REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "The Golden Calf."

TEXT: *"And he took the calf which they had made and burnt it in the fire, and ground it to powder and strewed it upon the water and made the children of Israel drink of it."*—Exodus xxxii., 20.

People will have a God of some kind, and they prefer one of their own making. Here come the Israelites, breaking off their golden earrings, the men as well as the women, for in those times there were masculine as well as feminine decorations. Where did they get these beautiful gold earrings, coming up as they did from the desert? Oh, they "borrowed" them from the Egyptians when they left Egypt. These earrings are piled up into a pyramid of glitterings beauty. "Any more earrings to bring?" says Aaron. None. Fire is kindled, the earrings are melted and poured into a mold, not of an eagle or a war charger, but of a calf; the gold cools off, the mold is taken away, and the idol is set upon its four legs.

An altar is built in front of the shining calf. Then the people throw up their arms and gyrate and shriek and dance mightily and worship. Moses has been six weeks on Mount Sinai, and he comes back and hears the howling and sees the dancing of these golden calf fanatics, and he loses his patience, and he takes the two plates of stone on which were written the Ten Commandments and flings them so hard against a rock that they split all to pieces. When a man gets mad he is very apt to break all the Ten Commandments.

Moses rushes in, and he takes this calf god and throws it into a hot fire until it is melted all out of shape, and then pulverizes it—not by the modern appliance of nitro-muriatic acid, but by the ancient appliance of niter, or by the old fashioned file. He makes for the people a most nauseating draft. He takes this pulverized golden calf and throws it into the only brook which is accessible, and the people are compelled to drink of that brook or not drink at all. But they did not drink all the glittering stuff thrown on the surface. Some of it flows on down the surface of the brook to the river, and then flows on down the river to the sea, and the sea takes it up and bears it to the mouth of all the rivers, and when the tides set back the remains of this golden calf are carried up into the Hudson and the East River, and the Thames and the Clyde and the Tiber, and men go out and they skim the glittering surface, and they bring it ashore, and they make another golden calf, and California and Australia break off their golden earrings to augment the pile, and in the fires of financial excitement and struggle all these things are melted together, and while we stand looking and wondering what will come of it, lo! we find that the golden calf of Israelitish worship has become the golden calf of European and American worship.

I shall describe to you the god spoken of in the text, his temple, his altar of sacrifice, the music that is made in his temple, and then the final breaking up of the whole congregation of idolaters.

Put aside this curtain and you see the golden calf of modern idolatry. It is not like other idols, made out of stocks or stones, but it has an ear so sensitive that it can hear the whispers on Wall street and Third street and State street, and the footfalls in the Bank of England, and the flutter of a Frenchman's heart on the Bourse. It has an eye so keen that it can see the rust on the farm of Michigan wheat, and the insect in the Maryland peach orchard, and the trampled grain under the hoof of the Russian war charger.

It is so mighty that it swings any way it will the world's shipping. It has its foot on all the merchantmen and the steamers. It started the American civil war, and under God stopped it, and it decided the Turko-Russian contest. One broker in September, 1869, in New York, shouted, "One hundred and sixty for a million!" and the whole continent shivered. This golden calf of the text has its right front foot in New York, its left front foot in Chicago, its right back foot in Charleston, its left back foot in New Orleans, and when it shakes itself it shakes the world. Oh, this is a mighty god—the golden calf of the world's worship!

But every god must have its temple, and this golden calf of the text is no exception. Its temple is vaster than St. Paul's of the English, and St. Peter's of the Italians, and the Alhambra of the Spaniards, and the Parthenon of the Greeks, and the Taj Mahal of the Hindoos, and all the other cathedrals put together. Its pillars are grooved and fluted with gold, and its ribbed riches are hovering gold, and its chandeliers are descending gold, and its floors are tessellated gold, and its vaults are crowded heaps of gold, and its spires and domes are soaring gold, and its organ pipes are resounding gold, and its pedals are tramping gold, and its stops pulled out are flashing gold, while standing at the head of the temple, as the presiding deity, are the hoofs and shoulders and eyes and ears and nostrils of the calf of gold.

