

THE SIOUX COUNTY JOURNAL.

VOLUME VIII.

HARRISON, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, OCT. 24, 1895.

NUMBER 7.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

THE PREACHER MAKES A POINT BLANK QUERY.

Jehu's Question to Jehonadab—It Was Not More Appropriate for That Hour and Place than It Is for This Hour and Place—An Eloquent Discourse.

Is Thy Heart Right?

In his sermon last Sunday Rev. Dr. Talmage spoke directly to the hearts of all who have not yet definitely accepted the free offer of salvation in Christ Jesus. The subject was "A Point Blank Query," the text being II. Kings i. 15, "Is thine heart right?"

With mettled horses at full speed, for he was celebrated for fast driving, Jehu, the warrior and king, returns from battle. But seeing Jehonadab, an acquaintance, by the way side, he shouts: "Who! Who!" to the lathered span. Then leaning over to Jehonadab, Jehu salutes him in the words of the text—words not more appropriate for that hour and place than for this hour and place, "Is thine heart right?"

I should like to hear of your physical health. Well myself, I like to have everybody else well, and so might ask: Is your eyesight right, your hearing right? Are your nerves right, your lungs right? Is your entire body right? But I am busy to-day taking diagnosis of the more important spiritual conditions. I should like to hear of your financial welfare. I want everybody to have plenty of money, ample apparel, large storehouse and comfortable residence, and I might ask: Is your business right, your income right? Are your worldly surroundings right? But what are these financial questions compared with the inquiry as to whether you have been able to pay your debts to God; as to whether you are indebted for eternity; as to whether you are ruining yourself by the long credit system of the soul? I have known men to have no more than one loaf of bread at a time, and yet to own a government bond of heaven worth more than the whole material universe.

The question I ask you to-day is not in regard to your habits. I make no inquiry about your integrity, or your chastity, or your sobriety. I do not mean to stand on the outside of the gate and ring the bell, but coming up the steps I open the door and come to the private apartment of the soul, and with the earnestness of a man that must give an account of this day's work I cry out, O man, O woman immortal, is thine heart right?

First we need a repenting heart. If for the last ten, twenty, or forty years of life we have been going in the wrong way, it is time that we turned around and started in the opposite direction. If we offend our friends, we are glad to apologize. God is our best friend, and yet how many of us have never apologized for the wrongs we have done Him!

There is nothing that we so much need to get rid of as sin. It is a horrible black monster. It polluted Eden. It killed Christ. It has blasted the world. Men keep dogs in kennels, and rabbits in a warren, and cattle in a pen. What a man that would be who would shut them up in his parlor! But this foul dog of sin and these herds of transgression we have entertained for many a long year in our hearts, which should be the cleanest, brightest room in all our nature. Out with the vile herd! Begone, ye defilers of an immortal nature!

Turn out the beasts and let Christ come in! A heathen came to an early Christian who had the reputation of curing diseases. The Christian said: "You must have all your idols destroyed." "The heathen gave to the Christian the key to his house, that he might go in and destroy the idols. He battered to pieces all he saw, but still the man did not get well. The Christian said to him: "There must be some idol in your house not yet destroyed." The heathen confessed that there was one idol of beaten gold that he could not bear to give up. After awhile, when that was destroyed, in answer to the prayer of the Christian the sick man got well.

Many a man has awakened in his dying hour to find his sins all about him. They clamber up on the right side of the bed, and on the left side, and over the headboard, and over the footboard, and horribly devour the soul.

"Repeat, the voice of celestial cries. Nor longer dare delay. The wretch that scorns the mandate dies And meets a fiery day."

Again, we need a believing heart. A good many years ago a weary one went up one of the hills of Asia Minor, and with two logs on his back cried out to all the world, offering to carry their sins and sorrows. They pursued him. They slapped him in the face. They mocked him. When he groaned, they groaned. They shook their fists at him. They spat on him. They hounded him as though he were a wild beast. His healing of the sick, his sight giving to the blind, his mercy to the outcast silenced not the revenge of the world. His prayers and benedictions were lost in that whirlwind of execration: "Away with him! Away with him!"

