

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"THE IVORY PALACES," LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

"All the Garments Smell of Myrrh, and Aloes, and Cassia, Out of the Ivory Palaces!"—From the Book of Psalms, Chapter xl, Verse 8.

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Among the grand adornments of the city of Paris is the Church of Notre Dame, with its great towers and elaborate rose windows, and sculpturing of the last judgment, with its trumpeting angels and rising dead; its battlements of quatre-foils; its sacristy, with ribbed ceiling and statues of saints. But there was nothing in all that building which more vividly appealed to my plain republican tastes than the costly vestments which lay in oaken presses—robes that had been embroidered with gold, and been worn by popes and archbishops on great occasions. There was a robe that had been worn by Pius VII. at the crowning of the first Napoleon. There was also a vestment that had been worn at the baptism of Napoleon II. As our guide opened the oaken presses, and brought out these vestments of fabulous cost, and lifted them up, the fragrance of the pungent aromatics in which they had been preserved filled the place with a sweetness that was almost oppressive. Nothing that had been done in stone more vividly impressed me than these things that had been in cloth, and embroidery and perfume. But today I open the drawer of this text, and I look upon the kingly robes of Christ and as I lift them, flashing with eternal jewels, the whole house is filled with the aroma of these garments, which "smell of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia, out of the ivory palaces."

In my text the king steps forth. His robes rustle and blaze as he advances. His pomp and power and glory overwhelm the spectator. More brilliant is he than Queen Vashti, moving amid the Persian princes; than Marie Antoinette, on the day when Louis XVI. put upon her the necklace of 800 diamonds; than Anne Boleyn, the day when Henry VIII. welcomed her to his palace—all beauty and all pomp forgotten while we stand in the presence of this imperial glory, king of Zion, king of earth, king of heaven, king forever! His garments not worn out, not dust-bedraggled; but radiant and jeweled and redolent. It seems as if they must have been pressed a hundred years amid the flowers of heaven. The wardrobes from which they have been taken must have been sweet with clusters of camphire, and frankincense, and all manner of precious wood. Do you not inhale the odors? Ay, ay, "They smell of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia, out of the ivory palaces."

Your first curiosity is to know why the robes of Christ are odorous with myrrh. This was a bright-leaved Abyssinian plant. It was trifoliated. The Greeks, Egyptians, Romans and Jews bought and sold it at a high price. The first present that was ever given to Christ was a sprig of myrrh thrown on his infantile bed in Bethlehem, and the last gift that Christ ever had was myrrh pressed into the cup of his crucifixion. The natives would take a stone and bruise the tree, and then it would exude a gum that would saturate all the ground beneath. This gum was used for purposes of merchandise. One piece of it, no larger than a chestnut, would whelm a whole room with odors. It was put in closets, in chests, in drawers, in rooms and its perfume adhered almost interminably to anything that was anywhere near it. So when in my text I read that Christ's garments smell of myrrh, I immediately conclude the exquisite sweetness of Jesus.

I know that to many he is only like any historical person; another John Howard; another philanthropic Oberlin; another Confucius; a grand subject for a painting, a heroic theme for a poem; a beautiful form for a statue; but to those who have heard his voice, and felt his pardon, and received his benediction, he is music and light, and warmth, and thrill, and eternal fragrance—sweet as a friend sticking to you when all else betrays; lifting you up while others try to push you down; not so much like morning-glories, that bloom only when the sun is coming up, nor like "four-o'clocks," that bloom only when the sun is going down, but like myrrh, perpetually aromatic—the same morning, noon and night; yesterday, today, forever. It seems as if we cannot wear him out. We put on him all our burdens, and afflict him with all our griefs, and set him foremost in all our battles; and yet he is ready to lift, and to sympathize and to help. We have so imposed upon him that one would think in eternal affront he would quit our soul, and yet today he addresses us with the same tenderness, dawns upon us with the same smile, pities us with the same compassion.

