

# TALMAGE'S SERMON.

## THE PREACHER DISCOURSES ON HEAVENLY MANNA.

Earthly Nourishment Not Needed in States of Spiritual Exaltation—Music Forms a Large Part of the Seraphic Menu—Into the Kingdom.

### Feet on Angels' Food.

Among the thousands who greeted Rev. Dr. Talmage in the New York Academy of Music Sunday afternoon was a large number of strangers from distant parts of the Union. At the close of the services the preacher, on leaving the platform, found himself surrounded by enough people to fill an ordinary street church, all intent on shaking hands with him. The subject of discourse for the afternoon was "A Seraphic Diet," the text selected being Psalm lxxviii, 25, "Man did eat angels' food."

Somewhat risky would be the undertaking to tell just what was the manna that fell to the Israelites in the wilderness, of what it was made and who made it. The manna was called angels' food, but why so called? Was it because it came from the place where angels live, or because angels compounded it, or because angels did eat it, or because it was good enough for angels? On what crystal platter was it carried to the door of heaven and then thrown out? How did it taste? We are told there was something in it like honey, but if the sardine taste in it had been too strong many would not have liked it, and so it may have had a commingling of flavors—the delicacy of the skies. It must have been nutritious, for a nation lived on it for forty years. It must have been beautiful, for it is so inspiring as to be lauded. It must have been abundant, because it dismissed the necessity of a suture for a great army. Each person had a ration of three quarts a day allowed to him, and so 15,000,000 pounds were necessary every week. Those were the times of which my text speaks, when "man did eat angels' food."

If the good Lord, who has helped me so often, will help me now, I will first tell you what is angels' food and then how we may get some of it for ourselves. In our mortal state we must have for mastication and digestion and assimilation the products of the earth. Corporeity as well as mentality and spirituality characterizes us. The style of diet has much to do with our well being. Light and frothy food taken exclusively results in weak muscles and semi-invalidism. The taking of too much animal food produces sensuality. Vegetarians are cranks. Reasonable selection of the farinaceous and the solid ordinarily produces physical stamina.

### Above Earthly Food.

But we have all occasionally been in an ecstatic state where we forgot the necessity of earthly food. We were fed by joys, by anticipations, by discoveries, by companionships that divided the dining hour into the glances and made the pleasures of the table stupid and uninviting. There have been cases where from seemingly invincible sources the human body has been maintained, as in the remarkable case of our invalid and Christian neighbor, Mollie Fancher, known throughout the medical and Christian world for that she was seven weeks without earthly food, fed and sustained on heavenly visions. Our beloved Dr. Irenaeus Prime, editor and theologian, recorded the wonders concerning this girl. Professor West, the great scientist, marveled over it, and Willard Parker, of world-wide fame in surgery, threw up his hands in amazement at it. There are times in all our lives when the soul asserts itself and says to the body: "Hush! Stand back! Stand down!"

I am at a banquet where no chalice gleams, and no viands smoke, and no culinary implements clatter. I am feeding on that which no human hand has mixed and no earthly oven baked. I am eating "angels' food." If you have never been in such an exalted state, I commendate your leaden temperament, and I dismiss you from this service as incompetent to understand the thrilling and glorious suggestiveness of my text when it says, "Man did eat angels' food."

### A Feast of Soul.

Now, what do the supernaturals live on? They experience none of the demands of corporeity and have no hindrance or environment in the shape of bone and muscle and flesh, and hence that which may delectate our palate or invigorate our poor, dying frames would be of no use to them. But they have a food of their own. My text says so. There may be other courses of food in the heavenly menu that I am not aware of, but I know of five or six styles of food always on celestial tables when cherubim and seraphim and archangel gather for heavenly repast—the mystery of redemption, celestialized music, the heavenly pictures, sublime colloquy, eternal enterprises, saintly association, divine companionship, celebrative jubilation. There is one subject that excites the curiosity and inquisitiveness of all those angels. St. Peter says, "Which thing the angels desire to look into"—that is, why did Christ exchange a palace for a bar? Why did he drop a scepter from his right hand to take a spear into his left side? Why quit the anthem of the worshipping heavens to hear the crooning of a weary mother's voice? Was a straw better than a garland? "Could it not have been done in some other way?" says angel the first. "Was the human race worth such a sacrifice?" says angel the second. "How could heaven get along without him for thirty-three years?" says angel the third. "Through that assassination may sinful man rise into eternal companionship?" says angel the fourth. And then they all bend toward each other and talk about it and guess about it and try to fathom it and prophesy concerning it. But the subject is too big, and they only nibble at it. They only break off a piece of it. They only taste it. They just dip into it. And then one angel cries, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain!" And another says, "Unsearchable." And another says, "Past finding out!" And another says, "Alleluia!" And then they all fill their cups of gold with the "new wine of the kingdom."

