

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

A SHATTERED FAITH LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

From the Text: "And Some Are Broken Pieces from the Ship" — Acts, Chapter XLVII, Verse 44 — Saving the Wrecked on Life's Tempestuous Sea.



NEVER off Goodwin Sands, or the Skerries, or Cape Hatteras, was a ship in worse predicament than, in the Mediterranean, was the grain ship on which two hundred and seventy-six passengers were driven on the coast of Malta, five miles from the metropolis of that island, called Citta Vecchia. After a two-weeks' tempest, when the ship was entirely disabled, and captain and crew had become completely demoralized, an old missionary took command of the vessel. He was small, crooked-backed and sore-eyed, according to tradition. It was Paul, the only unscarred man aboard. He was no more afraid of a Euroclydon tossing the Mediterranean sea, now up to the gates of heaven and now sinking it to the gates of hell, than he was afraid of a kitten playing with a string. He ordered them all down to take their rations, first asking for them a blessing. Then he assured all their lives, telling them they would be rescued, and, so far from losing their heads, they would not lose so much of their hair as you could cut off with one click of the scissors: nay, not a thread of it, whether it were gray with age or golden with youth. "There shall not a hair fall from the head of any of you."

Knowing that they can never get to the desired port, they make the sea on the fourteenth night black with overturned cargo, so that when the ship strikes it will not strike so heavily. At daybreak they saw a creek, and in their exigency resolved to make for it. And so they cut the cables, took in the two paddles they had on those old boats, and hoisted the mainsail so that they might come with such force as to be driven high up on the beach by some fortunate billow. There she goes—tumbling toward the rocks, now prow foremost, now stern foremost, now rolling over to the starboard, now over to the larboard, now a wave dashes clear over the deck, and it seems as if the old craft has gone forever. But up she comes again. Paul's arms around a mast, he cries: "All is well, God has given me all those that sail with me." Crash! went the prow, with such force that it broke off the mast. Crash! went the timbers, till the seas rushed through from side to side of the vessel. She parts amidships, and into a thousand fragments the vessel goes, and into the waves two hundred and seventy-six immortals are precipitated. Some of them had been brought up on the seashore, and had learned to swim and with their chins just above the waves and by the strokes of both arms and propulsion of both feet, they put out for the beach, and reach it. But alas for those others! They have never learned to swim, or they were wounded by the falling of the mast, or the nervous shock was too great for them. And others had been weakened by long sea-sickness.

Oh, what will become of them? "Take that piece of a rudder," says Paul to one. "Take that fragment of a spar," says Paul to another. "Take that image of Castor and Pollux." "Take that plank from the lifeboat." "Take anything, and head for the beach." What a struggle for life in the breakers! Oh, the merciless waters, how they sweep over the heads of men, women and children! Hold on there! Almost ashore; keep up your courage. Remember what Paul told you. There, the receding wave on the beach leaves in the sand a whole family. There crawls up out of the surf the centurion. There, another plank comes in, with a life clinging fast to it. There, another piece of the shattered vessel, with its freightage of an immortal soul. They must by this time all be saved. Yes; there comes in last of all, for he had been oversteering the rest, the old missionary, who wrings the water from his gray beard and cries out: "Thank God, all are here!"

I believe in both the Heidelberg and Westminster Catechisms, and I wish you all did; but you may believe in nothing they contain except the one idea, that Christ came to save sinners, and that you are one of them, and you are instantly rescued. If you can come in on the grand old ship, I would rather have you get aboard, but if you can only find a piece of wood as long as the human body, or a piece as wide as the outspread human arms, and either of them is a piece of the cross, come in on that piece. Tens of thousands of people are today kept out of the kingdom of God because they cannot believe anything.

I am talking with a man thoughtful about his soul who has lately traveled through New England and passed the night at Andover. He says to me: "I cannot believe that in this life the destiny is irrevocably fixed. I think there will be another opportunity of repentance after death." I say to him: "My brother, what has that to do with you? Don't you realize that the man who waits for another chance after death when he has a good chance before death is a stark fool? Had not you better take the plank that is thrown to you now and head for shore, rather than wait for a plank that may be invisible by the time you are dead? Do as you please, but as for myself, with pardon for all my sins offered me now, and all the joys of time and eternity offered me now, I instantly take them, rather than

run the risk of such other chance as wise men think they can peel off or twist out of a Scripture passage that has for all the Christian centuries been interpreted another way." You say: "I do not like Princeton theology, or New Haven theology, or Andover theology." I do not ask you on board either of these great men-of-war, their portholes filled with the great sieges of ecclesiastical battle. But I do ask you to take the one plank of the Gospel that you do believe in and strike out for the pearl-strung beach of heaven.