Further, every god must have not only its temple, but its altar of sacrifice, and this golden calf of the text is no exception. Its altar is not made out of stone, as other altars, but out of counting room desks and fireproof safes, and it is a broad, a long, a high altar. The victims sacrificed on it are innumerable. What does this god care about the groans and struggles of the victims before it! With cold, metallic eye it looks on and yet lets them suffer. Oh, heaven and earth, what an altar! What a sacrifice of body, mind and soul! The physical health of a great multitude is flung on this sacrificial altar. They cannot sleep, and they take chloral and morphine and intoxicants.

Some of them struggle in a nightmare of stocks, and at 1 o'clock in the morning suddenly rise up shouting: "A thousand shares of railroad stock—one hundred and eight and a half, take it!" until the whole family is affrighted, and the speculators fall back on their pillows and sleep until they are awakened again by a "corner" or a sudden "rise" in something else. Their nerves gone, their digestion gone, their brain gone—they die. The clergyman comes in and reads the funeral service: "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." Mistake. They do not "die in the Lord"—the golden calf kicked them!

The trouble is when men sacrifice themselves on this altar suggested in the text they not only sacrifice themselves, but they sacrifice their families. If a man by an ill course is determined to go to perdition, I suppose you will have to let him go; but no puts his wife and children in an equipage that is the amazement of the avenues, and the driver lashes the horses into two whirlwinds, and the spokes flash in the sun, and the golden headgear of the harness gleams, until Black Calamity takes the bits of the horses and stops them, and shouts to the luxurious occupants of the equipage, "Get out!" They get out. They get down. That husband and father flung his family so hard they never got up again. There was the mark on them for life—the mark of a split hoof—the death dealing hoof of the golden calf.

Solomon offered in one sacrifice, on one occasion, twenty-two thousand oxen and one hundred and twenty thousand sheep; but that was a tame sacrifice compared with the multitude of men who are sacrificing themselves on this altar of the golden calf, and sacrificing their families with them. The soldiers of General Havelock in India walked literally ankle deep in the blood of the "house of massacre," where two hundred women and children had been slain by the Sepoys; but the blood around about this altar of the golden calf flows up to the knee, flows to the girdle, flows to the shoulder, flows to the lip. Great God of heaven and earth, have mercy! The golden calf has none.

Still the degrading worship goes on, and the devotees kneel and kiss the dust, and count their golden beads, and cross themselves with the blood of their own sacrifice. The music rolls on under the arches; it is made of clinking silver and clinking gold and the rattling specie of the banks and brokers' shops and the voices of all the exchanges. The soprano of the worship is carried by the timid voices of men who have just begun to speculate, while the deep bass rolls out from those who for ten years of iniquity have been doubly damned. Chorus of voices rejoicing over what they have made. Chorus of voices wailing over what they have lost.

The temple of which I speak stands open day and night, and there is the glittering god with his four feet on broken hearts, and there is the smoking altar of sacrifice, new victims every moment on it, and there are the kneeling devotees, and the doxology of the worship rolls on, while death stands with moldy and skeleton arm beating time for the chorus—"More! more! more!"

Some people are very much surprised at the actions of folk on the Stock Exchange. Indeed it is a scene sometimes that paralyzes description, and is beyond the imagination of any one who has never looked in. What snapping of finger and thumb and wildest gesticulation, and raving like hyenas, and stamping like buffaloes, and swaying to and fro, and running one upon another, and deafening uproar until the President of the exchange strikes with his mallet four or five times, crying, "Order! order!" And the astonished spectator goes out into the fresh air feeling that he has escaped from pandemonium. What does it all mean? I will tell you what it means. The devotees of every heathen temple cut themselves to pieces and yell and gyrate. This vociferation and gyration of the Stock exchange is all appropriate. This is the worship of the golden calf.

But my text suggests that this worship must be broken up, as the behavior of Moses in my text indicated. There are those who say that this golden calf spoken of in my text was hollow, and merely plated with gold; otherwise, they say, Moses could not have carried it. I do not know that, but somehow, perhaps by the assistance of his friends, he takes up this golden calf, which is an insult to God and man, and throws it into the fire, and it is melted, and then it comes out and is cooled off, and by some chemical appliance, or by an old fashioned file, it is pulverized, and it is thrown into the brook, and as a punishment the people are compelled to drink the nauseating stuff.