### Heavenly Wine.

Unlike the beakers of earth, which poison, these glow with immortal health, the wine pressed from the grapes of the heavenly Bechthel, and they all drink to the memory of manager and cross, shattered sepulcher and Olivet's ascension. Oh, that raptures, inspiring, transporting scenes of the world's ransom! That manna angels' food. The taking of that food gives stronger pulse to their gladness, adds several meanings of rapture to their foreboding, gives center drive to the group of

their wings on mission interconstellation. Some of the crumbs of that angels' food fall all around our wilderness camp to-day, and we feel like crying with Paul, "Oh, the depth of the riches, both of the wisdom and knowledge of God!" or with exulting Stephen, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit!" or with many an enraptured soul: "None but Christ! None but Christ!" Pass around this angels' food. Carry it through all these aisles. Climb with it through all these galleries! Take it among all the hovels as well as among all the palaces of the great town! Give all nations a taste of this angels' food.

Now in the emerald palace of heaven let the cupbearers and servants of the King remove this course from the banquet and bring on another course of angels' food, which is celestial music. You and I have seen at some concert or oratorio a whole assemblage to whom the music was a feast. Never anything that they took in at the lips of the mouth was so delightful to their taste as that which they took in at the lips of the ear. I have seen and you have seen people actually intoxicated with sweet sounds. Oratorios which are always too protracted for those of us who have not had our faculties cultivated in that direction were never long enough for them, as at 11 o'clock at night the leader of the orchestra gave the three taps of his baton to again start the music they were as fresh and alert as when three hours before and at 8 o'clock the curtain was first lifted.

Music to them is food for body, food for mind and food for soul. From what I read in my Bible I think celestialized music will make up a large part of angels' food. Why do I say "celestialized music?" Because, though music may have been born in heaven, it had not all its charms until it came to earth and took a baptism of tears. Since then it has had a pathos and a tenderness that it could not otherwise have possessed. It had to pass under the shadows and over stormy seas and weep at sepulchers and to be hummed as lullaby over the cradle of sick children before it could mount to its present altitudes of heavenly power. No organ on earth would be complete without the stop "tremolo" and the stop "vox humana." And no music of heaven would be complete without the "tremolo" of earthly sorrow comforted and the "vox humana" of earthly sympathies glorified. Just take up the New Testament and find it a notebook of celestialized music.

### A Power of Music.

It says Jesus sang a hymn before he went to the Mount of Olives, and if he could sing on earth with Bethlehem humiliation close behind him, and sworn enemies close on both sides of him, and the torments of Golgotha just before him, do you not suppose he sings in heaven? Paul and Silas sang in midnight dungeon, and do you not suppose that now they sing on the delectable summits? What do the harps and trumpets and choirs of Revelation suggest if not music? What would the millions of good singers and players upon instruments who took part in earthly worship do in heaven without music? Why, the manions ring with it. The great halls of eternity echo with it. The worship of unnumbered hosts is wrapped with it. It will be the only art of earth that will have enough elasticity and strength to leap the grave and take possession of heaven. Sculpture will halt this side of the grave because it chiefly commemorates the forms of those who in heaven will be reconstructed, and what would we want of the sculptured imitation when we stand in the presence of the resurrected original? Painting will halt this side of the grave because the colors of earth would be too tame for heaven, and what use to have pictures on canvas of the scenes which shall be described to us by those who were the participants?