Ah, it was not merely the two pieces of wood that he carried. It was the transgressions of the race, the anguish of the ages, the wrath of God, the sorrows of hell, the stupendous interest of an unending eternity. No wonder his back bent. No wonder the blood started from every pore. No wonder that he crunched under a torture that made the sun faint, and the everlasting hills tremble, and the dead rush up in their winding sheets as he cried: "If it be possible, let this cup pass from me." But the cup did not pass. None to comfort.

There he hangs! What has that hand done that it should be thus crushed in the palm? It has been healing the lame and wiping away tears. What has that foot been doing that it should be so lacerated? It has been going about doing good. Of what has the victim been guilty? Guilty of saving a world. Tell me, ye heavens and earth, was there ever such another criminal? Was there ever such another

whiter and whiter till we opened our eyes and saw that it was only the sun of earthly morning shining on our pillow. To have a right heart you need to be filled with this expectancy. It would make your privations and annoyances more bearable.

In the midst of the city of Paris stands a statue of the good but broken hearted Josephine. I never imagined that marble could be smitten into such tenderness. It seems not lifeless. If the spirit of Josephine be disembodied, the soul of the empress has taken possession of this figure. I am not yet satisfied that it is stone. The puff of the dress on the arm seems to need but the pressure of the finger to indent it. The figures at the bottom of the robe, the ruffle at the neck, the fur lining on the dress, the embroidery of the satin, the cluster of lily and leaf and rose in her hand, the poise of her body as she seems to come sailing out of the sky, her face calm, humble, beautiful but yet sad—attest the genius of the sculptor and the beauty of the heroine he celebrates. Looking up through the rifts of the coronet that encircles her brow, I could see the sky beyond, the great heavens where all woman's wrongs shall be righted, and the story of endurance and resignation shall be told to all ages. The rose and the lily in the hand of Josephine will never drop their petals. Believe not the recent slanderers upon her memory. The children of God, whether they suffer on earth in palaces or in hovels, shall come to that glorious rest. O heaven, sweet heaven, at thy gate we set down all our burdens and griefs. The place will be full. Here there are vacant chairs at the hearth and at the table, but there are no vacant chairs in heaven—the crowns all worn, the thrones all mounted. Some talk of heaven as though it were a very handsome church, where a few favored spirits would come in and sit down on finely cushioned seats all by themselves and sing psalms to all eternity. No, no. "I saw a great multitude that no man could number standing before the throne. He that talked with me had a golden reed to measure the city, and it was 12,000 furlongs"—that is, 1,500 miles—in circumference. Ah, heaven is not a little colony at one corner of God's domain, where a man's entrance depends upon what kind of clothes he has on his back and how much money he has in his purse, but a vast empire. God grant that the light of that blessed world may shine upon us in our last moment.

The first time I crossed the Atlantic the roughest time I had was at the mouth of Liverpool harbor. We arrived at nightfall and were obliged to lie there till the morning waiting for the rising of the tide before we could go up to the city. How the vessel pitched and writhed in the water! So sometimes the last illness of the Christian is a struggle. He is almost through the voyage. The waves of temptation toss his soul, but he waits for the morning. At last the light dawns, and the tides of joy rise in his soul and he sails up and casts anchor within the vale.

Is thy heart right? What question can compare with this in importance? It is a business question. Do you not realize that you will soon have to resign that partnership; that soon among all the millions of dollars' worth of goods that are sold you will not have the handling of a yard of cloth, or a pound of sugar, or a pennyworth of anything; that soon, if a conflagration should start at Central park and sweep everything to the Battery, it would not disturb you; that soon, if every cashier should abscond and every insurance company should fail, it would not affect you? What are the questions that stop this side the grave compared with the questions that reach beyond it? Are you making losses that are to be everlasting? Are you making purchases for eternity? Are you jobbing for time when you might be wholesaling for eternity? What question of the store is so broad at the base, and so altitudinous, and so overwhelming as the question, "Is thy heart right?"

