TALMAGE'S SERMON.

THE STRONG SWIMMER LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

From Isa., 25:11, as Follows: "He Shall Spread Forth His Hands in the Midst of Them, as He That Swimmeth Spreadeth Forth His Hands."

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In the summer season, multitudes of people wade into ponds and lakes and rivers and seas, to dive or float or swim. In a world the most of which is water, all men and women should learn to swim. Some of you have learned the side stroke, introduced by George Pewters in 1850, each stroke of time kind carrying the swimmer a distance of six feet, and some of you may use the overhand stroke, invented by Gardener, the expert, who by it won the 500-yard championship in Manchester in 1862, the swimmer by that stroke carrying his arm in the air for a more lengthened stroke, and some of you may tread the water as though you had been born to walk the sea; but most usually take what is called the breast stroke, placing the hands with the backs upward, about five inches apart under the water, the insides of the wrists touching the breast, then pushing the arms forward coincident with the stroke of the feet struck out to the greatest width possible, and you thus uncoliscously illustrate the meaning of my textl "He shall spread forth his hands in the midst of them, as he that swimmeth spreadeth forth his hands to swim."

The fisherman seeks out unfrequented nooks. You stand all day on the bank of the river in the broiling sun, and fling out your lines, and catch nothing, while an expert angler breaks through the jungle and goes by the shadow of the solitary rock, and, in a place where no fisherman has been for ten years, throws out his line and comes home at night, his face shining and his basket full. I do not know why we ministers of the gospel need always be fishing in the same stream, and preaching from the same texts that other people preach from. I cannot understand the policy of the minister who, in Blackfriars, London, England, every week for for thirty years preached from the epistle to the Hebrews. It is an exhilaration to me when I come across a theme which I feel no one else has treated; and my text is one of that kind. There are paths in God's word that are well beaten by Christian feet. When men want to quote scripture, they quote the old passages that every one has heard. When they want a chapter read, they read a chapter that all the other people have been reading, so that the church today is ignorant of three-fourths of the Bible.

You go into the Louvre at Paris. You confine yourself to one corridor of that opulent gallery of paintings. As you come out, your friend says to you: "Did you see that Rembrandt?" "No." "Did you see that Rubens?" "No." "Did you see that Titian?" "No." "Did you see that Raphael?" "No." "Well," says your friend, "then you did not see the Louvre." Now, my friends, I think we are too much apt to confine ourselves to one of the great corridors of scripture truth, and so much so that there is not one person out of a million who has ever noticed an all-suggestive and powerful picture in the words of my text.

This text represents God as a strong swimmer, striking out to push down iniquity and save the souls of men. "He shall spread forth his hands in the midst of them, as he that swimmeth spreadeth forth his hands to swim." The figure is bold and many-sided. Most of you know how to swim. Some of you learned it in the city school, where this art is taught; some of you in boyhood, in the river near your father's house; some of you since you came to manhood or womanhood while summering on the beach of the sea. It is a good thing to know how to swim, not only for yourself, but because you will, after a while, perhaps, have to help others.

I do not know anything more stirring or sublime than to see some man like Norman McKenzie leaping from the ship Madras into the sea to save Charles Turner, who had dropped from the royal yard while trying to loosen the sail, bringing him back to the deck amid the huzzas of the passengers and crew. If a man has not enthusiasm enough to cheer in such circumstances, he deserves himself to drop into the sea and have no one to help him. The Royal Humane society of England was established in 1774; its object to applaud and reward those who should pluck up life from the deep. Any one who has performed such a deed of daring has all the particulars of that bravery recorded in a public record and on his breast a medal done in blue and gold and bronze, anchor and monogram and inscription, telling to future generations the bravery of the man or woman who saved some one from drowning. But if it is such a worthy thing to save a body from the deep, I ask you if it is not a worthier thing to save an immortal soul? And you shall see, this hour, the Son of God step forth for this achievement. "He shall spread forth his hands in the midst of them, as he that swimmeth spreadeth forth his hands to swim."