There is no name like his for us. It is more imperial than Caesar's, more musical than Beethoven's, more conquering than Charlemagne's, more eloquent than Cicero's. It throbs with all life. It weeps with all pathos. It groans with all pain. It stoops with all condescension. It breathes with all perfume. Who like Jesus to set a broken bone, to pity a homeless orphan, to nurse a sick man, to take a prodigal back without any scolding, to illumine a cemetery all ploughed with graves, to make a queen unto God out of the lost woman, to catch the tears of human sorrow in a lachrymatory that shall never be broken? Who has such an eye to see our need, such a lip to kiss away our sorrow, such a hand to snatch us out of the fire, such a foot to trample our enemies, such a heart to embrace all

our necessities? I struggle for some metaphor with which to express him; he is not like the bursting forth of a full orchestra; that is too loud. He is not like the sea when lashed to rage by the tempest; that is too boisterous. He is not like the mountain, its brow wreathed with the lightning; that is too solitary. Give us a softer type, a gentler comparison. We have seemed to see him with our eyes, and to hear him with our ears, and to touch him with our hands. Oh, that today he might appear to some other one of our five senses! Ay, the nostril shall discover his presence. He comes upon us like spice gales from heaven. Yea, his garments smell of lasting and all-pervasive myrrh.

Would that you all knew his sweetness; how soon you would turn from all other attractions! If the philosopher leaped out of his bath in a frenzy of joy, and clasped his hands and rushed through the streets, because he had found the solution of a mathematical problem, how will you feel leaping from the fountain of a savior's mercy and pardon, washed clean and made white as snow, when the question has been solved: "How can my soul be saved?" Naked, frost-bitten, storm-washed soul, let Jesus this hour throw around thee the "garments that smell of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia out of ivory palaces."

Your second curiosity is to know why the robes of Jesus are odorous with aloes. There is some difference of opinion about where these aloes grow, what is the color of the flower, what is the particular appearance of the herb. Suffice it for you and me to know that aloes mean bitterness the world over, and when Christ comes with garments bearing that particular odor, they suggest to me the bitterness of a Savior's sufferings. Were there ever such nights as Jesus lived through—nights on the mountains, nights on the sea, nights in the desert? Who ever had such a hard reception as Jesus had? A hostile first, an unjust trial in oyer and terminer another, a foul-mouthed, yelling mob the last. Was there a space on his back as wide as your two fingers where he was not whipped? Was there a space on his brow an inch square where he was not cut of the briars? When the spike struck at the beauty, did it not go clear through to the hollow of the foot? Oh, long deep, bitter pilgrimage! Aloes! aloes!

According to my text, he comes "out of the ivory palaces." You know, or, if you do not know, I will tell you now, that some of the palaces of olden time were adorned with ivory. Ahab and Solomon had their homes furnished with it. The tusks of African and Asiatic elephants were twisted into all manners of shapes, and there were stairs of ivory, and chairs of ivory, and tables of ivory, and floors of ivory, and pillars of ivory, and windows of ivory, and fountains that dropped into basins of ivory, and rooms that had ceilings of ivory. Oh, white and overmastering beauty! Green tree branches sweeping the white curbs. Tapestry trailing the snowy floors. Brackets of light flashing on the lustrous surroundings. Silvery music rippling on the beach of the arches. The mere thought of it almost stuns my brain, and you say: "Oh, if I could only have walked over such floors! If I could have thrown myself into such a chair! If I could have heard the drip and dash of those fountains!" You shall have something better than that if you only let Christ introduce you. From that place he came, and to that place he proposes to transport you, for his "garments smell of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia, out of the ivory palaces." What a place heaven must be! The Tulleries of the French, the Windsor Castle of the English, the Spanish Alhambra, the Russian Kremlin, are mere dungeons compared with it! Not so many castles on either side the Rhine as on both sides of the river of God—the ivory palaces! One for the angels, insufferably bright, winged, fire-eyed, tempest-charioted; one for the martyrs, with blood-red robes from under the altar; one for the King, the steps of his palace the crown of the church militant; one for the singers, who lead the one hundred and forty and forty thousand; one for you, ransomed from sin; one for me, plucked from the burning. Oh, the ivory palaces!