Says some other man: "I would attend to religion if I was quite sure about the doctrine of election and free agency, but that mixes me all up." Those things used to bother me, but I have no more perplexity about them; for I say to myself: "If I love Christ and live a good, honest, useful life, I am elected to be saved; and if I do not love Christ, and live a bad life, I will be damned, and all the theological seminaries of the universe cannot make it any different." I floundered along while in the sea of sin and doubt, and it was as rough as the Mediterranean on the fourteenth night, when they threw the grain overboard, but I saw there was mercy for a sinner, and that plank I took, and I have been warming myself by the bright fire on the shore ever since.

While I am talking to another man about his soul he tells me: "I do not become a Christian because I do not believe there is any hell at all." Ah! don't you? Do all the people of all beliefs and no belief at all, of good morals and bad morals go straight to a happy heaven? Do the holy and the debauched have the same destination? At midnight, in a hallway, the owner of a house and a burglar meet; they both fire, and both are wounded, but the burglar dies in five minutes and the owner of the house lives a week after; will the burglar be at the gate of heaven, waiting when the house-owner comes in? Will the debauchee and the libertine go right in among the families of heaven? I wonder if Herod is playing on the banks of the river of life with the children he massacred: I wonder if Charles Guiteau and John Wilkes Booth are up there shooting at a mark. I do not now controvert it, although I must say that for such a miserable heaven I have no admiration. But the Bible does not say: "Believe in perdition and be saved." Because all are saved, according to your theory, that ought not to keep you from loving and serving Christ. Do not refuse to come ashore because all the others, according to your theory, are going to get ashore. You may have a different theory about chemistry, about astronomy, about the atmosphere from that which others adopt, but you are not, therefore, hindered from action. Because your theory of light is different from others, do not refuse to open your eyes. Because your theory of air is different you do not refuse to breathe. Because your theory about the stellar system is different, you do not refuse to acknowledge the north star. Why should the fact that your theological theories are different hinder you from acting upon what you know? If you have not a whole ship fastened in the theological drydocks to bring you to wharfage, you have at least a plank. "Some on broken pieces of the ship."

"But I don't believe in revivals!" Then go to your room, and all alone, with your door locked, give your heart to God, and join some church where the thermometer never gets higher than fifty in the shade.

"But I do not believe in baptism!" Come in without it and settle that matter afterward. "But there are so many inconsistent Christians!" Then come in and show them by a good example how professors should act. "But I don't believe in the Old Testament!" Then come in on the New. "But I don't like the Book of Romans." Then come in on Matthew or Luke. Refusing to come to Christ, whom you admit to be the Savior of the lost, because you cannot admit other things, you are like a man out there in that Mediterranean tempest, and tossed in the Melita breakers, refusing to come ashore until he can mend the pieces of the broken ship. I hear him say: "I won't go in on any of these planks until I know in what part of the ship they belong. When I can get the windlass in the right place, and the sails set, and that keel-piece where it belongs, and that floor-timber right, and these ropes untangled, I will go ashore. I am an old sailor, and know all about ships for forty years, and as soon as I can get the vessel afloat in good shape I will come in." A man drifting by on a piece of wood overhears him and says: "You will drown before you get that ship reconstructed. Better do as I am doing. I know nothing about ships, and never saw one before I came on board this, and I cannot swim a stroke, but I am going ashore on this shivered timber." The man in the offing, while trying to mend his ship goes down. The man who trusted in the plank is saved. O my brother, let your smashed-up system of theology go to the bottom, while you come in on a splintered spar: "Some on broken pieces of the ship."

