TALMAGE SERMON

By Rev.

FRANK DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D.,

Pastor of Jefferson Park Presbyterian Church, Chicago

Chicago, June 8.—A pen picture of the lineaments of the divine face of Christ is presented by Rev. Frank De Witt Talmage in this discourse on the text II Corinthians iv. 6, "The face of Jesus Christ."

Character is stamped upon the human face. By that I do not mean a good man necessarily has a beautiful face and a bad man a homely face. Some of the most sinful men have the handsomest faces. The morally corrupt and evil minded Edward IV. of England had a face of such singular beauty that it became the idol of London. When the king asked a rich lady for £10 to help carry on the war against France, she replied, "For thy comely face thou shalt have twenty." When the king kissed her with his smiling lips, the rich old lady made the gift £40 instead of £20. On the other hand, some of the kindest and best men have facial features which shock every artistic idea of harmonious proportions. But when I state that character can be read in the face I mean that if a man is a good man there is generally something in the smile of his lip, the glance of his eye, the wrinkles of his cheek, the set of his jaw, which suggests that he is a good man. If a man is bad, there are telltale signs in the face which prove that he is a bad man.

By long and bitter experience you have learned that the revealing power of the face is true. You have also learned that your wife can read the character in the human face a great deal better than her husband. When a younger man, you used to bring your friends home to spend the evening. After those friends had gone you would turn and say, "My dear, how did you like Mr. So-and-so?" Your wife would answer: "I do not like him at all. He is not a man to be trusted. You had better beware and not get mixed up in any business dealings with that man. I do not like his face." Or your wife would answer: "I like that man. I wish you would invite him up again to the house. I like his eye and the curve of his lip. I like his face." In almost every case, as you found out later, your wife's estimate of your friends' characters was right. She judged them by the face.

After my father died I stayed alone with his body for two nights. We were alone, as we often used to be when traveling around the world together. One night as I sat there by his side I found myself speaking aloud. I was startled by the sound of my own voice as I soliloquized, "No man could have had a face like that unless he was a good man." My father had the index of his beautiful life stamped upon his face, even in the unconscious pose of death.

Picturing the Divine Face.

Now Paul declares that the glory of God was revealed to man in the face of Jesus Christ. As we have no authentic picture of Jesus I would try to paint a word picture of the divine face by recounting some of Christ's mental and spiritual characteristics.

This was the method by which we obtained a picture of my brother after he was dead. For years before his demise he had not been to a photographer. So after the funeral we took to an artist all the pictures which my brother had taken in his boyhood. We also took a lock of his hair. We told the artist about my brother's happy nature, told how the jokes which he perpetrated would be revealed in his smile and laughing eye. We talked about his nature, so that the artist might paint that nature in the young man's face.

Emperor William I. of Germany wanted an artist to paint the face of his mother, Princess Louise, as she was in the prime of her physical beauty. He took all the different pictures of the dead empress to the artist's studio. There the royal son told that artist the characteristics of his mother. From his verbal portraiture that artist painted the famous ideal picture of Princess Louise descending the steps of her palace. May God help me today to paint aright the face of Jesus Christ!

Jesus must have had an intelligent face. Phrenologists teach that the seat of the brain is under the dome of the skull. They assert that certain characteristics of the brain can be read by the contour of the skull, as a blind man with his fingers reads by the raised letters of the Braille alphabet. But the intelligence of the brain can be traced in the face, as well as upon the top of the head, in the formation of the mouth as well as in the phrenological charts mapped off upon the back of the skull. The thin lip of the Caucasian is entirely different from the thick lip of the African; the deepset eyes and overhanging brows of the university scholar are totally different from the twinkling eyes and narrow frontal bones of the Australian aborigines. Some men's faces are so expressive that when they turn their keen eyes upon you they seem to bore a hole right into the heart of your very being. If you try to deceive them, the look upon their faces reveals the fact that they know you are not telling the truth.

The Penetrating Eye.

Ormsby Mitchell, the astronomer, one day was making some dial observations. As the sun was setting a hill seven miles away was focused by the cyclopian eye of the telescope. While the astronomer was seated there in his observatory he saw two boys stealing apples from an orchard which grew upon the top of that hill. So some men's eyes are such intelligent, penetrative eyes that they seem to have been watching you even when you were miles away.

Bayard Taylor relates a remarkable incident of the power of Daniel Webster's eye and face. During the time when the senator from Massachusetts was being bitterly assailed in his own state and abroad, in company with James Russell Lowell and a party of Harvard classmates Taylor went to a Boston meeting with the avowed intention of interrupting Mr. Webster's speech and turning his remarks into ridicule. "When Mr. Webster arose to speak," wrote Bayard Taylor, "he turned his great eyes upon us students. As he did so he seemed to us to read our very thoughts. The intelligence of his face seemed to speak volumes, although his lips had not yet parted. We college boys came to scoff. We dared not move, so subdued were we at the sight of that great lawyer's face."