Or is it a domestic question? Is it something about father or mother or companion or son or daughter that you think is comparable with this question in importance? Do you not realize that by universal and inexorable law all these relations will be broken up? Your father will be gone, your mother will be gone, your companion will be gone, your child will be gone, you will be gone, and then this supernal question will begin to harvest its chief gains or deplore its worst losses, roll up its vast circles. What difference now does it make to Napoleon III, whether he triumphed or surrendered at Sedan? Whether he lived at the Tuilleries or at Chislehurst? Whether he was emperor or exile? They laid him out in his coffin in the dress of a field marshal. Did that give him any better chance for the next world than if he had been laid out in a plain shroud? And soon to us what will be the difference whether in this world we rode or walked, were bowed to or maltreated, were applauded or hissed at, were welcomed in or kicked out, while laying hold of very moment of the great future and burning in all the splendor or grief and overaching and undergoing all time and all eternity is the plain, simple, practical, thrilling, agonizing, overwhelming question, "Is thy heart right?"

Have you within you a repenting heart, an expectant heart? If so, I must write upon your soul what George Whitefield wrote upon the window pane with his diamond ring. He tarried in an elegant house over night, but found that there was no God recognized in that house. Before he left his room in the morning with his ring he wrote upon the window pane, "One thing thou lackest." After the guest was gone the housewife came and looked at the window, and saw the inscription, and called her husband and her children, and God, through that ministry of the window glass, brought them all to Jesus. Though you may to-day be surrounded by comforts and luxuries and feel that you have need of nothing, if you are not the children of God, with the signet ring of Christ's love, let me inscribe upon your soul, "One thing thou lackest."

A red-poll cow at Whittingham, England, has yielded milk continuously since she ceased calving, five years ago, her record being 13,734 quarts of milk of the first quality. No other case like this is known.

Here is some one who says: "I will forgive that man the wrong he did me about that house and lot. I will forgive that man who overreached me in a bargain. I will forgive that man who sold me a shoddy overcoat. I forgive them—all but one. That man I cannot forgive. The villain—I can hardly keep my hands off him. If my going to heaven depends on my forgiving him, then I will stay out." Wrong feeling. If a man lie to me once, I am not called to trust him again. If a man betray me once, I am not called to put confidence in him again. But I would have no rest if I could not offer a sincere prayer for the temporal and everlasting welfare of all men, whatever meanness and outrage they have inflicted upon me. If you want to get your heart right, strike a match and burn up all your old grudges and blow the ashes away. "If you forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your heavenly Father forgive you your trespasses."

An old Christian black woman was going along the streets of New York with a basket of apples that she had for sale. A rough sailor ran against her and upset the basket and stood back expecting to hear her scold frightfully, but she stooped down and picked up the apples and said, "God forgive you, my son, as I do." The sailor saw the meanness of what he had done, and felt in his pocket for his money, and insisted that she should take it all. Though she was black, he called her mother and said: "Forgive me, mother. I will never do anything so mean again." Ah, there is a power in a forgiving spirit to overcome all hardness. There is no way of conquering men like that of bestowing upon them your pardon whether they will accept it or not.

Again, a right heart is an expectant heart. It is a poor business to be building castles in the air. Enjoy what you have now. Don't spoil your comfort in the small house because you expect a larger one. Don't fret about your income when it is \$3 or \$4 per day because you expect to have after awhile \$10 per day, or \$10,000 a year because you expect it to be \$20,000 a year. But about heavenly things the more we think the better. Those castles are not in the air, but on the hills, and we have a deed of them in our possession. I like to see a man all full of heaven. He talks heaven. He sings heaven. He prays heaven. He dreams heaven. Some of us in our sleep have had the good place open to us. We saw the pinnacles in the sky. We heard the click of the hoofs of the white horses on which the victors rode and the clapping of the cymbals of eternal triumph. And, while in our sleep we were glad that all our sorrows were over and burdens done with, the throne of God grew whiter and

whiter and whiter till we opened our eyes and saw that it was only the sun of earthly morning shining on our pillow. To have a right heart you need to be filled with this expectancy. It would make your privations and annoyances more bearable.

