An Eye Witness's Account of Some Marvelous Tests-Theories of Dr. Charcot, the French Leader of the Hypnotic Crusade.

The doctors of London and Paris are getting excited of hypnotism. The few believe it to be an immense gain and a blessing to science; the majority are either actively hostile to it or quietly skeptical to the claims set up in its behalf. It requires a bold man to advocate the cultivation of the hypnotizing power, or gift, as will be seen from what fol lows: Dr. Charcot, the eminent Professeur de Clinique at the Hospice de Salt-



A HYPNOTIZED SUBJECT.

petriere in Paris, is bold enough to publish in the fullest way the particulars of the experiments he has for a long time been making. So is Dr. Milne Bram well, a physician in Goole, England, who willingly shows his experiments to scientific investigators.

That the hypnotic power is capable of accomplishing wonders cannot be I, myself, says a London correspondent of the New York Mail and Express, recently saw a series of exceedingly interesting experiments, the subject being a French woman, young, comely and apparently of the peasant class. She was of a plegmatic tempera-ment, dreamy-eyed and generally what we would call a weak-willed woman. The operator was a very positive person, a slim, wiry, keen-eyed Mephisto phelean Frenchman. When she took her seat the operator came where I stood, about twenty feet or more away from her. He simply asked her to look into his eyes, he looking into hers at the same time. In a moment she was fast asleep, with her head sideways and her

arms hanging listlessly down. I asked the operator to cause the pa-tient to do certain things such as lift a hand or finger, or cross or rearrange her feet. Though no word was spoken or whispered to the sleeping woman, and though the operator and myself were at the opposite end of the room, she obeyed every command of the operator's silent



OPERATING AT A DISTANCE.

will. When it came to my turn to test the experiment I took the operator right back to the door, quite forty feet distant from the sleeping girl, and there I whispered as low as I could in his ear something like this: "Let her raise her right arm, comb her hair with her fingers, and then take hold of her left hand on her knee." The operator never opened his lips nor moved from the spot, but he stared piercingly at his patient, and in a few seconds she performed the move-ments I had requested, slowly indeed, but without failure in any point.

To prove the soundness of the girl's sleep, and her insensibility to pain while in it, the operator borrowed a scarf-pin from a spectator and thrust it right through the fleshy part of the upper arm so that the point struck out an inch. She was then made to extend her arm and walk around us for close inspection, which lasted ten minutes by the watch, a feat which few strong men could do without letting the arm drop, even with-



THE VICTIM EXHAUSTED. out a pin through it. There was no blood, and when the pin was withdrawn and the girl restored to consciousness she told us she only felt as though she had

been pricked slightly.

Dr. Charcot divides the action of hypnotism (which means the state of perfect sleep) into three stages—first, lethargy; second, catalepsy, and third, somnambulism. On the recent visit to his place of an investigation Dr. Charcot produced a young woman of twenty-four, stoutly built, with a bright and intelligent face. She was a highly hysterical subject, habitually insensible to pain on the left half of the body. Dr. Charcot showed this by pricking her with a pin on each side. She was bidden to gaze intently on a point near and above her eyes, when sh soon went off into unconsciousness, and the doctor closed her eyelids. Now the probe could be inserted anywhere without any signs of pain. By touching certain muscles, various actions were mechanically performed by the limbs and fingers and muscles of the face. Then the doctor pressed on certain tendons, the result being the stiffening of the whole body; so rigid was she that the doctor could place her head on the back as that of Bismarck or Gladstone is to of a chair and her heels on the floor with-

out the girl falling. The second, or cataleptic, stage was induced by the forcible opening of the girl's eyelids, resulting in a stare as of entrancement. In this state the girl was made to believe everything and anything. A gong was struck and she was told it was a church bell, upon which she struck a devotional attitude. A bit of red glass was put before her eyes with the information that the house was on fire, and at once she became frantic with terror. A number of other experiments followed, which most of us have seen done in exhibitions

erism during the last thirty years; but whereas most of those vulgar performances were impostures, these

The third, or somnambulistic stage was induced by rubbing the girl's hair on top of her head. She now saw things around her as they were, but the reason-ing power was deranged. Again she be-lieved whatever was told her. One man was an iceberg, and she shivered when he came near her. She gnawed a steel file, believing it to be chocolate, and so on. In this stage the doctor could paralyze any limb at will.



