MOST FAMOUS HEADS OF CHRIST.

MUNKACSY'S "CHRIST BEFORE PILATE." HOFFMANN'S "CHRIST AT THE DOOR." TITIAN'S "THE TRIBUTE MONEY."
GUIDO RENI'S "ECCE HOMO." RAPHAEL'S "CARRYING OF THE CROSS."

AMONG the many beautiful conceptions of the divine face of Christ that artists have endeavored to portray on canvas are five that are so surprisingly beautiful and so wonderfully in harmony with the ideal of the God-man that suggests itself to most people that they have been universally declared to be masterpieces of sacred art. These five famous "Heads of Christ" are here reproduced.

The picture of the Savior of mankind, shown with the face in profile, straight hair falling down to the shoulders, and a look of intense earnestness in His eyes, is taken from the world-famous painting of "Christ Before Pilate," by Munkacsy. This painting has been exhibited all over the world, and copies of it hang on the walls of countless homes. It represents Christ at one of the most trying periods of His troubled life, when brought into the presence of Pontius Pilate for declaring himself to be the Son of God.

The picture differs from almost all other famous pictures of Christ in that it depicts Him with features that are stern and set and with little trace of the compassionate sweetness that so many artists have given to the face of Christ. With the rabble howling around Him, Christ faces Pilate, and were it not for the position of the two, Pilate on his throne, Christ standing before him, it would seem that the relations were reversed, and that Pilate was the accused, Christ the accuser.

The masterly hand of the artist has thrown into the upturned face of Christ a latent suggestiveness of supernatural power that lifts it up from those surrounding it, and marks clearly the distinction between the divine and the human in the throng.

For a picture of the beautiful, the divine, the compassionate, for all that Christians love to look for in the face of Christ, the masterpiece of the modern artist, Hoffmann, is the one to turn to. The head of Christ is taken from Hoffmann's "Christ at the Door," the familiar picture representing Christ with a shepherd's crook in hand, knocking at the portals of a home. The tender sweetness of the face, which is turned full toward the spectator, is wonderfully shown. It is a face in which gentleness is emphasized by the settled melancholy of a "man of sorrows and acquainted with grief." It is pleading, pathetic, but not weak. The artist has ennobled the features of Christ so that the womanly attributes of gentleness and sympathy are made majestic by the strong, manly attributes that save the face from any suggestion of effeminacy. The attitude is dignified and expectant, the face calmly, seriously, solemnly impressive.

Raphael has given us the beautiful head of Christ shown with the crown of thorns on the brow. It is taken from the picture entitled "Carrying of the Cross." It is one of the most pathetic of the entire gallery, and the face is one of the most interesting studies of all pictures of Christ.

In the original Raphael depicts Christ bending beneath the weight of the heavy wooden cross. The suffering eyes look patiently out from the shadow of the plaited crown of thorns, whose sharp points pierce the forehead. The genius of the artist was never more strikingly shown than in the expression of this face of Christ. Even with the suffering and pain depicted on the countenance there is plainly seen the sympathy of the divine nature that prompted the utterance, "Forgive them, Father, for they know not what they do."

There is no resentment, no trace of indignation. The artist has made the face one of heavenly beauty and tenderness, even in the dreadful hour of the cross.

Among the best known of the biblical paintings is Guido Reni's "Ecce Homo," showing Christ in the agonies of His last hours, with the crown of thorns on His head, and dying eyes turned heavenward. It is one of the most pathetic of all the "Heads of Christ," and is a great favorite with church people. It is doubtful whether any artist has given us a more beautiful conception of Christ than has Guido Reni in his "Ecce Homo."

A picture that is unique among the conceptions of Christ is that of Titian, called "The Tribute Money." Christ is here shown with a calmly judicial face, with a tinge of the sadness that all artists impart to the Savior's features It is the face of one who reasons convincingly, but without a shade of triumph over the successful turning of the tables on one who has laid a trap. It is a strong face, godlike in the wisdom that it reveals, and conveying with great skill the expression of solemn, pitying rebuke that befits the subject.—Chicago Record-Herald.