In the midst of the city of Paris stands a statue of the good but broken hearted Josephine. I never imagined that marble could be smitten into such tenderness. It seems not lifeless. If the spirit of Josephine be disembodied, the soul of the empress has taken possession of this figure. I am not yet satisfied that it is stone. The puff of the dress on the arm seems to need but the pressure of the finger to indent it. The figures at the bottom of the robe, the ruffle at the neck, the fur lining on the dress, the embroidery of the satin, the cluster of lily and leaf and rose in her hand, the poise of her body as she seems to come sailing out of the sky, her face calm, humble, beautiful but yet sad—attest the genius of the sculptor and the beauty of the heroine he celebrates. Looking up through the rifts of the coronet that encircles her brow, I could see the sky beyond, the great heavens where all woman's wrongs shall be righted, and the story of endurance and resignation shall be told to all ages. The rose and the lily in the hand of Josephine will never drop their petals. Believe not the recent slanderers upon her memory. The children of God, whether they suffer on earth in palaces or in hovels, shall come to that glorious rest. O heaven, sweet heaven, at thy gate we set down all our burdens and griefs. The place will be full. Here there are vacant chairs at the hearth and at the table, but there are no vacant chairs in heaven—the crowns all worn, the thrones all mounted. Some talk of heaven as though it were a very handsome church, where a few favored spirits would come in and sit down on finely cushioned seats all by themselves and sing psalms to all eternity. No, no. "I saw a great multitude that no man could number standing before the throne. He that talked with me had a golden reed to measure the city, and it was 12,000 furlongs"—that is, 1,500 miles—in circumference. Ah, heaven is not a little colony at one corner of God's domain, where a man's entrance depends upon what kind of clothes he has on his back and how much money he has in his purse, but a vast empire. God grant that the light of that blessed world may shine upon us in our last moment.

The first time I crossed the Atlantic the roughest time I had was at the mouth of Liverpool harbor. We arrived at nightfall and were obliged to lie there till the morning waiting for the rising of the tide before we could go up to the city. How the vessel pitched and writhed in the water! So sometimes the last illness of the Christian is a struggle. He is almost through the voyage. The waves of temptation toss his soul, but he waits for the morning. At last the light dawns, and the tides of joy rise in his soul and he sails up and casts anchor within the vale.

Is thy heart right? What question can compare with this in importance? It is a business question. Do you not realize that you will soon have to resign that partnership; that soon among all the millions of dollars' worth of goods that are sold you will not have the handling of a yard of cloth, or a pound of sugar, or a pennyworth of anything; that soon, if a conflagration should start at Central park and sweep everything to the Battery, it would not disturb you; that soon, if every cashier should abscond and every insurance company should fail, it would not affect you? What are the questions that stop this side the grave compared with the questions that reach beyond it? Are you making losses that are to be everlasting? Are you making purchases for eternity? Are you jobbing for time when you might be wholesaling for eternity? What question of the store is so broad at the base, and so altitudinous, and so overwhelming as the question, "Is thy heart right?"

Or is it a domestic question? Is it something about father or mother or companion or son or daughter that you think is comparable with this question in importance? Do you not realize that by universal and inexorable law all these relations will be broken up? Your father will be gone, your mother will be gone, your companion will be gone, your child will be gone, you will be gone, and then this supernal question will begin to harvest its chief gains or deplore its worst losses, roll up its vast circles. What difference now does it make to Napoleon III, whether he triumphed or surrendered at Sedan? Whether he lived at the Tuilleries or at Chislehurst? Whether he was emperor or exile? They laid him out in his coffin in the dress of a field marshal. Did that give him any better chance for the next world than if he had been laid out in a plain shroud? And soon to us what will be the difference whether in this world we rode or walked, were bowed to or maltreated, were applauded or hissed at, were welcomed in or kicked out, while laying hold of very moment of the great future and burning in all the splendor or grief and overaching and undergoing all time and all eternity is the plain, simple, practical, thrilling, agonizing, overwhelming question, "Is thy heart right?"

