News and Citizen

MORRISVILLE and HYDE PARK,
Thursday, March 3, 1892.

A GREAT SURPRISE.

SERMON PREACHED SUNDAY, FEB. 28, BY REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D. D.

A Glowing Description of the Wonderful Magnificence of King Solomon—It Amazed the Queen of Sheba—The Glories of the Christian Religion.

BROOKLYN, Feb. 28.—The congregation at the Tabernacle this morning listened to a glowing description of the magnificence of Solomon, which Dr. Talmage likened to the glories of the Christian religion, which would, he said, be a surprise to all who tried it for themselves. His text was I Kings x, 7, "Behold, the half was not told me."

Solomon had resolved that Jerusalem should be the center of all sacred, regal and commercial magnificence. He set himself to work and monopolized the surrounding desert as a highway for his caravans. He built the city of Palmyra around one of the principal wells of the east, so that all the long trains of merchandise from the east were obliged to stop there, pay toll and leave part of their wealth in the hands of Solomon's merchants. He manned the fortress Thapsacus at the chief ford of the Euphrates and put under guard everything that passed there.

The three great products of Palestine—wine pressed from the richest clusters and celebrated all the world over; oil which in that hot country is the entire substitute for butter and lard, and was pressed from the olive branches until every tree in the country became an oil well; and honey, which was the entire substitute for sugar—these three great products of the country Solomon exported, and received in return fruits and precious woods and the animals of every clime.

He went down to Ezion-geber and ordered a fleet of ships to be constructed, oversaw the workmen and watched the launching of the flotilla which was to go out on more than a year's voyage, to bring home the wealth of the then known world. He heard that the Egyptian horses were large and swift and long maned and round limbed, and he resolved to purchase them, giving eighty-five dollars apiece for them, putting the best of these horses in his own stall, and selling the surplus to foreign potentates at great profit.

He heard that there was the best of timber on Mount Lebanon, and he sent out one hundred and eighty thousand men to hew down the forest and drag the timber through the mountain gorges, to construct it into rafts to be floated to Joppa, and from thence to be drawn by ox teams twenty-five miles across the land to Jerusalem. He heard that there were beautiful flowers in other lands.

He sent for them, planted them in his own gardens, and to this very day there are flowers found in the ruins of that city such as are to be found in no other part of Palestine, the lineal descendants of the very flowers that Solomon planted. He heard that in foreign groves there were birds of richest voice and most luxuriant wing. He sent out people to catch them and bring them there and he put them into his cages.

Stand back now and see this long train of camels coming up to the king's gate, and the ox trains from Egypt, gold and silver and precious stones, and beasts of every hoof, and birds of every wing, and fish of every scale! See the peacocks strut under the cedars, and the horsemen run, and the chariots wheel! Hark to the orchestra! Gaze upon the dance! Not stopping to look into the wonders of the temple, step right on to the causeway and pass up to Solomon's palace!

THE ARCHITECTURE OF HIRAM.

Here we find ourselves amid a collection of buildings on which the king had lavished the wealth of many empires. The genius of Hiram, the architect, and of the other artists is here seen in the long line of corridors and the suspended gallery and the approach to the throne. Traceried window opposite traceried window. Bronzed ornaments bursting into lotus and lily and pomegranate. Chapiters surrounded by network of leaves, in which imitation fruit seemed suspended as in hanging baskets.

Three branches—so Josephus tells us—three branches, sculptured on the marble, so thin and subtle that even the leaves seemed to quiver. A laver capable of holding five hundred barrels of water on six hundred brazen ox heads, which gushed with water and filled the whole place with coolness and crystalline brightness and musical plash. Ten tables chased with chariot wheel and lion and cherubim. Solomon sat on a throne of ivory. At the seating place of the throne, on each end of the steps, a brazen lion.

Why, my friends, in that place they trimmed their candles with snuffers of gold, and they cut their fruits with knives of gold, and they washed their faces in basins of gold, and they scooped out the ashes with shovels of gold, and they stirred the altar fires with tongs of gold. Gold reflected in the water! Gold flashing from the apparel! Gold blazing in the crown! Gold! gold! gold!

