"THE SEVEN IN THE BIBLE."

The Brooklyn Divine Elucidates His Prophetic Numeral.

His Graphic Portrayal of the Emphasis Attached to This Number, as Revealed in the Scriptures from Genesis to the Apocalypse, is Without a Parallel.

BROOKLYN, October 21.—This morning at the Tabernacle, the Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D., gave a running commentary on the 20th Chapter of Revelation, concerning the chaining of the Old Dragon. The congregation joined in singing the familiar hymn of Paul Gerhart, beginning:

"Give to the winds thy fears,
Hope and be undismayed."

Dr. Talmage's sermon was on "Seven in the Bible," and his text, Genesis, Ch. 2, v. 22: "God Blessed the Seventh Day." The preacher said:

The mathematics of the Bible is noticeable: the geometry and the arithmetic: the square in Ezekiel: the circle spoken of in Isaiah: the curve alluded to in Job: the rule of fractions mentioned in Daniel: the rule of loss and gain in Mark where Christ asks the people to cipher out by that rule what it would "profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his soul." But there is one mathematical figure that is crowned above all others in the Bible; it is the numeral seven, which the Arabians got from India and all following ages have taken from the Arabians. It stands between the figure six and the figure eight. In the Bible, all the other numerals bow to it. Over three hundred times is it mentioned in the Scripture, either alone or compounded with other words. In Genesis the week is rounded into seven days, and I use my text because there this numeral is for the first introduced in a journey which halts not until in the close of the Book of Revelations its monument is built into the wall of heaven in crysolite which in the strata of precious stones is the seventh. In the Bible we find that Jacob had to serve seven years to get Rachel, but she was well worth it: and foretelling the years of prosperity and famine in Pharaoh's time the seven fat oxen were eaten up of the seven lean oxen; and wisdom is said to be built on seven pillars: and the ark was left with the Philistines seven years: and Naaman for the cure of his leprosy plunged in the Jordan seven times: the dead child, when Elisha breathed into its mouth, signalled its arrival back into consciousness by sneezing seven times: to the house that Ezekiel saw in vision there were seven steps: the walls of Jericho before they fell down were compassed seven days: Zachariah describes a stone with seven eyes: to cleanse a [illegible]

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...shine among the seven stars of more or less magnitude, and that all the seals of the mysterious future have been broken wide open for us by a loving Christ, and that the seven thunders having done their work have ceased reverberation, and that the numeral seven which did such tremendous work in the history of nations on earth, has been given such a high place in that Niagara of colors, the wall of heaven, "the first foundation of which is jasper; the second, sapphire; the third, a chalcedony; the fourth, an emerald; the fifth, sardonyx; the sixth, sardius; the seventh, chrysolite."

"When shall these walls, thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold;
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

A Man Who Told Too Much Truth.

Edward E. Kidder, the dramatist, is in the city. Mr. Kidder is the author of Sol Smith Russell's merry comedy of "Bewitched," now packing the Grand, and is also rehearsing his new play, "A Poor Relation," which Russell produces next week in Columbus.

The dramatist tells an amusing story of his experience in the Catskill mountains during the past summer. At an informal party in the hotel parlor one evening a specimen of the genus tough arose and said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I ain't no professional, but I'll recite a recitation that was recited by Nate Salisbury's Troubadours, called 'Der Tramp.'"

"My blood ran cold," says Mr. Kidder, "for I was the author of the recitation. Well, he simply murdered it. At it's conclusion somebody said:

"'That's a nice poem. Who wrote it?"

"My wife replied: 'Mr. Kidder.'

"There was a glance from every one.

"Well, the next evening they were singing a hymn written by my mother, Mrs. M. A. Kidder, and at its conclusion the question was asked: 'Who wrote it?'

"My wife replied: 'Mr. Kidder's mother.'

"There was a sickening silence. It was evident that our family was regarded by those present as impostors and liars. The next day while indulging in a little game of poker a young man said: 'That was a funny game of poker that the Toubadours had in Three of a Kind.' Did you ever see the play. 'Yes,' I replied, calmly, I wrote it' (which, by the way, I did). This almost capped the climax of our audacity, but it was accomplished the next day when another young man remarked: 'An actor named Sol Smith Russell came to Danbury last winter in a play called "Bewitched?" Laugh? How I did laugh. Did you ever see that play?' 'Yes,' was my rejoinder I wrote it.' This was two much and the company fled, leaving me to cogitate on the folly of speaking the truth and to long for the presence of Eli Perkins."—*Pittsburg Leader.*

Degeneration of the Human Teeth.

