ABOUT SHOOTING STARS.

TEN MILLION METEORS FALL ON THE EARTH EVERY DAY.

A Shower of Shooting Stars—The Remarkable Adventures of a Planet—Terrific Aerial Velocities.

Professor George M. Searle, in a recent lecture at Washington on meteors and their relations to comets, stated, reports the *Star* of that city, many interesting astronomical facts. He began by making some remarks regarding the frequency of ordinary meteors and especially their greater frequency toward morning, because at that time we are, as it were, on the bow of the earth, while in the evening we are at its stern. It is estimated that over ten million meteors fall on the earth in the course of the day visible to the naked eye—that is thirty to sixty an hour—on an average, at any one place. Observations have shown that meteors travel with immense velocities. They are usually as much as fifty miles away from us and, indeed, fifty miles above the surface of the earth, which shows that the atmosphere is higher than has been commonly believed, for they derive their heat and light from combustion caused by their contact with the atmosphere. A meteor has been observed to come from the Pacific to the Atlantic in about two minutes—that is at the rate of about twenty miles a second, and that was not at all an unusual velocity. It is evident, then, that meteors are really planets, but most of them are very minute. As they cannot be seen to reach the earth their size is estimated by the light they give. Twelve foot-pounds of energy is equal to the light of a standard candle. On this basis the weight of common shooting stars has been found to vary from one grain to one hundred grains. There being about fifteen million grains in a ton it is possible that ten tons may fall on the earth in a day, but even if a hundred tons should fall every day it would, it is estimated, only make a layer one inch thick in a thousand million years. Of course there are some larger ones called aerolites, and these have been known to fall to the ground in considerable numbers, but the largest ones actually reaching the earth have not weighed over 500 pounds, though they probably weighed more when they entered the air.

Meteors have been seen to fall in showers at various times. Perhaps the most remarkable in this century was one of November 12, 1863, in which 250,000 were counted by an observer at Boston in the space of six hours. These meteors seemed to diverge from a single point in the sky, and this is always the case in displays of this kind. As one old lady remarked, the sky appeared like a big umbrella. This the effect of celestial perspective and merely means that the meteors are all traveling in parallel lines. This display was found to have occurred previously in 1799 and was traced, when attention had been called to the subject, as far back as the year 902, appearing at intervals of about thirty-three years, there being records of a large number of its recurrences since that date. It was found that they could be accounted for only by a swarm of meteors traveling in an orbit around the sun, requiring thirty-three years for its complete circuit and the procession or swarm being so long as to require two or three years to pass a given point. On the strength of this conclusion Professor Newcomb predicted a repitition of this shower in 1866, which was observed, with repetitions in 1867 and 1868, all being quite remarkable, though not so noticeable as that of 1833.

The next step in the matter was the discovery that the comet of 1866 moved in the same orbit as these meteors and that the slighter showers which occur in August of every year move in the same orbit as the comet of 1862.

The lecturer then proceeded to give an account of the remarkable adventures of Biela's comet. This comet was discovered early in the century and found to move in a six-year orbit, and was so observed during several returns. In 1846 it was found to have separated into two comets, traveling side by side. In 1852 the double comet was again seen to return. In 1859, circumstances being unfavorable, it was hardly expected to be seen, but in 1865, though carefully looked for, no trace of it was found. Now the orbit of this comet intersects that of the earth, the junction being about at the point which we occupy in the end of November, and, in fact, it had been feared that a collision might occur between Biela's comet and the earth ever since the time that its orbit had first been calculated. In 1872, as we crossed this point, a shower of metors was actually observed coming in the same direction and following the same course as the comet itself would have done had it been there. So confident was the astronomer Klinkerfues that we had actually collided with the comet itself that he sent to Pogson, at Madras, the following telegram, probably the most remarkable that ever crossed a wire: "Biela touched earth, November 27. Search near Theta Centauri." Search being made, a comet was actually found near that point, but bad weather prevented sufficient observations to determine its orbit. It does not appear probable that it was the principal body of the former comet, as it was not on the right part of its orbit; the comet should have been gone by some considerable time earlier, but that there is little doubt that this comet forms part of the same system, and indeed it is more than doubtful if Biela's comet, as such, any longer exists. The probability is that the whole thing has been broken up into a meteoric stream. Besides those mentioned other meteoric streams are known to be accompanied by comets, moving in the same orbit, and it appears probable that all of the meteoric streams or showers occurring periodically are the remains of comets which have been disintegrated by planetary perturbations.

