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THE SORROWFUL FACT OF HELL.

The Future Punishment of the Wicked.

The Existence of Hell Legibly Declared

Bishop Candler, of Georgia, handles this subject in a fair and logical manner in the following contribution to the Atlanta Daily News:

How extremely unwilling is the human mind to contemplate the sterner aspects of the moral law! Men seem to imagine that they can utterly extinguish, by ignoring or by repudiating, these things which the flesh finds too disagreeable to consider. Hence they lower the requirements of righteousness or deny the penalties of sin in order to indulge desire without disquietude and to escape obligation without compunction. It is a trick of the ostrich which hides its head in the sand and fancies that thereby it has escaped its pursuers because it no longer sees them.

A friend told me the other day of a case in point. He and a fellow traveler were seated near each other in a railway car. A distributor of tracts came in and dropped his leaflets in the laps of the passengers. My friend's fellow passenger betrayed great impatience and began to abuse the colporteur and his free literature, denouncing the poor fellow as a crank before examining his tracts. My friend thereupon expostulated, saying, "You have not read the tract. Look at it more carefully and you will like it." His traveling companion yielded to his advice and proceeded to read the tract and in a few moments responded: "Why I am mistaken. I did not observe it closely. I thank the man for it." After reading it to a finish he folded it up carefully and put it in his pocket for future reference. The tract was designed to prove that there is no hell. The man at first supposes it was an orthodox document, and then he resented the gift of it to him. But when he discovered it was framed to refute the doctrine of eternal punishment it instantly became a most acceptable present.

Similarly we have recently seen some parties gleefully applauding, because they utterly misunderstood, an act of a small sect known as the United Brethren. It appears that this body has stricken out of "the Apostles' creed" the word "hell" in the phrase which says of Christ, "he descended into hell," and has substituted the word "hades." Whereupon certain parties hasten to rejoice that the United Brethren show signs of weakening on the doctrine of eternal punishment, although the brethren did not dream that they were dealing even remotely with the subject when they took the action mentioned. Here, for example, is a rapient passage from an editorial which appeared in the New York Press:

"Many fears have been expressed of late years concerning the abolishment in modern popular thinking of what one recent dramatist labeled 'the good old hell of our forefathers.' It is true that the strenuousness of the ancient idea, which found expression in tangible cinders and sulphurous flame, has suffered severely from the attacks all along the line delivered by a new generation which has delighted more to dwell upon the kindness, love, long suffering and forgiveness of Deity than upon His vengeance (to use the word only in Scriptural sense.) But it more significant yet to find this attack taking actual theologic form and winning a victory. When the general quadrennial conference of the United Brethren church, in session at Frederick, Md., decides to substitute the milder 'hades' for the 'hell' of the apostles' creed it gives the older class, who have enjoyed hearing oratory from the pulpit through a long career, something to shake heads over, to prophesy upon and to shrink from."

Now, the fact is the view that the United Brethren take of this phrase in the creed has no relation to eternal punishment or hell as a place of penalty at all. They used the word "hades" in place of the word "hell" because the latter word has an idea of penalty attached to it, whereas the former has it not. They never believed that Jesus went to any place of punishment at his death. "Hades" is the Greek equivalent of the *orcus rapax* of the Latins, and the United Brethren with many others believed that the phrase in the creed means no more than to be buried, to go down into the grave, to pass from the visible into the invisible world, as all men, good or bad, do when they die.

The Methodist Episcopal churches in the United States have not had in the form of the creed used by them the word "hell" since 1786. They use this form: "He suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead and buried." Dr. Charles Hodge, the great Presbyterian theologian, intimates in his "Systematic Theology" that this was the original form, and that the words "into hell" did not appear in the creed until the fourth century. Let this be as it may, it is clear that the Methodists did not modify in the slightest degree their adhesion to the doctrine of eternal punishment when they took this form of the creed a hundred and fifteen years ago. On the contrary, they have preached with power and persistency the doctrine of everlasting punishment for the finally impenitent.