Go with me where you will—into the studies of the great masters of the law, of literature, music, sculpture or the sciences—and almost without exception the intelligence of these mental giants has been made manifest in their faces. A Hugo, a Tennyson, a Dante, a Milton, a Luther, a Calvin—all prove by their physiognomy that this statement is true. So Christ must have had an intelligent face. It was not, as some artists have painted it, the face of an impractical dreamer or of a fanatic or of an effeminate nonentity. His was the face of one who had a masterful mind. When we begin to study Christ's face, we are impressed with the conviction that his eye was an omniscient eye, that the brain back of that face was an omnipotent brain, that the ear was an all hearing ear. That face revealed the fact that Christ knew all from eternity past to eternity to come. But what is more important to us personally when we look upon Christ's face is that we intuitively feel Christ knows every thought and hope and deed of our lives. He knows what we have done and what we would have liked to do.

As a little child, when I would be sent to bed for having done wrong, I could see in the darkness of the bedroom the face of Christ hovering over and watching me. I used to bury my head in the pillow and cover myself up completely with the bedclothes, yet I could not blot out that Christ face.

A Sympathetic Face.

Jesus Christ's face was also a sympathetic and forgiving face. How many men we have seen whose faces represented intelligent power, but without mercy—faces such as you could easily imagine a Robespierre might have had or a Frankenstein or any of the great leaders of the inquisition! Those were the faces of men like Napoleon, who, hearing a marshal of France after a bloody battle express regret over the awful slaughter of human life, replied: "Oh, that is nothing. In order to make an omelet you must break a few eggs." Those were the faces of men like Prince Nawab, who drove 146 British prisoners into the Black Hole of Calcutta, a stifling room only eighteen feet square, and left them there until the misery of all but twenty-three was ended by suffocation. Those were the kind of faces that must have been possessed by men like Nana Sahib, the fiend of Cawnpur, and women like Catherine de' Medici, the evil spirit of St. Bartholomew's massacre, when 30,000 French Huguenots were slain in one day, and by Delilah, the betrayer of a Samson, and Jezebel, the destroyer of a Naboth.

But all strong faces are not evil faces. Some of the strongest faces we have ever seen have been the sweetest and most magnanimous. These faces had a love attracting power for the beholders, like the face of old Dr. Plumer, one of the strongest men the American pulpit ever produced. Dr. Plumer's face was a sweet and tender and loving face, although one of the strongest of faces. One day, as he was walking across a Pittsburg park, a little child ran up to him and took his hand; then, looking up into that great, good face—a face that never had any bitterness against any one, but only forgiveness—the child asked, "I say, mister, are you God?"

So we must not think of Christ's face only as an intelligent face, a face of power, but also as a loving, sympathetic, forgiving face. We must think of him as having the same kind of a face your earthly father may have had. You remember when, in the past, you did what your father had forbidden, you came to his side and buried your face in his lap and cried, "Father, will you forgive me?" Then you remember how he took you up in his great, strong arms. What a sweet look came into his loving face! How his lip trembled and his eyes filled with tears as he said: "My boy, my dear little son, I was in hopes that you would come to me as you have done. My heart was almost breaking, my child, because you did wrong. But it was breaking the more because my little son did not come to his father and ask to be forgiven." And then you found that the tears which trickled down your cheek were not those which came from your eyes alone. Mingled with them were the tears which flowed from your earthly parent's eyes. Yes, our Christ's face, although a strong face, was a sympathetic face.

Forgiveness In Christ's Face.

And my Christ's face must have been a forgiving face because it was such an intelligent face. He knows all that we have done and suffered. He also well knows how hard some of us have struggled in our own strength to do right. He knows how we have grappled each of us with his own besetting sin, which we dare not tell to any human ear. He knows—yes, he knows—how impossible it is for us to succeed in battling that sin in our own strength. So when we come to Christ to ask for help to resist the evil present and to avert the evil future as well as to wipe out the evil past, oh, then the strong face of Christ becomes a tender, sympathetic, forgiving face. Our Saviour's eyes will fill with tears of joy. Our Saviour's lip will quiver. Our Saviour's look will be one of pardon and of unutterable love.

Christ's face is a scarred face. "No, no," says some one; "please do not tell me that my Christ's face is a scarred face. I have always thought of Jesus' face as the most beautiful ever owned by man; I have always believed his face was as beautiful as the Christ face described in the exquisite portrait carved upon an emerald by the order of Tiberius Cæsar: 'His forehead was plain and very delicate; his face was without spot or wrinkle, beautified with a lovely red; his nose and mouth were so formed that nothing could be reprehended; his beard was thickish, in color like his hair, not very long, but forked; his look was innocent and mature; his eyes were clear and quick. He was a man for his singular beauty surpassing the children of men.'"