So, my hearers, you may depend upon it that God will burn and He will grind to pieces the golden calf of modern idolatry, and He will compel the people in their agony to drink it. If not before, it will be so on the last day. I know not where the fire will begin, whether at the Battery or Central Park, whether at Brooklyn Bridge or at Bushwick, whether at Shoreditch, London or West End, but it will be a very hot blaze. All the Government securities of the United States and Great Britain will curl up in the first blast. All the money, safes and depositing vaults will melt under the first touch. The sea will burn like tinder, and the shipping will be abandoned forever. The melted gold in the broker's window will burst through the melted window glass and into the street, but the flying population will not stop to scoop it up.

The cry of "Fire" from the mountain will be answered by the cry of "Fire" in the plain. The conflagration will burn out from the continent toward the sea, and then burn in from the sea toward the land. New York and London with one cut of the red scythe of destruction will go down. Twenty-five thousand miles of conflagration! The earth will wrap itself round and round in shrouds of flame and lie down to perish. What then will become of your golden calf? Who then so poor as to worship it? Melted or between the upper and the nether millstone of falling mountains ground to powder. Down down, Moloch down. Juggernaut down. Golden calf down.

But, my friends, every day is a day of judgment, and God is all the time grinding to pieces the golden calf. Merchants of Brooklyn and New York and London, what is the characteristic of this time in which we live? "Bad," you say. Professional men, what is the characteristic of the times in which we live? "Bad," you say. Though I should be in a minority of one, I venture the opinion that these are the best times we have had, for the reason that God is teaching the world as never before that old fashioned honesty is the only thing that will stand. We have learned as never before that forgeries will not pay; that the spending of fifty thousand dollars on country seats and a palatial city residence, when there are only thirty thousand dollars income, will not pay; that the appropriation of trust funds to our own private speculation will not pay.

We had a great national tumor in the shape of fictitious prosperity. We called it national enlargement. Instead of calling it enlargement we might better have called it a swelling. It has been a tumor, and God is cutting it out—has cut it out—and the nation will get well and will come back to the principles of our fathers and grandfathers, when twice three made six instead of sixty, and when the apples at the bottom of the barrel were just as good as the apples on the top of the barrel, and a silk handkerchief was not half cotton, and a man who wore a five dollar coat paid for was more honored than a man who wore a fifty dollar coat not paid for.

The golden calf of our day, like the one of the text, is very apt to be made out of borrowed gold. These Israelites of the text borrowed the earrings of the Egyptians and then melted them into a god. That is the way the golden calf is made nowadays. A great many housekeepers, not paying for the articles they get, borrow of the grocer, and the baker, and the butcher, and the dry goods seller. Then the retailer borrows of the wholesale dealer. Then the wholesale dealer borrows of the capitalist, and we borrow and borrow and borrow until the community is divided into two classes—those who borrow and those who are borrowed of—and after awhile the capitalist wants his money and he rushes upon the wholesale dealer, and the wholesale dealer wants his money and he rushes upon the retailer, and the retailer wants his money and he rushes upon the consumer, and we all go down together.

There is many a man in this day who rides in a carriage and owes the blacksmith for the tire, and the wheelwright for the wheel, and the trimmer for the curtain, and the driver for unpaid wages, and the harness maker for the bridle, and the furrier for the robe, while from the tip of the carriage tongue clear back to the tip of the shawl fluttering out of the back of the vehicle everything is paid for by notes that have been three times renewed.

It is this temptation to borrow and borrow and borrow that keeps the people everlastingly praying to the golden calf for help, and just at the minute they expect the help the golden calf treads on them. The judgments of God, like Moses in the text, will rush in and break up this worship; and I say, let the work go on until every man shall learn to speak truth with his neighbor, and those who make engagements shall feel themselves bound to keep them, and when a man who will not repent of his business iniquity, but goes on wishing to satiate his cannibal appetite by devouring widows' houses, shall by the law of the land be compelled to exchange his mansion for Sing Sing. Let the golden calf perish!

But, my friends, if we have made this world our god, when we come to die we will see our idol demolished. How much of this world are you going to take with you into the next? Will you have two pockets—one in each side of your shroud? Will you cushion your coffin with bonds and mortgages and certificates of stock? Ah, no! The ferryboat that crosses this Jordan takes no baggage—nothing heavier than a spirit. You may perhaps take five hundred dollars with you two or three miles, in the shape of funeral trappings, to Greenwood, but you will have to leave them there. It would not be safe for you to lie down there with a gold watch or a diamond ring, it would be a temptation to the pilfferers.

