortunately too young to be at all aware of the bitter quarrels which raged over his cradle. He was still an infant in arms when he was "converted" to the Orthodox faith to the great anger of his mother; indeed, at the time she declared that nothing would induce her to continue taking care of her child, but maternal love conquered, and though Boris is taken in state each Sunday to an Orthodox or Greek church place of worship, he is vigilantly guarded from those who might wish to do him harm.

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."

To Tell a Fresh Egg.

To ascertain the freshness of an egg, without breaking, hold it before a strong light and look directly through the shell. If the yolk appears round and the white surrounding it clear, the chances are that the egg is fresh. Or you may drop it into water; if the egg sinks quickly and remains at the bottom it is in all probability fresh, but if it stands on end it is doubtful, and quite bad if it floats. The shell of a fresh egg looks dull, while that of a stale one is glossy.—Mrs. S. T. Rorer in Ladies' Home Journal.

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

Editors.

In response to his ring she had opened the door just the merest crack.

He tried to push his boot toe into the opening, but it was not wide enough for that.

"Madam," he said, "I am selling the justly celebrated magic roach-powder. It is warranted—"

"We have no magic-roaches in this house."

And the door closed inexorably.

Dyspepsia or Indigestion is occasioned by the want of action in the biliary ducts, loss of vitality in the stomach to secret the gastric juices, without, which digestion cannot go on; also, being the principal cause of Headache. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills taken before going to bed, for a while, never fail to give relief and effect a cure. Mr. F. W. Ashdown, Ashdown, Ont., writes: Parmelee's Pills are taking the lead against ten other makes which I have in stock."

HOT WATER SHOES.

A German Prince Places a Heating Device in the Heel.

Cold feet are a affliction common to the human race. The cold-foot brigade may take comfort however, for a benefactor has appeared in the person of Paul Wormnebel, of Gruna, near Dresden, who has what he calls "Heatable Shoes." The New York World. The novelty for cold feet consists of a tin and furnace in the heel of the sole, which causes a continuous stream of warm water around the extremities. Within the heel the water is placed a glowing substance similar in nature to that used in the Japanese hand-warmers. The soles are hollowed out of a rubber bag covered with asbestos containing the water that keeps the system.

When in need of a pair of heatable shoes wishes to put into the cold and sloppy street he opens the receptacle in the heel of his shoe, lights the punk like substance, forces the perforated tube into it in place, and then bids defiance to his old enemy.

There is no danger of the feet being uncomfortably heated, for the water cannot be heated by the tiny furnace in the heel to more than 70 degrees. The inventor has provided against bursting of the little boiler by a small safety valve. The shoe is a little heavier than the ordinary one, but is but very little, that of the wet weather shoe, which is in New York dealers. The inventor has provided that will work in a new shoe for wear other than the ordinary one.

Thanks Older.

Thanks come and go. We are growing older every year. Some of our hopes have flowed toward the full shining of ten suns. We have beaten the old days of our childhood, the nearer day of our manhood, love to sit in the twilight and think of them. We marvel at the years gone, which enabled us to do so few things, when we talk of our accomplishments of the shadowy past. We have come. We have brought us our table lands, from which we can catch glimpses of the sea monsters and fables about the city of old Gotham.

The sea monsters of old are stories told about the dolphins are true it serpents as much as the common garter snake. Is that this marine waves is swallowing the water of the ocean from out again. He is the fact that the was often mistaken suddenly shoved into the convulsions of the stupidity, a truthful number of the Copenhagen museum more common mates of its size give is that they were selling than the half of an inch and not larger in diameter in the cathedral at The Hague."

He also stated that its body was freqquently by sailors for an island, so he landed upon it and were engaged when the monstrous mass sank to its hidden depths. Other authorities testify that its size to the point of a mainmast of a man of war.—St. Louis Globe.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
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 6 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.

Knuckle Bones.

Knuckle bones have just been found in the excavations on Longmarton Heath, near Appleby, Westmoreland. In several work, in excavating a well made some discovery was made. In they came across a well made at six feet below the level. On examination, being made, the floor was found to be composed of knuckle bones, supposed to be of sheep and cattle. It is estimated that the slaughter work is.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia.

Pale Girls.

Pale girls should use Mother Graves' Worm Powders. Mother Graves' Worm Powders are a pleasant, safe and sure remedy for children and adults. Sold by all druggists, 25c.

Marriage Licenses.

Issued by Thomas Ryan, 628 Yonge street, Toronto, Ont.

"WE WANT YOU QUICK"

A LIFE DESTROYER.

Have You Ever Suffered From Rheumatism?

Rheumatism is nothing more or less than an inflammation of the fibrous tissues which are found around and near the joints of the body. When this tissue becomes suddenly inflamed with the joints red, swollen and tender, accompanied by a high fever, it is called acute or inflammatory rheumatism.

But when the lameness creeps up gradually, as the result of a slight inflammation of this tissue, the heat slowly drying up the material of which lubricates the joints, you have chronic rheumatism.

Exposure to cold or wet is the immediate cause of disease in either case, though of course poverty and impurity of the blood will aggravate the sufferings and render you more liable to an attack.

Thousands of chronic rheumatics cured by Frank's Magnetic Ointment, thousands of people testify and tell us that they have been cured of rheumatism by the use of Frank's Magnetic Ointment.

Dr. J. P. Kennedy, Chittenango, says: "It reports itself of real merit and intrinsic value to recommend itself during the severe test of public experiment. Frank's Ointment stood the test and was found wanting. It astonishes in inflammation of the eyes, wonderful success in subduing rheumatism and in most of nervous affections, claims it a place in the list of remedies for these complaints.

Frank's Ointment sold by all druggists, 25c. Prepared by James O. Kahle, 127 Bay street, Toronto.

Minard's Liniment is sold everywhere.

RHEUMATISM CURED.

Jas. [illegible]	Elmwood, Ont.
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