n Not Satisfied With the Hony Siste of the Past—A Second Trial Would Likely Prove a Pallure—Prof-iting By the Past.

In a recent sermon at Brooklyn, Rev.
C. De Witt Talmage took for his sub-set: "Would You Like to Live Your life Over Again?" His text was Job ii. "All that a man bath will he give for

is life." He said: That is untrue. The Lord did not say , but Satan said it to the Lord when ne evil one wanted Job still more afloted. The record is: "So went Satan eth from the presence of the Lord and mote Job with sore bolls." And Satan as been the author of all eruptive disasses since then, and he hopes by poi-oning the blood to poison the soul. But be result of the disbolical experiment hich left Job victor proved the falsity f the Satanic remark: "All that a man ath will be give for his life." Many a ptain who has stood on the bridge of s steamer till his passengers got off ad he drowned; many an engineer who se kept his hand on the throttle valve his foot on the brake until the most the train was saved while he went the train was saved while he went own to death through the open draw-ridge; many a fireman who plunged ato a blazing house to get a sleeping pild out, sacrificing his life in the at-mpt, and thousands of martyrs who ibmitted to fiery stake and knife of assacre and headman's axe and guilloe rather than surrender principle, oving that in many a case my text as not true, when it says: "All that a an hath will he give for his life."
But Satan's falsehood was built on a

uth. Life is very precious, and if we ould not give up all there are many ings we would surrender rather than rrender it. We see how precious life from the fact that we do every thing prolong it. Hence all sanitary regu-tions, all study of hygiene, all fear of aughts, all waterproofs, all doctors, i medicines, all struggles in crisis of cident.

An Admiral of the British navy was urt-martialed for turning his ship ound in time of danger and so damagg the ship. It was proved against n. But when his time came to be ard he said: "Gentlemen, I did turn ship around and admit that it was aged, but do you want to know why urned it? There was a man overboard I wanted to save him and I did save a. I considered the life of one sailor rth all the vessels of the British y." No wonder he was vindicated. is indeed very precious. Yes, there those who deem it so precious they those who deem it so precious they aid like to repeat it; they would like to go it from seventy to aixty, from sixty lity, from fifty to forty, from forty to ty, from thirty to twenty. I proper for very practical and useful purpose for very practical and usefu oa, as will appear before I get bugh, to discuss the question we have ed of others, and have again asked -would you like to live your life

ikes, stumbled into so many blunsaid so many things that ought have been said and done so many s that ought not to have been done we can suggest at least 95 per cent. mprovement. Now would it not be ad if the good Lord would say to "You can go back and try it over I will by a word turn your hair rown or black or golden, and smooth he wrinkles out of your temple and sk, and take the bend out of your ilders, and extirpate the stiffness the joint and the rheumatic twinge the foot, and you shall be twentyyears of age and just what you were you reached that point before." proposition were made I think thousands would accept it.

at feeling caused the ancient search what was called the fountain of the waters of which taken would the hair of the octogenarian into urly lock of a boy, and, however person who drank at that fountain, uld be young again. The island said to belong to the group of the mas, but lay far out in the ocean. great Spanish explorer, Juan Popoe on, fellow voyager of Columbus 1 no doubt felt that if he could disthat fountain of youth he would much as his friend had done in vering America. So he put out in from Porto Rico and cruised about ag the Bahamas in search of that cain. I am glad he did not find it. e is no such fountain. But if there and its waters were bottled up ent abroad at \$1,000 a bottle, the nd would be greater than the supand many a man who has come gh a life of uselesaness, and persin, to old age would be shaking a potent liquid, and if he were did to take only a teaspoonful after meal would be so anxious to make work he would take a tablespoonful f directed to take a tablespoonful take a glassful. But some of you have to go back further than to for there are many who man-to get all wrong before that Yea, in order to get a fair ome would have to go back to ther and mother and get them etod; yea, to the grandfather and imother and have their life corfor some of you are suffering d a hundred years ago. Well, if grandfather lived his life over and your father lived his life over and you lived your life over again, a cluttered up place this world be, a place filled with miserable to at repairs. I begin to think t is better for each generation to only one cannoe and then for them a off and give another generation