EDITORIALS

OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

A Universal Language.

A COMMITTEE which was appointed by a congress of scholars at Paris some time ago to consider the question of an auxiliary international language has made a report and begun an active propaganda. The members have decided to work upon the principle that all civilized nations should agree upon one particular language to use in written and oral communications between persons of different mother tongues.

The project of a universal language is no new thing. It has haunted the minds of scholars for centuries. Once Latin was practically such a language. For diplomatic uses, French long served the purpose. But Latin is now out of the question, and neither French nor any other modern tongue could be agreed upon. International jealousies and antipathies would make that impossible. There are few attachments stronger than the attachment to one's native tongue; few feuds so lasting as language feuds.

The alternative, of course, is the creation of a new language. But it is hard to see what the promoters of the new movement can do that was not done by the originators of "Volapuk" a score of years ago. There were optimists who thought that the dream of a universal language was realized in "Volapuk." It was beautifully constructed. Nothing could be more simple or regular. It drew its vocabulary from both the Teuton and Romance languages. There were Volapuk grammars, lexicons, text-books, and the movement seemed likely to carry everything before it. And then, all at once, it halted. Who has heard of Volapuk for a dozen years?

The new experiments, like the old, are sure to furnish fresh proof of the great fact that languages are not to be made offhand. They are the product of growth, and of slow growth, and the process can rarely be even assisted, much less supplanted.—Boston Journal.

Changes in English Pronunciation.

IN a recent number of the Nineteenth Century it is shown by Mr. C. L. Eastlake that important changes are taking place in the pronunciation of English by the English, and not always for the better. The clipping of the final "g" was formerly regarded in England, as in Maryland, as an inexplable sin, but it now has become the mode, it is stated, to say "mornin'," "puddin'," "huntin'" and the like. In London father, we are told, has become "fathah," mother "mothah," and a good fellow is debased into a "fellah." A London paper disputes this, but has to confess that "awf'ly jolly" is of universal application, like our "all right." Various pronunciations once in vogue among "the best circles" are now barbarous.

For example, it was not over 100 years ago, according to Mr. Eastlake, when an educated Englishman of the best society could say "dook" for duke, and "Toosday" for Tuesday, Captain MacMurdo, of the Life Guards, a crack corps, called Rawdon Crawley "Old Stoopid." Earl Russell was always "obleeged," never obliged. Pope, who prided himself on his correct use of words, rhymed Rome with doom, join with line, obey with tea and mead with shade. "Axe," we are assured, was the original form of ask, and is not so ridiculous in the mouth of the uneducated as some persons think, being a survival. A dish of "tay," instead of tea, is similarly of respectable ancestry. As for Mr. Weller's use of w for v—"wittles," for example, for victuals—it, too, according to Mr. Eastlake, has a history, being traced to the French silk weavers who settled in London after the Edict of Nantes. They could not negotiate the w, and all cockneydom was affected by their misuse of the letter. In excuse for the g which Thackeray found so very ridiculous when added to French words ending in n, the writer cites the fact that French dictionaries, published not long ago, print angfang and maintenong as the phonetic equivalent of enfin and maintenant. He suggests that the g here used is a survival which such words as loin (Latin longus) makes intelligible. It is evidently dangerous to laugh at the supposed error of speech of the uneducated poor, since they often represent the good usage of an older, if not a better, day.—Baltimore Sun.

Passing of the Steam Engine.

IS the steam engine to follow the mastodon into extinction? It is still less than a century since "Puffing Billy" made that amazing journey from Stockton to Darlington, and judging by the life of things we might have assumed that the progeny of "Puffing Billy" had centuries of triumph before them. But even now the doom approaches. Electricity, whose essence still defies analysis, but which we treat with a familiarity that is in proportion to our ignorance of its nature, has come to claim the field.