In order to understand the full force of this figure, you need to realize that our race is in a sinking condition. You sometimes hear people talking of what they consider the most beautiful words in our language. One man says it is "home"; another says it is the word "mother"; another says it is the word "Jesus"; but I tell you the bitterest word in all our language, the word most angry and baleful, the word that accounts for all the loathsomeness and the pang and the outrage and the harrowing, and that word is "sin." You spell it with three letters, and yet those three letters describe the circumference and pierce the diameter of everything bad in the universe. Sin is a sibilant word. You cannot pronounce it without giving the sibilant hiss of the flame or the hiss of the serpent. Sin and them, if you add three letters to that word, it describes every one of us by nature—sinner. We have outraged the law of God, not occasionally, or now and then, but perpetually. The Bibles declares it. Hark! It thunders two claps: "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked." "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." What the Bible says, our own conscience affirms.

After Judge Morgan had sentenced Lady Jane Grey to death, his conscience troubled him so much for the deed that he became insane, and all through his insanity he kept saying: "Take her away from me! Lady Jane Grey! Take her away! Lady Jane Grey!" It was the voice of conscience. And no man ever does anything wrong, however great or small, but his conscience brings that matter before him, and at every step of his misbehavior it says, "Wrong, wrong!" Sin is a bitterness; sin is a paralysis; sin is a consumption; sin is pollution; sin is death. Give it a fair chance, and it will swamp you and me, body, mind and soul, forever. In this world it only gives a faint intimation of its virulence. You see a patient in the first stages of typhoid fever. The cheek is somewhat flushed, the hands somewhat hot, preceded by a slight chill. "Why," you say, "typhoid fever does not seem to be much of a disease." But wait until the patient has been six weeks under it, and all his energies have been wrung out, and he is too weak to lift his little finger, and his intellect gone, then you see the full havoc of the disease. Now, sin in this world is an ailment which only in its first stages; but let it get under full sway and it is an all-consuming typhoid. Oh, if we could see our unpardoned sins as God sees them, our teeth would chatter and our knees would knock together, and our respiration would be choked, and our heart would break. If your sins are unforgiven, they are bearing you down, and you are sinking, sinking away from happiness, sinking away from God, sinking away from everything that is good and blessed.

Then what do we want? A swimmer! A strong swimmer! A swift swimmer! And, blessed be God! in my text we have him announced. "He shall spread forth his hands in the midst of them, as he that swimmeth stretcheth his hands to swim." You have noticed that when a swimmer goes to rescue any one he puts off his heavy apparel. He must not have any such impediment about him if he is going to do this great deed. And when Christ stepped forth to save us he shook off the sandals of heaven, and his feet were free, and then he stepped down into the wave of our transgressions, and it came up over his wounded feet, and it came above the spear stab in his side—aye, it reached to the lacerated temple, the high-water mark of his anguish. Then, rising above the flood, "He stretched forth his hands in the midst of them, as he that swimmeth spreadeth forth his hands to swim."

* * *

I have sometimes thought what a spectacle the ocean bed will present when in the last day the water is all drawn off. It will be a line of wrecks, from beach to beach. There is where the Armada went down. There is where the line of battleships went down. There is where the merchantmen went down. There is where the steamers went down—a long line of wrecks from beach to beach. What a spectacle in the last day, when the water is drawn off! But oh, how much more solemn if we had an eye to see the spiritual wrecks and the places where they foundered! You would find thousands along our roads and streets. Christ came down into the awful catastrophe, putting out for their souls, "spreading forth his hands as a swimmer spreadeth forth his hands to swim"; but they thrust him in the sore heart, and they smote his fair cheek and the storm of darkness swallowed them up. I ask you to lay hold of this Christ and lay hold of him now. You will sink without him. From horizon to horizon not one sail in sight. Only one strong swimmer, with head flung back and arms outspread.