For the two words, "dead and buried," the United Brethren prefer the short Greek word "hades." That is all their action means. What has that to do with the doctrine of punishment? Absolutely nothing. But suppose more had been meant by this substitution of the word "hades" for the word "hell;" suppose squinting in the direction of softening or abbreviating the pains of perdition had been intended, what effect would that have had? Nothing more than could come from the expression of an opinion by a small and comparatively unimportant sect. That is all. Suppose a larger body had undertaken a deliverance looking in the direction of making hell shorter and less painful than the orthodox view represents, what effect would that have had on the doctrine? None at all, unless their deliverances were sustained by the Scriptures. Eternal facts are not changed by dropping one word and taking up another. If sin is to be eternal, punishment will be so despite any sentimental opinions to the contrary. The fires of hell are not to be extinguished by wishing them out.

What do the Scriptures teach on the subject? "How readest thou?" is the decisive question with all genuine Christians. Now I submit that to a plain man the Bible—a book to be understood by plain men—leaves no room to doubt that in the future life a different doom awaits the good and the bad. This is clear if the Scriptures are a revelation, and not a riddle.

Noah and the antediluvian sinners surely did not land at last in the same world. Did God give them heaven and Noah the ark? If so he punished the good man and rewarded the sinners. Did Judas climb over the wall of the New Jerusalem with a rope and welcome his betrayed Lord home with hosannas like the acclamations of the multitude welcoming Him to the Jerusalem on the earth?

Did Nero and Paul go to the same place when they died? Were Dives and Lazarus in the same place? Were the wise virgins on the inside at the marriage feast, in the same case as the foolish virgins on the outside to whom it was said, "I know you not." Was the fate of the wise builder, whose house was founded on bedrock, the same as that of the foolish builder who erected his house on the sand? Did the storm have the same effect on the two structures?

The Savior represents himself at the last day as a shepherd dividing men into two great classes—as sheep and goats. To one class he says, "Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world." To the other He says, "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels." Now, omitting to consider any curious question as to what the fire may mean and to other matters, I wish to know if the same destiny is revealed for both the sheep and the goats? Or does it not appear that the opposite characters, as different as sheep and goats, have passed into the eternal world, and met destinies so wide apart that the extremest orthodoxy cannot make them wider?

Then, it is said in the closing sentence of the passage, "And these shall go away into everlasting punishment, but the righteous into life eternal." What does that mean? Are "eternal life" and "everlasting punishment" different degrees of a common blessedness, or is one a state of joy and the other a state of pain?

And it is idle nonsense to talk about the word "everlasting" as applied to the punishment being a term of limited duration, and the life, being a term signifying the word "eternal," as applied to endlessness. In the Greek they are the same word. If hell is less than endless, so is heaven, according to this passage.

To the same purpose the case of Dives and Lazarus teaches. Say Abraham, "Between us and you there is a great gulf fixed; so that they which would pass from hence to you cannot, neither can pass to us, that would come from thence." How long, then, would Dives stay where he was? Does there not seem to have been in his case a fixedness of condition af well as a fixedness of character? And that is what we see in this world. Character drifts to the places that fit it.

I fear the result of all this sentimental effort to get rid of the idea that the good and the bad go to different places in the next world tends to efface the distinctions between right and wrong. It impairs the authority of the moral law by destroying the sanctions of the future life. The French people got the orthodox doctrine quite out of their minds once, and when they ceased to fear any hell in the next world, they proceeded to make a hell on earth. Then was the "Reign of Terror."

And let no man vainly imagine he is standing for the vindication of the divine mercy when he pleads against the doctrine of the future punishment of the wicked. It is not mercy in government, but corruption that treats virture and vice alike. Wherefore the Psalmist sings, "Unto thee O, Lord, belongeth mercy; for thou renderest to every man according to his work." God's mercy is manifest in the rectitude of his moral government. Mercy and justice are not opposite principles, mutually exclusive of each other, but they are different aspects of the divine holiness.

Sometimes it is said: "I can not believe a merciful God would allow a man to suffer eternally for the sins of a short life time?" But pray tell us when did the length of time consumed in committing a crime measure the penalty which it should receive? Shall we hang a man who kills another by slow poisoning and only fine the murderer who slays his victim in the twinkling of an eye?

If hell is limited so is heaven. If man can rise out of hell, he can far more easily fall out of heaven, for falling is easier than remaining steadfast or rising when down. At last our choice is not between the orthodox doctrine of one heaven and one hell, and the heterodox doctrine of one heaven and no hell. We are shut up by facts to take the orthodox view of one heaven and one hell, or to believe that there is to be at last one hell, and no heaven at all.