Ah, my friends, if we have made this world our god, when we die we will see our idol ground to pieces by our pillow, and we will have to drink it in bitter regrets for the wasted opportunities of a lifetime. Soon we will be gone. Oh, this is a fleeting world; it is a dying world! A man who had worshiped it all his days, in his dying moment described himself when he said, "Fool! fool! fool!"

I want you to change temples, and to give up the worship of this unsatisfying and cruel god for the service of the Lord Jesus Christ. Here is the gold that will never crumble. Here are securities that will never fail. Here are banks that will never break. Here is an altar on which there has been one sacrifice once for all. Here is a God who will comfort you when you are in trouble, and soothe you when you are sick, and save you when you die.

When your parents have breathed their last, and the old, wrinkled and trembling hands can no more be put upon your head for a blessing, He will be to you father and mother both, giving you the defense of the one and the comfort of the other, and when your children go away from you, the sweet darlings, you will not kiss them good by forever. He only wants to hold them for you a little while. He will give them back to you again, and He will have them all waiting for you at the gates of eternal welcome.

Oh, what a God He is! He will allow you to come so close this morning that you can put your arms around His neck, while He in response will put His arms around your neck, and all the windows of heaven will be hoisted to let the redeemed look out and see the spectacle of a rejoicing father and returned prodigal locked in glorious embrace. Quit worshiping the golden calf, and bow this day before Him in whose presence we must all appear when the world has turned to ashes and the scorched parchment of the sky shall be rolled together like an historic scroll.

Ocean Study.

Ocean study is most interesting, and surprises of an astonishing nature meet one at every step. The ocean is supposed to average three miles in depth. If so, and the waters of the basin were dried up, there would be a layer of salt left 230 feet deep. The ocean, by evaporation, is reduced in depth every year by fourteen feet. Much of this water is carried by the clouds to the land, where it falls in showers, making the fields fruitful and the earth habitable, and then by streams returning to the ocean again. The sun, in its evaporating process, lifts no particle of salt, draws to the clouds only the freshest of water, and the earth, after refreshing use, faithfully returns the full measure of the waters loaned to her from the seas. That is to say, the sum of the waters pouring into the ocean from the land is exactly equal to that water drawn from the ocean by evaporation that falls on the land. The sea is always giving and ever receiving; it is most generous, but only as the earth is generous.

FIGS AND THISTLES.

GOD is not a discovery, but a revelation.

KILL your doubts, or they will kill you.

A SUCKER on a cornstalk never helps it any.

A REST within a rest— a good bed on a safe ship.

GOD has a right to govern you. Does He do it?

WE love flowers most when we do not need bread.

THERE is no spiritual life where there is no love.

IT never takes a liar long to blind himself with his tongue.

IT takes a great deal of humility to be as humble as an angel.

THE right kind of ambition is never hurt by being disappointed.

THE prodigal's first wrong step was in thinking only of himself.

GOD has never yet made anybody who could please everybody.

WE must be willing to be like Christ before we can receive Christ.

A SELFISH heart has as much kill in it as a pound of gunpowder.

A BOILING tea kettle does its best to whistle like a steam engine.

NO MAN ever thinks of failing until he has stopped trusting in God.

UNTIL we are willing to be guided we are not willing to be helped.

THE divine commission is not to defend the gospel but to preach it.

WHEN we comply with God's conditions God is responsible for results.

YOUTH'S greatest danger lies in its determination to have its own way.

THE hungriest men on earth to-day are those who have the most wealth.

TO BE able to say that God is near is to know that He is willing to help.

WITH all his practice the devil has never improved on the first hypocrite.

THE love of God for us is the only thing that can not be bought nor lost.

NOTHING strengthens our heart like knowing that we are right with God.

IT is hard for the Holy Spirit to fill a man who is already full of himself.

REAL trust in God expects to see a giant fall every time it twirls its sling.

THE cross we pick out for ourselves generally looks nice, but it is always heavy.

IF you are in trouble don't expect sympathy from people who have never had any.

IF you want those around you to be religious, you must make your religion attractive.

NO MATTER where you see a sin, you may know that there is a judgment on its track.

IT is a serious thing to die, but a much more serious one to live, and not live right.