I hear many saying, "Well, I would like to be a Christian. I am going to work to become a Christian." My brother, you begin wrong. When a man is drowning, and a strong swimmer comes out to help him, he says to him: "Now be quiet. Put your arm on my arm or on my shoulder, but don't struggle, don't try to help yourself, and I'll take you to the shore. The more you struggle, and the more you try to help yourself, the more you impede me. Now, be quiet, and I'll take you ashore." When Christ, the strong swimmer, comes out to save a soul, the sinner says: "That's right. I am glad to see Christ, and I am going to help him in the work of my redemption. I am going to pray more, and that will help him; and I am going to weep extravagantly over my sins, and that will help him." No; it will not. Stop your doing. Christ will do all or none. You cannot lift an ounce; you cannot move an inch, in this matter of your redemption.

This is the difficulty which keeps thousands of souls out of the kingdom of heaven. It is because they cannot consent to let Jesus Christ begin and complete the work of their redemption. "Why," you say, "then is there nothing for me to do?" Only one thing have you to do, and that is to lay hold of Christ and let him achieve your salvation, and achieve it all. I do not know whether I make the matter plain or not. I simply want to show you that a man cannot save himself, but that the Almighty Son of God can do it, and will do it if you ask him. Oh, fling out your two arms—the arm of your trust and the arm of your love—around this omnipotent swimmer of the Cross.

Have you ever stood by and seen some one under process of resuscitation after long submergence? The strong swimmer has put him on the beach after a struggle in the waters. To excite breathing in the almost lifeless body, what manipulation, what friction of the cold limbs, what artificial movement of the lungs, what breath of rescuer blown into the mouth of the rescued! And when breathing begins, and after a while the slight respiration becomes the deep sigh, and the eyes open and the blue lips take on a smile, what rejoicing, what clapping of hands all up and down the beach! What congratulation for the strong swimmer and for all who helped in the restoration! What shouting of "He lives! He lives!" Like this is the gladness when a soul that has been submerged in sin and sorrow is "coming to." What desire on the part of all to help, and, when under the breath of God, and under the manipulation by the wounded hands of Christ, the life-eternal of the soul begins to show itself, all through the ranks of spectators, terrestrial and celestial, goes up the cry, "He lives! Rejoice, for the dead is alive again!" May the living Christ this moment put out for your rescue, "spreading his hands in the midst of you, as a swimmer spreadeth forth his hands to swim!"

Pink Satin.

A pretty anecdote of a revolutionary bride is related by Ellen D. Larned in a recent little volume upon the local dearth and traditions of a Connecticut county. The incident occurred soon after the first successes of the rebel privateers. A beautiful young girl, betrothed and shortly to be married, admitted one day to the house a wandering peddler, who unolid his pack and displayed his wares. She expected, doubtless, to purchase some pretty trifle to add to her wedding outfit; but times were hard, there was little money to spare, and, moreover, it was many months since all imported finery had been so prohibitive to the most patriotic young woman could venture to buy it, nor any dealer to sell it. What, then was the young woman's amazement and delight when the peddler unrolled a voluminous piece of the most beautiful pink satin—satin, too, quite innocent and inoffensive to the most ardently patriotic eye, since he explained that it was a trophy of war, the booty of one of our own privateers! She gazed upon it in fascination. What a wedding dress it would make! But the cost—she could not, she dared not, and so much money of her father. But did she. But, unrolling the exquisite fabric yet further, she draped the rosy folds flowingly about her supple young figure, and, crossing the room to where all the time her father, a stern and silent man, had sat writing at his accounts, observing nothing, she sank upon her knees at his feet. A hand was laid on his knee; he looked down, wondering, and she looked up, pleading—and then he understood. Not a word was spoken on either side; but the old man's hand went quietly into his desk, drew out a purse, opened it, and laid in his daughter's hand forty silver dollars. At the wedding that soon ensued the bride's gown and the bridesmaid's bridecoat were both of pink satin, and there was one more pretty story to hand down of a real Daughter of the Revolution.

A Reflective Bull Pup.