Nuts for Criminal Lawyers.

A Prisoner was being tried for murder; evidence against him purely circumstantial; part of it a hat was found near the scene of the crime; an ordinary round, black hat, but sworn to as the prisoner's. Counsel for the defence, of course, made much of the commonness of the hat. "Now, gentlemen, no doubt each of you possess such a hat, of the most ordinary make and shape. Beware how you condemn a fellow-creature to a shameful death on such a piece of evidence," and so on. The man was acquitted. Just as he was leaving the dock, with the most touching humility and simplicity, he pulled his hair and said: "If you please, my lord, may I 'ave my 'at?"—*Cornhill Magazine.*

SELECT SIFTINGS.

The London Zoological Society possesses a white peacock.

The nationality of a person born at sea depends on the nationality of his parents.

The taxes on 100 acres of land in Samoa are only thirty-nine cents per year.

A correspondent says that Explorer Stanley's face is the color of a cooked olive.

Silver was first coined in what is now the territory of the United States in 1652.

Germany exports 13,000 canaries to America every year and 12,000 to other countries.

There seems to be good reasons for fearing that the zebra is rapidly becoming extinct.

The wolves destroyed 213 human beings in the course of the last twelvemonth in Russia.

It is said that twenty-five per cent. more cigerettes are smoked in the summer than in the winter.

Philadelphia ornithologists have noted 112 species of birds in the vicinity of that city since January 1.

A considerable sum of the Russian revenue is annually spent in payment for the corpses of wolves.

The largest perfect diamond in the world is the Imperial, owned by a syndicate in Paris. It is valued at $1,000,000.

The Watkin tower, which will be erected in London and overtop the Eiffel tower by 335 feet, is to have six legs instead of four. It will cost about $1,200,000.

A man in Collins, Medina County, Ohio, has a piece of pine board seven-eighths of an inch thick which had a wheat straw driven through it by the recent cyclone.

Mr. Youngblood is an old gentleman of Coffee County, Ga., who has killed 993 deer in his time. He still uses his old flint-and-steel rifle and can cut a turkey's head off at seventy-five yards.

An ocean steamer has been projected which, it is claimed, will cross the Atlantic between Queenstown and Sandy Hook is about three days and thirteen hours, averaging a speed of twenty-one to thirty-four knots an hour.

J. Edwards, of Hume, Fauquier County, Va., was playing with his brothers when one of them threw a grain of corn into his mouth, which lodged in his windpipe. Two doctors were summoned, but not in time to save his life, as he died in two hours.

One of the relics placed in the cornerstone of the Confederate Soldiers' Home at Atlanta is a spur sent by General Longstreet. It was made from a Union cannon captured at the first battle of Bull Run, and was worn by General Longstreet throughout the war.

The heart beats sixty-nine times each minute and throws blood nine feet. Computed thus, the mileage of the blood through the body might be taken as 207 yards per minute, seven miles per hour, 168 miles per day, 61,320 miles per year, or 4,292,400 miles a lifetime of seventy years.

There is said to be an extensive family of the name of Grosver near Boston, Ga., who make a specialty of intermarriage. Within a radius of five miles there reside seven separate families, and each head of the family married a lady of the same name, and the kinship of none run lower than the third cousin.

A Table Leg Puts Forth Buds and Leaves

"Two years ago," says a writer in the San Francisco *Chronicle*, "some alterations in my grounds necessitated the cutting down of a large, old quince tree. It was about eight inches thick through the trunk, with three evenly grown and symmetrical branches springing from the main trunk.

"Just the thing I wanted as a pedestal for a rustic table in the arbor," I thought.