idea that, if we were permitted to fe over again, it would be a state old experience. The met and spur

road before, and every thing is new, and we are alert for what may appear at the next turn of the road. Suppose you, a man in mid life or old age, were, with your present feelings and large attain-tery. Without saying a word to them ments, put back into the thirties, or the twenties, or into the teens, what a nuisance you would be to others and what
an unhappiness to yourself. Your contemporaries would not want you and
you would not want them. Things that
in your previous journey of life stirred
your healthful ambition, or gave you
pleasureable surprise, or led you into
happy interrogation, would only call
forth from you a diagusted "O,
pshaw!" You would be blase at thirty
and a misanthrope at forty and unentwenties, or into the teens, what a nuis-

and a misanthrope at forty and unen-durable at fifty. The most insue and stupid thing imaginable would be a secand journey of life. It is amusing to hear people say: "I would like to live my life over again, if I could take my present experience and knowledge of things back with me and begin under those improved auspices." Why, what an uninteresting boy you would be with those present attainments in a child's mind. No one would want such a boy around the house. A philosopher at twenty, a scientist at fifteen, an archeologist at ten and a domestic nuisance all the time. An oak crowded into an scorn. A Rocky mountain eagle thrust into the egg shell from which it was

hatched. Besides that, if you took life over again, you would have to take its deep sadness over again. Would you want to try again the griefs and the heartbreaks and the bereavements through which you have gone? What a mercy that we shall never be called to suffer them again! We may have others bad enough, but those old ones never again. Would you want to go through the process of losing your father again or your mother again or your companion in life again or your child again?
Besides that would you want to risk

the temptations of life over again? From the fact that you are here I conclude that though in many respects your life may have been unfortunate and unconsecrated you have got on so far tolerably well, if nothing more than lolerable. As for myself, my life has been far from being as consecrated as I would like to have had it. I would not want to try it over again, lest next time would do worse.

Why, just look at the temptations we have all passed through, and just look at the multitudes who have gone completely under. Just call over the roll f your school mates and college mates, the clerks who were with you in the same store or bank, or the operatives in the same factory, with just as good prospects as you, who have come to complete mishap. Some young man that told you that he was going to be a millionaire and own the fastest trotters on Westchester turnpike and retire by the time he was thirty-five years of age: you do not hear from him for many years, and know nothing about him until some day he comes into your store and saks for five cents to get a mug of beer. You, the good mother of the household and all your children rising up to call you blessed, can remember when you were quite jealous of the belle of the village who was so transcendentr again?
he fact is that no intelligent and have these two honorable and queenly it fearing man is satisfied with his names of wife and mother, she became the blackness of darkness forever. Live life over again? Why, if many of those who are now respectable were permitted to experiment the next journey would be demolition.

Heades all this, do you know if you could have your wish and live life over again it would put you so much farther from reunion with your friends in Heaven? If you are in the noon of life or the evening of life you are not very far from the golden gate at which you are to meet your transported and emparadised loved ones. You are now, let us say, twenty years or ten years or one year off from celestial conjunction. Now suppose you went back in your earthly life thirty years or forty years or fifty years, what an awful postponement of the time of reunion! It would be as though you were going to San Francisco to a great banquet and you got to Oak-land, four or five miles this side of it, and then came back to Hobokes or Harlem to get a better start; as though you were going to England to be crowned and having come in sight of the mount-ains of Wales you put back to Sandy Hook in order to make a better voyage. The further on you get in life, if a Christian, the nearer you are to the renewal of broken up companionships.

And if we, deploring our past life and with the idea of improvement, long for an opportunity to try it over again, yet go on making the same mistakes and committing the same sins, we only demonstrate that the repetition of our existence would afford no improvement It was green apples before and it would be green apples over again. As soon as a ship captain strikes a rock in the lake or sea he reports it and a buoy is swung over that reef and marines henceforth stand off from that rock. And all our mistakes in the past ought to be buoys warning us to keep in the right channel. There is no excuse for us if we split on the same rock where we split before. Geing along the sidewalk at night where excavations are being made, we frequently see a lantern on a framework and we turn aside, for that lantern says keep out of this hole. And all along the pathway of life lanterns are set as warnings, and by the time we