The following story, told by a correspondent of the Spectator (London) is doubtless true. The owner of the dog as an example of a very high order of intelligence in an animal, of a power of reasoning as distinct from any acquired instinct. He bases this upon his opinion that "the puppy went and asked the old dog to show her how;" but it seems as though nothing more than the common faculty of imitation was needed to explain the matter, which is sufficiently noteworthy without going too far afield for the reasoning process. This is the story: "I have a bull-pup, aged ten months, and another bulldog, years old, both of which live in the house and are great pets. At the time ago my wife was ill, and, though the older dog, owing to his quiet, sedate ways, was allowed to enter her room, the puppy was never admitted. The nurse could always tell which dog was at the door because the older dog gave one single and gentle scratch and then remained quiet, while the puppy scratched violently and frequently and whined. The puppy apparently could not understand why she was not admitted, and felt her exclusion sorely. One day she scratched furiously as usual, and no notice was taken. Presently she was heard going flop, flop down stairs. In a few minutes the single gentle scratch of the old dog was heard, the door was opened, and there were both dogs, and, strange to say, without time the puppy so imitated the scratch of the older dog that it was impossible to tell which was at the door."

Improvement in Luncheon Dishes.

From the Boston Transcript: Of course, it is being trite to say it, but we do eat altogether too much meat. A good many are coming to this conclusion and trying to reform, so are observing person remarks, by eating no meat at luncheon. They aren't thinking of becoming out-and-out vegetarians, but they are thinking that a luncheon menu made up of two or three kind of vegetables, wound up with a fruit salad or with a peach or pear eaten from the hand, is conducive to a physical sense of well-being that makes life seem worth the living. And have you noticed that the leading restaurateurs are doing themselves proud in catering to this sensible demand of their customers? Ten years ago, if your memory can take you back so far, you will recall the fact that the most comprehensive menu at your favorite eating place offered you tomatoes in nothing but just the most straightforward and unadorned guise, but today it's very different. They are fried and broiled and roasted, with or without stuffing, and as a general thing served with a sauce that you are accustomed to having with steaks and chops, which, of course, makes them seem so much more a "dish." What you have noticed in regard to tomatoes is as true of other vegetables, though very few lend themselves to the elaborating process as they do. And to think that now and then you run across a barbarian who declares he "had to learn to like tomatoes!"

Newspaper Wood Pulp.

In the manufacture of newspaper wood pulp, according to present methods, a cord of spruce wood is estimated to equal 516 feet of board measure, and this quantity of raw material will make half a ton of sulphite pulp or one ton of ground wood pulp. Newspaper stock is made up with 20 per cent of the sulphite pulp and 80 per cent of the ground wood pulp. So, as figured by experts, the best of spruce land, virgin growth, possesses a stand of about 7,000 feet to the acre; on twenty-two acres, therefore, of this best spruce land there will stand 154,000 feet of timber, which an average company of loggers will cut in about eight days. But this entire quantity of wood, turned in at any one of the large mills, will in a single day be converted into about 30 tons of such pulp as goes to make up newspaper stock, and this amount of pulp will make an equal weight of paper.

BOERS DEFEAT GEN WHITE.

Two British Regiments and a Battery Captured.

WERE SURROUNDED IN HILLS.

Official Dispatch Says the Expedition Suffered Heavily Before It Capitulated —Second Army Corps Ordered to Be Got in Readiness.

London, Nov. 1.—It is learned that the war office has ordered a second army corps to be in readiness to be called out.

The military officials have not yet decided whether the consummation of the plan will be necessary, but they are determined to have everything in readiness either for a demonstration in Europe of Great Britain's capabilities or for sending even a larger force to the scene of action.

Until the receipt of the news of the Ladysmith disaster, the latter course was considered out of the question. But now there is no knowing what steps will be decided upon.

London, Nov. 1.—The war office has received a dispatch from Gen. White, commanding the British forces at Ladysmith, reporting that the Royal Irish fusiliers, No. 10 mountain battery and the Gloucester regiment were surrounded in the hills by the Boers, and after losing heavily were obliged to capitulate. Gen. White adds that the casualties have not yet been ascertained.

The following is the text of Gen. White's dispatch to the war office:

"Ladysmith, Oct. 30.—I have to report a disaster to the column sent by me to take a position on a hill to guard the left flank of the troops. In these operations today the Royal Irish fusiliers, No. 10 mountain battery and the Gloucestershire regiment were surrounded in the hills and after losing heavily had to capitulate. The casualties have not yet been ascertained.