It is time men ceased trifling with this awful subject. It is time they objected to sin more and suffering less. Pain is inevitable if law is broken, and the worst fact of all is the righteousness lost and not the agony incurred. It is time men had quit petting their own sins and extenuating all other wrongs. Converting the world by coddling is an unpromising plan of salvation.

I fear there is a heretical orthodoxy all too prevalent. Some preachers use perfectly orthodox words, but speak of hell in such a flippant manner as to make their hearers doubt their sincerity and question the doctrine they preach. Some preachers threaten sinners with hell, if as they were glad the men threatened would go there. It was not thus Jesus proclaimed this solemn doctrine. When our Lord pronounced sentence of judgment there were tears in his tones. After denouncing woes against Jerusalem he broke into a flood of tears that her house should soon be left desolate. It was a tender shower that followed the lightning's sharp flash. Let no man preach the doctrine of eternal punishment until his heart is ready to break in grief that so many of his fellow men will in the face of all Divine Mercy can do, rush madly to so fearful a doom.

It is to me an unutterable grief that some souls will never be saved, that they will eventually go into a loveless world and travel beyond the reach of my Lord's tender compassion. O, the unspeakable sadness of it, that one district in the universe is never to be recovered from its rebellion and misery. I wish it were not so. But reason and Scripture both teach me such is the case. Man is free, and God himself can not prevent a free agent making a hell.

"In the utmost solitudes of nature, the existence of hell seems to me as legibly declared by a thousand spiritual utterances as that of heaven." So Ruskin sorrowfully teaches, and the word is true—alas! how true!

"Hell has no limits, nor is circumscribed
In one self place; but where we are is hell,
And to be short when all the world dissolves
And every creature shall be purified,
All places shall be hell that are not heaven."

Then the universe will be composed of the inner lights and the outer darkness must arise:

"The wailings of the damned, of those who would not be redeemed."

Anger there will become immortal, and in helpless rage will gnash its teeth. Despair will become eternal and hopelessly will weep. "Figures of speech," says one. Yes, and how dreadful must be the realities of which these are but the shadowy likenesses.

BILL ARP HAS A BIRTHDAY.

He Has Lived Three Quarters of a Century and Stops to Meditate.

Atlanta Constitution.

Today is the seventy-fifth anniversary of my advent into this world—my coming into this mysterious, wonderful condition that we call life. It is a fitting time for meditation, contemplation, cogitation and rumination. An aged poetess played double with herself and said:

Life! We've been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
Say not "good-night," give little warning,
And in some brighter clime bid me "good morning."

She dident care to linger and languish on her last bed. The doctors hadn't invented or discovered heart failure then, but that's the way she wished to go.

I do not. I would have some little time for the last loving words, and looks—some time for tears and sorrow on the faces of those who love me. The death of the aged is only a change—a parting, a beginning of another life. It is no calamity, no horro, no shock, no unreasonable thing. It is the law of our being and the old are not far ahead of the young. How kind it is in providence to reconcile us to it as we near the goal. I remember when I thought it was an awful thing to die. I dared not think of it, much less to ponder it and it seemed to me that there was some possible escape from it and I might not surely die. But as we near the allotted age and realize the symptoms of decay we become less reluctant, less alarmed and like Job are ready to exclaim, "I would not live always; I ask not to stay."

But some how I do not feel old—not very old—not infirm. My eyes are weak and my hearing impaired, and when I stoop long at work in the garden or picking strawberries my back aches and my knee bones crack when I straighten up, but I soon get over it. I love work—easy work—and it keeps me in good health, but I don't like to work by the day or the job for somebody else. I don't like to have a master or a boss except my wife, who wants me right now to transplant her peppers. I gently hinted that they should be planted by a high tempered woman to do well, and she said she thought an impertinent man would do as well and I had better attend to it right away. Sometimes I think I have worked enough, for the poet says we should crown—