"I had the tree trimmed off carefully, and with my plan in view, after it had been taken up I had it sawed in two, so as to leave my pedestal intact, consisting of one foot of the trunk of the tree with its three branching prongs, leaving each of these about four feet long. To the end of each branch I had nailed a cross-piece of board about a foot long, so as to give solidity to my pedestal, when, inverting the trunk, each of these three prongs should become a leg of my table. Next a hole was dug in the center of the arbor and the inverted tree placed squarely in it, and two feet of earth packed solidly around the blocked ends of the limbs. A rustic table top was then nailed firmly upon the trunk and my table was done.

"Now comes the curious part of the story. Two years after this inverted trunk was planted, when the springtime came it put forth leaves and branches and perfected blooms as fair as any in the orchard. In our glorious climate almost anything will grow if you will give it half a chance. This I know right well. But by nailing the square blocks of wood firmly upon the end of each limb before planting it I had taken even that half chance away, since by so doing I had prevented the direct contact of the absorbent portion of the tree with the moisture in the ground, leaving only the pores in the bark to drink in what they could of the elixir of plant life. And yet the tree grew, and is growing still, in this upside-down position."

Inhuman "Clipping" and "Docking."

"It's about time that the practice of docking horses' tails and clipping their manes was stopped," said Agent Key, of the Washington (D. C.) Humane Society, to a *Star* reporter. "Both the clipping and docking are cruel. Why are those means used? For no other reason than to make the animals look their best according to the owners' fancy. Clipping is often resorted to to give the covering of the animal a uniform color. But to do that it is not necessary to inflict unnecessary cruelty upon the animals. If a woman's hair is not the color to suit her she does not always cut it, but she bleaches it, and why not use the same process on horses. If a woman's hair can be bleached there is no reason why horses' hair cannot be bleached. The cruel way is always the most expensive, and therefore the horses of a poor man can be made prettier by bleaching and at a much lower cost than the rich man's horse that is docked and clipped."

The union of England and Scotland took place in 1707; that of Great Britain and Ireland in 1800.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUNDAY SERMON.

Subject: "The Sword—Its Mission and Its Doom."

TEXT: *"Thy sword shall be bathed in Heaven."*—Isaiah xxxiv., 5.

Chaplain T. DeWitt Talmage preached his annual sermon before the Thirteenth Regiment, N. G. S. N. Y., in the Brooklyn Academy of Music. The staff officers and members of the regiment were immediately in front of the platform, and their friends thronged the galleries. The hymn sung was the national air:

> My country, 'tis of thee,
> Sweet land of liberty.

The following is the sermon in full:

Three hundred and fifty-one times does the Bible speak of that sharp, keen, curved, inexorable weapon, which flashes upon us from the text—the sword. Sometimes the mention is applaudatory and sometimes damnatory, sometimes as drawn, sometimes as sheathed. In the Bible, and in much secular literature, the sword represents all javelins, all muskets, all carbines, all guns, all police clubs, all battle axs, all weaponry for physical defense or attack. It would be an interesting thing to give the history of the Plow, and follow its furrow all down through the ages, from the first crop in Chaldea to the last crop in Minnesota. It would be interesting to allow the Pen as it has tracked its way on down through the literature of nations, from its first word in the first book to the last word which some author last night wrote as he closed his manuscript. It would be an interesting thing to count the echoes of the hammer from the first nail driven, down through all the mechanism of centuries to the last stroke in the carpenter's shop yesterday. But in this, my annual sermon as chaplain of the Thirteenth Regiment, I propose taking up a weapon that has done a work that neither plow nor pen nor hammer ever accomplished. My theme is the sword—its mission and its doom.

