SHENANDOAH HERALD.

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JNO. H. GRABILL

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SHENANDOAH HERALD

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PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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Attorneys-at-Law,
WOODSTOCK, VA.
Practice in all the Courts of Shenandoah and adjoining counties, in the Supreme Court of Appeals, and in the Circuit and District Courts of the United States.
☞ Special attention given to the collection of claims. may 15, '84-tf.

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Attorneys-at-Law,
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Practice in all the Courts of Shenandoah and adjoining counties, in the Supreme Court of Appeals, and in the Circuit and District Courts of the United States.
Special attention to collection of claims. Oct 20 93.

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Attorneys-at-Law,
WOODSTOCK, VA.
July 27, '93-1y

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Office in Lawyers' row, formerly occupied by Col. J. C. Baker.
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sept. 30, '98-1yr pd.

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Nov. 22 '90 tf

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☞ Office Room 8 Stickley and Boyer Building, Woodstock, and at Tribune Office, Calvary, Va.

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Diseases of nose, throat and ear a specialty
apr. 27—3mo.

DR. J. L. CAMPBELL,
Physician and Surgeon,
WOODSTOCK, VA.
Tuesdays and Thursdays at home for consultation.
Dec. 23d, 98—tf.

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Dentist,
WOODSTOCK, VA.
Established in 1889. Office South Main Street. Terms cash.
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DR. W. S. CLINE,
Resident Physician.
☞ Calls answered day or night. Office and residence over Richey's Store. March 4—tf

DR. W. C. FORD
Has located in Woodstock and will promptly answer all calls.
☞ OFFICE and residence on Muhlenburg Street.
may 8 '98-1yr.

DR. T. F. LOCKE,
Resident Dentist,
OFFICE MAIN ST., WOODSTOCK, VA
☞ Chloroform, either and cocaine used for painless extraction of teeth.
Dec. 26—1yr.

DR. CHAS. J. SAGER,
having located at Tom's Brook offers his professional services to the public in the various branches of his profession. He will be found at the Philip's house after April 2nd and will give prompt attention to all calls.
Mar. 10, 99—tf.

—ESTABLISHED 1872.—
J. F. SAUM & CO.,
—WHOLESALE—
Produce Commission Merchants
925 LOUISIANA AVENUE,
WASHINGTON. : D. C.
Solicit shipments of every marketable produce—no matter what—of the Farm, Dairy, Poultry and Stock Yard. Shippers paid daily the highest wholesale prices.
25 years (over 20 in this city) of successful experience is guarantee of our ability to handle shipments satisfactorily.
☞ Refer to proprietor of HERALD and Citizens National bank of Washington city D.C.
mar. 29 '95 1yr.

WOODSTOCK
MARBLE WORKS,
WOODSTOCK, VA.
Monuments, Tombs and all Kinds of Cemetery Work
Low at prices in the Valley. Give me a call
E. U. SNYDER
nov. 8—1yr.

The Truth

about women's ills can be frankly told by one woman to another.

Remember that Mrs. Pinkham is a woman. Remember that her advice and medicine have cured a million women of weaknesses peculiar to their sex.

Remember that no man ever sees a letter written to Mrs. Pinkham for advice, that the letter is opened, read and answered by women, and no testimonial ever published without special permission.

Remember that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the recognized safeguard of woman's health.

Remember these things when some other remedy is suggested, and remember them when you want advice. Mrs. Pinkham's address is Lynn, Mass.

CONFEDERATE COLUMN.

Roll of Co. E., 11th Va., Cavalry.

CAPTAINS:

Hess, Joseph T.,
Huff, J. L.,
McGuire, H. H, wounded at Ameba Springs and died.

LIEUTENANTS:

Brent, J. W.,
Burk R. W.,
Hockman, Wm., Killed at Brandy Station.
Hottel, G. W.,
Spiker, G. W., Killed at Spottsylvania.

RANK AMD FILE.