"A youth of labor with an age of ease,"

and so I like to work when I feel like it and quit when I please. I have never distressed myself about the work that the toilers have to do. Work has its hardships and its blessings, too. The law of compensation governs every trade or calling or condition in life. There is a good side and a bad side. "By the sweat of the brow shalt thou eat bread," and no idle man is happy. "The sleep of the laboring man is sweet," saith Solomon, and the doctor tells us that bodily exercise promotes good digestion. Work brings contentment. The wealthy who don't work and don't have to are always longing for something they haven't got. Something that money can't buy, for it will not buy good health nor good children, nor make the home happy. The peace and gratitude of the cotter's Saturday night is unknown to the rich. The toilers as a class are the happiest people I know. They enjoy their food and their rest and their Sundays. I had rather take the chances for happiness on earth and a home in heaven of the working man than those of the millionaire. Byron says "The many must al ays labor for the few," and Cobe says "the good Lord made poor men just to keep rich men in money," but the good book says a poor man can squeeze through the eye of a needle and a rich man can't." Cobe is a good Confederate veteran and enjoys his record and his religion and his tobacco. That is all he has and he is content.

One of the greatest comforts of old age is in contemplating the happiness of children. It delights me to sit in the shade of my veranda and watch for two little girls who are four and six years old, coming up the avenue hand in hand and waving a welcome and a smile at me. It rejoices me to watch larger ones as they play croquet on the tennis court near by and to hear their merry voices and unconsciously I breathe a prayer that they may always be happy and no calamity or affliction befall them in the years to come. If I ever get to heaven and St. Peter asks me what vocation I would choose, I think I would say, "Please, good Saint, make me a guardian angel of the little children I left behind me, and give me power to shield them from all harm." I think I would like that—I think that I would. I like it now as far as I can do it. It is a privilege and a delight to an old man to make others happy. Time was when my chief concern was for myself and wife and our children, but as age comes on the heart enlarges and softens. The vanities and ambitions and selfishness of our youth disappear and we recall the lines of Bobart:

"Count the day lost, if the descending sun
Views from thy hand no generous action done."

Lost—a day lost! How many days have we all lost in our brief lives. How many days in which we made no one happy, not even with a smile.

But these reflections are too gloomy for the day. They remind us of Hervey's meditations among the tombs, or Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard." I am old, I know; but I do not feel old nor sad. My desire is to grow old gracefully—and for

"An age that melts in unperceived decay
And glides in modest innocence away."

BILL ARP.

QUEER PLACES TO LIVE IN.—Near Pere Marquette, Wis., an ex-cabinet maker lived for many years in the stump of a tree, says the Springfield Journal. The tree was a huge linden that had been sawed off some fifteen feet from the ground, and the old man had used the skill of his craft to make the interior of his remarkable abode comfortable and almost luxurious. The stump possessed both door and window, and the "house" was wonderfully cozy and certainly peculiarly quaint. An old fisherman, a native of St. Milo, was the occupant for several years of a residence which cost him nothing in the way of rent or taxes. The residence in question was a huge cave to which the sea did not penetrate and which the fisherman made habitable by flooring and other accessories. He claimed that he was merely following the example of his remote ancestors, who dwelt in caves. The majority of folks would doubtless consider such a residence far too damp and gloomy for daily and nightly occupancy. Not very long ago an American millionaire built a submarine boat, fitted in the most luxurious manner. Here he was accustomed to spend several weeks, eating, drinking, and smoking to his heart's content while journeying beneath the sea level. Air was conveyed by elaborate machinery on board the vessel, and the quere residence was often visited by parties who dined with the owner in his submarine house.

EXACTLY AS ADVERTISED.—An indignant working farmer returned to a horse dealer's about an hour after purchasing a horse.

"Look here, sir!" he exclaimed, "I don't want this horse you sold me! He shies. I can't get him to cross the bridge."

"That's the reason I sold him," said the dealer, calmly. "Why did you come to me for the horse?"

"I saw your advertisement in the paper."

"I thought so. I gave my reasons for selling him."

"Yes; to be sold, you stated, for no other reason than that the owner wanted to go out of town."

"Well, if you can get out of this town with him," said the dealer, "it will be more than I can do."

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

A Word in private to . . . Suffering Women.

No one but yourselves know of the suffering you go through. Why do you suffer? It isn't necessary. Don't lose your health and beauty, (for the loss of one is speedily followed by the loss of the other.) Don't feel "weak" and "worn out." Impure blood is at the bottom of all your trouble.

Johnston's Sarsaparilla will purify your blood and bring the bloom of health back into your cheeks. Each bottle contains a quart.

QUART BOTTLES.