But, my friends, that portrait of Christ's face which was carved upon the emerald by Cæsar's order has been proved by the archæologists to have been a description taken from a spurious tablet. It was a forgery and was not written until 200 years after Christ's death. So, in order to find whether or no Christ's face was a scarred face, we must turn to the words of the Bible. Was his forehead scarred? Oh, yes; the crucifiers plaited a crown of thorns upon his head. As the sharp thorns were driven into the white skin the blood must have flowed; the skin must have been lacerated. Read from Isaiah lii, 14, "His visage was so marred, more than any man, and his form more than the sons of men." Turn to the fourteenth chapter of Mark, "And some began to spit on him and to cover his face and to buffet him and to say unto him, Prophesy, and the servants did strike him with the palms of their hands." After the agonies of the crucifixion could Christ's face be other than a scarred face?

The Record of the Scars.

And Christ's face is a scarred face because it is the face of one who realized the awful nature of sin. Though Christ could forgive us our sins by the sacrifice of blood, yet he could not take away the punishment for sin. So he offered his own face to be lacerated. He offered his lips to become parched and bleeding. He offered his eyes to become glassy in death. Yet the scarred and disfigured face of Christ will be more beautiful to the redeemed spirits in the heavenly land than if those divine features were without spot or blemish. The scars upon his face will appeal to us in the same way that the wrinkles upon our mother's face touched our hearts when she lay asleep in the casket. We looked at the wrinkles and said: "That wrinkle came when she took care of me while I was sick with diphtheria. This wrinkle came when my brother died. That other wrinkle came when she was preparing my clothes for college. Yonder wrinkle came the night I was married and left home." Therefore to us children those wrinkles were beautiful because they told the story of her vicarious love and suffering. Yes, in heaven we want to see our mother's wrinkles, that came as the battle scars of life while fighting for her children. In heaven we also want to see the scarred face of Jesus, which scars were cut into his fair skin while suffering for our redemption.

When Alexander the Great had his portrait painted, he made the artist represent him with his head resting upon his hand. The emperor did this so that his forefinger might cover up a deep scar which was slashed into his right cheek by the sword of an enemy. But when the Bible paints for us Christ's face it does not cover up one of the divine scars. To the Christian the most beautiful parts of the divine face should be the places which reveal to us how Christ suffered and died that we might live.

The scarred face of Christ is an illumined face. Have you ever seen a sad countenance light up with a smile? Have you ever heard a little child burst forth into a laugh in the midst of a fit of crying—laugh when a tear is yet glistening upon the wet cheek? Well, Christ's face, though in one sense a sad face, a scarred face, is yet an illumined face. It has joy in the eye, joy on the lip, joy in the cheek, joy everywhere, when one of his loved ones has been saved by the sacrifice of his blood. There is more joy in that divine face over one sinner that repenteth than over ninety and nine just persons that need no repentance.

Illumined by Love.

If Christ's had not been an illumined face the little children would not have loved to run to him. Children are attracted by a smile. They are afraid of tears. Yet everywhere, as Jesus' smiling face appears, we can hear the children calling to one another: "Come, come! Here is Jesus! Come, come!" If Jesus' face was not an illumined face, he could never have spoken such triumphant words as those which he spoke to him sick of the palsy, "Son, be of good cheer; thy sins are forgiven thee." He could never have spoken such words of commendation as those he spoke in reference to the centurion, "Verily, I say unto you, I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel." And, O my brother, if our sins are making the Saviour's face such a sad face and if our repentance will make Christ's face such an illumined face, should we not be willing to brighten up our Saviour's face since it has suffered so much?

But the sweetest thought to me of all is that Christ's is a face that wants to be loved. Some portraits have an indescribable something about them which proves that those faces crave affection. If the closed lips could speak, they would say: "I live for others in order that others might live for me. I love in order that I can be loved. I suffer in order that others can be made happy. And, being happy, they can pour out their gratitude upon me."

I only awoke to the fact a few years ago that Christ's face was a face that wanted to be loved. I used to think that I must love Christ because Christ could and would save me if I asked him. But now I have learned to love him because he loves me and wants me to love him. He loves me with a love that passeth all understanding. But that love is incomplete unless I respond to it and love as I am loved. Mr. Moody told a pathetic story how a short time after his father's death his elder brother ran away from home. Then he described how his mother used to be continually watching for the return of the prodigal, how she would send the children every day down to the postoffice to find out if there were a letter from her absent boy. They would hear her praying at night for the return of her son, that he might give her his love. Well, today Christ's face is a face craving affection.