WORTH. THE FAMOUS DRESSMAKER.

the suburb of Paris where Gambetta died. Worth receives his would-be cus-tomers with the dignified air of a veritable sovereign. He listens to their intimations of the style in which they believe the forthcoming costume should be "created," but he does not always follow their suggestions. He refuses to be fettered in any way in his "creations."

The interview ended he waves his fair visitor toward an adjoining room, where Mile. Louise or some other of his chief assistants, perhaps "tries on" a dress of the style desired by the caller, and attends to the details of her order.



First Burglar-"What do you like reaking into best, Bill?—a bank?"
Bill—"No; a bank-note."—Lippincott.

The Original Buffalo Bill. There is probably no better known name throughout the entire length and breadth of this country than that of Buffalo Bill, and at this time there are but few who do not know that William F. Cody is the bearer of the title. Mr. Cody, however, is not the original Buffalo There is nothing underhand or llegitimate in his bearing it. He is fully entitled to it, but for all that, he comes by it second handed. The original Buffalo Bill is now living, an aged, wealthy, prominent and highly respected citizen, and the President of a savings bank at Wichita, Kan. His name is William Matthewson. He is a thorough Demo-crat, and is high up in the Order of Odd Fellows. Years ago Mr. Matthewson was a bold frontiersman on the plains, engaged in hunting and trapping for a living. He supplied the forts of Kansas and Nebraska with buffalo; and his success in this work was so great that he was given the title of Buffalo Bill. During this time he engaged a boy to work for him, and the lad was so diligent and faithful that he remained in Matthewson's employ until the latter quit the business to settle down to a more quiet life. As a reward the employer turned over the hunting contracts to the employe, who then followed in his late master's footsteps. That he was successful, that he earned honor, fame and wealth for himself, cannot be denied when it is told that his name is William F. Cody. With the business rights he was given the title his employer had

has touched it .- Chicago Herald. Smuggling Jewels From Mexico Commenting upon evidence in a recent smuggling case tried in San Antonio, Texas, District Attorney Evans told his experience in the trial of men charged with bringing goods across the

border without having paid duty.
"The Government," he said, "might as well abolish the duty on jewelry and precious stones, so far as its value along the Mexican border is concerned. Great quantities of such are brought into this untry, but it is very seldom that duty is paid upon them. Of course, the smaller an article is the easier it is to escape detection. Fine jewelry and precious stones are safely smuggled on this account, and quite a number of the smugglers are known to the Customhouse officials, who, however cannot be

"Men and women almost known to have jewelry in their possession are stopped and searched, but nothing duti-able is revealed. A thousand dollars' worth of precious stones might be hidlen under a plaster. False pockets in clothes and wearing apparel are common I do not believe that as many preciou stones as formerly are brought from Mexico, but there is plenty of Mexican jewelry smuggled into the United States.'—Chicago Herald.

The Monarch of Dressmakers. Few American women who have visited Few American women who have visited Europe are unfamiliar with the entresol on the Avenue de l'Opera in which Worth, the monarch of dressmakers, holds his court. Worth was originally a shopman in a large London dry goods store. He was promoted from the counter to become a buyer for the firm by which he was employed. In that capacity he visited Paris, and their concaved the idea of the dressmaking business which idea of the dressmaking business which has made his name as familiar to women

the world at large.

The portrait herewith is reproduce from the Illustrated American, which obtained from Worth the only photograph of himself that he ever consented to have published. It shows him in the costume in which he usually receives his subjects—the devotees of fashion—who will at once recognize the peculiar velvet ap, somewhat like a loose Tam o' shanter, and the velvet-face dressing-

yown which he effects.