Today it seems to me as if the windows of those palaces were illumined for some great victory, and I look and see, climbing the stairs of ivory, and walking on floors of ivory, and looking from the windows of ivory, some whom we knew and loved on earth. Yes, I know them. There are father and mother, not eighty-two years and seventy-nine years, as when they left us, but blithe and young as when on their marriage day. And there are brothers and sisters, merrier than when we used to romp across the meadows together. The cough gone. The cancer cured. The erysipelas healed. The heartbreak over. Oh, how fair they are in the ivory palaces! And your dear little children that went out from you—Christ did not let one of them drop as he lifted them. He did not wrench one of them from you. No. They went as from one they loved well to one whom they loved better. If I should take your little child and press its soft face against my rough cheek, I might keep it a little while; but when you, the mother, came along it would struggle to go with you. And so you stood holding your dying child when Jesus passed by in the room, and the little one sprang out to greet him. That is all. Your Christian dead did not go down into the dust, and the gravel, and the mud. Though it rained all that funeral day, and the water came up to the wheel's hub as you drove out to the cemetery, it made no difference to them, for they stepped from the home here to the home there, right into the

ivory palaces. All is well with them. All is well.

It is not a dead weight that you lift when you carry a Christian out. Jesus makes the bed up soft with velvet promises, and he says, "Put her down here very gently. Put (his) head here very ache again on this pillow of hallelujahs. Send up word that the procession is coming. Ring the bells! Ring! Open your gates, ye ivory palaces!" And so your loved ones are there. They are just as certainly there, having died in Christ, as that you are here. There is only one thing more they want. Indeed, there is one thing in heaven they have not got. They want it. What is it? Your company. But, oh, my brother, unless you change your tack you cannot reach that harbor. You might as well take the Southern Pacific railroad, expecting in that direction to reach Toronto, as to go on in the way some of you are going, and yet expect to reach the ivory palaces. Your loved ones are looking out of the windows of heaven now, and yet you seem to turn your back upon them. You do not seem to know the sound of their voices as well as you used to, or to be moved by the sight of their dear faces. Call louder, ye departed ones! Call louder from the ivory palaces!"

When I think of that place, and think of my entering it, I feel awkward; I feel as sometimes when I have been exposed to the weather, and my shoes have been bemired, and my coat is soiled, and my hair is disheveled, and I stop in front of some fine residence where I have an errand. I feel not fit to go in as I am, and sit among the guests. So some of us feel about heaven. We need to be washed; we need to be rehabilitated before we go into the ivory palaces. Eternal God, let the surges of thy pardoning mercy roll over us! I want not only to wash my hands and my feet, but, like some skilled diver, standing on the pier-head, who leaps into a wave and comes up at a far distant point from where he went in, so I want to go down, and so I want to come up. O Jesus, wash me in the waves of thy salvation!

And here I ask you to solve a mystery that has been oppressing me for thirty years. I have been asking it of doctors of divinity who have been studying theology for half a century, and they have given me no satisfactory answer. I have turned over all the books in my library, but got no solution to the question, and today I come and ask you for an explanation. By what logic was Christ induced to exchange the ivory palaces of heaven for the crucifixion agonies of earth? I shall take the first thousand million years in heaven to study out that problem; meanwhile, and now, taking it as the tenderest, mightiest of all facts that Christ did come; that he came with spikes in his feet; came with thorns in his brow; came with spears in his heart, to save you and to save me. "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Oh, Christ, whom all our souls with thy compassion! Mow them down like summer grain with the harvesting sickle of thy grace! Ride through today the conqueror, thy garments smelling "of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia, out of the ivory palaces!"

ORIGIN OF EXPRESSIONS.

Many of the phrases one uses or hears every day have been handed down to us from generation to generation for hundreds of years, and in many cases they can be traced to a quaint and curious origin. "Done to a turn" suggests the story of St. Lawrence, who suffered martyrdom by being roasted on a gridiron. During his torture he calmly requested the attendants to turn him over, as he was thoroughly roasted on one side.

In one of the battles between the Russians and the Tartars, 400 years ago, a private soldier of the former cried out: "Captain, I've caught a Tartar." "Bring him along, then," answered the officer. "I can't, for he won't let me," was the response. Upon investigation it was apparent that the captive had the captor by the arm and would not release him.