Are you ready to satisfy the cravings for affection which are pictured upon Christ's face? Are you willing to have your face stamped upon Christ's heart? If you would, you cannot have your face there alone. There are many faces imprinted upon his heart, and yet all these faces blend into one. These faces, which are stamped upon the tender, living, forgiving heart of Christ, make a composite picture. When you graduated from college, the photographer made a composite picture of your class. He took all the different photographs of the members and passed them rapidly before the camera's eye. Then the various photographs were combined in a single picture, and that was called the class portrait. So upon Christ's heart there is a composite picture. That composite portrait is made up of your Christian mother's and father's faces, your Christian wife's and child's faces; it is made from the faces of the Christian men and women who have died in the past and of those who are living today. Will you have your face in this composite picture, which is ineffaceably stamped upon the great heart of Christ?

Divine Love Not Blind.

But, sad to relate, after all Christ has suffered and done for us, his face may be a condemning face. The divine love may be great enough to surpass all human understanding, yet the divine love is not blind. The spirit of God will not always strive with man. In Ezekiel we read, "My face will I turn also from them." Oh, the awful moment when Christ's face, on account of our unrepented sins, shall become a condemning face! This is one characteristic of Christ which all unrepentant sinners and some ministers preaching in the sacred pulpits are trying not to see. But if Jesus is not to have a condemning face for the unrepentant sinner how can you account for the parable of the shepherd separating the sheep from the goats? There is going to come a day when Christ shall gather before the judgment seat of God all the nations of the earth. Crash! crash! crash! will go every tombstone. The mausoleums shall rock and heave as the Philippian jail trembled during the night of Paul's and Silas' incarceration. Every gate and slab door will fly open. The tall cemetery shafts shall tumble as did the walls of Jericho at the blast of the ram's horn. The bodies of the sailors sleeping by the coral reefs, the emigrants who died when crossing the prairie, the arctic explorers buried under the snow and ice, the missionaries who died upon the Kongo—they shall all come up. The dead which slept under the dome of a Taj Mahal and the poor unknown patient who died in the county hospital and whose body was buried in potter's field shall come up. The bodies of the rich and the poor alike, the black and the white, the Jew and the gentile—they shall all come up. Then Christ shall separate this multitude which is gathered before him as a shepherd separates his sheep from the goats. Toward the sheep the Saviour will turn a forgiving face, but toward the goats he shall turn a condemning face when he says, "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire."

If Christ is not to have a condemning face to those who have not repented of their sins, how can you account for the scene in the parable of the ten virgins? As we read that parable we see the five foolish virgins who had not prepared for the Bridegroom's coming standing without and pounding upon the door of the banquet hall. We soon hear them crying: "Lord, Lord, open unto us! But he answered and said, Verily I say unto you, I know you not." Two men shall be working in the fields; the one shall be taken and the other left. Two women shall be grinding at the mill; the one shall be taken and the other left. Two immortals shall be standing at the marriage altar; the one shall be taken and the other left. Oh, my friends, I beg and plead with you to look into the forgiving face of Christ while it is yet time! Do not let the Saviour's face ever become to you a condemning face.

When the apostate Julian was dying upon the field of battle, he looked up and saw the overhanging cross and the face of Jesus. Then he cried, "Thou, O Galilean, thou hast at last conquered!" Shall we not one and all be conquered by the face of Jesus Christ—conquered not as the infidel was conquered, but conquered by the Christ love; conquered by our making complete surrender to him of our lives, conquered by having our faces as his disciples engraved upon Christ's heart?

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GUITEAU JURYMEN.

The Assassin's Curse Has Not Worked Against Them.

"It is currently believed," said one of the old inhabitants of this city, "that the members of the Guiteau jury, which was composed of twelve citizens of Washington, have all died since the trial and conviction of the assassin of President Garfield, some twenty years ago, but such is not the case. Only four have passed to the other shore, the last one, a retired butcher (Mr. Prather), having been a member of the Oldest Inhabitants' association of the District.

"John P. Hamlin, the foreman of the jury, is living in this city, a hale and hearty old man of more than threescore and ten years. I was talking with him on the subject of the Guiteau trial, in which he played so prominent a part, the other day.

"'I and my fellow jurymen,' says he whenever questioned on the subject, 'were convinced that Guiteau was conscious of what he was doing when he fired the shot.'

"Guiteau denounced the jury with a curse that caused a shudder to pass over the vast throng in the courthouse. When the verdict was announced, he said: 'My blood be on the head of that jury, and don't you forget it! That is my answer, and God will avenge this outrage!'

"The average age of the jury was fifty years. Gates, I think, was the youngest and Hobbs the oldest. Hobbs, Thomas Heinlein, Fred Brandenberg and Prather are dead, while Bright, Langley, Wormley, Stewart, Gates, Sheaham, Brawner and John Hamlin are living, enjoying, as the latter has said to me, the consciousness of having performed their duty in convicting the assassin.