Painful and Supressed Menses, Irregularity, Leucorrhœa, Whites, Sterility, Ulceration of the Uterus, change of life in matron or maid, all find relief, help, benefit and cure in JOHNSTON'S SARSAPARILLA. It is a real panacea for headache, pains in the left side, indigestion, palpitation of the heart, cold hands and feet, nervousness, sleeplessness, muscular weakness, bearing-down pains, backache, legache, irregular action of the heart, swelling of feet, soreness of the breasts, neuralgia, uterine displacement, and all those symptoms which make the average woman's life so miserable. We have a book full of health information. You want it—its free.

"THE MICHIGAN DRUG CO." Detroit, Mich.

Liverettes for Liver Ills. The Famous Little Liver Pills. 25c.

For Sale by The Laurens Drug Co., Laurens, S. C.

A FLAG OF THE LOST CAUSE.

A Dying Confederate Gave it to a Chief in the Samoan Islands.

Soon after Judge Chambers, who is now a member of the Spanish war claims commission, was sent to Samoa by President Cleveland he attended one of the great gala festivities and feasts so famous among the natives of these Pacific islands, says the Washington Star. These feasts are never to be forgotten by those who once attend. The natives come from many miles around the islands. Most of them reach Apia, where the feasts take place, in boats. Sometimes there are over 500 boats with from two to eighty-four oars each, and containing persons enough to fill them. The scene is one of the most picturesque to be found in any part of the world. Before the feasts boat races and aquatic sports take place in the harbor of Apia, and up to the time the islands were partitioned, the representatives of the foreign governments were interested spectators, and the natives considered the presence of the foreigners a great and important honor.

The feasts might be called pic-nics, for they are held in the open air, but instead of pies, pickles, cakes, sandwiches and lemonade, the customary refreshments at pic-nics, the natives kill and roast hundreds of pigs, geese, chickens and other fowls, besides having many varieties of fish. Some beautiful grove is the only table, and the ground where the food is spread is covered with the rich green leaves of the banana tree. The greatest hospitality is always evidenced, the natives paying especial attention to their guests. At the conclusion of the feast it is the custom to divide the remaining food among the people, it being proportioned according to position—the higher a man stands the larger the amount of left-over food he has sent to his house. In this, as during the course of the feast, there is the greatest precision in the management. At no time is there a scramble. The occasion is a delightful one to people unaccustomed to it.

"All the native chiefs bring flags of some kind when coming to the feasts and take the greatest care of them," said Judge Chambers in describing a Samoan feast to a group of friends the other day. "They are fond of any kind of flag. Those chiefs who cannot obtain the flag of nations use fancy pieces of cloth and tattered garments. He is a poor man and unimportant chief who does not own a flag. Looking out on the beautiful scene in the harbor of Samoa on this gala day that I have spoken of, I noticed a boat flying a flag that I could not make out. I took a glass and saw what I thought was a Confederate flag. I could not believe it possible, however, and waited until the boat came near. Then I saw plainly that it was a genuine flag of the Confederacy. I naturally was greatly interested, and sent one of my servants to ask the chief to come to see me.

"When he came I began questioning him about the flag, but he would give me no information. He was a man of good features and was apparently a chief of consequence in his neighborhood. I, of course, wanted to get possession of the flag, and did not suppose that I would have the least trouble in doing so, particularly as the natives were fond of exchanging flags, and that the United States was a favorite with them, the flag of England being next and of Germany next.

"I offered the chief a flag of the United States for his Confederate flag. He said quietly that he could not make the exchange. I then offered him a new flag of England or of Germany. He refused these also, and I suspected that he was trying to drive a shrewd bargain with me. I next offered him a bolt of cloth worth considerable money, and when he refused that I offered him a barrel of meat, the most tempting and costly thing in the mind of a native. As nothing could induce him to make the exchange, I asked him his reasons for refusing.

"In reply he said that one day long ago a white man came to his hut. He supposed the man had come from Apia. He had several bundles in his possession and preserved them with the utmost care. The stranger, the chief told me, was a man of great dignity and of an amiable disposition. The natives soon came to love him much and took pleasure in providing him with every delicacy they could obtain. The chief himself became deeply attached to him and when the white man's health began to fail there was universal regret among the natives. When the stranger saw that his end was near he called the chief to him and directed that one of the bundles in his possession be opened. Then there was displayed a beautiful silken flag, but worn by handling.

