

## THE REVIEW.

BY  
F. T. LUSE.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:  
One Year, in the county..... \$1.00  
One Year, out of the county..... 1.10

Inquire at Office for Advertising Rates.

Only four States hold elections for State officers this year—Virginia, Ohio, Iowa and Massachusetts.

The mechanical genius of the future seems to have located in North Dakota. The alleged airship about which so much has been said of late was "hatched" in that State, and now a N. D. man comes to the front with a gigantic boring machine to be operated by power that will excavate terra firma at a tremendous rate. The machine consists of two immense augers attached to a movable upright frame. When the hole is deep enough the apparatus is moved forward.

"The law of individuality is essential to the order of the universe. Everything in nature has a specific individuality which identifies it and distinguishes it from all other creatures or things. Individuality separates the atomic particles of matter from each other and keeps the planets whirling in their orbits. A grain of corn, a grain of wheat, a mustard and a peach seed planted in the same soil, moistened with the same water, warmed by the same sunlight, grows seed each after its own kind. No method of treatment can change one into the other, nor can either be grafted onto the other."

Fitzsimmons is said to sincerely mourn the loss of his mother-in-law, who died a few months ago. "Bob" was a great favorite with the old lad, and he reciprocated her affection in a surprising way—for a prize fighter. Immediately after his victory at Carson City, Mrs. F. expressed regret that her mother had not lived 'till that eventful day when her husband was formally proclaimed champion of the world, and the famous bruiser himself remarked that he "hoped that if there is any hereafter that she knew how I whipped Cobbett" even there. Some people's ideas of the "hereafter" are a trifle "funny" to say the least.

Freaks in the vegetable and animal world are so common in Australia that comment is considered superfluous in that country. Recently "they" have been favored with "red rain" in the vicinity of Melbourne that knocked out all previous exhibitions of an abnormal character. The "bloody" rain was considered as beyond comprehension or calculation—without precedent—in the land of the kangaroo. It was at first alarming, but later developments seem to indicate that it was a blessing in disguise, the red shower having proved to be as poisonous to insects and slugs as hellebore. Fruit trees were completely cleaned and the bugs and things died without protest.

The veritable logbook of the Mayflower, preserved as an invaluable relic among the antiquarian treasures of innumerable Bishops of London, is at last to be returned to the United States in consequence of the efforts of the government of Massachusetts, the American Antiquarian and Massachusetts Historical Societies, the Pilgrim Society of Plymouth and the New England Society of New York, backed up by Ambassador Bayard. The Bishop of London will deliver the book to Mr. Bayard personally when the latter returns to this country, to be delivered by the Ambassador to President McKinley, who will in turn deliver the book to the Massachusetts Societies. Whether the "log" will finally rest at Boston or Plymouth is not yet determined.

A real American Venice is in process of construction on the shores of Long Island. Havemeyer, the "Sugar King," is backing the project with several million dollars, and several other wealthy New Yorkers are associated with him. The villas are modelled after the Venetian style of architecture. For the present the plan is limited to two canals—one 100 and the other 150 feet in width. The water will be of sufficient depth to float a small steamer, and there will be direct lines of boats to New York. Residents of the American Venice can take a steamer for the can Venice can take a steamer for the and be landed at the wharves at any point desired. The project is novel, picturesque and will, it is claimed, be a financial success.

According to the most recent tables prepared by Col. Ainsworth of the War Department there are at this time 1,095,628 survivors of the Union armies in the War of the Rebellion. At present there are 760,000 of these survivors on the pension rolls. In addition to survivors there are 219,000 widows on the rolls, who receive more than one-third of the annual appropriation of \$140,000,000. We are still paying pensions to half a dozen widows of soldiers of the Revolution. The records show that the percentage of mortality among old soldiers is less than among the average of men. The probability seems to be that we will be paying as much for pensions ten or even twenty years from now as we are paying today. Col. Ainsworth estimates that the rolls will show a substantial decrease in 1900, but that the last survivor will not have disappeared before 1945.

The natural resources of Indiana continue to astonish the natives. Building stone, coal, iron, oil, gas—apparent-

ly in inexhaustible quantities, are an old story in many localities, but new developments in new sections seem to cast the old time storerooms of nature's treasures in the shade. The astonishing oil gusher at Alexandria which wasted 4,000,000 feet of gas a day, until the State officials suppressed it, was quickly followed by the great gas well at Petersburg, Pike County, with a pressure of 565 pounds—215 pounds greater than any well ever before brought in in this State. Indiana is a great State and seems to be getting greater every day at a very satisfactory rate.