One of the disciples will tell us about the "last supper" better than Titian, with mighty touch, set it up in art gallery. The plainest saint by tongue will describe the last judgment better than Michael Angelo, with his pencil, put it upon the ceiling of the Vatican. Architecture will halt this side of the grave, for what use would there be for architect's compass and design in that city which is already built and garnished until nothing can be added: all the Tulleries and Windsor castles and St. Clouds of the earth piled up not equalling its humblest residences; all the St. Pauls and St. Peters and St. Leos and St. Sophias of the earth built into one cathedral not equalling the heavenly temple. But music will pass right on, right up and right in, and millions in heaven will acknowledge that, under God, she was the chief cause of their salvation. Oh, I would like to be present when all the great Christian singers and the great Christian players of all the ages shall congregate in heaven! Of course they must like all the rest of us, be cleansed and ransomed by the blood of the slain Lamb. Alas, that some of the great artists of sweet sound should have been as distinguished for profligacy as for the way they warbled or sang or fingered the keyboard or trod the organ pedal. Some who have been distinguished basses and sopranos and prima donnas on earth I fear will never sing the song of Moses and the Lamb or put the lip to the trumpet with sounds of victory before the throne.

But many of the masters who charmed us on earth will more mightily charm us in heaven. Great music hall of eternity! May you and I be there some day to acclaim when the "Halleluiah Chorus" is awakened. As on earth there have been harmonies made up of other harmonies, a strain of music from that overture, and a bar from this and a bar from that, but one great tune or theme, into which all the others were poured as rivers into a sea, so it may be given to the mightiest soul in the heavenly world to gather something from all the sacred songs we have sung on earth or which have been sung in all the ages, and roll them in an eternal symphony, but the one great theme and the one overmastering tone that shall carry all before it and uplift all heaven from central throne to farthest gate of pearl and to the highest capstone of amethyst will be, "Unto him who loved us and washed us from our sins in his own blood and made us kings and priests unto God and the Lamb, to him be glory!" That will be manna enough for all heaven to feed on. That will be a banquet for immortals. That will be angels' food.

### Mighty Enterprise.

Now in the emerald palace of heaven let the cupbearers and servants of the King remove this course from the banquet and bring on another course of angels' food, which is laying out of mighty enterprise. The Bible lets us know positively that the angels have our world's affairs on their heart. They afford the rapid transit from world to world. Ministering spirits, escorting spirits, defending spirits, guardian spirits—yes, they have all worlds on their thought. We are told they sing together at the creation,

and that implied not only the creation of our world, but of other worlds. Shall they pan only for our little planet and be uninterested for a planet 300 times larger? No. They have all the galaxies under their observation; mighty schemes of helpfulness to be laid out and executed; shipwrecked worlds to be towed in; planetary fires to be put out; demonic hosts riding up to be hurled back and down. These angels of light unhorse an Apollon with the stroke of baton celestial. They talk these matters all over. They bend toward each other in sublime colloquy. They have cabinet meetings of winged immortals. They assemble the mightiest of them in holy consultation. They plan out stellar, lunar, solar, constellated achievement. They vie with each other as to who shall do the grandest thing for the eternal. They compose dogologies for the temple of the sun. They preside over coronations. If in the great organ of the universe one key gets out of tune, they plan for its returning. No undertaking is so difficult, no post of duty is so distant, no mission is so stupendous but at God's command they are gladly obtained. When they sit together on the heavenly places, Gabriel and Michael, the archangel, and the angel that pointed Hagar to the fountain in the desert, and the angel that swung open the prison door of delivered Peter, and the angels who are to be the reapers at the end of the world, and the angel that stood by Paul to encourage him on the foundering cornship of Alexandria, and the two angels that sentenced the tomb of Christ, and the four angels that St. John saw in Apocalypse at the four corners of the earth, and the twelve angels that guard the twelve swinging pearls, and the 20,000 charioted angels that the palmist described, and more radiant than all of them put together, and mightier than all, and lovelier than all, "The Angel of the Covenant," the cadences of his voice the best music that ever entranced mortal or immortal ears, his smile another noon risen in midnoon, his presence enough to make a heaven if there were no other attraction—I say, when they meet together in the council chambers close to the throne, ah, that will be regalament infinite! That will be a repast supernal. That will be angels' food.

And one of my exciting anticipations of heaven is the prospect of seeing and talking with some of them. Why not? What did they come out for on the balcony on that Christmas night and sing for our world if they did not want to be put in communication with us? I know the serenade was in Greek, but they knew that their words would be translated in all languages. If they thought themselves too good to have anything to do with us, would they have dropped Christmas carols upon the shepherds, as bad as any of us have ever been? Aye, if they sang for mortals, will they not sing for us when we become immortals?