My brother, you give nine-tenths of and the old Indian chief said: "I your life to ain and Satan and then get lost my son in battle and I know how a converted and then rest awhile in sanctified laziness and then go up to get your heavenly reward, and I warrant it will not take the cashier of the royal banking house a great while to count out to
you all your dues. He will not ask you

Then said the Indian chieftain: "Beyou all your dues. He will not ask you

Then said the Indian chieftain: "Be-

As I supposed it would be, there are tery. Without saying a word to them they have sollloquized, saying: "As one can not live his life over again, and I can make only one trip, I must look out and make no mistakes; I have but one chance and I must make the most of it." My young friends, I am glad you made this application of the sermon yourself. When a minister toward the close of his sermon says: "Now a few words by way of application," people begin to look around for their hats and get one arm through their overcoats, and the sermonic application is a failure. I am glad you have made your own application and that you are resolved, like a Quaker of whom I read years ago, who, in substance, said: "I shall be along this pathway of life but once and so I must do all the kindness I can." My hearers, the mistakes of youth can never be corrected. Time gone is gone forever.

In the autumn when the birds migrate you look up and see the sky black with wings and the flocks stretching out into many leagues of air, and so to-day I look up and see two large wings in full sweep. They are the wings of the flying year. That is followed by a flock of 368, and they are the flying days. Each of the flying days is followed by twenty-four and they are flying hours, and each of these is followed by sixty and these are the flying minutes. Where did this flock start from? Eternity past. Where are they bound? Eternity to come. You might as well go a-gunning for the qualls that whistled last year in the meadows or the robins that last year caroled in the sky as to try to fetch down and bag one of the past opportunities of your life. Do not say, "I will lounge now and make it up afterward." Young men and boys, you can't make it up. My observation is that those who in youth sowed wild oats, to the end of their short life sowed wild oats, and that those who start sowing Genesse wheat always sow Genesee wheat. And then the reaping of the harvest is so different. There is grandfather, now. He has lived to old age because his habits have been good. His eyesight for this world has grown somewhat dim, but his eyesight for Heaven is radiant. His hearing is not so scute as it once was, and he must bend clear over to hear what his little grandchild says when she asks him what he has brought for her. But he easily catches the music raised from supernal spheres. Men passing in the streets take off their hats in reverence and women say: "What a good old man he is." Seventy or eighty years all for God and for making this world happy. Splendid! Glorious! Magnificent. He will have hard work getting into Heaven, because those he helped to get there will fill up and crowd the gates to tell him how glad they are at his coming, until he says: Please to stand back a little till I pass through and cast my crown at the feet of Him whom having not seen I love.' do not know what you call that. I call

it the harvest of Genesee wheat. Out yonder is a man very old at forty years of age, at a time when he ought be buoyant as the morning. He got bad habits on him very early, and those habits have become worse. He is a man on fire, on fire with alcoholism, on fire with all evil habits, out with the world the world out with him. Dov falling deeper. His swollen hands in his threadbare pockets and his eyes fixed on the ground, he passes through the street, and the quick step of an innocent child or the strong step of a young man or the roll of a prosperous carriage maddens him, and he curses society and he curses God. Fallen sick, with no resources, he is carried to the almshouse. A loathsome spectacle he lies all day long waiting for dissolution, or in the night rises on his cot and fights apparitions of what

he might have been and of what he will He started life with as good a prospect as any man on the American continent, but there he is a bloated careas, waiting for the shovels of public charity to put him five feet under. He has only reaped what he sowed. Harvest of wild oats! "There is a way that seemeth right to a man, but the end thereof is death." Young man, as you can not live life over again, however you may long to do so, be sure to have your one life right. There is in this august assembly I wot not, for we are made up of all sections of this land, and from many lands, some young man who has gone away from home and perhaps under some little spite or evil persuasion of another, and his parents know not where he is. My son, go home! Do not go to sea! Don't go to-night where you may be tempted to go. Go home! Your father will be glad to see you and your mother, I need not tell you how she feels. How I would like to make your parents a present of their wayward boy,

epentant and in his right mind.