The season promises to be eventful to wheelmen. The "fever" is now racking to an extent never before heard of or anticipated. The most optimistic and enthusiastic devotee never expected to see the roadways and sidewalks of the land so completely overrun with "bikes" and sweaters and bloomers. Naturally accidents to wheel people must increase with the increasing crowds of "scorching" humanity. The long list of "bike" casualties published in the New York papers is alarming. On Monday, May 10th, the World gave a column to brief paragraphs, telling of lives lost and limbs broken on the previous Sunday. Eleven serious casualties occurred. A Hoboken man tried to ride a wheel on a pier. He was an amateur and soon went "overboard" and was drowned. Several scorcher ran into trolley cars and got the worst of it. A maiden in bloomers scared a horse. He was a sensible horse and there was a bad runaway, a wrecked vehicle, and several smashed wheels. A reckless rider wilfully ran his wheel over a dog and was thrown and his arm broken and "served him right."

The rejection of the Arbitration treaty by the Senate was a surprise to the country at large. Various influences entirely foreign to the matters involved are claimed to have brought about this result. The entire religious influence of the United States had been conducting a propaganda in behalf of the ratification treaty for months, yet it failed to find favor with politicians of influence and partisan jealousies of the most antagonistic character for once combined to set back the hands of Time upon the dial of human progress. Universal peace is still therefore very much of a theory with our dignified Senators. It may be expected that a new treaty will be negotiated very soon, omitting the features that were found to be most objectionable in this. The shock to other nations will be greater than that suffered by the people of the United States, because they will not understand the various influences that have been at work to produce this result. The United States has been recognized by all the world as a nation of peace, the least aggressive and the most favorable for the settlement of difficulties by arbitration. If the British treaty had been ratified several other nations were ready to duplicate it at once.

### ANCIENT AND MODERN PROPHETS.

Prophets have in all ages been sufficiently numerous for all practical purposes. Opinions are at variance as to the value of their forecasts, but as a rule they have failed to foretell anything with any accuracy. Barring the Scriptural prophecies, it would be hard for the average reader to cite any single instance wherein the seers of comparatively modern times have struck "twelve." In our own day the Tottens and Hickies and many others of less note have been trying to alarm the world about the "day of doom" which they have scheduled to arrive at an early date. They "figger" out from data which they hold to be indisputable that the time for the "second coming," the annihilation of all existing governments, and the inauguration of the millennium as foretold in the Scriptures can not possibly be deferred longer than the end of the present century, and they assert that the event will evolute before the night of Dec. 31, 1899, or that all existing chronology is a fraud and without foundation. A few years ago these worthies found confirmation for their theories in the earthquakes in the South Seas, the Yellow River floods in China, the financial difficulties in all civilized countries and in the minor wars afflicting various parts of the world. Latterly—and it must be admitted that they make a strong case from their standpoint—they find absolute proof that all human plans and schemes for profit and power are soon to become obsolete in the great Mississippi floods, the Armenian outrages, the Cuban war, the Macedonian war, the European diplomatic complications—all fulfilling, as they claim, the prophecies of old of "trials and tribulations, wars and rumors of war" that are to be the accompaniments to the grand and final wind-up of human rule on this unhappy planet. However it may turn out, the world is certainly experiencing a series of calamities which are fraught with serious lessons for all who survive, not only in the localities where want and woe and crime and human slaughter and destruction of property make life insecure, but to all who are more fortunate—who still are blessed and favored with safety, health and plenty—as well. Whether these great calamities indicate the "end of the world" or not, they do convey the warning: "Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye know not" your day will come.

I bless God that the number of Christian physicians is multiplying and some of the students of the medical colleges are here today, and I hail you and ordain you to the tender, beautiful, heaven-descended work of a Christian physi-

## GOSPEL OF HEALTH.

### BILE MAY SOMETIMES BLOT OUT THE HOPE OF HEAVEN.

Moral Depression Often Due to a Disordered Liver—Dr. Talmage's Sermon.