Of course the news of the affluence of that place went out everywhere by every caravan and by wing of every ship, until soon the streets of Jerusalem are crowded with curiosity seekers. What is that long procession approaching Jerusalem? I think from the pomp of it there must be royalty in the train. I smell the breath of the spices which are brought as presents, and I hear the shout of the drivers, and I see the dust covered caravan showing that they come from far away.

Cry the news up to the palace. The Queen of Sheba advances. Let all the people come out to see. Let the mighty men of the land come out on the palace corridors. Let Solomon come down the stairs of the palace before the queen has alighted. Shake out the cinnamon, and the saffron, and the calamus, and the frankincense, and pass it into the treasure house. Take up the diamonds until they glitter in the sun.

THE QUEEN OF SHEBA ARRIVES.

The queen of Sheba alights. She enters the palace. She washes at the bath. She sits down at the banquet. The cupbearers bow. The meat smokes. You hear the dash of waters from the molten sea. Then she rises from the banquet, and walks through the conservatories, and gazes on the architecture, and she asks Solomon many strange questions, and she learns about the religion of the Hebrews, and she then and there becomes a servant of the Lord God.

She is overwhelmed. She begins to think that all the spices she brought, and all the precious woods which are intended to be turned into harps and psalteries and into railings for the causeway between the temple and the palace, and the one hundred and eighty thousand dollars in money—she begins to think that all these presents amount to nothing in such a place, and she is almost ashamed that she has brought them, and she says within herself: "I heard a great deal about this wonderful religion of the Hebrews, but I find it far beyond my highest anticipations. I must add more than fifty per cent. to what has been related. It exceeds everything that I could have expected. The half—the half was not told me!"

Learn from this subject what a beautiful thing it is when social position and wealth surrender themselves to God. When religion comes to a neighborhood the first to receive it are the women. Some men say it is because they are weak minded. I say it is because they have quicker perception of what is right, more ardent affection and capacity for sublimer emotion. After the women have received the Gospel then all the distressed and the poor of both sexes, those who have no friends, accept Jesus. Last of all come the people of affluence and high social position. Alas, that it is so!

SURRENDER ALL TO GOD.

If there are those here today who have been favored of fortune or, as I might better put it, favored of God, surrender all you have and all you expect to be to the Lord who blessed this Queen of Sheba. Certainly you are not ashamed to be found in this queen's company. I am glad that Christ has had his imperial friends in all ages—Elizabeth Christina, queen of Prussia; Maria Feodorovna, queen of Russia; Marie, empress of France; Helena, the imperial mother of Constantine; Arcadia, from her great fortunes building public baths in Constantinople and toiling for the alleviation of the masses; Queen Clotilda, leading her husband and three thousand of his armed warriors to Christian baptism; Elizabeth of Burgundy, giving her jeweled glove to a beggar and scattering great fortunes among the distressed; Prince Albert, singing "Rock of Ages" in Windsor castle, and Queen Victoria, incognita, reading the Scriptures to a dying pauper.

I bless God that the day is coming when royalty will bring all its thrones, and music all its harmonies, and painting all its pictures, and sculpture all its statuary, and architecture all its pillars, and conquest all its scepters, and the queens of the earth in long line of advance, frankincense filling the air and the camels laden with gold, shall approach Jerusalem, and the gates shall be hoisted, and the great burden of splendor shall be lifted into the palace of this greater than Solomon.

Again, my subject teaches me what is earnestness in the search of truth. Do you know where Sheba was? It was in Abyssinia, or some say in the southern part of the Arabia Felix. In either case it was a great way off from Jerusalem. To get from there to Jerusalem she had to cross a country infested with bandits and go across blistering deserts. Why did not the Queen of Sheba stay at home and send a committee to inquire about this new religion, and have the delegates report in regard to that religion and wealth of King Solomon?

She wanted to see for herself and hear for herself. She could not do this by work of committee. She felt she had a soul worth ten thousand kingdoms like Sheba, and she wanted a robe richer than any woven by oriental shuttles, and she wanted a crown set with the jewels of eternity.

Bring out the camels. Put on the spices. Gather up the jewels of the throne and put them on the caravan. Start now; no time to be lost. Goad on the camels. When I see that caravan, dust covered, weary and exhausted, trudging on across the desert and among the bandits until it reaches Jerusalem, I say, "There is an earnest seeker after the truth."