The law of retardation exhibits itself in the teeth of the higher races of mankind in a highly inconvenient manner. The greatly developed brain requires all the available room in the skull; there is no space left for the attachment of the muscles for a powerful jaw. Cooked food also causes a degeneracy in the development of the jaw. There is constantly no room left for either the wisdom teeth or the second upper incisors; the wisdom teeth are retarded, often cause great pain, and decay early. The second incisors appear in startling and unexpected places, and often (in America especially) do not cut the gum at all. Professor Cope says that "American dentists have observed that the third molar teeth (wisdom teeth) are in natives of the United States very liable to imperfect growth or suppression, and to a degree entirely unknow among savage or even many civilized races." The same suppression has been observed in the outer pair of superior incisors. This is owing not only to a reduction in the size of the arches of the jaw, but to successively prolonged delay in the appearance of the teeth. In the same way men, and the man like apes, have fewer teeth than the lower monkeys, and these again fewer than the insectivorous mammals to which they are most nearly allied. When this difference in dentition has been established civilized man may claim to place himself in a new species, apart from low savages as well as from high apes. —*Popular Science Monthly.*

A Memorial.

The czar, as a memorial to his late parents, has devoted 1,000,000 roubles and an estate worth 300,000 roubles a year to the foundation and maintenance of an institution for the blind at St. Petersburg, to be called the Alexander-Marien institute.

A Careless Grocer.

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A SPOON-FED HORSE.

Its Jaw Broken and Put Into a Mask, and Food Given It Like a Baby.

A pure white Arabian mare that is being fed with a spoon is one of the curiosities that excites the interest and sympathies of the horsemen of Montgomery county, says a Philadelphia dispatch. The animal belongs to John M. Wilson of Norristown, and it is suffering from a most singular fracture of the jawbone. The injury is known as a fracture of the inferior maxilla of the lower jawbone posterior to the incisor teeth. Both bones of the animal's jaw are broken completely off and the lower portion of the jaw is now being held in place by a mask of pliable copper lined with cotton.

The accident to the animal occurred last Sunday night. While tied with a halter in its stall at Mr. Wilson's stables it broke loose, and while mingling with the other horses was kicked squarely on the front of the jaw. Dr. H. O. Dengler, a veterinary surgeon residing in Norristown, was summoned, and he found that the jaw was twisted to one side and that the animal appeared to be suffering but little pain. After an examination of the fracture he reset the broken bones temporarily and applied a truss to the mare's head and then bandaged it tightly.

On Monday Dr. Dengler telegraphed to C. J. Blank of Easton and J. Reinhart Z. Keelor of Harleysville, Montgomery county, two veterinary surgeons, with whom he held a consultation. They made an exhaustive search of the archives of animal fractures, but could not find a similar case to the one they had under discussion, where both bones of the jaw had been broken at the same time. Dr. Dengler then permanently set the broken jaw, an entire day being spent in the operation. The copper mask is kept tightly pressed to the animal's head and its mouth is kept in a bucket of cold water to reduce the swelling in the jaw. The mare is kept in slings, which are securely attached to the roof of the stable, so as to guard against her lying down to go to sleep. The canvas slings will be kept about her body for about four weeks, by which time Dr. Dengler anticipates a marked improvement in the fracture,

During that time it will be impossible for the animal to take ordinary nourishment, and she will be kept on a diet of milk, eggs, oatmeal, butter. and gruel. This diet will be administered with a spoon, as the mouth is open but a little more than an inch. The animal is in a comfortable condition, and it is believed by careful nursing and skillful surgical treatment it will recover.

Stopping Runaway Horses.

A Boston correspondent of the Woonsocket *Patriot* tells how a young policeman, Charles Maynes, stops a runaway horse: "When you see a runaway coming, do not try to check him by a rush from the opposite direction or the side, for you will be immediately knocked flat by the collision, but instead prepare yourself for a short run with the horse. Measure with your eye the distance, and start for the run while he is yet some way off, perhaps ten feet in the case of fair to medium runaways. You may depend upon his keeping a straight line, for a really frightened horse is half blind and would not veer for a steam engine. He will go straight ahead until he smashes into something. So do you get close to the line on which he is rushing, and, as he passes you grab the reins near the saddle. Gather the reins firmly, and then, leaning backward as you run, give them a powerful yank. You may be able to brace yourself somewhat as you give this yank, half sliding on your feet. The strong jerk on the bit tells the horse that he again has a master, and prepares him for the final struggle. A step or two forward after the first yank, do it again. This is the finishing stroke. It never fails when given by a determined man. The horse is on its haunches. Keep a firm pull on the reins till you grasp the horse by the nostrils, and hold him so till he is pacified."