The sermon by Dr. Talmage at Washington last Sunday has more to do with this life than the life to come, and will be a warning against all forms of dissipation. Text, Proverbs 7:23, "Till a dart strike through his liver." He said:

Solomon's anatomical and physiological discoveries were so very great that

he was nearly 3,000 years ahead of the scientists of his day. He, more than 1,000 years before Christ, seemed to know about the circulation of the blood, which Harvey discovered 1,610 years after Christ, when Solomon in Ecclesiastes, describing the human body, speaks of the pitcher at the fountain, he evidently means the three canals leading from the heart that receive the blood like pitchers. When he speaks in Ecclesiastes of the silver cord of life, he evidently means the spinal marrow, about which, in our days, Drs. Mayo and Carpenter and Dalton and Flint and Brown-Seqard have experimented. And Solomon recorded in the Bible, thousands of years before scientists discovered it, that in his time the spinal cord relaxed in old age, producing the tremors of hand and head, "or the silver cord be loosed."

In the text he reveals the fact that he had studied that largest gland of the human system, the liver, not by the electric light of the modern dissecting room, but by the dim light of a comparatively dark age, and yet had seen its important functions in the God built castle of the human body, its selecting and secreting power, its curious cells, its elongated branching tubes, a divine workmanship in central and right and left lobe, and the hepatic artery through which flow the crimson tides. Oh, this vital organ is like the eye of God in that it never sleeps!

Solomon knew it, and had noticed either in vivisection or post mortem what awful attacks sin and dissipation made upon it, until the fiat of Almighty God bids the body and soul separate, and the one it commands to the grave and the other it sends to judgment. A javelin of retribution, not glancing off or making a slight wound, but piercing it from side to side "till a dart strike through the liver." Galen and Hippocrates ascribe to the liver the most of the world's moral depression, and the word melancholy means black bile.

I preach to you the gospel of health. In taking a diagnosis of diseases of the soul you must also take a diagnosis of diseases of the body. As if to recognize this, one whole book of the New Testament was written by a physician. Luke was a medical doctor, and he discourses much of the physical conditions, and he tells of the good Samaritan's medication of the wounds by pouring in oil and wine, and recognizes hunger as a hindrance to hearing the gospel, so that the 5,000 were fed. He also records the sparse diet of the prodigal away from home, and the extinguished eyesight of the beggar by the wayside, and lets us know of the hemorrhage of the wounds of the dying Christ and the miraculous post mortem resuscitation. Any estimate of the spiritual condition that does not include also the physical condition is incomplete.

First, let Christian people avoid the mistake that they are all wrong with God because they suffer from depression of spirits. Many a consecrated man has found his spiritual sky befogged and his hope of heaven blotted out and himself plunged chin deep in the slough of despond, and has said: "My heart is not right with God, and I think I must have made a mistake, and instead of being a child of light I am a child of darkness. No one can feel as gloomy as I feel and be a Christian." And he has gone to his minister for consolation, and he has collected Flavel's books, and Cecil's books, and Baxter's books, and read and read and read, and prayed and prayed and prayed, and wept and wept and wept, and groaned and groaned and groaned. My brother, your trouble is not with the heart, it is the gastric disorder or a rebellion of the liver. You need a physician more than you do a clergyman. It is not sin that blots out your hope of heaven, but bile.

Spiritual conditions so mightily affected by the physical state, what a great opportunity this gives to the Christian physician, for he can feel at the same time both the pulse of the body and the pulse of the soul, and he can administer to both at once, and if medicine is needed he can give that, and if spiritual counsel is needed he can give that—an earthly and a divine prescription at the same time—and call not only the apothecary of earth, but the pharmacy of heaven! Ah! that is the kind of doctor I want at my bedside—one that can not only count out the right number of drops, but who can also pray. That is the kind of doctor I have had in my house when sickness or death came. I do not want any of your profigiate or atheistic doctors around my loved ones when the balances of life are trembling. A doctor who has gone through the medical college and in dissecting room has traversed the wonders of the human mechanism, and found no God in any of the labyrinths is a fool and cannot doctor me or mine. But, oh, the Christian doctors! What a comfort they have been in many of our households! And they ought to have a warm place in your prayers, as well as praise on our tongues.

I bless God that the number of Christian physicians is multiplying and some of the students of the medical colleges are here today, and I hail you and ordain you to the tender, beautiful, heaven-descended work of a Christian physi-

cian, and when you take your diploma from the medical college to look after the perishable body be sure also to get a diploma from the skies to look after the imperishable soul. Let all Christian physicians unite with ministers of the gospel in persuading good people that it is not because God is against them that they sometimes feel depressed but because of their diseased body.