THE man who preaches the real gospel of Christ will give emphasis to it with his life.

THE rest of Christ is only for those who can be happy without having their own way.

GOD never stops trying to use an earnest man because he now and then makes a mistake.

GOD will hear no prayer that does not come from a heart full of good will for every one.

IT is hard for God to do much for men who think they can get happiness by getting money.

"I Kin Prove It."

A citizen who lives on a corner, which is a popular resort for all the boys of the neighborhood, is engaged throughout the warm months of the year in a lively effort to protect his property from injury. Being unwilling to resort to grave measures of the law, he contents himself with occasionally confiscating a ball when the frequent and entirely unceremonious incursions of the boys in pursuit of it threaten to ruin his garden. When wild shots at the "duck on the rock" demolish his fence pickets and render it necessary for him to carefully reconnoiter before he steps out of doors, he sometimes removes the "rock" after the boys have placed it in the alley for safe-keeping.

These little devices are not very effectual, however. The other day, perceiving a boy engaged in chopping up the sidewalk with an ax, he went out and remonstrated with him.

"Well," said the boy, "I want my ball; it's under the sidewalk."

"But you can't chop up the side walk."

"I want my ball."

"See here, young man, I've a good mind to hand you over to a policeman. Don't you know you can be punished for injuring my property?"

"I didn't injure your property. I never chopped your sidewalk, an' I kin prove it."

That boy's turn for legal technicalities would repay cultivation.

Cost of Keeping Paris Clean.

It costs Paris annually over $1,100,000 to keep up her well-deserved reputation of being the cleanest of all the great cities.

Mr. Geo. W. Turner

SIMPLY AWFUL

Worst Case of Scrofula the Doctors Ever Saw

Completely Cured by HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA.

"When I was 4 or 5 years old I had a scrofulous sore on the middle finger of my left hand, which got so bad that the doctors cut the finger off, and later took off more than half my hand. Then the sore broke out on my arm, came out on my neck and face on both sides, nearly destroying the sight of one eye, also on my right arm. Doctors said it was the

Worst Case of Scrofula

they ever saw. It was **simply awful!** Five years ago I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. Gradually I found that the sores were beginning to heal. I kept on till I had taken ten bottles, **ten dollars!** Just think what a return I got for that investment! **A thousand per cent?** Yes, many thousands. For the past 4 years I have had no sores.

Work all the Time.

Before, I **could do no work.** I know not what to say strong enough to express my gratitude to Hood's Sarsaparilla for my perfect cure." G. W. TURNER, Farmer, Galway, N. Y.

Hood's Pills do not weaken, but aid digestion and tone the stomach. Try them. 25c.

LADIES' COLUMN.

CHINESE GIRLS STUDYING MEDICINE.

Michigan College at Ann Arbor is the first institution to enroll among its students representatives of the Chinese Empire. Two young women have come from the heart of China to pursure their studies there. The translation of their names is Mary Stone and Ida Kahn. They are pioneers in the reform of foot bending, being the first to go without bandages. They will take a medical course there, after which they will return to their homes to do mission work. There are also three young men there who are taking literary work, preparatory to studying medicine.—Chicago Herald.

WOMEN FLORISTS.

One of the most successful florists of this country is Mrs. Charles H. Wilson, of Cleveland, Ohio. This enterprising woman commenced the business over ten years ago, at a time when she found it necessary to increase her income. Having a large collection of plants in her own home, she intuitively turned to these as a means of help, and in order to improve on her methods went to a floral establishment to learn the business. Her first greenhouse was a very small affair. Now the total glass area of her greenhouses is about 10,000 feet. Mrs. Wilson's specialty is decorating, and she is now the recognized floral artist of Cleveland. The greatest part of her work is done by girls, for whom she has inaugurated social clubs, and often places the reception rooms of her office on Jennings avenue at their disposal. Other American women who have succeded in this business are Miss Eadie, also Cleveland; Mrs. H. H. Berger, of San Francisco, and Mrs. A. B. Nickels, of Laredo, Texas.—Public Opinion.

RUSSIAN BLOUSES REMAIN FASHIONABLE.