Baker, Daniel.,
Baker, Geo. W., Killed at Jack's shop.
Baker, Henry.
Baker, Nicolas.
Borden, D. M.
Borden A. P.
Borden, Joseph
Bly Mason.
Bly, Richard
Brown, J. W., Killed at Spottsylvania.
Beard, J. E.
Buck, Bruce
Barrenger, Joe.
Booth, C. F.
Booth, John
Boyer, Bent.
Boyer, J. A.
Bell, R. F.
Beall——
Bowman, J. K.
Cooper. Wm.
Crabill, L. C. Killed near Strasburg.
Crabill A. H.
Crabill, Hal.
Crabill, Benjamin
Crabill, Jacob.
Coffman, Walter Killed at Fishers Hill.
Collins, Carson
Chase, Daniel
Dodd, R. D.
Deret, J. J.
Dickerson, James
Dehaven, Martin
Eberly. Jacob
Eberly, Joseph
Eberly, Isaac
Effenger, Wm.
Fauber, Noah
Funkhouser, Amos
Feely, W. H.
Feely, John
Feely, Silas
Green, James
Green, Zack.
Glagz, G. W.
Grove, S. M.
Hottel, Wm. F.
Hamman, Lawrence
Hamman, John
Huffman, A. J.
Hinkens, G. A.
Hinkens, J. H.
Hodge, John
Heffline, James
Hess, L. Dowel
Hyde, D. B.
Harrison, Howard
Holmes, H. W.
Holmes, James
Hieronimus, Hutcheson
Holler, John
Holler, George
Holler, John. A.
Hockman, J. W.
Hoover, Wm.
James, Sam.
Kerns, Ephriam
Kitlmer, James
Literll, Archabell
Lynn, G. B.
Lynn, James
Luke, Wm.
Lutholtz, Robert
Lee, Geo. W.
Lee, Samuel Killed at Jack's shop.
Miller, Wm. 1
Miller, Wm. 2
Miller, J. F.
Miller, J. H.
McGlincy, R. P.
McCloud, James
Mort, Jerry
Maphis, James
Pangle, Abe.
Pangle, Wm.
Pangle, Joseph
Pingley, D. M.
Pogue, R. L.
Rudy, Isaac
Ruthford, J. A.
Ruthford, Tom. 1
Ruthford, Tom. 2
Reedy, Abe.
Rhyne, Johney
Ridenour, Alferd
Stoyer, David
Smith, James
Scrogins, J. E.
Sonner, J. H.
Sonner, J. W.
Showalter. Tom.
Shambaugh, Cline
Shambaugh, Charlie
Seiver, G. W.
Switzer, J. H.
Shotts, Mark Killed at the Wilderness.
Shaffer, Theadore Killed at River at near Mt. Jackson.
Snyder, Henry
Snyder, John
Stickley, D. H.
Stickley, Wm.
Stickley, Ben..
Stickley, G. W.
Stickley, Daniel E.
Stickley, David E.
Stickley, J. H.
Stickley, P. D.
Stickley, Josiah
Stickley, Walter Killed at Brandy Station
Senseney, E. D.
Umps, James
Veach, Jacob
Viers, Charlie
Whitington, Gershem
Whitington, Joseph
Wright, Milton
Warner, Philip
Welch, Samuel
Welch, James
Welch, Joseph
Watson, Sam.
Watson, Jacob
Watson, Ben.
Winegord, John
Winegord, Joseph
Windle, Wm.
Wiliams, J. J.

All the members of Co. E. 11th, Va. Cav. are requested to meet at the stand at Fisher's Hill at 2 P. M., at the reunion to be held on Saturday Aug. 4 h, 1900 for roll call.

NO NEED FOR A HUSBAND.

The Detroit Free Press publishes the following story:

"Don't know whether it's new or not, I heard it down in Bermuda,' said the man who recently returned from that winter resort.