"There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth." Why are they so happily agitated? Because they know what a tremendous thing it is to turn clear around from the wrong and take the right road. It is because they know the difference between swines' trough with nothing but husks and a king's banquet with angels' food. It is because they know the infinite, the overlying difference between down and up.

### Time of Festivity.

Their festivity is catching. If we hear the bells of a city ring, we say, "What is that for?" If we hear rolling out from an auditorium the sound of a full orchestra, we say, "What is happening here?" And when the angels of God take on jubilation over a case of earthly repentance your friends in heaven will say, "What new thing has happened? Why full diapason? Why the chime from the oldest towers of eternity?" The fact is, my hearers, there are people in heaven who would like to hear from you. Your children there are wondering when father and mother will come into the kingdom, and with more glee than they ever danced in the hallway at your coming home at evening they will dance the floor of the heavenly mansion at the tidings of father and mother saved. Besides that, the old folks want to hear from you. They are standing at the head of the celestial stairs waiting for the news that their prayers have been answered, and that you are coming on to take from their lips a kiss better than that which now they throw at you. Calling you by your first name, as you always did, they are talking about you and saying, "There is our son," or, "There is our daughter down in that world of struggling, battling, suffering, sinning, weeping. Why can they not see that Christ is the only one who can help and comfort and save?"

That is what they are saying about you, and, if you will this hour in one prayer of surrender that will not take more than a second to make decide this, then swifter than telegraphic dispatch the news would reach them, and angels of God who never fell would join your glorified kindred in celebration, and the caterers of heaven would do their best, and saints and seraphs side by side would take angels' food. Glory be to God for such a possibility! Oh, that this moment there might be a rush for heaven!

The Spirit and the Bride say, Come, Rejoicing saints re-echo, Come, Who faints, who thirsts, who will, may come. Thy Saviour bids thee come.

Young Falcons at School. The young of falcons and hawks are well trained by their parents. From the time they are strong enough to pull at and break up the quarries brought to them, it is one long course of instruction. The old birds know perfectly well what the young ones will have to do, and they get them fit for doing it as soon as they can. They compel them to take longer flights day after day, and teach them how to stoop—that is, strike at their quarry.

One or the other will shoot up with a portion of feather, or it may be fur, followed by the young hopefuls. Then the morsel is dropped from the clutch—down they dash for it, and the one that makes the quickest stoop secures the prize before it reaches the ground. When the old birds think the young can fend for themselves, off they go.

This is not a case of choice, but necessity, for they are simply cuffed and buffeted off. So well is this known in the country that it is a common thing to hear a lad say: "Them 'ere hawks has drew' their young uns off."—Blackwood's Magazine.

There never was any heart truly great and generous that was not also tender and compassionate.—South.

# VELVET SKIRT IS OUT.

## NO LONGER WORN BY FASHIONABLE WOMEN.

It's as Hopelessly Out of Date as a Fur Coat with High Sleeves—Novel Trimming Is Now Essential—One Pleat from Throat to Toe.

### Fashion's Follies.

OR the woman who owns a velvet skirt there is need of prompt and decisive action. Her only hope is to sacrifice it to the scissors and get a waist or sleeves out of it, if possible, because a velvet skirt just now is as hopelessly unfashionable as a fur coat with high sleeves. On the other hand, it is safe to put a

good share of the intended outlay for a gown into handsome brocade velvet sleeves, and they should reach only to the elbow. Brilliant velvets enter into many of the most handsome spring dresses and often times they are found in odd companionship, though the effect is not at all unpleasant at the first glance, as is the case with so many new fashions. In one beautiful spring gown brilliant grass-green velvet is combined with white satin covered with ivory guipure. The velvet bodice fits perfectly except for the necessary front box-pleat, the latter being slit from the throat down and parting slightly to show an under pleat of white satin covered with rich ivory guipure. The



NOVEL TRIMMING AN ESSENTIAL.

skirt is correspondingly slit, the satin beneath bagging out a little and the edges of the guipure being applied to the edges of the velvet. The velvet in the back of the bodice is cut away to a point which comes just below the shoulders. Below, the bodice is of the white satin, the guipure in this case also being applied over the edge of the velvet.