My object at this point is not only to criticize the criticisms of those in good health against those in poor health, but to show Christian people who are atrabilious what is the matter with them. Do not charge against the heart the crimes of another portion of your organism. Do not conclude because the heart to heaven is not arborized with fine foliage, or the banks beautifully snowed with exquisite chrysanthemums as once, that therefore you are on the wrong road. The road will bring you out at the same gate whether you walk with the stride of an athlete or come up on crutches. Thousands of Christians, morbid about their experiences, and morbid about their business, and morbid about the future, need the sermon I am now preaching.

Stephen A. Douglas gave the name of "squatter sovereignty" to those who went out West and took possession of lands and held them by right of pre-emption. Let a flock of sins settle on your liver before you get to twenty-five years of age, and they will in all probability keep possession of it by an infernal squatter sovereignty. "I promise to pay at the bank \$500 six months from date," says the promissory note. "I promise to pay my life thirty years from date at the bank of the grave," says every infraction of the laws of your physical being.

What! Will a man's body never completely recover from early dissipation in the world? Never. How about the world to come? Perhaps God will fix it up in the resurrection body so that it will not have to go limping through a eternity. But get the liver thoroughly damaged, and it will stay damaged, and it will stay damaged as long as you are here. Physicians call it cirrhosis of the liver, or inflammation of the liver, or fatty degeneration of the liver, but Solomon puts all these pangs into one figure and says, "Till a dart strike through his liver."

Oh, my young brother, do not make the mistake that thousands are making in opening the battle against sin too late, for this world too late, and for the world to come too late. What brings that express train from St. Louis into Jersey City three hours late? They lost fifteen minutes early on the route, and that affected them all the way, and they had to be switched off here and switched off there, and detained here and detained there, and the man who loses strength and time in the earlier part of the journey of life will suffer for it all the way through—the first twenty years of life damaging the following fifty years.

My hearer, this is the first sermon you have heard on the gospel of health, and it may be the last you will ever hear on that subject, and I charge you, in the name of God and Christ, and usefulness and eternal destiny, take better care of your health. When some of you die, if your friends put on your tombstone a truthful epitaph, it will read: "Here lies the victim of late suppers; or it will be, "Behold what lobster salad at midnight will do for a man;" or it will be, "Ten cigars a day closed my earthly existence;" or it will be, "Thought I could do at seventy, what I did at twenty, and I am here;" or it will be, "Here is the consequence of sitting a half day with wet feet;" or it will be, "This is where I have stacked my harvest of wild oats;" or instead of words the stonemason will chisel for an epitaph on the tombstone two figures—name, a dart and a liver.

There is a kind of sickness that is beautiful when it comes from overwork for God, or one's country, or one's own family. I have seen wounds that were glorious. I have seen an empty sleeve that was more beautiful than the most muscular forearm. I have seen a green shade over the eye, shot out in battle, that was more beautiful than any two eyes that had passed without injury. I have seen an old missionary worn out with the malaria of African jungles, who looked to me more radiant than a rubicund gymnast. I have seen a mother after six weeks' watching over a family of children down with scarlet fever, with a glory around her pale and wan face surpassing the angelic. It all depends on how you got your sickness and in what battle your wounds.

If we must get sick and worn out, let it be in God's service and in the effort to make the world good. Not in the service of sin. No, No! One of the most pathetic scenes that I ever witness, and I often see, is that of men or women converted in the fifties or sixties or seventies wanting to be useful, but they so served the world and satan in the earlier part of their life that they have no physical energy left for the service of God. They sacrificed nerves, muscles, lungs, heart and liver on the wrong altar. They fought on the wrong side, and now, when their sword is all hacked up and their ammunition all gone, they enlist for Emmanuel. When the high mettled cavalry horse, which that man spurred into many a cavalry charge with champing bit and flaming eye and neck clothed with thunder, is worn out and spavined and ringbomed and springhalt, he rides up to the great Captain of our salvation on the white horse and offers his services. When such persons might have been, through the good habits of a lifetime, crashing their battleax through the helmed iniquities, they are spending their days and nights in discussing the best way of curing their indigestion, and quieting their jangling nerves, and rousing their lagged appetite, and trying to extract the dart from their outraged liver. Better converted late than never! Oh, yes, for they will get to heaven. But they will go about when they might have wheeled up the steep hills of the sky in Elijah's chariot. There is an old hymn that we used to sing in the country meeting house when I was a boy, and I remember how the old folks' voices trembled with emotion while they sang it. I have forgotten all but two lines, but those lines are the peroration of my sermon:

"Twill save us from a thousand snares To mind religion young."