You may get all your difficulties settled as Garibaldi, the magnetic Italian, got his gains made. When the war between Austria and Sardinia broke out he was living at Caprea, a very rough and unattractive island home; but he went forth with his sword to achieve the liberation of Naples and Sicily, and gave nine million people their government, under Victor Emmanuel. Garibaldi, after being absent two years from Caprea, returned, and, when he approached it, he found that his home had, by Victor Emmanuel, as a surprise, been identified. Trimmed shrubbery had taken the place of thorny thickets, gardens the place of barrenness, and the old rock-

ery in which he once lived had given way to a pictured mansion. And I tell you if you will come and enlist under the banner of our Victor Emmanuel, and follow him through thick and thin, and fight his battles, and endure his sacrifices, you will find after awhile that he has changed your heart from a jungle of thorny scepticisms into a garden all abloom with luxuriant joy that you have never dreamt of. From a tangled Caprea of sadness into a paradise of God.

I do not know how your theological system went to pieces. It may be that your parents started you with only one plank, and you believe little or nothing. Or they may have been too rigid and severe in religious discipline, and cracked you over the head with a psalm book. It may be that some partner in business who was a member of an evangelical church played on you a trick that disgusted you with religion. It may be that you have associates who have talked against Christianity in your presence until you are "all at sea," and you dwell more on things that you do not believe than on things you do believe. You are in one respect like Lord Nelson, when a signal was lifted that he wished to disregard, and he put his sea-glass to his blind eye and said: "I really do not see the signal." Oh, my hearer, put this field-glass of the Gospel no longer to your blind eye, and say, I cannot see, but put it to your other eye, the eye of faith, and you will see Christ, and he is all you need to see.

If you can believe nothing else, you certainly believe in vicarious suffering, for you see it almost every day in some shape. The steamship Knickerbocker, of the Cromwell line, running between New Orleans and New York, was in great storms, and the captain and crew saw the schooner Mary D. Cranmer, of Philadelphia, in distress. The weather cold, the waves mountain high, the first officer of the steamship and four men put out in a lifeboat to save the crew of the schooner, and reached the vessel and towed it out of danger, the wind shifting so that the schooner was saved. But the five men of the steamship coming back, their boat capsized, yet righted again and came on, the sailors coated with ice. The boat capsized again, and three times upset and was righted, and a line thrown the poor fellows, but their hands were frozen so they could not grasp it, and a great wave rolled over them, and they went down, never to rise again till the sea gives up its dead. Appreciate that heroism and self-sacrifice of the brave fellows all who can, and can we not appreciate the Christ who put out into a more blinding cold and into a more overwhelming surge, to bring us out of infinite peril into everlasting safety? The wave of human hate rolled over him from one side and the wave of hellish fury rolled over him on the other side. Oh, the thickness of the night and the thunder of his tempest into which Christ plunged for our rescue!

You admit you are all broken up, one decade of your life gone by, two decades, three decades, four decades, a half-century, perhaps three-quarters of a century gone. The hour hand and the minute hand of your clock of life are almost parallel, and soon it will be twelve and your day ended. Clear discouraged are you? I admit it is a sad thing to give all our lives that are worth anything to sin and the devil, and then at last make God a present of a first-rate corpse. But the past you cannot recover. Get on board that old ship you never will! Have you only one more year left, one more month, one more week, one more day, one more hour—come in on that. Perhaps if you get to heaven God may let you go out on some great mission to some other world, where you can somewhat atone for your lack of service in this.

From many a deathbed I have seen the hands thrown up in deprecation something like this: "My life has been wasted. I had good mental faculties and fine social position and great opportunity, but through worldliness and neglect all has gone to waste save these few remaining hours. I now accept of Christ and shall enter heaven through his mercy; but alas, alas! that when I might have entered the haven of eternal rest with a full cargo, and been greeted by the waving hands of a multitude in whose salvation I had borne a blessed part, I must confess I now enter the harbor of heaven on broken pieces of the ship."

The Porcupine's Quills.
The current opinion that a porcupine throws its quills at an enemy is not supported by facts, says the Portland Oregonian. The spines of the porcupine are very loosely attached to the body and are very sharp as sharp as a needle. At almost the slightest touch they penetrate the nose of a dog or the clothing or flesh of a person touching the porcupine, and stick there, coming away from the animal without any pull being required. The facility in catching hold with one end and letting go with the other has sometimes caused people to think that the spines had been thrown at them. The outer end of the spine, for some distance down, is covered with small barbs. These barbs cause a spine once imbedded in a living animal to keep working farther in with every movement of the muscles.