The familiar expression, "Robbing Peter to pay Paul," is connected with the history of Westminster abbey. In the early middle ages it was the custom to call the abbey St. Peter's cathedral. At one time the funds at St. Paul's cathedral being low, those in authority took sufficient from St. Peter's to settle the accounts, much to the dissatisfaction of the people, who asked, "Why rob St. Peter to pay St. Paul?" Some 200 years later the saying was again used in regard to the same collegiate churches, at the time of the death of the earl of Chatham, the city of London declaring that the famous statesman ought to lie in St. Paul's. Parliament, however, insisted that Westminster abbey was the proper place, and not to bury him there would be, for the second time, "Robbing St. Peter to pay St. Paul."

Poor Baronet.

Sir Thomas O'Connor Moore, Bart., has been ejected from the room he lived in with his family at Cork, because he could not pay the rent of 25 cents a week. He is the eleventh holder of the title, which dates back to 1801.

French Soldiers Becoming Smaller.

At the semi-annual drawing in Paris of conscripts for the French army the number of recruits was 11 per cent smaller than one year ago.

The value of human life is not very high in Connecticut. A jury in that state awarded \$10 to the relatives of a man who had been killed on a railroad.

OUR MANUFACTURES.

HOW THE OUTSIDE WORLD IS CALLING FOR THEM.

What the United States Has Accomplished by Adhering to the Protectionist Policy of Developing Domestic Industries.

Remembering the years during which disinterested free traders were urging and often reiterating their advice that the people of the United States confine themselves to the pursuit of agriculture, to food-raising and to the production of raw materials, and to leave to other and far more favored countries the business of converting these raw materials into manufactured commodities, it is interesting to note some of the important consequences resulting from the disregard of that extraordinary counsel and the consequent establishment of the policy of protection. From statistics gleaned by the treasury bureau of statistics it appears that manufacturers are now forming more than one-third of our total domestic exports. During the last month they were 33.77 per cent of the total domestic exports, during the three months ending with May they were 35.59 per cent, and during the fiscal year just ending they will form a larger percentage of our total domestic exports than in any preceding year, and exceed by many millions the total exports of manufactures in any preceding year. The fiscal year 1898 showed the largest exports of manufactures in our history, \$290,697,354, and in the eleven months of the fiscal year 1899 the increase over the corresponding months of the preceding year has been \$45,164,000, so that it is now apparent that the exports of manufactures in the fiscal year now ending will be about \$325,000,000, as against the high-water mark, \$290,697,354 in the fiscal year 1898. This would seem to indicate that we did well to run exactly counter to the views and wishes of our Cobdenite advisers.

Iron and steel continue to form the most important, or at least by far the largest item of value in the exports of manufactures. In the month of May, 1899, the exports of iron and steel, and manufactures thereof, amounted to \$8,601,114, making the total for the eleven months \$84,873,842, against \$63,235,029 in the corresponding months of last year—a gain in the eleven months of over \$21,000,000. The recent advances in prices of iron and steel causes the belief that a reduction in the exports of iron and steel would not be realized up to the present time, since the exportations of iron and steel in the month of May are 20 per cent in excess of those of May of last year, while those of April are nearly 50 per cent in excess of April, 1898.

The increase which the year's exports of manufactures will show over earlier years lends especial interest to a table prepared by the treasury bureau of statistics showing the exportation of manufactures by great classes in each year from 1889 to 1898. The following extracts from it show the exportations in 1889 and 1898 of all articles whose total value exceeded \$1,000,000 in the year 1898:

	1889.	1898.
Iron and steel, and manufactures of	\$21,156,077	\$70,406,865
Refined mineral oil	4,380,545	51,782,316
Copper, manufactures of	2,348,954	32,180,872
Leather, and manufactures of	19,747,710	21,113,940
Cotton, manufactures of	10,212,644	17,024,092
Wood, manufactures of	6,150,281	9,008,219
Chemicals, drugs and dyes	4,792,831	8,655,478
Agricultural implements	3,623,789	7,009,732
Cycles and parts of	2,029,692	6,030,229
Paraffin and paraffin wax	2,029,692	6,030,229
Paper, and manufactures of	1,191,035	5,494,564
Tobacco, and manufactures of	3,708,090	4,818,493
Fertilizers	983,569	4,353,834
Instruments for scientific purposes	1,033,388	2,770,803
Flax, hemp, jute, and manufactures of	1,644,405	2,557,465
Books, maps, engravings, etc.	1,712,079	2,434,325
India-rubber and gutta-percha, and manufactures of	831,748	1,961,501
Spirits	2,218,101	1,850,353
Marble and stone, and manufactures of	510,954	1,792,582
Cars for railways	1,426,237	1,735,381
Clocks and watches	1,353,319	1,727,469
Carriages and horse cars	1,664,231	1,635,828
Gunpowder and other explosives	806,637	1,206,496
Soap	829,368	1,186,663
Musical instruments	998,072	1,183,897
Starch	272,639	1,171,549
Zinc, manufactures of	25,954	1,139,939
Ceramics, vegetable (omit cotton and linseed)	244,415	1,067,305
Glass and glassware	804,300	1,011,094
Wool, manufactures of	843,949	1,009,652
Paints and painters' colors	507,749	1,070,518
Sugar, refined and confectionery	1,231,921	1,032,376
Stationery, except of paper	474,829	1,006,016