"Poor Sheaham, I understand, from physical troubles has been in the insane asylum for some years—not because of Guiteau's curse, I am sure. Those of the jurors who have died lived to be old men, you might say, and died, as other men die, regardless of the curse. Those who are living, I understand from my friend Hamlin, are doing first rate. He tells me he often meets his fellow jurymen in this city, but that they scarcely ever refer to that incident in their lives. It is a memory of the past and not a pleasant one.

"Hamlin told me his name was one of a hundred that were drawn and that he was the thirteenth man called that would answer. Being the first selected, he was, of course, made foreman. The confinement was long and arduous—over two months in the National hotel, closely guarded by United States marshals."—Washington Times.

From an Author's Journal.

Just finished my great American novel. Hastened to send it to the publisher, as I want to buy a railroad tomorrow morning.

There is a suspicion that this is not the great age of American literature, but I'm inclined to think that it is. My latest novel is in its three hundred and fiftieth thousand, and my cigars cost $2 apiece.

One of the fool critics says I don't write literature. All that is vastly amusing to me as I order my carriage for a spin in the park and put the last flourish to an autograph for the czar of Russia.

I must tell my real estate agent not to bother me with my rents for a week or so. In that time I have contracted to finish another great American novel, as I shall want to buy a couple of colonial mansions as wedding presents to friends of mine.—Atlanta Constitution.

Helen Keller's First Word.

The morning after my teacher came she led me into her room and gave me a beautiful doll. After I had played with it a little while she slowly spelled into my hands the word "d-o-l-l." I was greatly interested in this finger play and tried to imitate it. When I finally succeeded in making the letters correctly, I was flushed with childish pleasure and pride; then, running down stairs to my mother, I held up my hand and made the letters for "doll." In the days that followed I learned to spell a great many words, among them "pin," "hat," "cup" and a few verbs like "sit," "stand" and "walk." But my teacher had been with me several weeks before I understood that everything has a name.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Ministers and Chess.

"A considerable proportion of chess players are clergymen," a minister said the other day. "If you doubt this, consult in the newspapers and the weeklies the column devoted to questions and answers regarding the game and to chess tournaments. It will amaze you the number of 'Rev.'s' and 'D. D.'s' that you will come upon there. Chess is, you see, a game too weighty and serious for most people, who like in their amusement to unbend. But this very weightiness, this very seriousness, is what makes it so particularly attractive to ministers, for they cannot afford to unbend in their play to the same extent that others can; hence chess for them rather than pingpong."—Philadelphia Press.

A Tolstoi Protest.

Tolstoi is completely out of patience with modern literary taste. "The ignorance of our educated circles," he declares, "is such that the truly great thinkers, poets and prose writers, whether of antiquity or of the nineteenth century, are regarded as stale and out of date, incapable of satisfying the high and refined demands of the present generation. We either patronize these masters or frankly dismiss them with a contemptuous smile.

"In philosophy the last word is found in the immoral, crude, inflated, incoherent stuff of Nietzsche."

The Widow's Mite.

"That story of the widow's mite does more harm than good, I believe," says a church worker who has seen the idiosyncrasies of many good people. "The inference that people draw from it is that there is virtue in mites, and they give mites from their own abundance, forgetting that the poor widow of the Bible story gave all that she had. I am inclined to believe that this must be one reason that church work of all kinds is so poorly supported. People give generously everywhere before they remember the church. They expect to pay for what they get everywhere outside, but in the church they want to get as much as they can for the least possible outlay."

A Story of J. Sterling Morton.

A touching incident illustrating J. Sterling Morton's devotion to his wife is told of him. They had three sons, one of whom died not many years ago, but all did well in life, one of them, Paul Morton, being vice president of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe railroad. In ordering a tombstone for his wife's grave Mr. Morton had carved upon it the usual inscription and added that she was the mother of three sons, whose names were written on the stone. In telling his sons of this he remarked, "If any one of you ever does anything to disgrace your mother, I will have his name erased from her tombstone."

Cuff Links With a History.

One of the few relics of Washington in the possession of an individual is a pair of old gold sleeve links belonging to General James Grant Wilson. Their history, as recounted in the New York Times, General Wilson told not long ago before the New York Historical society. The story is both new and true.

After the battle of Saratoga Washington desired to express his appreciation of Arnold's bravery—for Arnold, not Gates, was the real hero of that battle—and he sent to Arnold a letter expressing his feeling and with it his gold cuff links, saying: "I learn that you lost yours in the battle. Pray accept mine as a little token of my appreciation."

Arnold wore the sleeve links until his treason, when, evidently not relishing the memories they called forth, he presented them to Colonel Tarleton, one of the few British officers who showed him any sincere kindness. Colonel Tarleton had on his staff an American loyalist, who was an excellent officer and a most amiable gentleman and was made by Tarleton his military secretary. This was Israel Halleck, father of Fitz-Greene Halleck, the well known poet of earlier New York days.