The deposition of the steam engine, the supreme triumph and the truest symbol of the nineteenth century, is only the most striking of many evidences of how soon things become obsolete in these breathless days. A century ago the stage coach still rumbled leisurely over the King's highway, and "post haste" was the word that conveyed the maximum of human motion. For centuries the pace of a horse and the condition of the roads had been the measure of the means of communication on land, and the breadth of sail and the rate of the wind had been the measure of speed at sea. There was a sense of finality about these things. Our forefathers doubtless looked forward to an endless vista of winter evenings lit by a rushlight, and saw in the stage coach and the sailing boat the last word on the subject of motion. They lived in a world fixed and unchangeable. We, on the other hand, live in a world that is full of surprises. We literally do not know what a day may bring forth. The new becomes old before the bulk of the people have sampled its virtues, and one is in danger of being ever in the rearward of the fashions.

When most of us were young the ordinary bicycle was still the wonder of the countryside—the latest and last utterance of modern mechanism. What a succession of safeties and cushion tires and pneumatic tires and other miraculous inventions fills the intervening space, and now behold the bicycle itself is almost supplanted by the motor-car and the motor-bicycle. And so we move from change to change, and the whole outward appearance and equipment of life alters yearly.

The passing of the steam engine but falls in with the spirit of a time when, in a very literal sense, "change and decay in all around we see." When it is finally delivered over to the scrap heap there will be no tears of sentiment shed over it, and yet there is a certain pathos and tragedy in its fall. For, as we have said, the steam engine is a symbol as well as a practical achievement, and its disappearance will symbolize the passing of much besides itself.—London Daily News.

A Coalless Age.

WE suppose there can be little doubt that all the coal and coal oil in the earth will be exhausted in two hundreds years at the present rate of per capita consumption. Natural gas will go much sooner than that. Wood will not do for a dependency because of its ill adaptation to many purposes for which other fuel products are employed and for the further reason that the destruction of the forests would produce unendurable calamities. But all that does not necessarily mean that a coalless age, and the absence of natural gas and kerosene will be destitute of heating facilities; that there will be no heat for domestic uses, for manufacturing, and for transportation.

Nature has made no such blunder as that. Nothing in the story of this earth furnishes ground for such an indictment of its Creator. The means of developing heat would be ample if all existing fuels were swept off the globe. The winds, waves and tides produce force enough to warm a thousand worlds if their motion were so controlled as to tax its heat-developing capacity. And there is exhaustless heat in the sun. Invention is not dead. Neither abstract nor physical science is going on the retired list. What has been accomplished even in the last few decades ought to banish any doubt of the capacity of man to overcome such an obstacle to progress as the exhaustion of fuel. Why may not stored heat from the sun take the place of coal? And who, in view of what we have before us in electrical science, has reason to doubt the feasibility of employing the force of the waves and tides to do all that the coal mines are now performing.—Washington Post.

Dawn of the Farmer's Day.

THE prices of agricultural products will never again fall to a low level. Capitalists, aware of the situation, are now reaching out to buy farm lands. They know there is no safer or better investment. Land cannot burn down. There is no element of risk in holding it. This investment has taken money by the millions away from New York. It will not return in the same volume as heretofore. The era of whilom cheap grain will never return. The Eastern fellows, for many years favored by class legislation, no longer have the advantage.

In time an intense feeling between the urban and the rural population may develop. The ruralist will be held responsible for prices that will be fixed by natural causes, and not by combinations, as will probably be charged.—Washington Times.

Health and Longevity.

WE regret to record the death of the Hon. Charles Kreck, of Allentown, Pa., at the age of 89. Sixty-one years ago Mr. Kreck applied for membership in an Odd Fellows' lodge and was rejected on account of his supposed bad health. Afterward he was accepted, and he survived all the members but one. A little dose of bad health in early life is often a help to long life. Rejected men live long sometimes, as any life insurance doctor will tell you. Indeed, the life insurance companies often do good to men whom they are compelled to reject. A man so rejected often changes his habits and takes better care of himself, and perhaps becomes a good risk. Besides, his obstinacy is awakened, and he tries to live to "spite" the company, which, after all, was right.—New York Sun.