Theory About Quinine.
It is claimed that the tree from the bark of which quinine is obtained furnishes no quinine except in malarial regions. If the tree is planted in a malarial district it will produce quinine; if it is planted in a non-malarial district it will not produce quinine. It is, therefore, inferred that quinine is a malarial poison, drawn from the soil and stored up in the bark of this tree.

WAS AN AWFUL NIGHT

EXPERIENCE OF A TRAVELER IN A CAR OF BANANAS.

Tarantulas Crawled Across His Face—He Was Bitten Once, and Twice Became Unconscious—Health Almost Shattered—A Horrible Predicament.



OCCUPYING a state-room in a Pullman car on the south-bound Missouri Pacific limited last night were two passengers who attracted the sympathetic attention of the trainmen and their fellow-passengers, says a correspondent of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. The lady had evidently not yet reached the age of two-score years, and was strikingly beautiful, while her companion, upon whom she lavished a wife's tender devotion, might have been either 30 or 60 years old, if one were to judge from his face, upon which were mingled indications of youth and extreme age that were at once perplexing and mystifying. His eyes were large, dark and lustrous, his complexion clear, though deadly pale. Sharp lines disfigured his otherwise attractive features, and there was a quick, nervous movement of head and hands that suggested palsy. Those who were permitted to hear this man's strange story ceased to wonder that his countenance was furrowed as by age, and marveled that he lived to relate his horrible experience. His name is James Payne, and he is a resident of Parkersburg, W. Va., where his family is well-to-do and highly respected. Two months ago he started for the Pacific coast, intending to investigate the business opportunities of that region, with a view of getting married and locating there. He purchased a ticket for Seattle and, being well supplied with money, anticipated an enjoyable trip and a speedy return to his sweetheart. On the train between Green River and Pocatello his pockets were picked and money, ticket and everything stolen. He was even unable to telegraph home for money, having no money, and determined to make his way through by the box-car route. On the second night of his stay in Pocatello a west-bound special pulled in, in which were several fruit cars. Congratulating himself that he might now speedily reach his destination, he climbed into one of these cars through an open end door and prepared to make himself as comfortable as possible. He had scarcely concealed himself when the door, which it appeared had been broken open by tramps, was closed and sealed, but this did not at the time occasion any serious alarm on his part. The car proved to have been loaded with bananas, to some of which he was glad to help himself, being very hungry, and arguing that it was no crime for a man in his predicament. He then composed himself to sleep. These fruit specials generally run under a sixty-mile order, as this one proved to be doing, and when the passenger awoke with a start a few hours later it was to find himself in Egyptian darkness, with the train flying along with terrific speed. He had been aroused from his sleep by something having a soft, velvety touch creeping stealthily across his face, and struck a match to see what had disturbed him. To his horror he saw several large tarantulas, which, in his excited imagination, assumed the proportions of ordinary land turtles. Startled by the light, they scurried away while his blood ran cold and his limbs were almost paralyzed as the flickering match died out and he realized the position in which he was placed.

Young Payne did not dare to strike another match, even if his trembling hands would have performed that service, but he knew that he was in the most imminent peril of his life. To leap from the door of the car meant certain death and the probability of his fate remaining forever a mystery to the loved ones at home. While these thoughts darted through his mind a cold, hairy substance dashed itself in his face, and, thinking his time had come, he fainted.

How long he lay unconscious he does not know, but when he came again to life it was broad daylight and the train still speeding like the wind. He tried the door and almost fainted when he found that it was fastened and that he was doomed to suffer hours longer the prospect of an attack at any instant from the hideous creatures whose character he knew so well. The straggling rays that penetrated the cracks of the door enabled him to see dimly the objects about him, and the cold perspiration broke out on his forehead as he recognized his visitors of the night before and saw that their number had been trebled. He looked about for a loose board and found a small one, but knew if he attacked the tarantulas they would leap at him and that he could not ward them off. His apprehension was increased when he saw that they had engaged in one of those fearful and deadly combats among themselves for which they are so well known in the south, and by which they furnish to the natives about the same class of amusement as the horse race and the bull fight.

For hours he sat there, facing those dreadful creatures, which neither advanced nor retreated. Then night came on, and again he was mercifully rendered unconscious.