The sword of the text was bathed in heaven; that is, it was a sword of righteousness, as another sword may be bathed in hell, and the sword of cruelty and wrong. There is a great difference between the sword of Winklereid and the sword of Cataline, between the sword of Leonidas and the sword of Benedict Arnold. In our effort to hasten the end of war, we have hung the sword, with abuses and execrations, when it has had a divine mission, and when in many crises of the world's history it has swung for liberty and justice, civilization and righteousness and God. At the very opening of the Bible and on the east of the Garden of Eden God placed a flaming sword to defend the tree of life. Of the officer of the law St. Paul declares: "He beareth not the sword in vain." Through Moses God commanded: "Put every man his sword by his side." David in his prayer says: "Gird thy sword upon thy thigh, O most mighty." One of the old battle shouts of the Old Testament was, "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon." Christ, in a great exigency, said that such a weapon was more important than a coat, for he declared: "He that hath no sword, let him sell his garment and buy one." Again He declared: "I come not to send peace but a sword." Of Christ's second coming it is said: "Out of His mouth went a sharp, two edged sword." Thus, sometimes figuratively, but oftener literally, the divine mission of the sword is announced.

What more consecrated thing in the world than Joshua's sword, or Caleb's sword, or Gideon's sword, or David's sword, or Washington's sword, or Marion's sword, or Lafayette's sword, or Wellington's sword, or Kosciusko's sword, or Garibaldi's sword, or hundreds of thousands of American swords that have again and again been bathed in heaven. Swords of that kind have been the best friends of the human race. They have slain tyrannies, pried open dungeons, and cleared the way for nations in their march upward. It was better for them to take the sword and be free, than lie under the oppressor's heel and suffer. There is something worse than death, and that is life if it must cringe and crouch before the wrong. Turn over the leaves of the world's history, and find that there has never been a tyranny stopped or a nation liberated except by the sword. I am not talking to you about the way things ought to be, but about the way they have been. What force drove back the Saracens at Tours, and kept Europe from being overwhelmed by Mohammedanism, and, subsequently, found America given over to Mohammedanism? The sword of Charles Martel and his men. Who can deal enough in infinities to tell what was accomplished for the world's good by the sword of Joan of Arc.

In December last I looked off and saw in the distance the battlefield of Marathon, and I asked myself what was it that, on that most tremendous day in history, stopped the Persian hosts, representing not only Persia, but Egypt, and Tripoli, and Afghanistan, and Beloochistan, and Armenia; a host that had Asia under foot, and proposed to put Europe under foot, and, if successful in that battle, would have submerged by Asiatic barbarism European civilization, and, as a consequence in after time, American civilization. The swords of Miltiades, and Themistocles, and Aristides. At the waving of these swords the eleven thousand lancers of Athens on the run dashed against the one hundred thousand insolent Persians, and trampled them down or pushed them back into the sea. The sword of that day saved the best part of the hemispheres, a trinity of keen steel flashing in the two lights—the light of the setting of the sun of barbarism, the light of the rising sun of civilization. Hail to these three great swords bathed in heaven!

What put an end to infamous Louis XVI.'s plan of universal conquest, by which England would have been made to kneel on the steps of the Tuileries and the Anglo-Saxon race would have been halted and all Europe paralyzed? The sword of Marlborough at Blenheim. Time came when the Roman war eagles, whose beaks had been punched into the hearts of nations, must be brought down from their eyries. All other attempts had disgracefully failed, but the Germans, the mightiest nation for brawn and brain, undertook the work, and, under God, succeeded. What drove back the Roman cavalry till their horses floundered, flung their riders and the last rider perished, and the Hercynian forest became the scene of Rome's humiliation? The sword, the brave sword, the triumphant sword of Arminius.

While passing through France last January my nerves tingled with excitement, and I rose in the car, the better to see the battlefield of Chalons, the mounds and breastworks still visible, though nearly five hundred years ago they were shoveled up. Here, Attila, the heathen monster, called by himself the "Scourge of God, for the punishment of Christians," his life a massacre of nations, came to ignominious defeat, and he put into one great pile the wooden saddles of his cavalry, and the spoils of the cities and kingdoms he had sacked, and placed on top of this holocaust the women who had accompanied him in his devastating march, ordering that the torch be put to the pile. What power broke that sword, and stayed that red scourge of cruelty that was rolling over Europe? The sword of Theodoric and Actius.