But there are a great many of you, my friends, who do not act in that way. You all want to get the truth, but you want the truth to come to you. You do not want to go to it. There are people who fold their arms and say: "I am ready to become a Christian at any time. If I am to be saved I shall be saved, and if I am to be lost I shall be lost." Ah, Jerusalem will never come to you! You must go to Jerusalem. The religion of the Lord Jesus Christ will not come to you. You must go and get religion.

Bring out the camels; put on all the sweet spices, all the treasures of the heart's affection. Start for the throne. Go in and hear the waters of salvation dashing in fountains all around about the throne. Sit down at the banquet—the wine pressed from the grapes of the heavenly Eschol, the angels of God the cupbearers. Goad on the camels; Jerusalem will never come to you; you must go to Jerusalem.

The Bible declares it, "The queen of the south"—that is, this very woman I am speaking of—"the queen of the south shall rise up in judgment against this generation and condemn it, for she came from the uttermost parts of the earth to hear the wisdom of Solomon, and, behold! a greater than Solomon is here." God help me to break up the infatuation of those people who are sitting down in idleness expecting to be saved. "Strive to enter in at the straight gate. Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened to you." Take the kingdom of heaven by violence. Urge on the camels.

Again, my subject impresses me with the fact that religion is a surprise to any one that gets it. This story of the new religion in Jerusalem, and of the glory of King Solomon, who was a type of Christ—that story rolls on and on, and is told by every traveler coming back from Jerusalem. The news goes on the wing of every ship and with every caravan, and you know a story enlarges as it is retold, and by the time that story gets down into the southern part of Arabia Felix, and the Queen of Sheba hears it, it must be a tremendous story. And yet this queen declares in regard to it, although she had heard so much and had her anticipations raised so high, the half—the half was not told her.

RELIGION A WONDERFUL SURPRISE.

So religion is always a surprise to any one that gets it. The story of grace—an old story. Apostles preached it with rattle of chain; martyrs declared it with arm of fire; deathbeds have affirmed it with visions of glory, and ministers of religion have sounded it through the lanes, and the highways, and the chapels, and the cathedrals. It has been cut into stone with chisel and spread on the canvas with pencil, and it has been recited in the doxology of great congregations. And yet when a man first comes to look on the palace of God's mercy, and to see the royalty of Christ, and the wealth of this banquet, and the luxuriance of his attendants, and the loveliness of his face, and the joy of his service, he exclaims with prayers, with tears, with sighs, with triumphs, "The half—the half was not told me!"

I appeal to those in this house who are Christians. Compare the idea you had of the joy of the Christian life before you became a Christian with the appreciation of that joy you have now, since you have become a Christian, and you are willing to attest before angels and men that you never in the days of your spiritual bondage had any appreciation of what was to come. You are ready today to answer, and if I gave you an opportunity in the midst of this assemblage, you would speak out and say in regard to the discoveries you have made of the mercy, and the grace, and the goodness of God, "The half—the half was not told me!"

Well, we hear a great deal about the good time that is coming to this world when it is to be girded with salvation. Holiness on the bells of the horses. The lion's mane patted by the hand of a babe. Ships of Tarshish bringing cargoes for Jesus, and the hard, dry, barren, winter bleached, storm scarred, thunder split rock breaking into floods of bright water. Deserts into which dromedaries thrust their nostrils, because they were afraid of the simoom—deserts blooming into carnation roses and silver tipped lilies.

It is the old story. Everybody tells it. Isaiah told it, John told it, Paul told it, Ezekiel told it, Luther told it, Calvin told it, John Milton told it—everybody tells it; and yet—and yet when the midnight shall fly the hills, and Christ shall marshal his great army, and China, dashing her idols into the dust, shall hear the voice of God and wheel into line; and India, destroying her Juggernaut and snatching up her little children from the Ganges, shall hear the voice of God and wheel into line; and vine covered Italy and all the nations of the earth shall hear the voice of God and fall into line; then the church which has been toiling and struggling through the centuries, robed and garlanded like a bride adorned for her husband, and shall put aside her veil and look up into the face of her Lord and King, and say, "The half—the half was not told me!"