When next he knew what was going on about him he was on a cot in a hospital in Portland. He had been there a month and had gone through a well-nigh fatal attack of brain fever. Mountain authorities, having dis-

covered his identity from his delirious talk, had telegraphed to his people, and the young woman he was to marry hastened to his bedside. He had not been found until the car was opened at its destination, when he was unconscious and raving like a maniac. A mark on his forehead indicated that he had in reality been bitten by a tarantula, probably when he fainted the second time. As soon as he was able to travel he started for home by easy stages, first having married the handsome and devoted woman who had joined him under such peculiar circumstances. His physician says that he will in time recover his health and strength, although he will never get over the effects of his awful encounter with the terrible tarantulas in the blackness of the banana car and will never look at a cluster of that fruit again without a shudder.

OSTRICH HUNTING.

Profitable Sport That Is Making the Birds Scarce.

An ostrich chase is very attractive sport or rather the sale of booty is so great as to attract hunters, says Paris Illustrate. The Arabs give themselves to it with a real passion. Mounted on their fine little horses they try as much as possible to fatigue the ostrich, for as it is eight feet high and has very strong legs it possesses a quickness of movement which the best horse cannot attain. It has great endurance. Over-taken by the hunter, it seeks to defend itself with its feet and wings, but more often it still strives to escape by flight, uttering a plaintive cry. In fact, the ostrich is deprived of the power of flight by reason of its great size. The muscular force with which nature has endowed it is not equal to lifting such a weight. Its peculiar organization has made it the courier of the desert, where it is able to quickly traverse the almost limitless expanse. The Arab knows very well that it is the habit of the ostrich to make great detours about its nest in a circle. He chases it then without ceasing until it is almost there, when, worn out, it succumbs, concealing its head in the sand in order not to see its enemy, or instinctively hopping to escape a danger which it cannot see any more. This chase requires eight or ten hours, but it offers large rewards. The plumes are worth a considerable sum, the skin makes good leather and the Arabs are very fond of the flesh. Besides, in spite of the fact that it reproduces its species rapidly, the ostrich is all the time becoming rarer, and it is hunted for export and domestication in other countries. It is one of Africa's greatest resources and may become a new source of prosperity to Algerians if they are willing to make the effort. The truth of the popular saying, "the stomach of an ostrich," has been confirmed recently by an autopsy on one, doubtless for a time captive, when the following was found in its stomach: A parasol handle, two keys, two great pieces of coal, a glove, a handkerchief, a pair of eyeglasses, a ring, a comb, three large rocks, the necks of two beer bottles, the sole of a shoe, a bell and a little harmonica.

Longevity of Birds.

An eagle died at Vienna at the age of 103 years. According to Buffon the life of the crow is 108 years, and no observation authorizes us to attribute to it, with Hesiod, 1,000 years. A parrot, brought to Florence in 1633 by the Princess Provera d'Urbino, when she went there to espouse the Grand Duke Ferdinand, was then at least twenty years old, and lived nearly 100 more. A naturalist whose testimony cannot be doubted, Willoughby, had certain proof that a goose lived a century, and Buffon did not hesitate to conclude that the swan's life is longer yet; some authors give it two and even three centuries. Mallerton possessed the skeleton of a swan that had lived 307 years.

WORTH READING.

A Los Angeles (Cal.) jury recently refused to deliver its verdict until its fees were paid.

New York's appropriation for free libraries has been increased this year from \$63,000 to \$96,000.

Peppermint lozenges are being supplied throughout Scotland by chocolate drops filled with whisky.

The strongest fortress in European Russia is Cronstadt. It is the Russian naval depot of the Baltic sea.

The number of convicts in the Maryland penitentiaries has increased 20 per cent in the last three years.

One steamer—the Mongolian—carried 120,000 geese and turkeys from Canada to Liverpool just before Christmas.

They make their own bicycles in Japan now and call them jin-ten-sha, which means, literally, man-wheel-vehicle.

It is said that one of the colored kings of Borneo has just placed an order in this country for a fourteen-inch searchlight.

A plan proposed for marking Queen Victoria's longest reign on record is for every little community to establish a garden, park or playground in her honor.

The Countess—Do show me the coronet! The Earl—My dear, I'll show you the ticket for the coronet. It was hypothesized to pay for the engagement ring.—Puck.

One British writer spent \$1,000 in advertising his book, and never sold a copy. Another spent \$30 in calling attention to a little \$1 book, and sold 50,000 copies within a year.

There are said to be in Michigan white cedar shingles now doing good service on roofs in that state that have been in full exposure and wear for over seventy-five years.