To come down to later ages, all intelligent Englishmen unite with all intelligent Americans in saying that it was the best thing that the Amerian colonies swung off from the government of Great Britain. It would have been the worst absurdity of 4000 years if this continent should have continued in loyalty to a throne on the other side of the sea. No one would propose a governor-general for the United States as there is a governor-general for Canada. We have had splendid queens in our American capital, but we could hardly be brought to support a Queen on the other side of the Atlantic, lovely and good as Victoria is. The only use we have for earls and lords and dukes in this country is to treat them well when they pass through to their hunting grounds in the far West, or, when their fortunes have failed, re-enforce them by wealthy matrimonial alliance. Imagine this nation yet a part of English possessions! The trouble the mother country has to-day with Ireland would be a paradisaic condition compared with the trouble she would have with us. England and the United States make excellent neighbors, but the two families are too large to live in the same house. What a godsend that we should have parted, and parted long ago! But I can think of no other way in which we could have possibly achieved American independence. George III., the half crazy King, would not have let us go, Lord North, his Prime Minister, would not have let us go. General Lord Cornwallis would not have let us go, although after Yorktown he was glad enough to have us let him go. Lexington, and Bunker Hill, and Monmouth, and Trenton, and Valley Forge were proofs positive that they were not willing to let us go. Any committee of Americans going across the ocean to see what could have been done would have found no better accommodations than London Tower. The only way it could have been done was by the sword, your great-grandfather's sword. Jefferson's pen could write the Declaration of Independence, but only Washington's sword could have achieved it, and the other swords bathed in heaven.

So now the sword has its uses, although it is a sheathed sword. There is not an armory in Brooklyn, or New York, or Philadelphia, or Chicago or Charleston, or New Orleans, or any American city, that could be spared. We have in all our American cities a ruffian population, who, though they are small in number, compared with the good population, would again and again make rough and stormy times if, back of our mayors and common councils and police, there were not in the armories and arsenals some keen steel which, if brought into play, would make quick work with mobocracy. There are in every great community unprincipled men, who like a row on a large scale, and they heat themselves with sour mash and old rye and other decoctions, enriched with blue vitriol, potash, turpentine, sugar of lead, sulphuric acid, logwood, strychnine, night shade and other precious ingredients, and take down a whole glass with a resounding "Ah!" of satisfaction. When they get that stuff in them and the blue vitriol collides with the potash, and the turpentine with the sulphuric acid, the victims are ready for anything but order and decency and good government. Again and again, in our American cities, has the necessity of home guards been demonstrated.

You remember how, when the soldiers were all away to the war in 1863-4, what conflagrations were kindled in the streets of New York, and what negroes were hung. Some of you remember the great riots in Philadelphia at fires, sometimes kindled just for the opportunity of uproar and despoilation. In 1849 a hiss at a theatre would have resulted in New York city being demolished had it not been for the citizen soldiery. Because of an insult which the American actor, Edwin Forrest, had received in England from the friends of Mr. Macready, the English actor, when the latter appeared in New York, in Macbeth, the distinguished Englishman was hissed and mobbed, the walls of the city having been placarded with the announcement: "Shall Americans or English rule in this city?" Streets were filled with a crowd insane with passion. The riot act was read, but it only evoked louder yells and heavier volleys of stones, and the whole city was threatened with violence and assassination.

But the Seventh regiment, under Gen. Duryea, marched through Broadway, preceded by mounted troops, and at the command: "Fire! Guard! Fire!" the mob scattered, and New York was saved. What would have become of Chicago, two or three years ago, when the police lay dead in the streets, had not the sharp command of military officers been given? Do not charge such scenes upon American institutions. They are as old as the Ephesian mob that howled for two hours in Paul's time about the theatre, amid the ruins of which I stood last January. They were witnessed in 1675 in London, when the weavers paraded the streets and entered buildings to destroy the machinery of those who, because of their new inventions, could undersell the rest. They were witnessed in 1781 at the trial of Lord George Gordon, when there was a religious riot. Again, in 1719, when the rabble cried, "Down with the Presbyterians! Down with the meeting houses!" There always have been, and always will be, in great communities, a class of people that cannot govern themselves and which ordinary means can not govern, and there are exigencies which nothing but the sword can meet. Aye, the militia are the very last regiments that it will be safe to disband.