In the initial picture there is shown another use of velvet that is commendable according to coming standards. Leather-colored cloth gives the skirt, which is trimmed about the bottom with silk cords in bands and festoons. A jacket of this cloth appears in the jacket bodice fastening at the side and showing a green velvet plastron. The loose fronts have revers and collar of the cloth and several showy buttons.

Many spring street gowns are to be made with elbow puff sleeves, and whether the wearer catches her death of cold or not the long sleeve will be the only covering for the forearm. Light gloves will be worn, or in other words, party gloves may be used in the day time with the street dress. The bills for cleansing will make women long to go back to the economical three-button affair and may eventually bring about a return to that style. Sleeves to the elbow will, however, be correct, but fastidious wearers of them will strive to have their dresses novel in other respects. A dress that should satisfy a woman of this sort is the substitution of the second illustration, and is sketched in a silver-gray poplin de laine combined with white cloth and garnish-



ONE PLEAT FROM THROAT TO THROAT.

ed with dark-gray soutache braiding. The skirt is entirely of the gray poplin and is fancifully braided at the top as indicated. A full shirred yoke of white cloth extends on the bodice to the waist, forming a sort of vest for the bodice, which is finished at the top with galloon. Long braided stumps of the dark-gray, also edged with galloon, extend over the white

sleeves, and the collar is made to match. Many a kind of trimming may be made to do service in place of this galloon, but the wise maiden will demand something of a novel nature.

This idea of a boxpleat down the front of you is introduced into some of the handsomest dresses shown. Many times, as in the case of the next costume, that the artist contributes, the pleat appears on the entire length of the skirt. From the latter the skirt stands away in faultless godets, the only trimming being rich ornaments of steel passementerie at either side of the center pleat, which are repeated on the bodice. The back of the latter is made from bias material and the



AGAIN THE PLEATS EXTEND THE BODICE.

collar and belt are of black satin, the former showing rosette trimming. The full balloon sleeves are plain. Such skirts are of themselves so handsome that it is entirely safe to leave them untrimmed when desired. Indeed, it must be plain to the very vestige that the godet is capable of sustaining but little ornamentation, being a thing of undeniable beauty when unadorned.

So generally are women agreed as to the merits of this fashionable skirt that it is being taken up by old and young. Though it is as yet too early to state that children cry for it, unless revel in it, and their mothers adopt it quite as freely. A model for an elderly woman is next shown, the skirt's pleats being rather small, and the front enlarged. Its ornamentation is a long end of the black satin belt finished at top and bottom with assertive bows. The fitted bodice has a plain waist, which laps over and fastens underneath the left side, which, together with the right, is pleated to match the skirt. The sleeves have huge double puffs. As drawn in this column, this gown was in prune-colored cashmere lined with alpaca, but a host of stuffs would serve as well. Poplin would be good and crepon better.

A pair of outdoor dresses are put into the last illustration, the left-hand one wearing a dress of beige cloth trimmed with steel passementerie and beige glace silk. The skirt is box-pleated on either side of a plain front, and the back is arranged in three



TOO WELL GOWNED FOR THE STREET.

organ-pipe folds. The bodice fastens at the side and is entirely fitted, a band of steel galloon imitating a yoke and forming the head for two draped ends in front, which are apparently the continuation of the pleats in the skirt. A plain belt is ornamented in front with four fancy buttons, and the very wide puffed sleeves are of beige glace silk.

There is to be more material than ever in the sleeves of the spring gowns, but it will be more draped and confined to the arm in graceful curves, so that it will not seem greater. The inflated outline filled in with crinoline and haircloth is attacked by all manner of dainty devices for draping. Luxurious collars are made entirely of ostrich feathers set both ways. The shorter ones stand upright about the neck, the tips curling softly from the face; the longer ones set down, the tips swirling prettily about the shoulders. The line of joining is hidden by a roll of silk ribbon, which forms a bow and ends at the chin. Nothing could be more regal. More feathers can be applied in that way than on a fan or picture hat.

The tailor-made Easter woman will wear a swirling skirt of broadcloth that has no placket hole. The entire back lets down in a panel, fastening at either edge with a row of from four to seven buttons. In front, at either edge, corresponding fastenings button over pockets. These fastenings are useful in the back, but in front they are essential, for it is unlikely that any woman could keep her pockets out of so alluring a pair of pockets unless they were buttoned up, and thus much heralded coming woman should not arrive with her hands in her pockets. That would be dreadful!

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# ON A DAKOTA FARM.