Have you within you a repenting heart, an expectant heart? If so, I must write upon your soul what George Whitefield wrote upon the window pane with his diamond ring. He tarried in an elegant house over night, but found that there was no God recognized in that house. Before he left his room in the morning with his ring he wrote upon the window pane, "One thing thou lackest." After the guest was gone the housewife came and looked at the window, and saw the inscription, and called her husband and her children, and God, through that ministry of the window glass, brought them all to Jesus. Though you may to-day be surrounded by comforts and luxuries and feel that you have need of nothing, if you are not the children of God, with the signet ring of Christ's love, let me inscribe upon your soul, "One thing thou lackest."

A red-poll cow at Whittingham, England, has yielded milk continuously since she ceased calving, five years ago, her record being 13,734 quarts of milk of the first quality. No other case like this is known.

GOWNS AND GOWNING

WOMEN GIVE MUCH ATTENTION TO WHAT THEY WEAR.

Brief Glances at Fancies Feminine, Frivolous, Mayhap, and Yet Offered in the Hope that the Reading Proves Restful to Weary'd Womankind.

Gossip from Gay Gotham.

ALF of what has been and now is being said about a general change of fashions at this season is unreliable, or at least premature. Time was when fashions were not even reported from the European capitals until about a year behind hand. Now, however, any move towards change is reported here as soon as it is even rumored abroad, and the models of "the newest" come over while the original of the model is really the newest on the other side. Still, this country is about a year backward in actually accepting the new ideas. A few folk who bring over their gowns appear in the latest novelty, and a very few advanced folk who believe in having new stuff cut well ahead of the fashion do likewise, but the fashion does not become really a generally accepted affair till at least a year later. Then its beauty is recognized, it becomes the right thing, the fashion last popular becomes suddenly "out," and we are in the swing, though a year late.

A jacket bodice that combines greens in cloth and velvet appears beside

section downward, however, is not offensive, while the hump upward that was endured with complacency a little while ago is not to be tolerated. An unusually long extension of the shoulder slope is effected in the next costume sketched, which is of violet peau de sole made with a plain, wide skirt. The waist has fitted lining and a fancy yoke, where the silk is shirred, as shown, and is ornamented with wide jet galloon. In black the silk is merely gathered to the yoke with only a little fullness. The sleeves have oblong epaulettes of passementerie and jet finishing with jet fringe in back, and front, and the stock collar and draped belt are of a darker shade of velvet.

Magnificent trimming of all descriptions is offered, and spangles and tinsel are combined with as much artistic regard for color and effect as was ever bestowed on jewels. The result is that such trimming deserves more consideration than was ever before granted to it, and that a beautiful gown is not vulgarized but enhanced in effect by the employment of such ornamentation. The scheme of trimming displayed in the next picture employs like richness and is elaborately contrived, but the result is entirely tasteful, with no suggestion of being overdone. The

material is a silk in one of the newly fashionable blues. The waist has a wide center boxpleat ornamented with three fancy buttons and all the rest is covered with deep cream guipure outlined with black buttonhole twist. At either side of the center pleat runs a black gauze ribbon spangled with jet, and the same is used for the tabs, which extend all around.