"'See that flag?' said the stranger; well, it was the flag of my nation—a great people. It went down in defeat, but I decided that it should never be surrendered. So I left home, kinsmen and friends and came here with it. I am going to give it to you. Never let a white man have it in his hands.'

"That was the dying injunction of the stranger and the chief had sworn that the flag should always remain with him. He had made his tribe swear to keep it and never part with it; that when he died the succeeding chief should take it and bury it where no human being would ever find it.

"The chief's story was told in simple but affecting words. I made many other offers to secure the flag, but he was firm to the end and went away that afternoon with the flag in his boat. I instituted some inquiries later and sent several trusted natives to the chief's home to make offers, but they were unsuccessful.

"When I came back to this country and told the story to some Confederate friends they agreed to take steps to recover the flag if possible. Some years later they began a systematic effort, but the old chief had passed away, the flag had disappeared and the members of the tribe would give no information as to its whereabouts."

THE GROWING TRUST.—The growth of business consolidation during the present year eclipses all previous records. Trusts have been organized so swiftly that only those commanding over $50,000,000 are deemed worthy of attention. The big steel strust, with its capital of $1,100,000,000, stands at the head of all business transactions of the world, and even that collossal aggregation may be eclipsed if the rumor of a cotton combine should materialize. The grand total of trusts organized during the first five months of the year runs up to $2,000,000,000.

The New York Sun gives as the record of the past week the shovel trust, with $10,000,000 capital; the cotton duck trust, with an authorized capital of $50,000,000; a $20,000,000 trust to utilize the waters of the Platte for power; a $65,000,000 company to assume charge of the street car system of Pennsylvania; the complete knocking out of the opposition to the Standard Oil trust in Ohio, and the organization into one body of all the papermakers of the Dominion of Canada. This list, according to The Indianapolis News, can be reenforced by combinations in all lines of business, such as fruit, papermakers, tin-can interests, carpet combinations, dry goods and machinery trusts, shipbuilding combinations, locomotives and salmon fisheries—nothing seems to be omitted. New combinations that are promised are the publishers of popular music, to form the American Music Publishing Association, with a capital of $4,000,000, and the combination of several of the big watch companies into a watch trust with a capital of $75,000,000.

THE OLD-FASHIONED BOY.—At a little dinner of a few diners in this city the other night, says the Philadelphia Times, one of the speakers said: "What has become of the old-fashioned boy?" The one who looked like his father when his father carried the sort of prepuposity which was like the divinity that hedged a king in the time when kinghood was in its prime o'day. The boy who wore a hat which threatened to come down over his ears. The boy whose trousers were made over from his father's, by his mother, or aunt, or grandmother. The boy who re hair had a cowlick in it, before, and was sheared off the same length behind. The boy who walked with both hands in the pockets of his trousers, and who expectorated between his teeth when his teeth were clamped together. The boy who wore boots, tan down at the heels. The boy who never wore knickerbockers or a round-about coat. The boy whose chirography was shaped by the gymnastics of his tongue. The boy who believed his father was the greatest man in the world, and that he could have been President if he had wanted to be. The boy who was his mother's man when the man was away from home."

A SENSIBLE JUDGE.—The court room is a place where a good many amusing things occur. The examination of witnesses is often the occasion of a good laugh for the visitors to the temple of justice. In many instances the joke is on the witness; but sometimes the table is turned and the examiner is the one who is hit. An instance of the latter kind occurred in the court room this week. On the stand as a witness was a prominent farmer of the western section of the county, who is a little deaf. The attorney asked him a question; but received no answer. The question, was repeated; but still there was no answer. The examining attorney then threatened:

"I will appeal to the judge and he will make you answer the question."

"That, he won't," was the reply of the witness who was not too deaf to catch the attorney's remarks. "He's got too much sense to ask any such fool questions as that."

The sheriff's "Order in Court" was not sufficient to restore quiet in the court room.

A good anecdote is told by the Bishop of Minnesota of the sarcastic powers of the Indian. "I was holding," says Bishop Whipple, "a service near an Indian village camp. My things were scattered about in a lodge, and when I was going out I asked the chief if it was safe to leave them there while I went to the village to hold a service. 'Yes,' he said, 'perfectly safe. There is not a white man within a hundred miles!"