The Russian blouse, it is said, will continue to be worn through the winter. This is probably true inasmuch as belted waists are the order of the day. Do not think to make a dressy gown with a Russian blouse. You will defeat your purpose. The model of this garment is a peasant's dress. It is one of the simplest of forms, adapted for warmth and for labor, and it inevitably conveys this impression. Ornament and elaboration do not disguise this character, though they may vulgarize the effect. The garment may be of rich material, but it should be simple. It looks well in velvet, which, unlike many clothes, permits bouffant sleeves that sort with it well. It is a good model also for a morning gown to be made at home. It has a simple air; it is a garment to go to market in. The blouse is often ruined by bad proportions between a skirt and waist. The length below the belt must not be the same as that above.—New York World.

LOOK TO YOUR HANDS.

When the hand is broad the unrelenting cuff or tightly fitting wristband makes it appear doubly so; so also does the fashion of wearing a little finger-ring. Rings on any but the third finger aggravate the breadth and give a roturier effect in spite of the exertions of the manicure. In the choice of rings and their disposition on the hand much art may be brought to bear. On a fat hand pearls look well; on a bony one they look atrocious—at least, the hands do. It may be difficult to persuade our fair friends that a bony hand is best left absolutely alone and unadorned, that precious stones but add to its hard and horny look.

Red hands should shun contiguity with pearls, turquoises, or even diamonds. Fine old signet rings, black pearls, sapphires, onyx, antique intaglii and lapis lazuli, or pigeon blood rubies, are the most suitable ornaments, if decoration be hungered for. Illformed finger-nails, whatever the teaching of the manicure, should never be highly polished. Almond-shaped tips, lustrous as gems, are fascinating to a degree; but an unnatural gloss is apt to make square, unshapely nails terribly prominent. Even when taper fingers terminate in lengthy nails whose shape is irreproachable, if there be opacity beyond the flesh they have no attractions, and careful cutting and trimming should be resorted too.—New York World.

FASHION NOTES.

Graceful princesse coats of ribbed velvet are worn with skirts of silk or cloth.

Seasonable feathers are sprays of fine feathers shaped like the horns of a butterfly.

Some of the new imported black silk costumes have entire fronts of artificial garnets.

Nearly all of the new sleeves are bouffant to the elbow and very tight to to the wrist.

A new skirt-trimming has lace arranged in festoons, butterfly bows appearing where the flounce is caught up.

Double jacket fronts, the outer ones of the dress material, the inner of silk, continuing to form a high collar, are popular.

Napoleon blue broadcloth is used for French walking coats, finished with shawl collars of dark mink fur, also for parts of costumes and long Russian cloaks.

A cape of astrakan fur, lined with green satin, and bordered with green velvet, with muff to match, is shown with hat en suite among the millinery effects.

The present coiffure consists of a great knot, loosely coiled above the nape of the neck and extending about half way toward the crown of the head. At the roots of the hair it is very much waved, but a fluffy appearance is discountenanced. There is no brushing away from the temples, for from the parting the front hair is pushed downward and toward the face, and is taken back with a graceful sweep above the ears. This style of coiffure shows off a pretty head to perfection, and while classical, resembles more the sculptured Ariadne than the Medician Venus.

The Youths Companion

The last year has been the most prosperous of the Sixty-five years of THE COMPANION'S history. It has now over 550,000 subscribers. This support enables it to provide more lavishly than ever for 1893. Only a partial list of Authors, Stories and Articles can be given here.

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The Prizes offered for the Serial Competition of 1892 were the Largest ever given by any periodical.

First Prize, $2,000. **Larry**; "Aunt Mat's" Investment and its Reward; by **Miss Amanda M. Douglas.**
Second Prize, $1,000. **Armajo**; How a very hard Lesson was bravely Learned; by **Charles W. Clarke.**
Third Prize, $1,000. **Cherrycroft**; The Old House and its Tenant; by **Miss Edith E. Stowe (Pauline Wesley).**
Fourth Prize, $1,000. **Sam**; A charming Story of Brotherly Love and Self-Sacrifice; by **Miss M. G. McClelland.**
SEVEN OTHER SERIAL STORIES, during the year, by **C. A. Stephens, Homer Greene and others.**

The Bravest Deed I Ever Saw,

will be described in graphic language by Officers of the United States Army and by famous War Correspondents.

General John Gibbon. General Wesley Merritt.
Captain Charles King. Archibald Forbes.

Great Men at Home.