Well, there is coming a greater surprise to every Christian—a greater surprise than anything I have depicted. Heaven is an old story. Everybody talks about it. There is hardly a hymn in the hymn book that does not refer to it. Children read about it in their Sabbath school book. Aged men put on their spectacles to study it. We say it is a harbor from the storm. We call it our home. We say it is the house of many mansions. We weave together all sweet, beautiful, delicate, exhilarant words; we weave them into letters, and then we spell it out in rose and lily and amaranth. And yet that place is going to be a surprise to the most intelligent Christian.

Like the Queen of Sheba, the report has come to us from the far country, and many of us have started. It is a desert march, but we urge on the camels. What though our feet be blistered with the way? We are hastening to the palace. We take all our loves and hopes and Christian ambitions as frankincense and myrrh and cassia to the great King. We must not rest. We must not halt. The night is coming on, and it is not safe out here in the desert. Urge on the camels. I see the domes against the sky, and the houses of Lebanon, and the temples, and the gardens. See the fountains dance in the sun, and the gates flash as they open to let in the poor pilgrims.

Send the word up to the palace that we are coming, and that we are weary of the march of the desert. The King will come out and say: "Welcome to the palace; bathe in these waters, recline on these banks. Take this cinnamon and frankincense and myrrh and put it upon a censer and swing it before the altar." And yet, my friends, when heaven bursts upon us it will be a greater surprise than that—Jesus on the throne, and we made like him! All our Christian friends surrounding us in glory! All our sorrows and tears and sins gone by forever! The thousands of thousands, the one hundred and forty and four thousand, the great multitudes that no man can number, will cry, world without end, "The half—the half was not told us!"

The Maids of Modern Greece.

The costume worn by the Greek women is seldom bought ready made. It is usually either made by the wearers themselves or has come to them by inheritance. A handsome costume is an expensive purchase. The chemise, long enough to form a skirt, is very richly embroidered about the bottom in silk, and the two jackets of white cloth are elaborate. These are sleeveless, but a fine pair of embroidered sleeves makes a separate part of the dress. Silver ornaments for the head, neck and arms, a red apron, a sash, and a silk gauze veil complete the costume.

The last named items are luxuries, however, and vary according to the means. Rich maidens braid long strings of coins into their tresses, and at a country dance, where the costume is seen in its full splendor, the eyes of the suitor are as much attracted by the back view as by the face of the fair creatures. For everyday use nearly all women of every age wear a handkerchief over the head, and they are for the most part manufactured in Greece.—Athens Cor. Denver News.

An Eccentric Judgment.

Captain King, at one time governor in an Australian colony, was noted for his eccentricities. One day he was waited on by two prisoners suing for pardon. The petition of the one was signed by all the leading men of Sydney, that of the other bore but one name.

"How comes it," asked the governor, "that you have only one name on your petition, while this man has so many?"

"I have lived with only one master all my time, sir," said the man. "I didn't know anybody else."

The governor immediately gave him his pardon, but dismissed the other applicant with the remark:

"You know so many rich people that you don't need anything more."—Convict King.

An Uncanny Lake.

There is in Missouri a lake, perched on the top of a mountain, its surface from 50 to 100 feet below the level of the earth surrounding it, fed by no surface streams, untouched by the wind, dead as the Sea of Sodom. There is no point of equal altitude from which water could flow within hundreds of miles, and yet it has a periodical rise of thirty feet or over, which is in no way affected by the atmospheric conditions in the country adjacent. It may rain for weeks in Webster county, and the return of fair weather find Devil's lake at its lowest point, while it way reach its highest point during a protracted drought.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

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COL. M'LANE'S BOYS.

STORY OF THE EIGHTY-THIRD PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEERS.

Desperate Deeds at Gaines' Mill and Malvern Hill on the Peninsula—Defense of Little Round Top—In Advance at the Wilderness and Spottsylvania.

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PENNSYLVANIA lost more men killed in the civil war in proportion to her quota than any other Union state, and the Eighty-third Pennsylvania lost more men numerically killed in battle than any other regiment in the state and stands second on the list for the highest losses in killed among Union regiments. This record was made by hard, persistent fighting, and the ranks were filled at the outset and afterward recruited from the men of the rural counties in the northwest of the state. The one thing in the regiment's favor on the start was good leadership. Its colonel, John W. McLane, was a soldier by nature, who had commanded militia troops for many years, and had served as an officer in the Mexican war. He drilled a martial spirit into his men.