Worth's manner is autocratic. He fully appreciates the fact that he has achieved greatness. He lives in a pretty villa buried in flowers, at Ville d'Ayray,

NINE PIGS FOR A BRIDE

MATRIMONIAL AUCTION SALE
AMONG SOUTH SEA ISLANDERS.

AMONG SOUTH SEA ISLANDERS.

ARE Secluded for Years and less the instant state, the other is the individual the wife's. Each retains the individual ownership of their separate property; he keeps his possessions on his side the line she on hers, and nothing is moved from one side to the other without an equivalent of the shidner is the other without an equivalent of the shidner is the shidner in the state of the state Girls Are Secluded for Years at

Then Sold to the Highest Bidder
—Fat Girls in Demand. Every New British community is harply divided into two clans, known respectively as the Maramara and the Pikalaba. They are most intimately associated in all the business and leasure of life, they live in the same houses, in fact, no household can exist without having representatives of each clan. That there may never be any doubt of the clan to which any particular individual belongs the device of the clan is prominently displayed in tattooed lines upon his back and breast. Far from being a division of the community, these two clans tend toward its closer union, for no person may marry a member of his own clan, but must choose from the other. This plan is still further complicated by the subdivision of each clan into four co-ordinate groups which are named respectfully after some fish, plant, bird or beast. The natural object whose name is borne by each group, be-comes in some sort its totem and in tatooing upon the body and in rude carving upon the doorway is displayed as a device. The group in each clan which bear a kindred device are looked upon as too closely related to allow of intermarriage between members of each although their clans are indistinct. Likewise the individual must not marry into the group of either parent or one cognate therewith in the other clan. This may seem far from clear—a concrete example will serve for illustration. Remember that there can be no doubt about the clan and group

of any individual, for the most cursory

glance at his body will at once show his

Lumie we will take for example,

young man who has built himself a house,

who owns a whole fishing net and has

the equity of a yam plantation or so and

many cocoanuts. His house seems lonely and he wants a wife. This is how he goes to work. His own father belonged to the Pikalaba clan and the fish group, his mother was a Maramara of the plant group; thus, he, inheriting nothing from his father and everything from his mother, is likewise a Maramara plant. He is therefore debarred from marriage with any member of a plant or fish group, but must restrict his choice to the Pikalaba birds and beasts, say to one fourth of the girl population of his town. This is indeed no great hardship to him, for he has known from his earliest childhood that some of the maidens were positively prohibited to him, and by the time his thoughts bend toward matrimony he must have become resigned to his fate and is prepared to confine his attentions to every fourth girl. A young man so prosperous as Lumie seems to be could not be expected to mate with any but the daughter of a family equally as wealthy as his own. The poorer girls whom he will see about the town may become wives to him, but they must wait until he has made selections of his chief wife and then they without any ceremony are summoned to take the minor positions, which are in little different from slavery. But of the maidens of high degree he has no view, for they are all carefully caged at their seminary in the bush under the protection of the dread tabu. Upon a morning early the women of the town are in commotion; they have learned through some mysterious channel that a girl will on that day be brought home from her seclusion of from six to eight years. Who the debutante may be they do not know, but they gleefully spread their news about the town. All other plans must yield to the great event: the fishers on this day draw no nets, the warriors grant one day's respite to the towns on either hand-all busy themselves with guessing who it is whose education has been completed and in absurb speculation as to what she will fetch. As the sun climbs high and nearer to its midday point the villagers flock out along the path which leads to the girls' retreat and crowd about the latticed hedge from which daugle the cloth streamers and fillet or hair which mark the tabu; well to the front will be found Lumie and any others who may be ready for marriage. Upon the other side of the slight bulwark people are heard mov-ing about, and at the moment of high noon the guardian of the young girls appears and leads into view her charge, who perhaps would blush if she were not as black as a bag of soot. After one moment of interested inspection, a murmur of dissatisfaction arises from many of the young men, who find her to belong to a clan and group prohibited to them. But not from Lumie. He spies upon her borne. The world knows he has kept it breast the Pickalaba mark, and tatooed right, and that neither stain nor tarnish above it the outstretched wings of a bird; by this he knows that she is eligible. Led by the chief and by all the young men who seek to marry her, the young woman goes down to her old home in the village, and nods and speaks to those whose faces are yet familiar after her long absence. She sits upon a small mat before her father's door to receive her friends, and at her side sits her guardian, who now and again conde-scends to a gratified smile when one and another compliment her upon the fatness of her charge. Meanwhile a feast is preparing in the house behind her, to which all the village is invited. In the high post of honor sits the maiden just about to make her entry into the world of society, thus placed on exhibition that her chance of finding a husband may be better. The morning after the feast she is put up at auction on the village green. The bidding begins at two pigs, for that is the amount which has been expended apon her education; pig by pig it runs up to seven or eight and then, if Lumie