I would like to write them a letter and you to carry the letter, saying: "By the blessing of God onlimy sermon I in-troduce to you one whom you have never seen before, for he has become a new creature in Christ Jesus." My boy, go home and put your tired head on the bosom that nursed you so tenderly in your childhood years. A young Scotchman was in battle taken captive band of Indians, and he learned their language and adopted their habita. Years passed on, but the old Indian chieftain never forgot that he had in his possession a young man who did not belong to him. Well, one day this come to mid life we ought to know tribe of Indians came in eight of where it is safe to walk and where it is the Scotch regiments from whom the young man had been captured and the old Indian chief said: "! father feels at the loss of a son. Do you think your father is yet alive?" The young man said: "I am the only son of you all your dues. He will not ask you if you will have it in bills of large denomination or small. I would like to put one sentence of my sermon in italics and have it underscored and three exclamation points at the end of the sentence, and that sentence is this: As we can not live our lives over again, the nearest we can come to atone for the past is by redoubled holiness and industry in the future.

cause of the loss of my son this world is a desert. You go free. Return to your countrymen. Revisit your father that he may rejoice when he sees the sun rise in the morning and the trees bloesom in the spring." So I say to you, your man, captive of waywardness and in the past is by redoubled holiness and industry in the future. BOWLING AS AN ART.

Some Points About the Manly and High Aims of the Ladies' Associa-Enticing Game.

tions That to the Unfaitlated Sound serit - Some of the Very Quoor Postures That Novices



O YOU bowl? That is one of a number of questions that will be put by athletic young men and women this winter. Bowling this winter will be mere popular than ever. Many profess to know how to bowl, but very few are really graceful bowlers, says the New York Mail and Express.

It's easy enough to listen to a player

when he tries to tell you about the game, but it is entirely another to follow his instructions. "If you make a strike," the player will say, "then another, then a spare, then a miss and so on, your first



NOT A GRACEFUL WAY. think you are losing two balls, but you are not. This is the way the player explains the method of scoring:

Let A represent a player in a match game. He marks a ten strike with his first ball, and marks a double cross on the slate, denoting 10 toward the score of the first division, or inning, with two balls to spare. B takes his turn now. but as A's playing will suffice to gain our point his score will be left out. A now plays the first ball of his second inning and makes another strike. Another double cross is marked below the first one. He is now 20 to the good on his first inning and 10 on the second, with two balls to spare. It seems strange to onlookers that he, while entitled to six balls for the two innings, should have used only two and counted nothing.

There must be something wrong. He now plays the first ball of his third inning, making another strike. At last he has reached the point where he can put something down on the slate. The last ball he bowled completed the first inning, which now gets scored 30, leaving him 30 points good toward his second inning, 10 on the third and starts him on his fourth with two balls to spare. Very simple if you understand.



OFF THE ALLEY. But this can not be allowed to go on any longer. He plays the first ball on his

fourth inning, knocking down eight pins. This finishes his second inning with 28, which, when added to the pre-vious 30, makes 53 to score in his second division on the slate. On the third di vision he has 18 points to the good With his last ball he knocks down one pin, which gets him 19. This, added to is previous score, makes 77 to score his

There are many funny incidents in game. Some men play in such odd posiions, as the pictures show. Every one should bowl. It is a healthy

game and interesting sport. Here are a few good points about the game: 1. Ten rolls constitute a game.

2. Each roll consists of three balls, unless the pine are all down in less; a ton strike or a spare ends a roll, but does

WILL HE LOSE HIS BALANCE?

not have any thing to do with the score of a division, which is dependent on subsoquent play.

5. In rolling no player must advance beyond the line on the alley when de-

Avering a ball. & Pitching balls is not allowed. JACKSON'S HERMITAGE.

tion to Reciaim It.

-Patriotic Organization to Res-eue the Hermitage from Time's Ravages.

General Jackson moved to his large estate, called the Hermitage, about the year 1804, says the New York Herald. The two cabins, shown herewith, were once connected, and were the General's first dwelling on the Hermitage farm. The larger cabin formerly contained three rooms, one on the ground floor and two above. After the more commodious Hermitage was built, this was cut down to a one-story cabin. It is full of historic reminiscences.