"A man of the fusiliers employed as a hospital orderly came in under a flag of truce with a letter from the survivors of the column, who asked for assistance to bury the dead. I fear there is no doubt of the truth of the report.

"I formed a plan in the carrying out of which the disaster occurred and I am alone responsible for the plan. There is no blame whatever to the troops, as the position was untenable."

While minor reverses were not wholly unexpected, nothing like the staggering blow Gen. Joubert delivered to Gen. White's forces yesterday was anticipated. The full extent of the disaster is not yet acknowledged if it is known at the war office. The loss in effective men must be appalling as a general who is practically surrounded. Two of the finest British regiments and a mule battery dedicated from the Ladysmith garrison weakens it about a fifth of its total strength and alters the whole situation very materially in favor of the Boers, who have again shown themselves stern fighters and military strategists of no mean order. The disaster cost the British from 1,500 to 2,000 men and six 7-pound screw guns, and as the Boer artillery is already stronger than imagined, the capture of these guns will be a great help to the Boers.

Further news must be awaited before it is attempted to fix the blame where it belongs. Gen. White manufully accepts all the responsibility for the disaster, which, apparently, was at least partially due to the stampeding of the mules with the guns. Forty-two officers were made prisoners, besides a newspaper correspondent, J. Hyde.

At the government offices no effort was made to conceal the feeling of dismay prevailing. One official said to a representative of the Associated Press:

"It is inexplicable, and I am sorry to say that it's moral effect is inestimable. We have lost heavily in many wars, and have had regiments almost wiped out, but to have regiments captured, and by the Boers—it is terrible."

An official of the war office said to a representative of the Associated Press: "The disaster is more likely due to the craze of our younger officers to distinguish themselves, obtain mention in the dispatches, and earn the Victoria cross than to the fault of that splendid Indian veteran, Gen. White, in spite of his avowal."

As the day wore on the crowd around the war office swelled to enormous proportions, and Gloucester, the home of many of those engaged, the wildest excitement prevailed.

The special editions of the local newspapers were speedily exhausted, and the same thing occurred at Bristol and other towns in that country. Coming so soon after the disaster at Rietzfontein, where the Gloucestershires suffered heavily, brought the keenest sorrow to households all over the county whose name the regiment bears.

London, Nov. 1.—Reports are current here that Gen. White may retire to Pietermaritzburg while the railroad is intact. There is much divergence of opinion in military circles as to the advisability of such step.

A special dispatch from Ladysmith says the Boers suffered severely during the engagement, some persons estimating their loss at 900 to 1,000 killed and wounded.

Cape Town, Nov. 1.—The South African News publishes the following dispatch:

"Ladysmith, Oct. 31.—A battle is proceeding at the foot of Umbanbane, a few miles from Ladysmith. Several shells have dropped into the town."

London, Nov. 1.—The war office has sent the following dispatch to Gen. Buller: "Three extra battalions of foot and one mountain battery, with reserves, will leave England during the course of ten days to make good the casualties."

Cape Town, Nov. 1.—It is reported from Barkly-West that the Boers are constructing forts around Kimberley for the purpose of shelling the town.

New York, Nov. 1.—A dispatch to the World from Brussels says that Dr. Leyds made an important statement as to the denials of the London newspapers of the reports that the Boers were levying recruits among the native population of South Africa. "I formally accuse Great Britain," said Dr. Leyds, "of arming the colored races of South Africa against the Boers, and I make this accusation with a due sense of its gravity and an absolute knowledge of its accuracy."

London, Nov. 1.—At a meeting of the Cathness electors last evening a resolution was unanimously adopted condemning the attitude of Gavin Brown Clark, radical member for Cathness in the house of commons, on the South African question and asking him to resign. Mr. Clark was formerly consul-general of the Transvaal in London.

New York, Nov. 1.—A dispatch to the Herald from London says: "The Globe, commenting on the situation in Bechuanaland, says: 'Already two batteries of field artillery have been sent up the Orange river to the relief of Kimberley. It is probably only a matter of days when they should arrive.'"