The Eighty-third was organized in the fall of 1861, drilled in the camps on the Potomac in the winter of 1861-2 and received its "baptism of fire" in front of Richmond in May, 1862. The first hard fighting encountered was at Gaines' Mill, June 27, 1862. This was one of the bloodiest battles of the war on the Confederate side, and one of the most stubborn on the Union side. The Eighty third was placed in a hot corner, and their brigade general sent word to its commander to hold it. "He needn't have sent me any such word," repled Col. McLane. "I intend to hold it."

The enemy took it, finally, after walking over McLane's body; but the Pennsylvanians held on until the same brigadier had recalled them a second time. The position was the extreme left of the Union army, where it rested on the Chickahominy river. The Confederate attack was made at that point by a fresh corps led by Longstreet. The Union center and right were at the time engaged in a fierce battle with Gens. A. P. Hill and Stonewall Jackson, and Longstreet's aim was to push his troops through the Union left and sweep down along the river bank to secure the bridges and cut off all chances of retreat.

The Eighty third lay in the front line behind breastworks of logs hastily built for the occasion. Three times the charges of the Confederates were repulsed by the combined efforts of the infantry and artillery, and then it was discovered on the line of the Eighty third that the line had been cut in two on its right, the enemy was advancing from that direction and its position was cut off from the rest of the army. This made a crisis to try the mettle of officers and men. They had fought from behind breastworks to repulse the attacks on the front, but in warding off the new danger would be compelled to come out from cover. True, there were woods at hand to lend a partial screen, but these woods screened the Confederates as well, who advanced Indian fashion, leaping from tree to tree and firing as they advanced. So long as the Pennsylvanians had had breastwork shelter the effect of the enemy's bullets had been but slight, but under the new order of things the ranks thinned out rapidly.

Col. McLane was killed instantly by a minie ball, and about the same time the second in command, Maj. Naghel, was killed by a shell. Men fell on all sides and the prostrate wounded tried valiantly to handle their muskets and keep up the fight on the ground. In the end the Confederates gave way and the Eighty-third, led by a captain, had a breathing spell for re formation. The enemy had passed along on their right, squarely to the rear, and the commander of the regiment prepared to meet an onslaught from that direction. He faced his men to the east and gained an open field directly in rear of the breastworks previously occupied. The first line, that at the breastworks, had faced west, the second in the woods, north, and the third in the open field, faced east. In a short time some regiments were seen advancing toward the Eighty-third in the direction where Union troops had been at the opening of the fight. Thinking that they might be supports coming to their relief, the Eighty-third allowed them to approach.

After a parley the troops proved to be enemies, and the ball again opened. After some sharp firing the captain leading the regiment ordered a retreat to the old

COL. J. W. M'LANE.
[Killed at Gaines' Mill.]

breastworks in the rear. There at last, squarely about-faced, they crouched behind the log barrier to defend it from the reverse side. Two other regiments had held on in the works during the whole time, the Forty-fourth New York and the Sixteenth Michigan, and, seeing the Confederates swarming on three sides, the surviving officers, upon consultation, decided to let the men retreat by scattering. Should they attempt to move off in column they would be attacked by overwhelming numbers, but in squads and detachments the confusion of the field and the veil of the twilight then gathering would enable the greater part to reach the Union lines. The Eighty-third lost 46 killed, 51 wounded and 99 missing. The missing included some killed and many wounded.

The regiment had a respite from fighting for three days. On the fourth day, after Gaines' Mill, on July 1, it was again called upon for desperate duty. This was at Malvern Hill. When the battle began the Eighty-third was out of the line of fighting, but a bold charge of the Confederates on a portion of the field nearly made it necessary to call up supports.

When the Eighty-third reached the scene of danger a Union battery that had defended its position with great gallantry for some time was moving away. The Pennsylvanians opened on the advancing enemy and coolly stood their ground under a fire that thinned the ranks rapidly. The enemy wavered and the battery returned to its position and once more opened fire. Goaded on by the repulse that followed, the Confederates renewed the charge, and the conflict became bloody in the extreme.