"There is a rich widow living just outside Pontiac, according to this story, and after several elderly gentlemen had vainly endeavored to lure her into matrimony again a report gained circulation that she was a regular man hater. Finally, a wealthy widower from the East, carrying with him the evidence of good living and the heartiness that seeks congenial companionship, visited the city and was soon a caller upon the intractable widow. After he thought sufficient advancement had been made to justify a proposal he proceeded to feel his way.

"'Beautiful home you have here."

"'Yes, I enjoy it."

"'Fine outlook, fine trees, fine yard, very fine all around. But there is one thing lacking."

"'Yes?"

"'It is an Adamless Eden, don't you know. You are so good in everything that I should be glad to share these blessings with a husband."

"'Are you proposing, sir?"

"'In an argumentative way. If you can be convinced that you should have a husband, I should like to be the man."

"'Husband! I have a gardener that smokes and drinks! I have a parrot that swears like a pirate, and I have a cat that stays out all night. What in creation do I want with a husband?"

Those who can see nothing but goodness in the world and those who can see nothing but badness will bear considerable watching.

POOR MAN!

Man, that is born of his parents, is of few days and full of microbes. He goeth to school when a youngster, and gets the seat of his pants paddled for something he did not do, until he is sick at heart. He groweth up like a weed in the back yard, and soon reacheth the age when he is composed largely of feet, freckels and appetite for pie. About the time he gets too long for short trousers and not long enough for long ones he goeth away to college, and learneth how to monkey with a three-dollar mandolin and play whisky poker. He cometh home a bigger fool than ever and marrieth a sweet young thing whose pa is supposed to be wealthy, but who, he subsequently ascertaineth, couldn't buy a prize rooster at a country fair. He worryeth along from year to year, gradually acquiring offsprings until his house resembles a Sunday School class just before Christmas. He fretteth through the day and lieth awake at night, trying to figure out how to keep his dependent population out of the poor house; his efforts are rewarded by having his daughters run away and get married and bring home a nice son-in-law every few days to feast at his board. His sons grow up and call him governor, and set him back for a five every day or two. About the time he has acquired enough lucre to make it worth while for heirs to quarrel over, he contracteth a bad cold and is hurried away before he has time to talk to his family. His sons blow in his estate on bad whiskey and plug hats, and his wife puts the finishing touches on his career by marrying the hired man.—Ex.

A TELL-THE-TRUTH EDITOR.

A Western editor who believes in telling the truth printed the following recently: "Willie Shortlike and Bettie Bloomers were married at the — church last evening The church was very prettily decorated with flowers and potted plants, borrowed promiscously from over town from people who didn't want to lend them. The decorating was done under protest by some of the members of the church who were asked to do so by the bride, and couldn't well refuse. The ladies are of the opinion that if the couple were so bent on having a stylish wedding they should have been willing to have paid some one to chase all over town for a day getting flowers together and taking them home again.

"The bride wore a handsome silverstein gown, made at home, and the groom was decked out in a $10 hand-me-down suit. The usher wore cut-away coats borrowed for the occasion. Sallie Potts was the maid of honor, and the concensus of opinion was that she was 2-to-1 better looking than the bride. The young couple took the morning train for St. Louis, where they will spend more money in a few days than Willie can earn in three months.

"Willie says that now he is married he's going to settle down. Our merchants think it would have been better if he had settled up first. The groom gets a salary of $27 a month, which is about the allowance Bettie has been used to pin money. We wish for Willie's sake that the old saying that it takes no more to support two than one wasn't a lie.

"The bride sent us a shoe box full of a conglomeration of stuff supposed to be cake. If this is a sample of Bettie's cooking we feel sorry for Willie. Our janitor's dog fell heir to the cake, and now he is lying in the cold, cold ground. But this wedding is none of our funeral. If Willie and Bettie are satisfied we've got no kick coming

Last Sunday morning a well known young man of Martinsburg went to church with his very best girl. Both were handsome and modest. When the collection was being taken up the young man explored his pockets, and, finding nothing, whispered to the young lady: "I haven't got a cent. I changed my pants just before I came." Meantime the young lady, had been searching her pocket and, finding nothing, blushed a rosy red, and said: "I am in the same predicament."