Israel Halleck left the historical Washington links to his son, who just before his death in 1867 gave them to a young man to whom he had intrusted his manuscripts and other material for his biography, and here they are.

Origin of a Famous Hymn.

Dr. Cuyler in telling the story of familiar hymns gives this interesting circumstance concerning "Onward, Christian Soldiers:" It seems that the one who wrote this hymn was trying to help his brother, who was a clergyman in the Church of England, to get his Sunday school in good marching order, so he thought this hymn might help, and he had the school led by one who carried a cross. Some gentlemen of the church found fault with the carrying of the cross and thought it looked popish.

"Well," he said, "we can leave that out, and I can alter the hymn, and we can sing it, 'With the cross of Jesus left behind the door.'" "Oh, no," said the good brother. "Perhaps you had better let it be as it is."

BAD BLOOD, BAD COMPLEXION.

The skin is the seat of an almost endless variety of diseases. They are known by various names, but are all due to the same cause, acid and other poisons in the blood that irritate and interfere with the proper action of the skin.

To have a smooth, soft skin, free from all eruptions, the blood must be kept pure and healthy. The many prepasations of arsenic and potash and the large number of face powders and lotions generally used in this class of diseases cover up for a short time, but cannot remove permanently the ugly blotches and the red, disfiguring pimples.

Eternal vigilance is the price of a beautiful complexion

when such remedies are relied on.

Mr. H. T. Shobe, 908 Lucas Avenue, St. Louis, Mo., says: "My daughter was afflicted for years with a disfiguring eruption on her face, which resisted all treatment. She was taken to two celebrated health springs, but received no benefit. Many medicines were prescribed, but without result, until we decided to try S. S. S., and by the time the first bottle was finished the eruption began to disappear. A dozen bottles cured her completely and left her skin perfectly smooth. She is now seventeen years old, and not a sign of the embarrassing disease has ever returned."

S. S. S. is a positive, unfailing cure for the worst forms of skin troubles. It is the greatest of all blood purifiers, and the only one guaranteed purely vegetable.

Bad blood makes bad complexions.

SSS purifies and invigorates the old and makes new, rich blood that nourishes the body and keeps the skin active and healthy and in proper condition to perform its part towards carrying off the impurities from the body.

If you have Eczema, Tetter, Acne, Salt Rheum, Psoriasis, or your skin is rough and pimply, send for our book on Blood and Skin Diseases and write our physicians about your case. No charge whatever for this service.

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Digests what you eat.

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It can't help but do you good

Prepared only by E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago. The $1. bottle contains 2½ times the 50c. size.

In every town and village may be had, the Mica Axle Grease that makes your horses glad.

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Liver Pills

That's what you need; something to cure your biliousness and give you a good digestion. Ayer's Pills are liver pills. They cure constipation and biliousness. Gently laxative. 25c. All druggists.

Want your moustache or beard a beautiful brown or rich black? Then use BUCKINGHAM'S DYE for the Whiskers. 50 CTS. OF DRUGGISTS, OR R. P. HALL & CO., NASHUA, N. H.

Strength Enables You to Stand the Heat. Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic gives strength.

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Eye Glasses and Spectacles accurately fitted and adjusted.

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AND IT STAYS CURED.

Cafelerian is pleasant to the taste, is harmless, is no secret nostrum, is highly recommended by physicians, and does absolutely cure headache. Cafelerian leaves no unpleasant effect. It tones the nervous system, invigorates the mind, relieves mental exhaustion, and cures insomnia. As a liquid and as an effervescent salt.

At drug stores and soda fountains. Trial bottles 10 cents.

Lafelerian

For sale by T. J. Haydon & Son, Irvington, Va.

THE UNION CENTRAL,

The strongest and best Life Insurance Company in the world, issues all desirable policy forms.

Fill out blank below and forward to M. S. Stringfellow, General Agent, Brandy Station, Va.:

I would like to receive information regarding endowment Policy, which will protect me in my old age as well as insure my family against want in event of my death, issued to a man aged.....years.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

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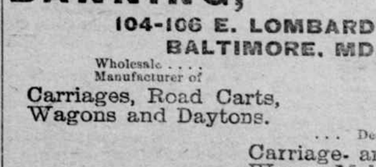

THE OLD. THE NEW.

Thoroughly tried and stood every test. Over 300 crates of these pails sold here. Every piece guaranteed. Price 25 cts. Discount to merchants. Hammocks, Wire Doors, Window Screens, Leonard Dry Air Refrigerators, Ice Cream Freezers. Thousands of yards of mattings, Remnants half price. Direct factory agents for Solid Oak Furniture and Mason's Fruit Jars.