A CENTURY OF EASTER HATS.

The Whims of Dame Fashion in a Hundred Years.

The periods of a century are punctuated by its hats, and woman's headgear for the past 100 years illustrates with striking effect the varying whims of time, says the New York Mail and Express. Beginning with the first year of the last century, Dame Fashion was modest and inexpensive, for then, as now, the modes came from France, and simplicity was prevailing in Paris at that time, in striking contrast to the extravagances of the aristocratic ladies who lost not only their hats but their heads in the Revolution. Ten years later the fashionable hat resembled an elbow of stovepipe more closely than anything else, and women of the present day have at least one thing to be thankful for—that such styles no longer prevail. The bonnets of 1825 and 1830 were pleasantly picturesque, the one with its high crown, the other with deep poke brim, so becoming to a pretty face and offering such a charming background for ringlets bobbing around the ears. Flowers and ribbons galore were used on these old time hats, which ten years later were modified into a simplicity almost Quaker-like, as an 1840 illustration will evidence.

Reaching the turning point of the century, the hats suddenly became flat and shapeless—no crown, no brim, simply a piece of silk shaped to the head in hood fashion and really making a most fascinating bit of headgear, an unobtrusive frame for the pretty face below.

With the next type all are familiar, for whose mother has not worn a hat in the styles of the sixties? How old fashioned it looks now, yet with a certain quaint charm of its own, far preferable to the fashionable but hideous shapes of the next twenty years! Varied and outre were the styles of this period, the last few years offering a welcome relief. The hats of to-day are the prettiest of the century in point of materials and making. There is more art in the designing of millinery to-day than at any time during the past hundred years, more taste and skill in the manipulation of materials and more elegance and expense in their make-up.

Easter Gifts.

Each year finds the custom of exchanging gifts at Easter more widespread. Unlike Christmas presents, in which wide latitude is allowed, the Easter gift should be both dainty and seasonable. The scent sachets, so popular for Christmas cards, have reappeared in charming guise for Easter. They are decorated with all the flowers that bloom in the spring and tied with ribbons to match. There are, too, unique little sachets of satin in the shape of a lily or pansy. A novelty which will find favor is a basket of colored tissue paper resembling a big chrysanthemum. Its long leaves are meant to conceal Easter eggs or bonbons. Tiny potted ferns set in cups of crimped and painted paper are just the thing for an Easter greeting. Some of the cups represent Easter lilies. Decorated china violet holders are another pretty suggestion. Seasonable gifts which may be used for Easter will be found among the art linen, traveling cases, steamer pillows, fancy silk bags and the new washable cases for turnover collars. New and beautiful designs in decorated china are adaptable both for Easter and wedding presents.

Decorating the Church.

The superintendent of a flower committee ought to possess some knowledge of architecture as well as an artistic sense of form and color in order to use floral decorations with good effect. In the adornment of a church it is necessary to consider its general architectural style and its prevailing tone of color.

For twining around pillars natural trails of ivy or any climbing plants are preferable to made-up garlands of uniform breadth. Large vases or jugs filled with flowers and foliage are used wherever good taste may suggest.

The introduction of colored drapery adds greatly to the general picturesqueness. These hangings may be of soft silken material or of velvet brocade or plush. In some village churches in England it is customary to lay warm hued draperies over the window sills and place upon these brown earthenware pitchers filled with and half hidden in green boughs and flowers.

Palms and growing plants are invaluable, as they are certain not to fade and droop before the decoration season ends, and for corners of churches nothing could be more suitable than the oleander, with its glossy leaves and coral tinted blossoms.

Rich colored flowers lose much of their beauty when placed against dark wood panels. When a good effect is desired, the wood may be concealed by soft colored material fastened with invisible nails. Only pale gray or creamy brown or greenish tinted semi-transparent stuffs should be used. Each bud and leaf and flower will then stand out in strong relief.