has any earnest competitor, it may creep slowly up now by a bid of an additional cowrie or a palm of shell money until nine pigs is reached and the girl is knocked down to the highest bidder. That is all the ceremony there is. Lumie drives his pigs to the house of his fatherin-law, leads the girl to his own house and she is his wife. To bring as much pigs is a high figure and few run over six. But if the amount realized by the auction does not satisfy the father of the property sold he can show his scorn higher education of women by quietly throttling the schoolmistress. These new British marriages are more matters of bargain and sale, sale, too, by the public auctioneer. The buyer pays so many pigs of their equivalent in cowries or strings of shell money, he takes his purchase to his home and looks to her domestic services to make good the amount which he has paid. Such a system affords no room for any of the softer

sentiments, it would seem; no such thing

as love, it would appear, could exist

where marriage is a mere matter of pigs.

Yet husbands and wives in New Britain display great affection and are as true as though their marriage had been solemnized with the most elaborate vows. The fastest time made by an American train is calculated to be 107 miles in After marriage the clan division is ninety-three minutes net (or 107 miles in ceremonially perpetuated in the house, not to the extent of interfering with doninety-seven minutes, including four minutes stoppage for water) on the Canadian mestic harmony, but upon certain soldivision of the Michigan Central Railemn occasions. The doorway is in the middle of one of the sides, the fire-place road, St. Clair Junction to Windsor, No. vember 16, 1886, and of 69.3 miles au directly opposite on the other. Between the two a line is drawn to one affic. of the hour.

house is the husband's side, the other is REV. DR. TALMAGE

THE BROOKEYN DIVINE'S SUNlent. The children belonging to each are said to be "in the door," and it is DAY SERMON.

BELECT SIFTINGS.

only as they grow up or in the event of the father's death that they definitely

go over to the mother's side.—New On leans Picayuns.

from San Francisco. Vick says that it is seventeen years old from the seed, and girths nine, feet eight inches.

Among the immigrants landed at the Barge Office in New York city the other day was an Irishwoman seventy years old, whose face was adorned by a long, silky, curling mustache, two inches in length. She was in America nearly forty years ago.

Isaiah Powers, of Curtis, Neb., has an orchard of Russian mulberry trees that are gifted with a second blossoming The trees blossomed out nicely at their proper season this year, but frost com pletely destroyed the blossoms, and then the trees again bloomed.

WISE WORDS.

Genius, pluck, endurance and faith an be resisted by neither kings nor cabi-

Generosity, wrong placed, becometh a rice; a princely mind will undo a private family.

Sustained enthusiasm has been the notor of every movement in the progress of mankind.

What is birth to a man, if it shall be a stain to his dead ancestors to have left such an offspring. The persistent enthusiast whom one

generation despises as a lunatic with one des, succeeding ones often worship as a benefactor. Contentment is a pearl of great price.

and whoever procures it at the expense of ten thousand desires, makes a wise and a happy purchase.

It is always a sign of poverty of mind, where men are ever aiming to appear great; for they who are really great aever seem to know it.