GENERAL WHITE'S FIRST REPORT.

Gives His Losses at 80 or 100 and Thinks the Boers Fared Worse.

London, Nov. 1.—The war office here has received a dispatch which says that Gen. White yesterday fought an engagement with Gen. Joubert's force, which was pushed back after several hours' fighting. The British lost about 100 men and the Boer losses were much greater. The Boers were in larger numbers and had better artillery.

The engagement, which, despite the rather heavy losses, must be regarded rather as an extended reconnaissance or skirmish than a battle, seems to make little change in the actual position. It is disappointing to the British public as again revealing tactical skill of an unexpectedly high order on the side of the Boers. In addition to the unexpectedly high order on the side of the Boers. In addition to the possession of a number of heavy guns, the transport of which causes wonderment here, they have available marvelous ability. Unless commanded by skillful European officers, it is hardly considered probable that Boer farmers would have assumed a feigned position, as they evidently did, in front of the right column, with the intention of retreating from it to their real line of defense and of inducing the British to attack over a fire-swept zone.

The special dispatch describing the engagement again fail to confirm Gen. White's official account that the Boers were pushed back several miles. When it is considered that the censorship is very severe, the only conclusion that can be arrived at is that the action was extremely indecisive.

The fighting began with a frontal attack on the main Boer position, which, however, was found evacuated. The enemy, having retired, now made a change of front and developed a heavy attack on Col. Grimwood's brigade.

To meet this the British artillery, which had been shelling the evacuated position, also changed front.

Grimwood's brigade was promptly re-enforced, but soon was obliged to fall back rapidly, with consequences which might have been serious had not the Fifty-third field battery pluckily covered the movement at considerable loss to itself.

It is quite certain that Gen. White failed to accomplish the object he intended, and the day's proceedings are in consonance with the difficulty of operations when the enemy holds an extended position from which he is able to make sudden and unexpected developments and changes of front.

Sir Redvers Buller can not arrive at the scene of fighting until the end of this week. In the meantime Gen. White will need all his resources to prevent the Boers around Ladysmith linking their forces.

Observe Reformation Day.

New York, Nov. 1.—Members of the Lutheran church throughout the world today held special services of prayer and thanksgiving in celebration of Reformation day. It was Oct. 31, 1517, that Martin Luther nailed his famous ninety-five propositions against the church door at Wittenberg. About 200 years ago the Lutherans decided that the day should be observed as a holiday, and since that time it has been known as Reformation day and fittingly observed. Special services in all of the Lutheran churches of New York today were held in celebration of the anniversary.

Transportation for Volunteers.

San Francisco, Nov. 1.—The Fifty-first Iowa volunteers have been notified by Gen. Otis from Manila that the state would furnish transportation from here to each man's actual home, no matter where enlisted. The state has provided three special sleeping-car trains and subsistence, to leave here tomorrow with the regiment as fast as it is mustered out. The Iowans will be guests of Council Bluffs and Des Moines as they pass through the state.

Fire in Sing Sing Prison.

New York, Nov. 1.—The new administration building at Sing Sing prison built by convict labor under Warden Sage and considered to be one of the handsomest structures of the kind in the country was half destroyed by fire before dawn today. The loss is about $50,000, uninsured.

DEFINITIONS.

Knowledge—The power that moves the world.

Mars—The red planet is well named, as no star has caused such war among scientists.

Vest—A city, like money and a man, is invested when it is surrounded by the investment.

Pants—In France they have Pantes, Toulong and Toulouse, which is probably why the army wears such bags.

Probable—Substituted for possible, by the optimist, as possible is substituted for it by the pessimist.

Matricide—As a physical crime severely punished; as a far too frequent mental crime, thought little of or realized by and save the mother.

SHORT CALLS.

Every physician is a faith curist. That is, they must have faith in their patient's intention to pay.

No, Angelica, although there are feet in a poetic measure it does not follow

HOUSE WITHIN A HOUSE.

How a Wealthy Woman Will Evade a Witch's Hoodoo.