The Easter Kiss.

It is the Russian usage that no lady, however lofty of birth, may refuse to kiss the humblest petitioner if the request is preceded by a proffer of an Easter egg. This is commonly compromised, however, by the payment of a small coin on the lady's part.

A human being is not, in any proper sense, a human being till he is educated.—H. Mann.

REVENGE AFTER TWO YEARS.

Then the Drummer Got Even with a Faithless Competitor.

Drummers' stories are not so plentiful as they were years ago, in the days of slow trains, inefficient telegrams, and fierce rivalries between merchants, who under the present industrial system would probably be acting together in some sort of a combination. Here is a yarn from the South, however, which has some of the old flavor about it. Two drummers, Benson and Moore, became acquainted on the road, and though they were strong competitors they came to be the best of friends. They met at a hotel in Raleigh, N. C., one night, and conversation developed the fact that they intended to work the same towns on one of the roads leading out of Raleigh the next day. Both counted on working four towns before sunset.

It was in the summer time, and neither man was anxious for a contest of wits, so when Moore proposed a community of interests Benson eagerly accepted his proposition. There were seven towns, and they each took three, agreeing to meet at the seventh after the day's work was over. When they reached the seventh town they put up together in the same room at the leading hotel. Each had done a good day's business, but in order to keep in practice they decided to fight it out over the business in this town the next morning.

They went to sleep joking each other about the fight of the next day. Benson was a very heavy sleeper, but Moore promised to wake him at an early hour. He did not keep his promise. Benson awoke at 10 o'clock, to find Moore gone and the room locked tight. By the time he was able to get out and down town Moore had sold to every merchant in the place and caught the limited for Raleigh. It took Benson more than two years to get even. At last his opportunity came. Yellow fever was raging on the Gulf coast, and a shotgun quarantine had been established in southern Alabama. Benson landed in one of the best towns and learned Moore was to arrive next day. Without hesitation Benson informed the excited authorities of the town that a man who had been exposed to fever in a Mississippi town had declared his intention to defy the quarantine. He gave an accurate description of Moore, and the officials began to watch every up train. When Moore reached the town the next morning he was nabbed by the local authorities, placed in the pest house, and kept there for three days. In the meantime Benson secured all the business in every town in the surrounding section. Before leaving he wired Moore his congratulations, with a reference to "old times."—New York Evening Post.

RETORT TO THEATER TALKER.

Showing How a Little Wit Suppressed an Intolerable Nuisance.

They had been reading a Rolfe annotated edition of the play, and there was nothing in "Julius Caesar" that they were not perfectly familiar with. Before the performance was half through there was nothing that they knew which everybody within half a dozen rows did not hear about; for among the three of them—a man and two women—there were such capacities for conversation as are met with nowhere except in a theater.

In tones that alternately hissed and brayed and rasped till spinal columns all around them ached they told one another that Anthony was much better done than Brutus; that Portia would come on in a minute in the garden scene; that Casca was supposed to be a gruff old Roman; that Caesar actually did have fits—think of it! that it was a pity (this in a whisper that shivered far down the aisle and splintered at least a score of vertebrae) Roman ladies didn't wear corsets. So on, ad nauseam.

At last the ghost and the distraught Brutus met and there was a thrilled silence in all the crowded house save in row Q, where a strident voice complained:

"I can't hear a word the ghost says. Why doesn't he speak louder?"

A man behind the querulous disturber, quite beside himself with rage, leaned forward and said, in tones as courteously sweet as the sting of a honey bee:

"Perhaps the ghost is a gentleman and does not like to annoy people."

Which, of course, was very rude, says the New York Mail and Express, though it did fill many hearts with an unholy joy.

We have noticed that in a book or magazine article entitled "The Confessions of a Wife," or "The Confessions of a Doctor," or "The Confessions of a Lawyer," that not much is confessed.

Society seems to get along pretty well, considering that it is always getting shocked.