Attracted by Prosperity.

The figures of the bureau of immigration lately tabulated show a large increase in the number of immigrants to

this country. The total number of immigrants during the last six months of 1898 was greater by about 26,000 than the number of immigrants entering the country during the corresponding period of 1897. This may or may not be a benefit to the country. If it is an evil, there is a way to remedy it. There can be no difference of opinion, however, as to the significance of the increase. It shows conclusively that the people of foreign lands have become aware of the return of prosperity to the United States.

When the matter of restricting immigration was being agitated a year or more ago, many of the opponents of further restriction called attention to the fact that the number of immigrants had been falling off, and they claimed that this decrease would continue in the future. It was pointed out at that time, however, by protectionists, that the decrease in the volume of immigration in 1896 and 1897 had no bearing upon the immigration question as a whole, inasmuch as it was due wholly to the business depression which had come upon the country as the result of our experiment with partial free trade. It was stated that when protection was in full swing again immigrants would flock to the country in as large numbers as ever to participate in the prosperity which would surely follow the re-enactment of a protective tariff law. The facts, as stated by the bureau of immigration, prove that this contention was correct. Prosperity attracts people as well as capital into the country. The immigration problem is of a very different character with a protective tariff in force from what it is under free trade.

The Scepter of Commerce.

England to-day has the greatest fleet on the ocean, but her position as a carrier is entirely due to the fact that she at one time possessed enormous resources of coal and iron. With the disappearance of these her leadership must depart. Cheap coal and cheap steel will transfer the scepter of commerce to the United States and will deprive Great Britain of the ability to successfully compete in manufacturing. It is vain for the British to delude themselves with the belief that they possess superior qualities which will enable them to maintain their position in the race. There was a time when such a claim might have been made, but recent experience has demonstrated that Englishmen are not better fitted to be the manufacturers of the world than some other peoples. Among these must be numbered the Americans, who, with an equally developed mechanical ingenuity, plus the possession of enormous stores of cheap fuel and iron, must win in the struggle for commercial primacy.—(San Francisco (Cal.) Chronicle.)

To Some Extent Responsible.

It is useless to deny that the policy of protection to American labor and industry is more or less responsible for the existing deadlock on the wage question between the tin plate manufacturers and their employes. Had there been no protective tariff on tin plate there would certainly be no labor trouble in that industry at the present time, and for the best of all reasons: There would now be no tin plate industries in this country, and the question of wages could not possibly have come up. It will be remembered that prior to the enactment of the McKinley law there were no tin plate mills and hence no labor troubles.

Cobden Idols in Danger.

The London Daily Mail, which claims to have the largest circulation of any English newspaper, warmly advocates the imposition of sugar duties for the benefit of the British West Indies, and other English newspapers urge the granting of a preferential tariff to the colonies. The interesting part of this is that notwithstanding that the adoption of either plan would be a wide departure from the policy of free trade no such opposition as might have been expected has been aroused. England's Cobden idols are in great danger of partial, if not total, demolition.

It Was Appreciated.

The wave of prosperity that struck this country with the induction into office of President McKinley, and which has grown to mammoth proportions since, has not only had a beneficial influence upon our workingsmen, but upon our working women as well. The latest instance where the latter have been benefited is an increase of 10 per cent in the wages of 300 women in the employ of the United States Wrapper Company of Terre Haute, Ind., last Tuesday. The raise was a surprise, but nevertheless appreciated.—(Clayton (Mo.) Watchman.)