It is the peculiarity of every individual that he wishes to be thought distinguished for something other than that apon which he has made his reputation.

It is in disputes, as in armies, where the weaker side sets up false lights, and makes a great noise, to make the enemy believe them more numerous and strong than they really are.

Caution in crediting, reserve in speaking, and in revealing one's self to very few, are the best securities both of peace and a good understanding with the world, and of the inward peace of our own minds.

Intellectual effort in early years of life is very injurious. All labor of mind required of children before the seventh year is in opposition to the laws of naas nine pigs a girl must be very fat and ture, and will prove injurious to the be furthermore the daughter of a man physical organization and prevent its wealthy enough to be a chief; seven proper and mature development. proper and mature development.

A Cure for Squinting.

A cure for squinting, which is not so unsightly as the method at present generally adopted—black goggles with a hole in the centre—is highly recommended. Let the person afflicted take any pair of spectacles that suit his sight, or even plain glass, and in the centre of one lens let him gum a small blue or black wafer, or spot of black photo-graph varnish or Brunswick black, about the size of a ten-cent piece. The result is that the double image vanishes, and the eye, without fatigue or heat, is forced to look straight, and with time and patience is cured.—New York Herald.

BELECT SIFTINGS,

A talent of gold was \$13,800.

A finger's breadth is equal to one inch. A cubit was nearly twenty-two inches. The area of New Orleans, La., is 2272 miles.

A Biblieal shekel of silver was about fifty cents.

A hand's breadth is equal to three and five-eighth inches.

Cánaries fed with cayenne pepper dequire a ruiddy plumage.

The first American library was founded in Harvard College in 1638.

There are 13,000 different kinds of postage stamps in the world.

Over 500 music leaf turners have been patented in the United States.

A petrified bat was recently discovered by railroad laborers in Arizona.

There are more farmers in the United States than any other nation possesses.

More girl babies were born during 1863 and 1873 than in any ten years ince.

A walrus hide weighs forty pounds, is one inch thick and as hard as an oak plank.

The first newspaper printed in England was the English Mercury, issued in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

A cigarette carelessly thrown aside caused the burning of 135 acres of wheat in California a few days ago.

The Mongolian pheasants introduced into the State of Washington have increased largely, and are now thoroughly acclimated.

At a depth of thirty-seven feet, at Rapiegeret Ind a vein of water was lighted up with the bleached skulls recreased largely, and are now thoroughly acclimated.

At a depth of thirty-seven feet, at Rapiegeret Ind a vein of water was lighted up with the bleached with remorse and despair, while the other was lighted up with the hard of the other was active page and mode an excitement danger—lace. The preaching of a pure active by an indigenate populate. The preaching of a pure annexes and earnest gospel had made an excitement danger—lace. The preaching of the world forth the bear and the surprise of truth. You ought not to be surprised that the blind man makes an outery of pain when the surgeon removes the exact and the surprise of truth. You ought not to be active form his pouterpose, It is a good sign when he begins to the cateract fro Text: "And, behold, a door was opened n heaven,"-Rev. iv., 1.

ereased largely, and are now thoroughly acclimated.

At a depth of thirty-seven feet, at Springport, Ind., a vein of water was struck which gushes several feet above the surface and is clear and cool.

Judge Gunto, of Pary, Fla., has a camphor tree on his place. The cold does not seem to injure it at all, and he believes the trees can be successfully raised.

A Frenchman has discovered how to make silk straight from the mulberry leaf without resorting to the silk worm. But it is inferior in richness and gloss to the present silk.

It is said that from the summit of Mount Blanc, Switzerland, one can see the Tyrol, portions of France, Germany and Austria the Mediterranean and Italy. What a dull spot upon which to stand and the stand and the stand and the stand and the sum of hosts in number like the stand and the hosanna of hosts in number like the stand and the stand and the stand and the sum of hosts in number like the stand and the hosanna of hosts in number like the stand and the stand and the sum of hosts in number like the stand and the sum of the sum of hosts

Mount Blanc, Switzerland, one can see the Tyrol, portions of France, Germany and Austria, the Mediterranean and Italy as far as the Apennines.