E. C. NINDE, Fredericksburg, Va.

DON'T DO IT!

Don't buy any article in the Dry Goods or Notion line before getting

J. T. LOWERY & CO.'S

prices. Cheapest Dry Goods and Notion House in Virginia.

818 B ST., FREDERICKSBURG, VA.

SUMMER OF 1902.

Farmers, Attention! Valuable Information, Read! Read!!

We are now receiving the following seasonable goods, to which your attention is invited: One- and two-horse Farm Wagons; one carload of Buggies, Phaetons and Runabouts; one car load of the best Galvanized Barbed Wire; a full stock of Corn Shells; superior Disc Drills for Spring Seeding; Chattanooga, Dixie, Boy Dixie and Farmer's Friend- and two-horse Plows; a full stock of Genuine Cultivators with steel attachments; Spring Tooth and Drag Harrows, also the celebrated Superior Disc Harrows; Corn and Cob Crushers; Corn Planters with and without fertilizer attachments; Colters and Cultivators in great variety, with a full line of castings for all leading plows used in this section, trace chains, back bands and horse collars.

Seeds! Now opening fresh supply of new Clover Seed, Timothy, Herd's Grass, Orchard Grass, etc. We handle everything needed by the farmer. We invite your attention and solicit your patronage. Our prices are always rock-bottom.

Remember the name and place,

CHANCELLOR & RAWLINGS,

FARMERS' SUPPLY STORE,

Commerce Street, - - Fredericksburg, Va.

R. A. BANNING,

Wholesale Manufacturer of Carriages, Road Carts, Wagons and Daytons.

Dealer in Carriage- and Wagon-Makers' Supplies.

Send for Catalogue and Price List.

104-106 E. LOMBARD ST., BALTIMORE, MD.

Book, Card and Job Printing.

We have in operation (besides our newspaper department) a magnificent Job Printing Department, and are prepared to do work equal to any that can be done by any office in the state of Virginia.

Our prices are rock bottom and based on city rates.

Call and see us, or write for our prices.

Best Materials. Best Workmanship.

PRINTING IN COLORS A SPECIALTY.

Cards, Bill Heads, Letter Heads, Note Heads, Statements, Envelopes, Posters, Circulars, Books, Invitations, Catalogues, Pamphlets, Shipping Tags, Programmes, Reports, Distinctions, Warrants, Deeds,

In fact, all work in the Job Printing line executed Neatly, Cheaply and Quickly.

THE PEARRE E. CROWL CO.,

Corner Light and Lombard Sts., BALTIMORE, MD.,

Who have been advertising with us for several years, make a specialty of supplying stock certificates and seals to newly incorporated companies.

Any concern about to incorporate would do well to write for their samples and prices.

The publishers of the CITIZEN have had occasion to patronize this firm on several occasions and have no hesitancy in recommending their work.

We have an accumulation of odd rolls of Wall Paper which we have put up in bundles of five rolls each, no two rolls alike. Each bundle contains about 80 yards of paper and we offer the bundles while they last at 10 cts. each. Just the thing for closets, screens, etc. Three bundles for 25 cts. Freight extra. Order early Send for sanples of regular 1902 stock.

ADAMS' BOOK STORE,

FREDERICKSBURG, VA,

LANCASTER UNION LODGE, No. 88, A. F. & A. M., KILMARNOCK, VA. Stated Communications monthly—Thursday after the third Monday, 11 a. m.

HEATHSVILLE LODGE, No. 109, A. F. & A. M. Stated Communications monthly—Friday after the third Monday, 11 a. m.

WESTMORELAND LODGE, No. 212, A. F. & A. M., KINSALE, VIRGINIA. Stated Communications monthly—Saturday after third Monday, 7 p. m.

VIRGINIA FIRE & MARINE INSURANCE COMPANY.

CHARTERED 1832.

RICHMOND, VA.

Assets, - - $750,500.

WM. H. PALMER, Prest.

WM. H. McCARTY, Secy

We do the most popular Insurance business in the State. When your house burns you get your money.

B. H. BAIRD, Agent,

WARSAW, VA.

G. A. Zirckel & Co.,

—SOLE AGENTS FOR—

Tower's Oiled Clothing, Hats, etc.

Mermaid Brand—

Mackintoshes & Rubber Clothing.

JOBBERS OF

Goodyear Glove, Boston, Bay State, Woonsocket and Rhode Island Rubber Boots and Shoes.

Jobbers in Rubbers at all Times.

Write for special list.

7 and 9 E. Pratt St.,

Opposite Maltby House,

BALTIMORE, MD.

PATRONIZE HOME INDUSTRY.

Merchants, do this, and your customers will patronize you.