Paul Revere, the revolutionary hero, was an inventor, though not many people are aware of the fact. He was the first man to refine and roll copper. In 1801 he founded the Revere Copper Company, and the concern is still doing business, under the same name, in Canton, Mass.

CASTORIA.
The fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher is on every wrapper.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER
ABSOLUTELY PURE
Makes the food more delicious and wholesome
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

THE HYGIENE OF THE BIBLE

Scientific Sanitary Regulations Anticipated in the Mosaic Law.

The religion taught by Moses, that great law-giver, lays greatest stress upon proper life-conduct as the means of prolonging life and the enjoyment of it. "You shall observe these laws," Moses taught, "that you may live long." He did not command to believe this or that, nor did he point to reward and punishment in the life to come, but he laid down rules for conduct in his life and ordained punishment for the violation of these laws. Nor must we overlook the fact that religion as defined by the laws of Moses involved all laws for the government of man as individual and as member and integral part of the State. All laws were promulgated in the name of God, the laws of days of rest and festivity as well as sanitary regulations.

The greater knowledge we have gained through our ability of deciphering the libraries of cuneiform tablets and hieroglyphic medicine books convinces us that many of the sanitary laws contained in the Pentateuch have been observed by the Egyptians, Babylonians, Assyrians and other Semitic nations previous to the existence of the Israelitish nation, but no nation has lived in such close conformity with these laws as the Jews, and by the overwhelming majority of them are strictly observed to this day. Whenever we find in the Mosaic code a law prohibiting the drinking or eating the blood of animals because blood is the nephesh, the life, we may assume that the law giver knew the intrinsic essence and properties of blood, the rapid chemical change which takes place ther in after death, the ptomaine poisoning of which it is the cause, the poison which it gathers from the deceased bodily organs and which are transferred to the human body when taken as animal food. We may safely assume, therefore, that the ritual mode of slaughtering practiced by the Jews since time immemorial has been found the best safe-guard against the transfer of disease from the meat of animals used for food, and which also accounts for their greater immunity from epidemics which decimated large populations among whom they lived.

The fact is well established that tuberculosis, which is the greatest scourge of modern times, is largely due to the transference of the germ from the meat and milk of diseased animals. Before modern hygienic regulation ever insisted upon the introduction of any mode of inspecting meat of animals previous to its offer in the public market for consumption the Jews had made it obligatory upon those who were authorized to perform the slaughtering of animals to examine closely and carefully the carcass, to see whether the lungs were sound, whether the vital organs were free from disease, so that health was not endangered by the consumption. The slaughtering and inspecting of animals was not intrusted to the first comer. It was performed by persons trained and educated for the office; they had to pass an examination as to their knowledge of anatomy of animals and of the ritual laws prescribed for the performance of their duty. The Talmud, a work the redaction of which has been completed some sixteen hundred years ago, contains extensive treaties on the subject and discloses a wonderful knowledge of the anatomy of the animal.

As much stress is laid in modern days upon the proper observance of a proper diet for the preservation of health as upon the use of drugs. The Jews who lived strictly in compliance with the dietary laws found in them protection against infection by many of the microbes and bacteria which generate disease. Thus was not only a thorough inspection of the carcass of the bovine killed for the use of man required by the religious law, but even fowls were examined and if any internal injury was found of a character that would have produced their natural death, the animal was declared unfit for food. As a protection against deleterious effect of microbes and bacteria, though not known by their technical names, it was commanded to thoroughly rinse berries and all fruits, leguminous and other vegetables, in water to purify them from all parasites and the dust particles which made them dangerous to health before eating them when raw. It is only in modern days that we have discovered the trichinea in hog meat, which at least proves that some good reason existed in those ancient days for forbidding the use of swine flesh.

Another rule, probably of simple cleanliness, required the washing of hands before partaking of any meal and the rinsing of the mouth after rising from the table. The legislators evidently had a shadowy idea of the infinitesimal cocci, animalculæ, spirillæ and bacilli, which float around and give the pathologists and biologists so much trouble. However, the rule was part of the hygienic system and served well its purpose.