The luckiest tenderfoot in the Leadville (Col.) mines was an Illinois farmer from the back districts, who, after prospecting in the mountains for three months started home with a bank account of \$380,000.

A postage stamp was recently found by a Connecticut physician in the ear of a little patient, and on its removal a severe pain, from which the child had suffered and which caused the visit to the doctor, disappeared.

The finest Australian eucalyptus of its age in California is probably one that grows on Alameda Creek, about thirty miles from San Francisco. Vick says that it is asyenteen, years old from the introduction of the construction of the const

Jacob had many a time seen the sun breaking through the mists, and kindling them into shafts and pillars of fiery splendor that might well have been a ladder for the angels to tread on, but the famous ladder which he saw soared through a gloomy night over the wilderness. The night of trial and desolation is the scene of the grandest heavenly revelations. From the barren, surf beaten rock of Patmos John looked up and saw that a door was opened in heaven.

Again, the announcement of such an opened entrance suggests the truth that God is looking down upon the earth and observant of all occurrences. If we would guin swide prospect we climb up into a tower or mountain. The higher up we are the broader the landscape we behold. Yet our most comprehensive view is limited to only a few leagues—here a river and there a lake and yonder a mountain peak. But what must must be the glory of the earth in the eye of Him who from the door of heaven beholds at one glance all mountains and lakes and prairies and oceans, lands bespangled with tropical gorgeousness and Arctic regions white with everlasting snows, Lebanon majestic with exert and American wilds solemn with unbroken forests of pine, African deserts of glistening sand and wildernesses of water unbroken by ship's keel, continents covered with harvests of wheat and rice and maize, the glory of every zone, the whole world of

the glory of every zone, the whole world of mountains and seas and forests and islands taken in in a single glance of their great

As we take our stand upon some high point As we take our stand upon some high point single objects dwindle into such insignificance that we cease to see them in the minutiee, and we behold only the grand points of the scenery. But not so with God. Although standing far up in the very tower of heaven, nothing by reason of its smallness escapes. His vision. Every lily of the field, every violet under the grass, the tiniest heliotrope actor. vision. Every lily of the field, every violet under the grass, the tiniest heliotrope, aster and gentian are as plainly seen by Him as the proudest magnolia, and not one vein of color in their leaf deepens or fades without

His notice. From this door in heaven God sees all human conduct and the world's moral changes. Not one tear of sorrow falls in hospital or workshop or dungeon but He sees it, and in high heaven makes record of its fall.

The world's iniquities in all their ghagtliness glower under His vision. Wars and tumults, and the desolations of famine and earthquake, whirlwind and shipwreck spread out before Him. If there were no being in all the universe but God He could be hanny with such an outlest as the desolation. being in all the universe but God He could be happy with such an outlook as the door of heaven. But there He stands, no more disturbed by the fall of a kingdom than the dropping of a leaf, no more excited by the rising of a throne than the bursting of a bud, the falling of a deluge than the trickling of a raindrop. Earthly royalty clutches nervously its scepter and waits in suspense the will of inflamed subjects, and the crown is tossed from one family to another. But above all earthly vicissitudes and the assault of human passions in unshaken security

stands the King of Kings watching all the affairs of His empire from the introduction of an era to the counting of the hairs of your head.

head.