Arbitrament will take the place of war beween nation and nation, and national armies will disband as a consequence, and the time will come—God hasten it!—when there will be no need of an American army or navy, or a Russian army or navy. But some time after that cities will have to keep their armories, and arsenals, and well-drilled militia, because until the millennial day there will be populations with whom abitrament will be as impossible as treaty with a cavern of hyenas or a jungle of snakes. These men who rob stores and give garroter's hug, and prowl about the wharves at midnight, and rattle the dice in gambling hells, and go armed with pistol or dirk, will refrain from disturbance of the public peace just in proportion as they realize that the militia of a city, instead of being an awkward squad, and in danger of shooting each other by mistake, or losing their own life by looking down into the gun barrel to see if it is loaded, or getting the ramrod fast in their bootleg, are prompt as the sunrise, keen as the north wind, potent as a thunderbolt, and accurate, and regular, and disciplined in their movements as the planetary system.

Well done, then, I say to the legislatures, and governors, and mayors, and all officials who decide upon larger armories and better places for drill and more generous equipment for the militia. The sooner the sword can safely go back to the scabbard to stay there the better; but until the hilt clangs against the case in that final lodgment, let the sword be kept free from rust; sharp all along the edge, and its point like a needle, and the handle polished, not only by the chamois of the regimental servant, but by the hand of brave and patriotic officers always ready to do their full duty. Such swords are not bathed in impetuosity, or bathed in cruelty, or bathed in oppression, or bathed in outrage, but bathed in heaven.

Before I speak of the doom of the sword let me also say that it has developed the grandest natures that the world ever saw. It has developed courage—that sublime energy of the soul which defies the universe when it feels itself to be in the right. It has developed a self sacrifice which repudiates the idea that our life is worth more than anything else, when for a principle it throws that life away, as much as to say: It is not necessary that I live, but it is necessary that righteousness triumph. There are tens of thousands among the Northern and Southern veterans of our Civil War who are ninety-five per cent. larger and mightier in soul than they would have been had they not during the four years of national agony turned their back on home and fortune and at the front sacrificed all for a principle.

It was the sword which on the Northern side developed a Grant, a McClellan, a Hooker, a Hancock, a Sherman, a Sheridan and Admirals Farragut and Porter, and on the Southern side a Lee, a Jackson, a Hill, a Gordon and the Johnstons, Albert Sydney and Joseph E., and Admiral Semmes, and many Federals and Confederates whose graves in national cemeteries are marked "Unknown," yet who were just as self-sacrificing and brave as any of their Major-Generals, and whose resting places all up and down the banks of the Androscoggin, the Hudson, the Potomac, the Mississippi and the Alabama, have recently been snowed under with white flowers typical of resurrection, and strewn with red flowers commemorative of the carnage through which they passed, and the blue flowers illustrative of the skies through which they ascended.

But the sword is doomed. There is one word that needs to be written in every throne room, in every war office, in every navy yard, in every national council. That word is disarmament. But no government can afford to throw its sword away until all the great governments have agreed to do the same. Through the influence of the recent convention of North and South American Governments at Washington, and through the peace convention to be held next July in London, and other movements in which prime ministers, and kings, and queens, and sultans, and czars shall take part, all civilized nations will come to disarmament, and if a few barbarian races decline to quit war, then all the decent nations will send out a force of continental police to wipe out from the face of the earth the miscreants.

But until disarmament and consequent arbitration shall be agreed to by all the great governments, any single government that dismantles its fortresses, and spikes its guns, and breaks its sword, would simply invite its own destruction. Suppose, before such general agreement, England should throw away her sword; think you France has forgotten Waterloo? Suppose before such general agreement, Germany should throw away her sword, how long would Alsace and Lorraine stay as they are? Suppose the Czar of Russia before any such general agreement should throw away his sword; all the eagles and vultures and lions of European power would gather for a piece of the Russian bear. Suppose the United States, without any such general agreement of disarmament, should throw away her sword; it would not be long before the Narrows of our harbor would be ablaze with the bunting of foreign navies coming here to show the folly of the "Monroe doctrine."