In this country Indian maize is corn. In Scotland, oats is corn. In Egypt, wheat or rye is corn. It thus seems that corn means any of the food grains, and by custom is applied to the grain most familiar to the people of any country.

MISSION OF CHRIST.

DR. TALMAGE SHOWS HOW DIVINE POWER WILL HEAL THE WORLD.

Jesus the Surgeon Who Will Extirpate the Disease of Sin—Humanity's Wounds Will Disappear Beneath His Magic Touch.

WASHINGTON, July 22.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage (who is now traveling in Europe) puts in an unusual light the mission of Christ and shows how divine power will yet make the illnesses of the world fall back; text, Matthew xi, 5, "The blind receive their sight, and the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed and the deaf hear."

"Doctor," I said to a distinguished surgeon, "do you not get worn out with constantly seeing so many wounds and broken bones and distortions of the human body?" "Oh, no," he answered; "all that is overcome by my joy in curing them." A sublimer and more merciful art never came down from heaven than that of surgery. Catastrophe and disease entered the earth so early that one of the first wants of the world was a doctor. Our crippled and agonized human race called for surgeon and family physician for many years before they came. The first surgeons who answered this call were ministers of religion—namely, the Egyptian priests. And what a grand thing if all clergymen were also doctors, all D. D.'s were M. D.'s, for there are so many cases where body and soul need treatment at the same time, consolation and medicine, theology and therapeutics. As the first surgeons of the world were also ministers of religion, may these two professions always be in full sympathy! But under what disadvantages the early surgeons worked, from the fact that the dissection of the human body was forbidden, first by the pagans and then by the early Christians! Apes, being the brutes most like the human race, were dissected, but no human body might be unfolded for physiological and anatomical exploration, and the surgeons had to guess what was inside the temple by looking at the outside of it. If they failed in any surgical operation, they were persecuted and driven out of the city, as was Archagathus because of his bold but unsuccessful attempt to save a patient.

Great Surgeons.

But the world from the very beginning kept calling for surgeons, and their first skill is spoken of in Genesis, where they employed their art for the incisions of a sacred rite, God making surgery the predecessor of baptism, and we see it again in II Kings, where Ahaziah, the monarch, stepped on some cracked latticework in the palace, and it broke, and he fell from the upper to the lower floor, and he was so hurt that he sent to the village of Ekron for aid, and Æsculapius, who wrought such wonders of surgery that he was deified and temples were built for his worship at Pergamos; and Epidaurus and Podelirius introduced for the relief of the world phlebotomy, and Damocedes cured the dislocated ankle of King Darius and the cancer of his queen, and Hippocrates put successful hand on fractures and introduced amputation, and Praxagoras removed obstructions, and Herophilus began dissection, and Erasistratus removed tumors, and Celsus, the Roman surgeon, removed cataract from the eye and used the Spanish fly; and Heliodorus arrested disease of the throat, and Alexander of Tralles treated the eye, and Rhazes cauterized for the prevention of hydrophobia, and Percival Pott came to combat diseases of the spine, and in our own century we have had, among others, a Roux and a Larray in France, an Astley Cooper and an Abernethy in Great Britain and a Valentine Mott and Willard Parker and Samuel D. Gross in America and a galaxy of living surgeons as brilliant as their predecessors. What mighty progress in the baffling of disease since the crippled and sick of ancient cities were laid along the streets, that people who had ever been hurt or disordered in the same way might suggest what had better be done for the patients, and the priests of olden time, who were constantly suffering from colds received in walking barefoot over the temple pavements, had to prescribe for themselves, and fractures were considered so far beyond all human cure that instead of calling in the surgeon the people only invoked the gods!