Again, I learn from the fact that a door in heaven is opened that there is a way of entrance for our prayers and of egrees for divine blessings. It does not seem that our week voice has strength enough to climb up to God's ear. Shall not our prayer be lost in the clouds? Have words wings? The truth is plain: Heaven's door is wide open to receive every prayer. Must it not be loud? Ought it not to ring up with the strength of stout lungs? Must it not be a loud call, such as drowning men utter, or like the shout such as drowning men utter, or like the shout of some chieftain in the battle? No; a whis-per is as good as a about, and the mere wish of the soul in profound silence is as good as

a whisper. It rises just as high and accoma whisper. It rises just as high and accomplishes just as much.
But ought not prayer to be made of golden words if it is to enter such a splendid door and live beside seraphim and archangel? Ought not every phrase be rounded into perfection, ought not the language be musical and classic and poetic and rhetorical? No; the most illiterate outcry, the unjointed petition, the clumsy phrase, the sentence breaking into grammatical blunders, an unworded groan is just as effectual if it be the utterance of the soul's want. A heart all covered up

with garlands of thoughts would be no attraction to God, but a heart broken and contrite—that is the acceptable sacrifice. "I know that my Redeemer liveth," rising up in the mighty harmony of a musical academy, may overpower our ear and heart, but it will not reach the ear of God like the broken voiced hymn of some sufferer amid rags and deso-

lation looking up trustfully to a Saviour's compassion, singing amid tears and pangs. "I know that my Redesmer liveth."

I suppose that there was more rhetoric and classic elegance in the prayers of the Pharises than of the publicau, but you know which was successful. You may kneel with complete elegance on some soft cushion at an altar of alabaster and utter a prayer of Miltonic sublimity, but neither your graceful

posture nor the roll of your blank verse will attract heavenly attention, while over some dark cellar in which a Christian pauper is prostrate in the straw angels bend from their thrones and cry one to another: "Behold, he prays!" Through this open door of heaven what a long procession of prayers is continually passing! What thanksgivings! What confessions! What intercessions! What processions! "And behold a door was opened in heaven."

Again, the door of heaven is opened to allow us the opportunity of looking in. Christ when He came from heaven to Bethany left it open, and no one since has dared to shut it. Matthew threw it still wider open when he came to write, and Paul pushed the door further back when he spoke of the glory to be revealed, and John in Revelation actually points us to the harps, and the waters, and the crowns, and the thrones. There are profound mysteries about that blessed place that we cannot solve. But look through this wide open door of heaven and see what you can see. God means us to look and catch up now something of the rapture and attune our hearts to its worship.

to its worship.

It is wide open enough to see Christ. Behold Him, the Chief among ten thousand, all the bannered pomp of heaven at His feet.

With your enkindled faith look up along With your enkindled faith look up along these ranks of glory. Watch how their palms wave, and hear how their voices ring Floods clapping their hands, streets gleaming with gold; incounted multitudes ever accumulating in number and ever rising up into gladder hosannas. If you cannot stand to look upon that joy for at least one hour how could you endure to dwell among it forever? You would wish yourself out of it in three days, and choose the earth again or any other place where it was not always Sunday.

Sunday.

My hearer in worldly prosperity, affluent, honored, healthy and happy, look in upon that company of the redeemed, and see how the poor soul in heaven is better off than the poor soul in heaven is better off than you are, brighter in apparel, richer in estate, higher in power. Hearers, afflicted and tried, look in through that open door, that you may see to what gladness and glory you are coming, to what life, to what royalty. Hearers pleased to fascination with this world, gather up your souls for one appre-

Hearers pleased to fascination with this world, gather up your souls for one appreciative look upon riches than never fly away, upon health that never sickens, upon scepters that never break, upon expectations that are never disappointed. Look in and see if there are not enough crowns to pay us for all our battles, enough living fountains to quench all our birst, enough glory to dash out for ever and ever all earth's sighing and restlessness and darkness. Battles ended, tears wiped away, thrones plucked from the bosoms, stabs healed, the tomb riven—what a scene to look upon!