How Mr. Gladstone Works; by his daughter, **Mrs. Drew.**
Gen. Sherman in his Home; by **Mrs. Minnie Sherman Fitch.**
Gen. McClellan; by his son, **George B. McClellan.**
President Garfield; by his daughter, **Mrs. Molly Garfield Brown.**

Your Work in Life.

What are you going to do? These and other similar articles may offer you some suggestions.

Journalism as a Profession. By the Editor-in-Chief of the New York Times, **Charles R. Miller.**
Why not be a Veterinary Surgeon? An opportunity for Boys; by **Dr. Austin Peters.**
In What Trades and Professions is there most Room? by **Hon. R. P. Porter.**
Shipbuilders Wanted. Chats with great shipbuilders on this Subject; by **Alexander Wainwright.**
Admission to West Point; by the Supt. of U. S. Academy, **Col. John M. Wilson.**
Admission to the Naval Academy; by **Lieut. W. F. Low, U. S. N.**
Young Government Clerks at Washington. **By the Chief Clerks of Six Departments.**

Things to Know.

What is a Patent? by **The Hon. Carroll D. Wright.**
A Chat With Schoolgirls; by **Amelia E. Barr.**
Naval Courts-Martial; by **Admiral S. B. Luce.**
Patents Granted Young Inventors; by **U. S. Com. of Patents.**
The Weather Bureau; by **Jean Gordon Mattill.**
Newly-Married in New York. What will $1,000 a year do? Answered by **Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher** and **Marion Harland.**

Over the Water.

How to See St. Paul's Cathedral; by **The Dean of St. Paul.**
Windsor Castle. A picturesque description by **The Marquis of Lorne.**
A Glimpse of Belgium. **The American Minister at Brussels.**
A Glimpse of Russia; by **The Hon. Charles Emory Smith.**
Adventures in London Fogs; by **Charles Dickens.**
London Cabs. "Cabbies;" their "hansoms." **Charles Dickens, Jr.**
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Short Stories and Adventures.

More than One Hundred Short Stories and Adventure Sketches will be given in the volume for 1893.

Knittin' Susan.
In the Death Circle.
A Mountainville Feud.
Mrs. Parshley's First Voyage.
Bain McTickel's "Vast Doog."
An Able Mariner.
Uncle Dan'l's Will.
On the Hadramaut Sands.
An April First Experience.
Riddling Jimmy, and other stories.
Quality's Temptation.
A Bad Night in a Yacht.
Leon Kestrell: Reporter.
Uncle Sim's Clairvoyance.
How I Won my Chevrons. W. J. Baker.
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GREAT MEN.

They Were All Unpardonably Ugly Looking.

"Isn't it strange that nature made her great men so unpardonably ugly?" queried S. T Leadbe, as he turned a portrait book of celebrities in the corridors of the Lindell. "Take the whole lot, from Socrates to Bismarck, from Pisistratus to Patrick Henry, and there is not half a dozen men who rose to real greatness who could, by the boldest exercise of poetic license, be called handsome. Byron was probably one of the best-looking of the lot, and he had a club foot, was mentally deformed and morally depraved. Burns was a fine-looking fellow, but he is one of the minor great—cannot be classed with the world compellers. Voltaire was excusable for being in bad humor with his Creator. He looks as though one of 'nature's journeymen' might have made him. Our own Henry Clay was so homely that he had to use the horse trough for a mirror, and Lincoln had no use for an 'amorous looking-glass.' It is strange, too, how few great men look the part. I have wasted a good deal of time studying physiognomy. It is a rank humbug. I defy any man to tell a Marshal of France from a dancing master, a United States Senator from a barber, the most profound philosopher from a footman, the intellectual hierarch of earth from a feather-headed nincompoop if they are all dressed alike and keep their mouths shut. The chances are that the lesser men will look the greater. I remember being at a table in the Astor House, New York, when a gentleman entered who was an almost exact counterpart, so far as personal appearance went, of Daniel Webster. The shape of the head and face were the same, the expression much alike. I was profoundly impressed, and resolved to make his acquaintance. I did so, and found that for years he had conducted a dark-alley saloon in the oil districts until a lucky strike made him a man of wealth, but left him mentally where it found him—but little better than a fool. No, you cannot judge a book by the cover, but you will generally find that the showiest covers are put on the most worthless books." —Democrat.

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