But notwithstanding all the surgical and medical skill of the world, with what tenacity the old diseases hang on to the human race, and most of them are thousands of years old, and in our Bibles we read of them—the carbuncles of Job and Hezekiah, the palpitation of the heart spoken of in Deuteronomy, the sunstroke of a child carried from the fields of Shunem, crying, "My head, my head!" King Asa's disease of the feet, which was nothing but gout; defection of teeth, that called for dental surgery, the skill of which, almost equal to anything modern, is still seen in the filled molars of the unrolled Egyptian mummies; the ophthalmia caused by the juice of the newly ripe fig, leaving the people blind by the roadside; epilepsy, as in the case of the young man often falling into the fire and oft into the water; hypochondria, as of Nebuchadnezzar, who imagined himself an ox and going out to the fields to pasture; the withered hand, which in Bible times, as now, came from the destruction of the main artery or from paralysis of the chief nerve; the wounds of the man whom the thieves left for dead on the road to Jericho and whom the good Samaritan nursed, pouring in oil and wine—wine to cleanse the wound and oil to soothe it. Thank God for what surgery has done for the alleviation and cure of human suffering!

Healing Without Pain.

But the world wanted a surgery without pain. Drs. Parrs and Hickman and Simpson and Warner and Jackson, with their amazing genius, came forward and with their anæsthetics benumbed the patient with narcotics and ethers as the ancients did with hasheesh and mandrake and quieted him for awhile, but at the return of consciousness distress returned. The world has never seen but one surgeon who could straighten the crooked limb, cure the blind eye or reconstruct the drum of a soundless ear or reduce a dropsy without pain, and that surgeon was Jesus Christ, the mightiest, grandest, gentlest and most sympathetic surgeon the world ever saw or ever will see, and he deserves the confidence and love and worship and hosanna of all the earth and hallelujahs of all heaven. "The blind receive their sight and the lame walk; the lepers are cleansed, and the deaf hear."

I notice this surgeon had a fondness for chronic cases. Many a surgeon, when he has had a patient brought to him, has said: "Why was not this attended to five years ago? You bring him to me after all power of recuperation is gone. You have waited until there is a complete contraction of the muscles, and false ligatures are formed, and ossification has taken place. It ought to have been attended to long ago." But Christ the Surgeon seemed to prefer inveterate cases. One was a hemorrhage of 12 years, and he stopped it. Another was a curvature of 18 years, and he straightened it. Another was a cripple of 38 years, and he walked out well. The 18-year patient was a woman bent almost double. If you could call a convention of all the surgeons of all the centuries, their combined skill could not cure that body so drawn out of shape. Perhaps they might stop it from getting any worse, perhaps they might contrive braces by which she might be made more comfortable, but it is, humbly speaking, incurable. Yet this divine surgeon put both his hands on her, and from that doubled up posture she began to take on a healthier hue, and the muscles began to relax from their rigidity, and the spinal column began to adjust itself, and the cords of the neck began to be more supple, and the eyes, that could see only the ground before, now looked into the face of Christ with gratitude and up toward heaven in transport. Straight! After 18 weary and exhausting years, straight! The poise, the gracefulness, the beauty of healthy womanhood reinstated.

For Chronic Illness.

The 38 years' case was a man who lay on a mattress near the mineral baths at Jerusalem. There were five apartments where lame people were brought, so that they could get the advantage of these mineral baths. The stone basin of the bath is still visible, although the waters have disappeared, probably through some convulsion of nature. The bath, 120 feet long, 40 feet wide and 8 feet deep. Ah, poor man, if you have been lame and helpless 38 years, that mineral bath cannot restore you. Why, 28 years is more than the average of human life. Nothing but the grave will cure you. But Christ the Surgeon walks along these baths and I have no doubt passes by some patients who have been only six months disordered or a year or five years and comes to the mattress of the man who had been nearly four decades helpless and to this 38 years' invalid said, "Wilt thou be made whole?"