Side by side the two movements must go. Complete armament until all agree to disarmament. At the same command of "Halt!" all nations halting. At the same command of "Ground arms!" all muskets thumping. At the same command of "Break ranks!" all armies disbanding. That may be nearer than you think. The standing army is the nightmare of nations. England wants to get rid of it, Germany is being eaten up by it, Russia is almost taxed to death with it. Suppose that the millions of men belonging to the standing armies of the world and in absolute idleness, for the most part of their lives, should become producers, instead of consumers. Would not the world's prosperities improve, and the world's morals be better? Or have you the heathenish idea that war is necessary to kill off the surplus populations of the earth, and that without it the world would be so crowded there would soon be no reserved seats, and even the standing room would be exhausted? Ah! I think we can trust to the pneumonias, and the consumptions, and the fevers, and the Russian grippes to kill the people fast enough.

Beside that, when the world gets too full God will blow up the whole concern and start another world and better one. Beside that, war kills the people who can least be spared. It takes the pick of the nations. Those whom we could easily spare to go to the front are in the penitentiary, and their duties detain them in that limited sphere. No; it is the public spirited and the valorous who go out to die. Mostly are they young men. If they were aged, and had only five or ten years at the most to live, the sacrifice would not be so great. But it is those who have forty or fifty years to live who step into the jaws of battle. In our war Colonel Ellsworth fell while yet a mere lad. Renowned McPherson was only 35. Magnificent Reynolds was only 43. Hundreds of thousands fell between twenty and thirty years of age. I looked into the faces of the French and German troops as they went out to fight at Sedan, and they were for the most part armies of splendid boys. So in all ages war has preferred to sacrifice the young. Alexander the Great died at 32. When war slays the young it not only takes down that which they are, but that which they might have been.

So we are glad at the Isaiahic prophecy, that the time is coming when nation shall not lift up sword against nation. Indeed both swords shall go back into the scabbard—the sword bathed in heaven and the sword bathed in hell. In a war in Spain a soldier went on a skirmishing expedition, and, secluded in a bush, he had the opportunity of shooting a soldier of the other army who had strolled away from his tent. He took aim and dropped him. Running up to the fallen man he took his knapsack for spoil, and a letter dropped out of it, and it turned out to be a letter signed by his own father; in other words, he had shot his brother. If the brotherhood of man be a true doctrine, then he who shoots another man always shoots his own brother. What a horror is war and its cruelties were well illustrated when the Tartars, after sweeping through Russia and Poland, displayed with pride nine great sacks filled with the right ears of the fallen, and when a correspondent of the London *Times*, writing of the wounded after the battle of Sedan, said: "Every moan that the human voice can utter rose from that heap of agony, and the cries of 'Water! For the love of God, water! A doctor! A doctor!' never ceased."

After war has wrought such cruelties, how glad we will be to have the Old Monster himself die. Let his dying couch be spread in some dismantled fortress, through which the stormy winds howl. Give him for a pillow a battered shield, and let his bed be hard with the rusted bayonets of the slain. Cover him with the coarsest blanket that picket ever wore, and let his only cup be the bleached bone of one of his war chargers, and the last taper by his bedside expire as the midnight blast sighs into his ear: "The candle of the wicked shall be put out."

To-night against the sky of the glorious future I see a great blaze. It is a foundry in full blast. The workmen have stirred the fires until the furnaces are seven times heated. The last wagon load of the world's swords has been hauled into the foundry, and they are tumbled into the furnace, and they begin to glow and redden and melt, and in hissing and sparkling liquid they roll on down through the crevice of rock until they fall into a mold shaped like the iron foot of a plow. Then the liquid cools off into a hard metal, and, brought out on an anvil, it is beaten and pounded and fashioned, stroke after stroke, until that which was a weapon to reap harvests of men becomes an implement turning the soil for harvests of corn, the sword having become the plowshare.