Washington Star: A palace built literally around a superstition is Washington's newest marvel, and one may safely say that nothing so unique has ever been seen anywhere. Baronial castles, as well as edifices of other kinds, often gain resident spooks or acquire curses as incidents of their history, but it has not been the fashion hitherto to embody in the architect's plans against such troubles, and the notion of embodying a hoodoo killer in the very fabric of a mansion is wholly novel. The owner of this remarkable house, which as yet is not quite half finished, is Mrs. R. H. Townsend of Philadelphia. Before her marriage she was Mary Scott, a daughter of the late Col. "Tom" Scott, of Pennsylvania railroad fame. Her wealth runs into the millions, and the mansion aforesaid will cost her about $400,000. It will be nearly twice the size of the famous Larkin house on Dupont circle, being 125 feet in width and 123 feet in depth. Mrs. Townsend is building it, she says, for her youngest daughter, now 17 years of age, and almost ready to enter society. It will be the scene, doubtless, of some of the most gorgeous entertainments ever given at the national capital. Now, once upon a time—a very proper way to begin such a story as this—Mrs. Townsend interviewed a witch. It was a remarkably clever witch, and, in revealing the future to her lady patron, she predicted a number of events since realized with astonishing accuracy in Mrs. Townsend's life. It was a very bright and cheerful picture she drew, on the whole one may command a good deal of brightness and cheerfulness if one possesses millions of dollars—but there was one unpleasant intimation. This was that if Mrs. Townsend ever occupied a dwelling which had never been lived in before she would die within six months after moving in. This prophecy struck Mrs. Townsend as gruesome, to say the least, and up to now she has carefully avoided all risk of incurring the penalty suggested. Though anxious for some time past to move her residence to Washington and build a home here, she has been restrained from the accomplishment of this desire by the witch's ominous vaticination. She had thought of buying a house, but could find none that was large enough or adequate in other respects for her purposes. At length, however, she hit upon an ingenious method of evading the hoodoo and getting what she wanted at the same time. She decided to purchase the old Hillyer mansion on Massachusetts avenue, and to construct a palace around it. This she is doing in such a manner that while occupying the new mansion, she will actually live in the old Hillyer house, the walls of which is retained as a middle portion of the revamped structure. Her bedroom, her dressingroom and bathroom and her boudoir will be in the ancient dwelling, the original floor joists and framework, as well as the roof, being kept intact. Thus the hoodoo will be defeated, inasmuch as the construction on which the builders are now engaged comes under the head of "alterations," technically speaking, and Mrs. Townsend may consider herself safe against the fulfillment of the conditional threat recorded against her in the book of fate.

JAPANESE CRABS GAME.

Seem to Dream of Nothing But Fighting and Savagely Delight in It.

The most savage specimen of the crab species is found in Japan, seeming to dream of nothing but fighting, to delight in nothing half so much. The minute he spies another of his kind he scrapes his claws together in rage, challenging him to the combat. Not a moment is wasted in preliminaries, but at it they go, hammer and tongs. It sounds like rocks rattling against one another. The sand flies as the warriors push each other hither and thither until at last one of them stretches himself out in the sun, tired to death. But he does not beg for mercy or attempt to run away, only feebly rubbing his claws together in defiance of the foe. That foe comes closer, and with his claws trembling with joy at his victory, the conqueror catches hold of one claw of the vanquished crab, twists it until it comes off, and bears away the palpitating limb as a trophy of his prowess. Such is a battle between warrior crabs.

Enthusiasm is the badge of sincerity.

"Duly Feed Man and Steed."

Feed your nerves, also, on pure blood if you would have them strong. Men and women who are nervous are so because their nerves are starved. When they make their blood rich and pure with Hood's Sarsaparilla their nervousness disappears because the nerves are properly fed.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Never Disappoints

KRAPOTKIN IN THE SOLITARY.

Description of the Prison Room in Which He Was Confined.