While this cabin was his home he won his military renown and fought the battle of New Orleans, January 8, 1815. Here he received the famous visits of Aaron Burr in May and August of 1905. Some of the most hallowed memories of his career cling to these little old log cabins. They have both been lately renovated by the Ladies' Hermitage Association.

In 1819 General Jackson began the erection of a grand mansion, at that time the handsomest in the vicinity. He had just returned from the Seminole war sick unto death, as he

believed. He

said his wife had

chosen that spot

and he was

building it for

MIN. BAXTER. self." He, however, recovered and lived in it nine years with his beloved Rachel before her death. In 1836 it was partially destroyed by fire, but was rebuilt exactly as it had been. The apavenue of immense cedars. The house ning through the center, with four very large rooms on either side, two up and two down-stairs, and a one-story wing of two rooms on either side of the house. A double gallery supported by six Corinthian columns extends across the

back. The hall papering is of the most gorgeous description, representing the travels of Telemachus. It was purchased in France and is still remarkably preserved. The devastating finger of time has been at work upstairs, and its touches are perceptible at every turn.

front of the house, and the same at the



THE HERMITAGE CABIN.

The paper and plastering are falling. the roof leaks, and it is profoundly depressing to see the home of one of our greatest men so neglected.

The room to the right down-stairs was the General's bed-room and stands to-day exactly as he left it, with only the difference made by the lapse of forty-four years. Old Aunt Hannah, atill living, aged eighty-siz years, was Mrs. Jackson's maid and it was in her arms she died.

The domestic life of the Jackson was one of exceptional beauty and de-

Just before his departure for his inauguration in Washington Mrs. Jackson died. Two days after her funeral he set out, a lonely, broken-hearted man, to accept the highest honor the Nation could bestow, but it could not lighten his dreadful sorrow. It was while he was in Washington the fire cocurred which destroyed so many valuable relics, but the Hermitage is still a museum of ourious and valuable gifts.

The tomb is in the southwest corner of the garden, about one hundred yards from the house. It is of solid limestone. The dome over the tomb is supported by eight Doric columns resting on a base of three steps. In the center is the monument, on either side of which is a marble slab beneath which lie General and Mrs. Jackson.

General Jackson had no children of his own, so left all his property to his adopted son, who sold the Hermitage in 1856 to the State of Tennessee. Since that time the family of the adopted nor have been tenants at will on the estate. Successive Legislatures were pumled what disposition to make of the proper ty. At one time it was offered to the nited States Government for a branch of West Point, and various schemes were spoken of in connection with it. Seeing this, and also that the property was fall-ing into decay, the Ladies' Hermitage Association was organized, duly char-tered, and the State Legislature by act, in 1868, intrusted to their care the house. omb and twenty-five surrounding acres Their object is to purchase the valued furniture and precious relies of General Jackson now in the homestead, also to restore this historic mansion to its original beauty and grandour, and save to the nation a sacred spot where cluster memories of holy domestic life and un-faltering patriotism. As Mount Vernon is saved, so do they desire to save the Hermitage, repudiating thereby the oftrepeated aphorism, "Republics are un-

The Hermitage is just twelve miles from Nathville, Term., and can be reached either by the railroad or by a drive over a magnificent pike, through a beautiful country. Many persons visit it now, and it is greatly to be desired that it be, at an early date, put in order befitting the memory of the grand old FIRESIDE FRAGMENTS.

-Melted butter is a very good substi-tute for olive oil in salad dressing. Many prefer the butter to oil.

-Delicious Pudding Sauce: Chop mixed fruits fine and boil till soft. Thin with water, sweeten, and lastly add &

well beaten egg. Serve hot or cold.
—Simple Dessert: Boiling water thickened with graham flour to the consistency of mush and eaten hot with cream and sugar, or maple strup, makes a simple and delicious dessert.—Bural New Yorker.

-Fowl should rest breast upward. The wings and legs should be removed without turning the fowl and before cutting at the breastbone. Then remove the second joint from the leg and wing, thus making them better controlled on the plate.—Detroit Tribune. —Oysters can be improved by being

kept in a sandy-floored cellar; a blanket is spread over them, and this is daily sprinkled with sea water and oatmeal. Then fish will live for a long time in this way in cool weather and grow nice and corpulent.