Jacket effect is produced by collars that hang in front of a pair of wide flat tabs and that take the lines of the loose fronts of a short jacket. Under these tabs the puffery and flummery of the bodice goes on appearing in blouse fashion between the tabs. All this puffery may be of any color and material without the least regard to the color and material of the tabs, but the sleeves may match the tabs and the collar may match the skirt. Collars like that in the final picture give a dainty finish and are much used. This one is of white satin applied with black braid, and finished in front with tabs of pleated chiffon. This collar and its tabs constitute, with a belt and big bow of black satin, the entire scheme of trimming for this dress, which is made of changeable crepon showing black and green.

The large hats mean big bows of ribbon or velvet.

The large hats mean big bows of ribbon or velvet.

The large hats mean big bows of ribbon or velvet.

The large hats mean big bows of ribbon or velvet.

The large hats mean big bows of ribbon or velvet.

The large hats mean big bows of ribbon or velvet.

The large hats mean big bows of ribbon or velvet.

belt so long worn. Very pretty ones for the girl who still wears a shirt waist and a plain skirt are of wide plaid silk ribbon. The plaid is in the brightest colors and is often the only touch of color about the gown. This is one of the little novelties that are really dressy and not a bit common yet.

Puffs on the sleeves are being set lower, but at the same time the line following without angle the line of the shoulder itself is still recognized as artistic and generally becoming. Indeed, the best taste seems in favor of exaggerating the effect of width across the shoulder by the lengthening of the shoulder line, but the deflection of its angle by any violent and arbitrary change of direction is avoided. A de-

fective downward, however, is not offensive, while the hump upward that was endured with complacency a little while ago is not to be tolerated. An unusually long extension of the shoulder slope is effected in the next costume sketched, which is of violet peau de sole made with a plain, wide skirt. The waist has fitted lining and a fancy yoke, where the silk is shirred, as shown, and is ornamented with wide jet galloon. In black the silk is merely gathered to the yoke with only a little fullness. The sleeves have oblong epaulettes of passementerie and jet finishing with jet fringe in back, and front, and the stock collar and draped belt are of a darker shade of velvet.

Magnificent trimming of all descriptions is offered, and spangles and tinsel are combined with as much artistic regard for color and effect as was ever bestowed on jewels. The result is that such trimming deserves more consideration than was ever before granted to it, and that a beautiful gown is not vulgarized but enhanced in effect by the employment of such ornamentation. The scheme of trimming displayed in the next picture employs like richness and is elaborately contrived, but the result is entirely tasteful, with no suggestion of being overdone. The

material is a silk in one of the newly fashionable blues. The waist has a wide center boxpleat ornamented with three fancy buttons and all the rest is covered with deep cream guipure outlined with black buttonhole twist. At either side of the center pleat runs a black gauze ribbon spangled with jet, and the same is used for the tabs, which extend all around.

Jacket effect is produced by collars that hang in front of a pair of wide flat tabs and that take the lines of the loose fronts of a short jacket. Under these tabs the puffery and flummery of the bodice goes on appearing in blouse fashion between the tabs. All this puffery may be of any color and material without the least regard to the color and material of the tabs, but the sleeves may match the tabs and the collar may match the skirt. Collars like that in the final picture give a dainty finish and are much used. This one is of white satin applied with black braid, and finished in front with tabs of pleated chiffon. This collar and its tabs constitute, with a belt and big bow of black satin, the entire scheme of trimming for this dress, which is made of changeable crepon showing black and green.

The large hats mean big bows of ribbon or velvet.

The large hats mean big bows of ribbon or velvet.

The large hats mean big bows of ribbon or velvet.

The large hats mean big bows of ribbon or velvet.

The large hats mean big bows of ribbon or velvet.

The large hats mean big bows of ribbon or velvet.

The large hats mean big bows of ribbon or velvet.

The large hats mean big bows of ribbon or velvet.

The large hats mean big bows of ribbon or velvet.

LITERARY LITTLEBITS

"Robert Louis Stevenson's name is one to conjure with, but it would not have been so had he done no better work than the 'Fables.' It is a pity that they were ever published. Fortunately for his reputation it can stand a great deal of strain," says Richard Henry Stoddard.