PRACTICAL TEMPERANCE.

Plan to Promote the Larger Use of Honest American Wines.

From a correspondent in North Carolina, who has spent twenty years in the business of native wine production, the American Economist has received some suggestions as to the best way to promote the use and consumption of the pure and wholesome wines of this country. These suggestions have the merit of originality and are well worthy of serious consideration. The writer says:

"We shall not have any real progress in the growth of the American wine business until there is some modification of the legislation which places 'all spirituous, vinous, malt and fermented liquors' under one head and thus necessitates the sale of wines only in licensed places. The home is the place for wine consumption, and even if the saloon offered wines at reasonable prices (which it never does) our women will never become patrons of the saloon to the extent of sending there regularly for the bottle of wine for dinner."

This practical wine maker would remove the present tax of 10 cents per gallon on light wines, and in place of the present retail license would have a special tax or license applying only to the products of bona fide wine producers duly registered. The correspondent adds:

"Let severe penalties be prescribed for imitation wines or wines containing antisepsics, and let this class of goods be still sold at the saloon, under the license which allows the sale of other rectified spirits. Then the distinction will soon be drawn, and public sentiment will be educated to the fact that a merchant can carry wines in his stock of family supplies without prejudice from that sincere but mistaken class who dub themselves temperance workers, but are as intemperate in speech and work as the veriest tippler."

"Place wines in the class of agricultural products, subject to a revenue tax if need be—a special tax on its sale, and not a tax per bottle, which simply strikes a blow at the best possible method of marketing wines, and induces dishonesty. With such a distinction made, the demand for pure wines would soon increase, our people would become wine drinkers (not tipplers), our barren hills would be productive of grapes, and the temperance question would be partially solved. With the immense whisky and beer interests fighting it at every step, and merely borrowing respectability from it, the domestic wine interest, unless unyoked from such fellowship, has little show for development."

In the enlarged consumption of pure, honest, wholesome native wines, in place of the vast quantities of malt and distilled liquors which now find their way down the throats of the American people—to say nothing of the large amounts of wines sold here under foreign labels—lies the hope, almost the only hope, of diminishing the curse of alcoholism. No nation whose chief beverage has been the pure wine of its own production has ever been a prey to the evils of drunkenness. The American Economist is a firm believer in American wines. It earnestly longs for the day when, through intelligent legislation and a gradual modification of unreasonable prejudices, American wines, like other products of American skill and enterprise, will take their proper rating: "Equal to the best."

The Boy Cries "Cut Behind!"

The frankness of Mr. Havemeyer on the subject of the tariff is like the frankness of the boy who cries "Cut behind!" when he has failed to get a hold at the tail of a wagon. The tariff law is an evil in Mr. Havemeyer's eyes only when it frustrates his plans for a complete monopoly of refined sugar. The tariff is a thing to be denounced only when it ceases to give him a free ride over the necks of consumers. How comes it that the head of the sugar trust never complained of the tariff as the "mother of all trusts" as long as his own trust was growing apace? Mr. Havemeyer's outburst before the industrial commission at Washington is chiefly remarkable because of its cynical disregard for moral principles of any kind.—(Chicago Tribune.)

Where Capital Combines.

The evolution of the trust is possible anywhere that capital can combine and control the market.—(Buffalo Courier (Free Trade).)

That is precisely what has happened in Great Britain, a country of absolute free trade, where capital has absolutely combined and is in control of the market to an extent unknown in protected America. Alike in number and in the amount of combined capital, trusts in Great Britain far exceed those of the United States.

Fall to Notice It.

The advance in wages of workingsmen in various parts of the country goes merrily on, but the democratic papers are so busy howling at expansion that they fail to notice it at all.—(Cleveland (Ohio) Leader.)

Tin Mining in Cornwall.

J. H. Collins lately read a paper before the Society of Arts, England, in which he stated that tin mining had been carried on in Cornwall for about 4,000 years, if not longer. In his opinion the tin used in fixing the color of the scarlet curtains in the Hebrew tabernacle, in making the brass of Solomon's temple and the bronze weapons of Homer's heroes, came from the west country, and the Phoenicians traded for tin in the west of England long before Solomon's temple was built.



BY FAR THE FINEST FIGURE ON THE BEACH.