THE KENMORE SHOE CO.,

FREDERICKSBURG,

use no shoddy leather. Every pair of shoes is warranted by them, and if, with reasonable wear, they do not give satisfaction, the dealer is authorized to make it so.

Customers, call for the Kenmore Shoe.

ASHBURN & JAMES, Irvington,

R. M. SANDERS, White Stone,

W. A. DAMERON & BRO., CRALLE & SISSON, } Weems.

GEO. N. REED, Reedville, } Agents.

B. Goldsmith,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

Men's, Boys' and Children's Ready Made Clothing, Gents' Furnishing Goods, Trunks, Valises and Umbrellas.

Market Corner, Fredericksburg, Va

H. R. GOULDMAN,

MERCHANT TAILOR AND DEALER IN

Gents' Furnishing Goods.

824 B Street,

Fredericksburg, Va.

Special attention to mail orders.

Are You a Progressive Teacher

or Ambitious Student of Elocution, Aesthetic Physical Culture or Oratory?

The New York School of Expression.

Genevieve Stebbins, the Eminent Delsartian, and F. Townsend Southwick, Principals. Summer session at Montcarlo, Tenn. Address until July 1st, 318 West 57th Street, New York.

CHERRY-GLYCERINE

CURES

Coughs, Colds, and all Bronchial Troubles.

Price 25 Cts.

At All Dealers.

HENRY MURR'S

CELEBRATED

BALTIMORE ICE CREAM.

—MANUFACTURED AT—

521 S. CHARLES STREET.

Baltimore, - - - - Md.

Attention is called to Henry Murr's Ice Cream. He is one of the oldest and most reliable manufacturers of Ice Cream now in Baltimore. He uses nothing but the purest ingredients, and it is always kept up to a high degree of excellence. Shipping capacity, 500 gallons in patent air-tight tubs.

All orders met with prompt attention.

SPRING SCHEDULE.

WEEMS STEAMBOAT CO.,

Baltimore, Fredericksburg, Norfolk and Rappahannock River Routes.

On and after Tuesday, March 18th, Steamers Calvert, Lancaster and Essex will leave Pier 2, Light street, Baltimore, every Tuesday and Friday at 4:30 p. m. for Fredricksburg and all wharves on the river. Returning will leave Fredericksburg at 2:30 p. m. (tide permitting) Monday and Thursday, Leedstown at 4:30 a. m., Tuesday and Friday for Baltimore.

Leave Baltimore Wednesday and Thursday at 4:30 p. m. for Tappahannock and all wharves below, except Bay Port. Returning will leave Tappahannock at 8 a. m. on Monday and 9 a. m. Wednesday and Thursday for Baltimore.

Steamers from Tappahannock Wednesday will not call at wharves in Corrotoman River.

Will not call at Bay Port on either day.

No freight received for out-going steamers after 4 p. m. on sailing days.

NORFOLK ROUTE.

Will leave Tappahannock for Norfolk at 2 p. m. Friday, stopping at all landings. Will leave Norfolk at 6 p. m. on Saturday for Tappahannock, calling at all landings.

HENRY WILLIAMS, Manager.

Office: Pier 2, Light St., Baltimore.

Wm. D. SCOTT, Agt., Fredericksburg.

KEY COMPTON, Agt., Norfolk.

Potomac River Route.

Beginning Tuesday, June 3, steamers Calvert and Potomac will leave Pier 9, Light street, Baltimore, every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 5 p. m. for Alexandria and Washington, calling at all of the usual landings. Beginning Tuesday, June 3, will leave 7th street wharf, Washington, at 4 p. m., Thursday, Sunday and Tuesday, going as far as Leonardtown on these evenings. Will leave Leonardtown at 6 a. m., Kinsale at 12 m. Miller's at 5 p. m., Grason's at 6:30 p. m. and Bacon's at 7:30 p. m., Monday, Wednesday and Friday, arriving in Baltimore early the following morning. Freight received daily in Baltimore.

HENRY WILLIAMS, Agent, Baltimore, Md.

STEPHENSON & BRO., Agents, Washington, D. C.

Wm. M. REARDON, Agent, Alexandria, Va.

Baltimore, Chesapeake & Atlantic RAILWAY CO.

Piankatank River Line.

Summer Schedule, in effect June 8, 1902.

STEAMER ENOCH PRATT

Will leave Baltimore 5 p. m. Monday and Thursday, weather permitting, for Harcums, Timbs, Reedville, Grace Point, Byrdton, Kilmarnock, Ocrans, Jackson's Creek, Cherry Point, Cricket Hill, Callis, Fitchetts, Ruarks, Grinels, Warehouse, Conrads, Green Point, Stampers, Blands and Freeport.

STEAMER IDA

Will leave Baltimore 5 p. m. Wednesday and Sunday, weather permitting, for Sampsons, Tipers, Blackwells, Harcums