In stopping a span of horses Maynes tries to get on the side of the wilder one, as if pulled to its senses the other one can be managed. The task is easier if the horse has a curb bit. A runaway may also be stopped by the driver, in the same manner: "If you pull steadily with all your strength on a curb bit," says Maynes, "the effect on the horse's jaw is just what it is if you tie a cord tightly about your finger. The blood doesn't flow and the finger becomes numb. After a firm pull has been maintained on the horse's mouth for a while it ceases to have any effect. You cannot then force him out of a run if he is frightened. But give him his head a little till the mouth recovers from its numbness, lash him with the whip if you have a free road, and then give a sudden yank. He will come down. If the first yank isn't enough give him one more. There isn't a horse on earth which can run away with a competent driver if the harness holds." Maynes has risked his life a number of times, and has had some perilous encounters before subduing frightened animals. He has received a medal from the Humane Society and $50 from the cab company.

As Other Worlds See Us.

Throughout the long night of 354 hours, the side of the moon toward us is lighted by a magnificent reflector of the sun's rays. Always remaining in one fixed spot in the heavens, while the sun and stars go by in regular cycles of 29½ terrestrial days, the earth—as the moon may see it—passes through the phases from first quarter to full and to last quarter, shining at the lunar midnight with a light fourteen times stronger than that of our full moon. To our satellite, gravitating around us at a distrnce of 240,000 miles, the earth then appears four times as broad and thirteen times as great in area as the moon appears to us. As daylight spreads over this part of the moon, the earth dwindles away to a thin crescent and finally dsappears at the moment of new earth. Passing to its sister planets we find the earth has lost its imposing appearance. To Mercury, 37,000,000 miles from the sun, the earth is an external planet, having the light of a first magnitude star, and analogous with Jupiter as seen by us; to Venus, 68,000,000 miles from the sun, our globe exceeds the stars in brilliancy, and has a perceptible diameter, with the moon plainly visible near the disk. To Mars, 145,000,000 miles from the sun, the aspect of the earth is like that exhibited to us by the beautiful planet Venus; but to the giant Jupiter, 495,000,000 miles from the sun, our world is only a feeble star, always keeping within 12° from the sun. To Saturn the earth is separated from the sun 6°, to Uranus by 3°, and to Neptune by but 2°. "Emmersed in a luminous fascicle of solar rays," says M. J. Leotard, "our globe is entirely invisible to these latter planets of the system to which it belongs. The earth is unknown to those worlds, which are relatively near and are connected, like it, with the destinies of the sun; and the existence upon it of the intelligent race which believes itself to be alone in the universe is unsuspected. To these planets neighboring our own we do not exist. Seen from the nearest of the stars, the enormous sun that illuminates us is itself no more than a little point, no more than a minute star wandering in the infinite labyrinth of the worlds.

SENATOR CULLOM'S STORY.

Why an Illinoisan Abandoned the Practice of Law.

Senator Cullom tells a good story, says a Washington letter to the New York *Tribune* —and not being given to practice law much himself I suppose he can afford to do so—of a prosperous store-keeper in a small Illinoise town, the name of which has escaped me, who once practiced law, but who has long since abandoned it. Being met by an old acquaintance he was asked for all the particulars of his giving up the profession.

"Didn't it agree with your health?"

"Oh, yes," answered "Uncle Joe," as he was familiarly called by his friends.

"Didn't it pay?"

"First rate."

"Met with sufficient favor from the courts?"

"All I could ask."

"Then what was it compelled you to quit?"

"Well, I'll tell you—I was too honest."

A loud laugh from the bystanders aroused "Uncle Joe" into earnestness, and he repeated the strange statement, and nailed it to the show-counter with his huge fist. But his cross-questioner went on:

"When did you find this out?"

"In my very last case."

"What was that?"

"One in which I was retained to prosecute a neighbor for killing a dog."

"And he was acquitted? So you lost the case and gave up your profession discouraged?"

"No he was convicted."

"Then he was guilty?"

"No, he was innocent."

"But didn't the evidence prove his guilt?"

"Certainly it did."

"Then why do you say he was innocent?"

"Because I had killed the dog myself a few nights before for trespassing on my poultry, and I came to the conclusion that any business that would aid a man to convict a neighbor of his own crimes wasn't the business for me, so I gave it up."

A Claim to Human Gratitude.

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HERE AND THERE.

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