The question asked not because the surgeon did not understand the protractedness, the desperateness, of the case, but to evoke the man's pathetic narrative. "Wilt thou be made whole?" "Would you like to get well?" "Oh, yes," says the man. "That is what I came to these mineral baths for. I have tried everything. All the surgeons have failed, and all the prescriptions have proved valueless, and I got worse and worse, and I can neither move hand nor foot nor head. Oh, if I could only be free from this pain of 38 years!" Christ the Surgeon could not stand that. Bending over the man on the mattress, and in a voice tender with all sympathy, but strong with all omnipotence, he says, "Rise!" And the invalid instantly scrambles to his knees and then puts out his right foot, then his left foot, and then stood upright as though he had never been prostrated. While he stands looking at the doctor, with a joy too much to hold, the doctor says: "Shoulder this mattress, for you are not only well enough to walk, but well enough to work, and start out from these mineral baths. Take up thy bed and walk!" Oh, what a surgeon for chronic cases then and for chronic cases now!

This is not applicable so much to those who are only a little hurt of sin and only for a short time, but to those prostrated of sin 12 years, 18 years, 38 years. Here is a surgeon able to give immortal health. "Oh," you say, "I am so completely overthrown and trampled down of sin that I cannot rise." Are you flatter down than this patient at the mineral baths? No. Then rise in the name of Jesus of Nazareth, the surgeon who offers you his right hand of help. I bid thee rise. Not cases of acute sin, but of chronic sin—those who have not prayed for 38 years, those who have not been to church for 38 years, those who have been gamblers, or libertines, or thieves, or outlaws, or blasphemers, or infidels, or atheists, or all these together, for 38 years. A Christ for exigencies! A Christ for a dead lift! A surgeon who never loses a case!

Made the Blind to See.

In speaking of Christ as a surgeon I must consider him as an oculist or eye doctor and an aurist or ear doctor. Was there ever such another oculist? That he was particularly sorry for the blind folks I take from the fact that the most of his works were with the diseased optic nerves. I have not time to count up the number of blind people mentioned who got his cure. Two blind men in one house; also one who was born blind; so that it was not removal of a visual obstruction, but the creation of the cornea and ciliary muscle and crystalline lens and retina and optic nerve and tear gland; also the blind man of Bethsaida, cured by the saliva which the surgeon took from the tip of his own tongue and put upon the eyelids; also two blind men who sat by the wayside. In our civilized lands we have blindness enough, the ratio fearfully increasing, according to the statement of European and American oculists, because of the reading of morning and evening newspapers on the jolting cars by the multitudes who live out of the city and come in to business. But in the lands where this divine surgeon operated the cases of blindness were multiplied beyond everything by the particles of sand floating in the air and the night dews falling on the eyelids of those who slept on the top of their houses, and in some of these lands it is estimated that 20 out of 100 people are totally blind. Amid all that crowd of visionless people what work for an oculist! And I do not believe that more than one out of a hundred of that surgeon's cures was reported. He went up and down among those people who were feeling slowly their way by staff, or led by the hand of man or rope of dog, and introducing them to the faces of their own household, to the sunrise and the sunset and the evening star. He just ran his hand over the expressionless face, and the shutters of both windows were swung open, and the restored went home crying: "I see! I see! Thank God, I see!"

That is the oculist we all need. Till he touches our eyes we are blind. Yea, we were born blind. By nature we see things wrong. If we see them at all. Our best eternal interests are put before us, and we cannot see them. The glories of a loving and pardoning Christ are projected, and we do not behold them. Or we have a defective sight which makes the things of this world larger than the things of the future, time larger than eternity. Or we are color blind and cannot see the difference between the blackness of darkness forever and the roseate morning of an everlasting day. But Christ the Surgeon comes in, and though we shrink back afraid to have him touch us, yet he puts his fingers on the closed eyelids of the soul and midnight becomes midnoon, and we understand something of the joy of the young man of the Bible who, though he had never before been able to see his hand before his face, now by the touch of Christ had two headlights kindled under his brow, cried out in language that confounded the jeering crowd who were deriding the Christ that had effected the cure and wanted to make him out a bad man, "Whether he be a sinner or no I know not. One thing I know, that whereas I was blind, now I see."