In That Country Cold and Wind Are Regarded as Blessings.

Then the long, cold winters; thanks for these, writes Budd Reever in the St. Paul Globe. Six months in the year the Creator of the universe stands guard over the homes to keep the tramps away. He don't carry a shotgun or club. He puts the thermometer 40 degrees below zero, and the virtuous inhabitant of North Dakota goes to sleep guarded by nature, feeling safe and happy in divine hands. The state of the atmosphere is a complete protection against tramps. It is true, a little more wood is required as a tax to pay for the presence of a divine policeman who never sleeps on his beat. The tax is cheap enough. It is worth all it costs, and more, too. Over half the year we are free from toads, bugs, snakes, flies, and all insects, human and otherwise. Long, cold winters make this country a success as a pleasure resort. Some people object to the excessive amount of wind in circulation here. That is because they have not analyzed and looked into the future value of wind.

The horse, the ox, electricity, steam and water are all harnessed and made to serve man as servants, but wind is going to be the king of powers. It is coming forward as a voluntary and universal servant. All that is lacking is machinery for it to work on. It is going to be almost inexpensive. Windmills are put up now for \$125 that grind fifteen bushels of feed per hour, pump all the water that can be used on a farm, run a wood saw, do the churning, run a washing-machine and clothes-wringer and turn an ice-cream freezer. It will not be long before every farmer will have a machine in his house to generate electricity attached to his windmill. He will cook and light his house by electricity generated by his friend, the wind. Instead of getting up cold mornings to build a fire the North Dakota farmer will press a button at the head of his bed and turn on the electricity generated by the wind while he has been soundly sleeping and dreaming of future greatness through the night. It will not be long till firewood and sulphur matches will be a thing of the past on the Western farm. There is not a fairyland ever dreamed of that will compare with North Dakota when our machinery is in place—the more the blizzard rages and howls, the fiercer the wind, the faster the mill will run and the warmer and lighter it will be inside—the North Dakota farmer will just sit and smile between the contending elements—the outside and the inside. He will stand on the inside and smile, radiant with comfort, to see the roaring elements harnessed up working for him and making him happy. He will light his barn and warm his hen-roost by electricity. The kerosene lantern must go with other things belonging to the dark ages.

### How to Have Good Books.

All of us want our literature to be clean, helpful and elevating, writes Edward W. Bok in the Ladies' Home Journal. But all of us evidently do not, just the same. If we did, we would have what we wanted and nothing else. Many books are printed simply because there are nasty people who want them. Suggestive papers are issued, and successfully so, because there are people who read them. Those of us who are fond of good books are indignant because such books as "Esther Waters," "The Heavenly Twins," "The Green Carnation," "The Yellow Aster" are successful. But why are they successful? Because we buy them, and when I say "we" I mean "we," I do not mean the other man or the other woman upon whose shoulders we are always ready to transfer the blame. I have very quietly made a study of the sources from which a great deal of this cry of bad or ephemeral literature comes, and I find that it comes, in quite respectable proportions, from the very people who buy these books and help them to success. Now, one thing is absolutely true: just so long as we continue buying these books, just so long will we have them. When we stop buying, depend upon it the publishers will stop writing them and the publishers will stop issuing them. But if we buy "Heavenly Twins" why, there will be more "Heavenly Twins," and a year hence we will have "Infernal Triplets." This whole question is simply one of demand and supply; so long as the demand continues so will the supply.

### Palace Trolley Cars.

In Boston something entirely new has been introduced on the street railroads in the shape of palace trolley cars. This marks the height of luxury and convenience in street car construction. These cars, however, do not make and regular trips, and must be especially chartered for the occasion. They were designated for the use of theater parties or large parties going to other places of entertainment. The cars are twenty feet long by seven feet wide, and the motors are twenty-five horse power each. The interior is fitted up very luxuriously, the wood work polished mahogany, and the upholstery of peacock blue brocaded plush. Each car contains twenty comfortable chairs of elegant design, with wire hat holders beneath them. The rest of the interior, such as the brass finishing, the frescoing, and the electrical apparatus is all in keeping with the elegance of the other furnishings.

No man has a right to complain of being sick if he feels no worse than he does when his undershirt sleeves are pulled up.

As a rule the men who mysteriously disappear, and who are believed by their relatives to have been made away with, get married.