"Select Conversations with an Uncle" is the title H. G. Wells has given to a series of discursive chats, which often degenerate into monologues, with an old gentleman who has come back from South Africa, where he attained a certain affluence, and now expresses his views upon British society and the British woman. The essays are all amusing, and there is a thin thread of story running through the series. An idea of the range of the conversations may be gathered from those headings, taken at random: "The Theory of the Perpetual Discomfort of Humanity," "The Art of Being Photographed," "On Social Music," "On a Tricycle," and "The Pains of Marriage."

"In view of the attempt made by a few publishers in Canada to take from the English authors the great advantage derived from American copyright, the report of the duties collected by the Dominion Government on the reprints of British copyrights will be interesting. In 1890, it was \$970, a sum far short of the money paid for one successful work by the Americans; in 1892, it was \$573; in 1893, it was \$384; while last year it only reached \$276. For this paltry sum English authors are asked to give up what now constitutes a fourth of their entire profits—all they derive from the United States." And if they did, it might be a good thing for American authors.

In his own name, as befitting serious work, Donald G. Mitchell has been laboring at a series of books on English literature and history, and now, in his 74th year, it is completed. This has been accomplished by the publication of "Queen Anne and the Georges" in the series on "English Lands, Letters and Kings." The book is made up of chats on the literary lights since the close of the Elizabethan period, and they read so pleasantly that one can scarcely believe that they were originally lectures delivered at a woman's college—as we learn from the dedication to Mrs. Grover Cleveland, who was a member of the author's classes. The first chapter begins with a consideration of Berkeley, "an Irish bishop," and discusses Richard Bentley, Isaac Watts, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, and Pope; and in the succeeding pages come wise and appreciative words about Richardson and Fielding, Dr. Johnson, Boswell and Goldsmith, Miss Burney and Hannah Moore, Sheridan, Chatterton and Sterne, Cowper, Maria Edgeworth, Beckford and Burns, Rogers, Coleridge, Lamb and Wordsworth, with many lesser lights noted in between.

How to Induce Respiration.
A method of inducing respiration by means of ice applied to the lips has been discovered by Dr. Berthold Beer, a German physician. The mucous membrane of the lips and of the mouth is rubbed slowly with a piece of ice, the rhythm of the motion corresponding as much as possible to that of normal respiration. In the cases observed by Dr. Beer the result was a return of respiration, very strong at first, but with the continued application of the ice becoming very regular, quiet and deep. The ice used in this way is said to have, moreover, a general sedative effect, and the author has employed this quieting action with success in the treatment of cerebral troubles. Dr. Foges, of Vienna, has obtained equally favorable results with this treatment in two cases of asphyxia. In all cases it is a method that may be employed for several hours at a time, as it is harmless for the patient and easy for the physician. It also offers other advantages owing to its sedative action.

Relative Strength of Wood and Steel
Dr. Robert H. Thurston, in a recent article, discusses various materials in which comparisons of interest are made. At the outset he gives the following generally accepted figures: Cast iron weighs 444 pounds to the cubic foot and an inch square bar will sustain a weight of 16,500 pounds; bronze, weight 525 pounds, tenacity 36,000; wrought iron, weight 480, tenacity 50,000; hard "struck" steel, weight 490, tenacity 78,000; aluminum, weight 168, tenacity 29,000. A bar of pine just as heavy as a bar of steel an inch square will hold up 125,000 pounds, the best ash 175,000 and some hemlock 200,000 pounds. Wood is bulky. It occupies ten or twelve times the space of steel.

Indicates a Coming Republic.
The brutal butchery of 100 invalid insurgent soldiers by the Spanish troops at a hospital in Santiago de Cuba is about the surest indication of a coming Cuban republic that has been developed by the rebellion thus far.—Philadelphia Times.

The large hats mean big bows of ribbon or velvet.

The large hats mean big bows of ribbon or velvet.

The large hats mean big bows of ribbon or velvet.

The large hats mean big bows of ribbon or velvet.