## CRISP FORMS OF THOUGHT.

### SOLOMON AND TUPPER TWISTED TO SUIT A MODERN TRADE.

The Wisdom of the Sages and the Wit of the Masses, Even the Work of the Missionaries, Are Grist in the Mill—They Are Poached Upon by Authors and Advertisers.

Whether Solomon invented all his proverbs, or gathered them from many sources with a nicer sense of permanent worth than Mr. Tupper exercised in his later compendium, is and ever will be an open question. Solomon's copyright ran out long before Tupper's time, and both are now poached upon with impunity by all classes, from authors to advertisers. But, taken by themselves, proverbs well repay careful study. Students of ethnology find in the proverbs of the different races the clearest proofs of their real characteristics, for they are the shrewdest and yet most intimate expressions of their daily life.

Judged by the comparison of these homely sayings, it will be found that all nations are of one kindred, possessing common needs, common aspirations, and seeking similar reliefs from toil and labor. On the dustiest shelves of our libraries may be found collections of all the proverbs of the different nations, quite a large proportion of the work having resulted from the interest which missionaries have taken in their earnest studies of the uncivilized peoples whom they seek to instruct. That the shrewd sayings of the Scotch or the bright hits of the Irish should be carefully collected gives little cause for surprise; but a collection of Abyssinian proverbs, of those of the Tamil language, of Icelandic lore, of the Sanscrit, South Sea Islands, Chinese, and Hottentot Solomons does excite curiosity. The missionaries have found it a pleasant as well as a profitable task. It delves deep into the idioms of the language, tells with unerring accuracy the mental tendency of the people, and by introducing the foreigner into the inner thought of both home and trade shows him the real life of those who adopt them as every-day expressions.

It is impossible to read the well-collated proverbs of the Chinese without realizing that a home life exists in that flowered kingdom which rivals that of many more civilized countries. No Solomon, no descendant of Abraham, could eclipse the trade proverbs of the Chinese. They touch on trade with a keenness and thoroughness which proves them to be masters in that school. The baser life of the Hottentot, the loose morals of the Briton, are all crystallized in their national proverbs.

In England and many other countries it was formerly very usual for a tradesman to select one proverb as his motto, and thus post his principles plainly over his shop door. It remained, however, for an American house to appropriate the proverbs of the world en masse and use them for their own advancement. New Yorkers who ride on the elevated roads, or people who in less favored localities still jog along in the slow street cars, are familiar with the blue and white proverbs which proclaim the merits of Sapolio to the world. Every omnibus in London and almost every "tram car" in England is similarly adorned.

They made their first appearance on the Broadway omnibuses, were gathered out of over 4,000 pages of the world's collections, and twisted to suit the case. Many are beyond easy recognition in their new dress, many are entirely original, but these are all printed between inverted commas, which lend a glamour of antiquity to them. To-day we are told that over 20,000 of these blue cards are displayed in public conveyances carrying over 6,000,000 passengers daily.

Condensed thought generally requires padding to make it intelligible to the masses, just as the stomach of the horse must be distended with hay to make the oats digest readily; but with proverbs it is quite otherwise. Their popularity is only reached because they have passed muster as being clear to every mind. They tell their story with a directness and brevity which pleases the public, as the dictionary did the old Scotch woman—"They air bray stories," she said, "but unco short." Turned to tell the practical story of Sapolio, they often acquire new interest. Who reads the advice, "Be patient and you will have patient children," without an innate respect for the advice which follows, not to fret over house cleaning, but do it easily with Sapolio? And who can repeat a smile when the Sapolionic artist pictures the patient father and the

impatient twins defying the proverb? But the mother will be back sooner if she follows the advice. Our familiar "The pot calls the kettle black" takes a new interest in its Italian form. The pot says to the pan, "Keep off or you'll smutch me." The universal toil of the world finds expression in the Catalan phrase, "Where wilt thou go, Ox, that thou will not plough?" Almost all nations possess a proverb which declares that "if you forbid a fool a thing, that he will do," and with confidence in the good will of the public the advertiser of Sapolio puts it in this form:

"Forbid a fool a thing and that he will do." So we say for variety: "Don't use Sapolio—but then you're not a fool."

"A touch of