-Quick Puff Pudding: Take one pint of flour: stir in two teaspoonfuls of bak-ing powder, a small pinch of salt, and sweet milk enough to make a soft batter; take six teacups, drop a spoonful of batter into each, then a spoonful of fresh berries, then a spoonful of batter. Steam twenty minutes. Eat with sugar and cream. Any kind of fresh fruit may be used. -Toledo Blade.

-Mushroom Powder: Select the largest and thickest mushrooms, cut off the root end and peel them; do not wash them but wipe clean with a dry cloth; spread them on pans and dry slowly in the oxen. Let the liquor dry up in the mushrooms, as it will make the powder much stronger. When thoroughly dry. beat fine in a mortar, and sift through a her, adding: "I sieve with a little cayenne pepper and do not expect to powdered mace. Bottle and cork live in it my-

of all kinds.—Good Housekeeping.
—Silk handkerchiefs are ruined by careless washing, such as they are likely to get if put into the general wash. It is better to do them up by themselves. proach to the house is through a long They should be washed in lukewarm water and rinsed two or three times in is two stories, with a large hall run- clear cold water without blueing. Wring them out, fold and roll them tightly in a cloth, but do not let them get dry before ironing, or they will never look smooth. Colored silk hand-kerchiefs should be washed with fine, white soap, never with strong, yellow soap.—Clothier and Furnisher.

-For moths, salt is the best exterminator. The nuns in one of the hospital convents have tried every thing else without success, and their experience is valuable, as they have so much clothing of the sick who go there; and strangers, when dying, often leave them quantities of clothing, etc. They had a room full of feathers which were sent there for pillow making, and they were in despair, as they could not exterminate the moths until they were advised to try common salt. They sprinkled it around, and in a week or ten days they were altogether rid of the moths.

A NOVEL INDUSTRY.

A Woman's Scheme for Spreading Useful Knowledge in Society. A comparatively new avenue of emintelligent and educated women, is that of purveyor of information on topics of the day. The plan originated with a bright woman who, at a dinner some months ago, when the Samoan matter was first prominent, beheld the consternation into which the entire company was thrown by the innocent ques-tion of one of them: "Where is Samos, by the way?" None of them, including herself, knew for a certainty, although several more or less hazily correct surmises were given. The bright woman, whose resources needed eking out, saw her opportunity. Within a week she had sent out to various ladies of her acquaintance little written notices that on the following Tuesday afternoon an informal "talk" upon "Samos and the Samosa matter" would be delivered at the residence of Mrs. --- West Seventieth street, a somewhat prominent society woman who lest her this aid. It was further stated that the purpose of the talk was to present in a concise and portable way the salient features of a subject at the moment on the popular tongue. Fully a score of ladies were present from which number a class of ten for a course of talks was evolved. The terms were a dollar spiece from every member for a lecture, and one lecture per week was given during the following three months, the class increasing to twenty in a very short time. Before she had conducted the enterprise a month the fair lecturer had secured classes In both Brooklyn and Jersey City, and this year her scheme has so enlarged upon her hands that four days in the week she is at work morning and afternoon, for, in addition to the three cities, she has classes in several suburban communities. One lecture, of course, serves for a week's work, and as she will take no class of less than ten paying members, it may be readily seen that the work is profitable. It is also pleasant and difficult. The newspapers furnish her with topics and an afternoon at a public

Occasionally, though not often, a fashion-able book is the subject of a talk; the gist of such, however, is usually so readily obtained through any one of the innum-erable newspapers and periodical re-views that the value of comment is not so obvious as in the case of other popular topics. The success of the pioneer in the work has been of a nature to attract others to son-competitive fields. Two charming women in Senece Falls have taken to the parlor platform, joining forces in the undertaking, and have flourishing classes, not only in the village named, but in Waterloo and Syracuse, with designs upon adjacent neighborhoods. All of the talkers made specialty of complete and accurate in-formation upon the topic discussed, rather than voicing their individual opinion upon it. It is a gratifying comment upon the growth of the standard of development in village communities that the disciples of the metropolitan fecturer so quickly secured their audi-

library affords the information needed.