It may referentially be remarked here that "discussion" was the great characteristic feature of the Jews. The Talmud, which records the disputes among the various schools of learning from the time of the great Sanhedrim to the year 600 of the present era, furnishes evidence of the constant flow of discussion on the most vital questions of life, of health and sickness, of religion and practices during that early period, and the "discussion" has ever flowed on to this day, so that opinions among the Jews as to the binding character of ceremonies and ritual practices differ and variegate more than ever.—*M. Ellinger in Menorah.*

IN A HUMOROUS VEIN.

Freddie—What's a novel idea, dad?

Colswigger—One that never gets into a novel.—Judge.

"What was your first impression of New York?"

"That I was too small to express it."—Ohio State Journal.

Prisoner—It's difficult to see how I can be a forger, your lordship. Why, I can't sign my own name!

Judge—You are not charged with signing your own name.—Tit-Bits.

Son (at his studies)—Papa, I wish I had been born in the time of Charlemagne.

Father—Why?

Son—Then I wouldn't have had to learn everything that has happened since.—Fliegende Blaetter.

It was in a Beacon Hill parlor. He said: "I have long searched for the true, the beautiful, the good, the——," and she interrupted, "I comprehend, dear Cecil, what you would convey. My reply is in the affirmative."—Philadelphia Press.

"Did he prove to be a friend in need?"

"Well, yes; he was usually. But he seldom needed more than two dollars."—Harper's Bazar.

"She comes of a grand old family, I believe."

"Yes, very! An ancestor of hers was beheaded in the tower during the reign of the fourth Edward!"

"How perfectly lovely!"—Detroit Journal.

"No, thanks, I don't care to know the lady."

"Eh? Why not?"

"Because it is my rule to give my seat in a street-car only to ladies I know—and I know too many now."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Husband—I wonder what we shall wear in heaven.

Wife—Well, if you get there, John, I imagine most of us will wear surprised looks.—Smart Set.

"Lawn-mowers are not so bad."

"Why not?"

"Why, when my wife wants me to hang pictures, I tell her I have to cut the grass."—Chicago Record-Herald.

"Why is Justice pictured as a woman holding a pair of apothecary's scales?"

"I don't know, but it would be manifestly absurd to represent her as an iceman with an iceman's scales."—Philadelphia Times.

Ethel—You know, I want a husband who is easily pleased.

Maud—Don't worry, dear. That's the kind you'll get.—Tit-Bits.

"What a boundless debt we owe to medical science."

"Oh, I don't know; the doctor who invented the nervous system did a horrible thing for humanity."—Chicago Record-Herald.

"What's the matter, pet?"

"That big ugly man you sent to look at poor Fido says he has distemper, and I told him it wasn't true and I wanted him to go away. There's nothing at all the matter with Fido's temper. It's his poor little stomach."—Chicago Tribune.

The wife of a member of the House of Representatives toward morning not long ago was awakened by unusual noises below stairs, and tried to rouse her husband.

"Wake up! Wake up!" she said, in a low voice. "You must wake up and go down-stairs; there are thieves in the house."

"Oh, no, my dear," rejoined the half-awake husband, reassuringly. "There are no thieves in the House; they are all in the Senate."—Baltimore Sun.

"When I last heard of him they used to say she could twist him around her finger like a string."

"It was evidently true. She has since tied a knot with him."

Small Man: "Yes, sir; he's a contemptible scoundrel, and I told him so!"

Big man: "Did he knock you down?"

Small man: "No; I told him—er—through the telephone."

"What nice things you said about that man in his obituary notice. Don't suppose you'd say such nice things about me?" said the citizen.

"Oh, yes, I would with pleasure," replied the polite newspaper man.

Papa (severely)—"Did you ask mamma if you could have that apple?" Five-Year-Old—"Yes, papa." Papa—"Be careful now. I'll ask mamma, and if she says you didn't ask her I'll whip you for telling a story. Did you ask mamma?" Five-Year-Old—"Papa, I asked her. (A pause.) She said I couldn't have it."

"John Thompson, of Ottawa, had a finger amputated the other day as the result of putting chemicals on a wart," says the Kansas City Journal. "And there will be but little public sympathy with Mr. Thompson. The idea of putting chemicals on a wart, when everybody knows that the scientific way to remove warts is to touch them with the gizzard of a chicken and then bury the gizzard at the left hand corner of the grave of a politician, saying: 'Like loves like; come like, take like!'"

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