Again, the door of heaven stands open for the Christian's final entrance. Death to the righteous is not climbing high walls or fording deep rivers, but it is entering an open door. If you ever visit the old homestead where you were born, and while father and mother are yet alive, as you go up the lane in front of the farm house, and put your hand on the door and lift the latch, do you shudder with fear? No, you are glad to enter. So your last sickness will be only the lane in front of your Father's house, from which you hear the voice of singing before you reach the door. And death, that is the lifting of the latch before you enter, the greetings and embraces of the innumerable family of the righteous. Nay, there is no latch, for John says the door is already en-

What a company of spirits have already entered those portals, bright and shining! Souls released from the earthly prison house how they shouted as they went through! Spirits that sped up from the flames of martyrdom, making heaven richer as they went in, pouring their notes into the celestial harmony.

in, pouring their notes into the celestial harmony.

And that door has not begun to shut. If redeemed by grace we all shall enter it. This side of it we have wept, but on the other side of it we shall never weep. On this side we may have grown sick with weariness, but on the other side of it we shall be without fatigue. On this side we bleed with the warrior's wounds, on the other side we shall wave the victor's palm. When you think of dying what makes your brow contract, what makes you gloomy in passing a graveyard? Follower of Christ, you have been thinking that death is something terrible, the measuring of lances with a powerful antagonist, the closing in of a conflict which may be your everlasting defeat. You do not want much to think of dying. The step beyond this life seems so mysterious you dread the taking of it. Why, who taught you this lesson of horrors? Heaven's door is wide open, and you step out of your sick room into those portals.

Not as long as a minute will elapse between.

Not as long as a minute will elapse between, your departure and your arrival there. Not balf so long as the twinkling of an eye. Not the millionth part of an instant. There is no stumbling into darkness. There is no plunging down into mysterious depths. The door is open. This instant you are here, the next you are there. When a vessel struck the rocks of the French coast, while the crew were clambering up the beach a cage of birds in the ship's cabin, awakened, began to sing most sweetly, and when the last man left the vessel they were singing yet. Even so in the last hour of our dissolution, when driven on the coast of the other world, may our disembarkation from this rough, tossing life be amid the eternal singing of a thousand promises of deliverance and victory!

For all repenting and believing souls the

amid the eternal singing of a thousand promises of deliverance and victory!

For all repenting and believing souls the door of heaven is now wide open, the door of mercy, the door of comfort, for the poorest as well as for the wealthiest, for the outlaw as well as for the moralist, for Chinese coolie as well as his Emperor, for the Russian boor as well as the Czar, for the Turk as well as the Sultan. Richer than all wealth, more refreshing than all fountains, deeper than all depths, higher than all heights and broader than all breadths is the salvation of Jesus Christ which I press upon your consideration. Come all ye travelers of the desert under these palm trees. Oh, if I could gather before you that tremendous future upon which you are invited to enter—dominions and principalities, day without night, martyrs under the throne, and the four-and-twenty elders falling before it, stretching off in great distances the hundred and forty and four thousand and thousands of thousands, host beside host, rank beyond rank, in infinite distance, nations of the saved beyond nations of the saved, until angelic visions cease to catch anything more than the faint outline of whole empires yet outstretching beyond the capacity of any vision save the eye of God Almighty. Then, after I had finished the sketch, I would like to ask you if that place is not grand enough and high enough, and if anything could be added, any purity to the whiteness of the robes, any power to the acclaiming thunders of its worship. And all that may be yours.

A YOUTHFUL VICTIM OF WHISKY. Howard Russell, seven years ald, living at Forest City, Ala., has often taken whisky in medical prescriptions and thus acquired a taste for the liquor. His stepmother, fearing he would become a drunkard, attempted to break off the desire for whisky by giving him a surfeit. She furnished him a pint or more and told him to drink it all. He did so, and his death followed in about twenty-four hours in spite of the efforts of the doctor.—New York York Herald

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A Slaughter of Sheep. Recently on the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad a train of cars loaded with 5000 fine merino sheep on the way from California to the Chicago market was wrecked, and every car but two was destroyed, more than 1000 sheep being killed outright. The Indians in the vicinity took advantage of the occasion to supply themselves with mutton in sufficient quantities to last them for months to come. Some anxiety is now felt lest the wily red man, having once realized the advantages of "accidents," should arrange them in future to suit the exi-

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