The Deaf Hear.

But this surgeon was just as wonderful as an aurist. Very few people have two good ears. Nine out of ten people are particular to get on this or that side of you when they sit or walk or ride with you, because they have one disabled ear. Many have both ears damaged, and what with the constant racket of our great cities and the catarrhal troubles that sweep through the land, it is remarkable that there are any good ears at all. Most wonderful instrument is the human ear. It is harp and drum and telegraph and telephone and whispering gallery all in one. So delicate and wondrous is its construction that the most difficult of all things to reconstruct is the auditory apparatus. The mightiest scientists have put their skill to its retuning, and sometimes they stop the progress of its decadence or remove temporary obstructions, but not more than one really deaf ear out of 100,000 is ever cured. It took a God to make the ear, and it takes a God to mend it. That makes me curious to see how Christ the Surgeon succeeds as an aurist.

We are told of only two cases he operated on as an ear surgeon. His friend Peter, naturally high tempered saw Christ insulted by a man by the name of Malchus, and Peter let his sword fly, aiming at the man's head but the sword slipped and hewed off the outside ear, and our surgeon touched the laceration and another ear bloomed in the place of the one that had been slashed away. But it is not the outside ear that hears. That is only a funnel for gathering sound and pouring it into the hidden and more elaborate ear. On the beach of Lake Galilee our surgeon found a man deaf and dumb. The patient dwelt in perpetual silence and was speechless. He could not hear a note of music or a clap of thunder. He could not call father or mother or wife or children by name. What power can waken that dull tympanum or reach that chain of small bones or revive that auditory nerve or open the gate between the brain and the outside world? The surgeon put his fingers in the deaf ears and agitated them and kept on agitating them until the vibration gave vital energy to all the dead parts, and they responded, and when our surgeon withdrew his fingers from the ears the two tunnels of sound were clear for all sweet voices of music and friendship. For the first time in his life he heard the dash of the waves of Galilee. Through the desert of painful silence had been built a king's highway of resonance and acclamation. But yet he was dumb. No word had ever leaped over his lip. Speech was chained under his tongue. Vocalization and accentuation were to him an impossibility. He could express neither love nor indignation nor worship. Our surgeon, having unbarred his ear, will now unloose the shackle of his tongue. The surgeon will use the same liniment or salve that he used on two occasions for the cure of blind people—namely, the moisture of his own mouth. The application is made, and lo, the rigidity of the dumb tongue is relaxed, and between the tongue and teeth was born a whole vocabulary and words flew into expression. He not only heard, but he talked. One gate of his body swung in to let sound enter, and the other gate swung out to let sound depart. Why is it that, while other surgeons used knives and forceps and probes and stethoscopes, this surgeon used only the ointment of his own lips? To show that all the curative power we ever feel comes straight from Christ. And if he touches us not we shall be deaf as a rock and dumb as a tomb. Oh, thou greatest of all artists, compel us to hear and help us to speak!

Free to All.

But what were the surgeon's fees for all these cures of eyes and ears and tongues and withered hands and crooked backs? The skill and the painlessness of the operations were worth hundreds and thousands of dollars. Do not think that the cases he took were all moneyless. Did he not treat the nobleman's son? Did he not doctor the ruler's daughter? Did he not effect a cure in the house of a centurian of great wealth who had out of his own pocket built a synagogue? They would have paid him large fees, and there were hundreds of wealthy people in Jerusalem and among the merchant castles along Lake Tiberias who would have given this surgeon houses and lands and all they had for such cures as he could effect. For critical cases in our time great surgeons have received $1,000, $5,000 and in one case I know of $50,000, but the surgeon of whom I speak received not a shekel, not a penny, not a farthing. In his whole earthly life we know of his having had but 62½ cents. When his taxes were due, by his omniscience he knew of a fish in the sea which had swallowed a piece of silver money, as fish are apt to swal-

(Continued on page 4.)

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