Officers and comrades of the Thirteenth Regiment of State Militia: After another year of pleasant acquaintance I hail you with a salutation all made up of good wishes and prayers. Honored with residence in the best city of the best land under the sun, let us dedicate ourselves anew to God and country and home! In the English conflict called "The War of the Roses," a white rose was the badge of the house of York, and the red rose the badge of the house of Lancaster, and with these two colors they opposed each other in battle. To enlist you in the Holy War for all that is good against all that is wrong, I pin over your heart two badges, the one suggestive of the blood shed for our redemption, and the other symbolic of a soul made white and clean—the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley. Be these henceforth our regimental symbols—Rose and Lily, Lily and Rose!

"A Good Soldier Never Looks Behind."

"Almost all these pension papers have a history of public interest," remarked Pension Examiner Craig. "We have some actual romances, as strange as fiction, and, of course, instances of bravery and endurance equal to the bravest of the brave. Now and then a humorous story of the camp and field develops. In examining into a case the other day a physician of this city tells me a good story. The widow of a soldier made application for a pension, her husband having died in 1871 from alleged injuries received during his enlistment. The physician was a member of the same company, but could not recall the occasion of the alleged injury, but he did remember that while the man was a brave soldier, he was generally considered very lazy. He was particularly averse to blacking his shoes. One day he appeared on dress parade with his shoes as bright as a looking glass, much to the amazement of his Captain. When, however, the Captain ordered the men to a left dress it was seen the man had used the blacking and brush only on the front of the shoes, and that the heels were all mud. The Captain, after the parade, ordered the man brought before him and said: 'I see you had your shoes nicely polished in front, and that they were all mud behind. What's your excuse?' 'Is that so?' blandly queried the private. 'Yes, that's so.' 'Well, Cap, a good soldier never looks behind,' which rejoinder proved a sufficient excuse for that occasion at least."—*St. Louis Star-Sayings.*

Miles of Different Nations.

The following are the miles in yards of the various nations: Irish, 2240; Swiss, 9153; Italian, 1766; Scotch, 1984; Tuscan, 1808; German, 8106; Arabian, 2143; Turkish, 1826; Flemish, 6869; Vienna, 8296; Roman, 1628 or 2025; Russian, 1167 or 1337; Dutch and Prussian, 6480; Swedish and Danish, 7341.5; and English and American, 1760.

Fight Between a Ram and Eagle.

Benjamin Shiffer, a farmer of Tunkhannock Township, Monroe County, Penn., is responsible for an account of a thrilling fight between a Southdown ram and an eagle. Farmer Shiffer was plowing on a hillside when an eagle soaring above his flock of sheep in the valley below attracted his attention. The eagle dropped, and in his swoop attempted to carry off a small lamb from its mother's side. He missed his clutch, and knocked the ewe down in his flight. Before he could renew his attack, and while on the ground, the Southdown ram lowered his head, butted the bird in the breast and knocked it over. Before the ram could follow up this advantage, however, the savage bird had fastened its talons in his back. Bleating loudly, he endeavored to shake the royal bird off. After he had been severely beaten with the bird's wing he managed to shake himself free. The eagle now tried once more to capture the lamb, and did fasten his talons in its back in spite of the mother's frantic attempts to protect her offspring. At this point the plucky old ram renewed the fight. He butted the bird several times, and finally got a good one home under the eagle's wings, which kept him on the ground. The eagle released the lamb and sailed into the ram again. The farmer arrived on the scene by this time, armed with a fence rail. He dealt the eagle a blow on the neck, breaking it and settling the fight. As soon as the ram was freed from the clutch of the bird's talons he fell to butting the dead enemy. The lamb was dead, and its courageous father had lost considerable wool in the engagement.—*New York Sun.*

An Only Daughter Cured of Consumption.

When death was hourly expected from *Consumption*, all remedies having failed and Dr. H. James was experimenting, he accidentally made a preparation of Indian Hemp, which cured his only child, and now gives this recipe free on receipt of two stamps to pay expenses. Hemp also cures night sweats, nausea at the stomach, and will break a fresh cold in twenty-four hours. Address Craddock & Co., 1032 Race St., Philadelphia, Pa., naming this paper.

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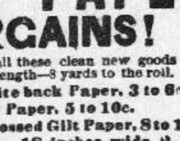

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