THE QUEEN AS AN IDOL.

British Protection Held to Be Divine Power in Thibet.

In addition to being Queen of England and Empress of India, it appears that Her majesty is a goddess. An Englishman named Stuart Majoribanks has recently returned from a five years' sojourn in Thibet and Bengal, and he is the authority for the following remarkable story. When he was journeying in Thibet in 1893, Mr. Majoribanks says that he heard through the natives of a white goddess worshipped by a sect whose place of habitation was in the most mountainous section of that rugged country. With two guides and a native servant, Mr. Majoribanks started for the mountains that had been described to him, and, on reaching them, found that he was the first white man known to have made his way to this spot. The treatment accorded him by the members of the sect for whom he had been searching was amazing. He had been told that he was going to certain death, and that no man's hand could save him. To his surprise he was treated as a most welcome visitor. He was received with profound salaams, and with his escort was assigned quarters in a hut for the night. In response to his request for information he was courteously told that all he wished would be made clear to him in the morning. The villagers kept their word to the letter. After the morning meal the visitor was escorted to the house of the principal official of the town, who is termed the Khan. Two priests appeared by order of the Khan, and conducted Mr. Majoribanks to a building located on the crown of a high hill. Entering, the traveler found himself in a dimly lighted apartment furnished with all the evidences of a barbaric religion. But the most amazing thing of all was that, seated in a delicately carved chair was the figure of a woman, wearing a golden crown, apparently attired in European costume, and looking not unlike a specimen from Mme. Tussaud's. Closer inspection, necessarily of a very respectful nature, disclosed the fact that the figure was intended to be a representation of Queen Victoria. Careful scrutiny showed that the imitation, so far as the clothing was concerned, was very crude indeed, but the likeness of the face to the original was startling in its faithfulness. After leaving the temple, Mr. Majoribanks had another interview with the Khan, and from him learned how the Queen of England came to be the goddess of a heathen tribe. It seems that a few years ago the tribe was sorely beset by enemies, and a deputation was sent from the village to Calcutta to appeal to the English government to interfere and cause the Indian marauders to remain at home. The mission was entirely successful. When the Thibetans returned from Calcutta, one of the men had secured a photograph of Queen Victoria, and apparently out of gratitude, as good an imitation as it was possible for them to construct of the Great White Queen was fashioned, placed in the temple, and worshipped as the chief of all the tribe's gods.

WIDOWS IN WASHINGTON.

Gathering Ground Upon Which Rich Rhetoric Meet and Scheme.

Especially is it a great place for rich widows with daughters—that peculiar type of American women who, as soon as pater-familias is comfortably tucked away under the sod, fly to Europe, spend years wandering about like social Bedouins, then are seized with a romantic form of homesickness, says the Illustrated American. But they can't stand Porphopolis and Kalamazoo and West Jersey after Paris and London and Vienna, and Washington affords a convenient stop-gap. It is American in location, European in habits and, to a degree, in personnel. So they come here, buy a fine house, get in with the diplomatic corps and the thing is done. And Washington, which professes a lofty scorn for trade and ruthlessly shuts the doors of society in the face of all Washington brokers, insurance agents, real estate people, and, in short, trade in every form, except banking, welcomes with open arms the retired trades people from New York, Chicago and anywhere else on the face of the globe. It reserves the right of laughing at them, though, and after faithfully attending all their luncheons goes home to roar over every slip the ambitious host or hostess has made. This habit is undoubtedly an affront to hospitality, but it has one saving virtue—Washington makes use of rich people, but it is not afraid of them.

Her Recommendation.

"I'm really afraid I can't engage you, Miss Hyjee," said the operative manager. "Your voice is not remarkable and you will pardon me if I say that I fail to see what you rely upon to draw an audience." "My dear sir," replied she. "I have the enviable distinction of never—absolutely never—having sung before Queen Victoria." "Why didn't you say so before?" cried the carpeted manager. "You are the very songstress I have been looking for these many years."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Herald.

A Correction.

"This," said the professor of anatomy, as he exhibited a human jawbone, "is the inferior maxillary." "I beg your pardon, professor," said one of the married students, "but didn't I understand you to say the skeleton you have before us belonged to a female?" "I did." "In that case, then, there is no inferior maxillary."—Washington Times.

If a man sets out to do it, he can win any woman that wants him.