From the Atlantic Monthly—My first movement was to approach the window, which was placed so high that I could hardly reach it with my lifted hand. It was a broad, low opening, cut in a wall five feet thick and protected by an iron grating and a double iron window frame, relates Prince Kropotkin. At a distance of a dozen yards from this window I saw the outer wall of the fortress, a piece of masonry of immense thickness, on the roof of which I could make out a gray sentry box. Only by looking upward could I perceive a bit of the sky, which was now faintly illuminated by the last rays of the sun. I made a minute inspection of the room, where I had now to spend no one could say how many years. From the position of the high chimney of the mint I guessed that I was in the southwest corner of the fortress, in a bastion overlooking the Neva. This room of mine was a casement destined for a big gun and the window was an embrasure. Sun rays might never penetrate it; even in summer they must be lost by the thickness of the wall. It was eleven steps from one corner to the other of the room, which held an iron bed, a little oak table and an oak stool. The floor was covered with painted felt and the walls with yellow paper. However, in order to deaden the sounds, the paper was not put on the wall itself; it was painted over canvas and behind the canvas I discovered a wire grating, behind which was a layer of felt. Only beyond the felt could I reach the stone wall. At the inner side of the room there was a washstand and a thick oak door, in which I made out a locked opening to pass the food through and a little shelf, protected by glass and a shutter from the outside. This was the "Judas" through which the prisoner could be spied upon at every moment. The sentry who stood in the passage frequently lifted the little shutter and looked inside, his boots squeaking as he crept toward the door. I tried to speak to him. Then the eye which I could see through the slit assumed an expression of terror and the shutter was immediately let down, only to be opened furtively a minute or two later. But I could get no answer—no reply from the sentry. Absolute silence reigned all around; no sounds came from anywhere. I dragged my stool to the window and looked upon the bit of sky I could see. I tried to catch any sound from the Neva or from the town on the opposite side of the river, but I could catch none.

A Curiosity of the Philippines.

"Among the queer things found in the Philippines are bamboo opals, a vegetable gem which is sometimes discovered by the natives in the stem of the bamboo," says a gentleman who has lived for a number of years in Manila. "Not one piece of bamboo in a thousand, however, contains a specimen, as the bamboo grown there, as elsewhere, is usually empty; but accident occasionally brings to light in the bamboo stem a small, flintlike material which presents the appearance of a perfect opal. These nodules are known to the natives as 'tobacur,' and I have from time to time during my long stay on the islands been several of these vegetable freaks of nature which reproduced the characteristic lines of the opal so faithfully that experts were puzzled to know the difference between the vegetable and the real specimen."

A Church Curiosity.

A church in which only two services are held during the year is surely a curiosity, yet such a one is to be found in the middle of a large field near the village of Towton, in England. It was originally erected as a memorial to Lord de Clifford, who fell in the battle of Towton in 1461.

The Bible is man's expression of God's impression.

WOMEN do suffer!

Even so-called healthy women suffer!

But they are not healthy!

The marks left by pain are on the young faces of many of our daughters. Pain that leaves its mark comes from a curable cause. If that cause is not removed its influence reaches out and overshadows a whole life. The reason Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been so uniformly successful for over a quarter of a century in overcoming the suffering of women, is that it is thorough and goes directly to the cause. It is a woman's remedy for woman's ills.

MUST WOMEN SUFFER?

MISS EMILY F. HAAS, of 148 Freeman St., Greenpoint, Brooklyn, N. Y., writes:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I wish to state that I used your Vegetable Compound with the greatest success. I was very sick for nearly a year with hysteria, was down-hearted and nervous; also suffered with painful menstruation and pain in back and limbs. I often wished for death, thinking nothing would cure me. I had doctors, but their medicines did me no good. At last, by the advice of a friend, I began to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I am happy to say it has entirely cured me."

JENNIE SHERMAN, of Fremont, Mich., Box 748, writes:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I feel that I must write you and tell you what your medicine has done for me. I had neuralgia of the stomach for two years, so bad that I could not do any work. I had two or three doctors, but did not seem to get any better. I began taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Liver Pills and improved from the first, had better appetite, and after taking three bottles of Compound and one box of Liver Pills, can say that I am cured. Your