The Pennsylvanians fired so rapidly that their guns became overheated, and the surviving soldiers took other ones from the hands of their dead comrades, of whom there were plenty. The loss of the Eighty-third was 36 killed outright, 115 wounded and 18 missing. This number, with the loss at Gaines' Mill, made a total in four days of 362 out of 554 that entered the fight. The killed and those who died of wounds was 111, or one man in every five. The next battle of the Eighty-third was at Second Bull Run, Aug. 31, 1862. It then numbered 224 men, and was led by Lieut. Col. H. S. Campbell. In Morell's division, of Fitz John Porter's corps, it took part in the charge upon Stonewall Jackson's position at the famous railway cut. The advance was made at double quick across an open field, swept by canister and bullets. Lieut. Col. Campbell, the major and 1 captain were wounded, 2 lieutenants killed and a death list of 36 rolled up in a brief struggle. The total in killed and wounded was 97. Campbell had been wounded at the head of the regiment at Malvern Hill, and so its commanding officer had been shot down for the fourth time.

At Antietam the Eighty-third escaped loss; at Fredericksburg it charged up to the stone wall to the relief of the storming column, a very daring movement that cost but few men, however. Chancellorsville was another lucky field for the Eighty-third, but at Gettysburg it found a place of honor at Little Round Top, on July 3.

Col. Strong Vincent, who had succeeded McLane in the colonelcy, led the brigade of which his regiment formed part, and assumed the responsibility of taking it upon Round Top when that position was about to fall into the hands of the Confederates.

The Eighty-third was posted in the vale between Round Top and Little Round Top, a pass selected by the Confederate Gen. Hood to reach the coveted hill. In that vale took place some of the deadliest fighting of the field. Col. Vincent stood upon a lofty rock to encourage his troops, and so determined were his men to imitate his valor that noncombatants seized muskets from the fallen and entered the ranks. The color bearer placed the flagstaff in the crevice of a bowlder and plied his rifle valorously. Death was reaping a harvest all around, and the Confederates, regardless of the enormous slaughter in their front ranks, swarmed on the mountain sides.

ON ROCKY ROUND TOP.

Capt. Hazlett, whose battery was aiding Vincent's men, was killed at his guns, and Col. O'Rourke, of the One Hundred and Fortieth New York, was shot down as he led his regiment to their support. Col. Vincent soon fell with a mortal wound, but the fight went on until Hood's charge was effectually repulsed.

The loss of the regiment was 46, the death list being 18. The men had fought behind sheltering bowlders, and thus the casualties were comparatively slight.

The Eighty-third entered the Wilderness campaign in the spring of 1864, in Bartlett's brigade, Griffin's division, Warren's (Fifth) corps. Bartlett opened the battle at the Wilderness on May 5, and the regiment lost 20 killed and wounded on that field. At Spottsylvania Bartlett again opened the fight. Warren's corps led the march in the attempt to seize the court house. The generals expected to encounter nothing more than Stuart's cavalry outposts, but when the Eighty-third attempted to brush away the opposition met at Laurel Hill it found a line of Confederate works, manned with infantry, blocking the road. A galling musketry fire saluted the advance, but the Pennsylvanians fixed bayonets on the march and dashed upon the barricade. Many men crossed over and plied the bayonet, even taking some prisoners and sending them back to the rear.

Every man that entered the works was wounded and some of the number severely. The regiment meanwhile had its line within a few paces of the barricade and poured in a fusilade until its ranks were fearfully depleted. The color bearer was wounded at the beginning of the charge and the colors left his hands. He subsequently revived, seized the flag again and planted it on the breastworks, but receiving another wound in the breast, hurled the banner back to the rear, where it was secured by other hands. Lacking support, the regiment finally retreated after losing 164 killed, wounded and missing. The death list in the end reached 57. Spottsylvania was the sixth and last great battle of the regiment. In these six—Gaines' Mill, Malvern Hill, Second Bull Run, Gettysburg, Wilderness and Spottsylvania—the death list on the field amounted to 232, and the record shows how great the loss of life may be in negative fighting. The regiment had stormed no batteries and carried no key positions—simply stood its ground valiantly while there was hope, sometimes vainly, and again with success.

During the remainder of the campaign to Petersburg the loss was slight. At Peebles' Farm, Petersburg, on Sept. 30, 1864, the regiment, reduced to a battalion, charged upon a Confederate redoubt, planted its banner first upon the parapet and learned after long years of bloody work how sweet is the taste of victory. Its loss in that affair was 10 killed. The membership of the regiment first and last was 1,368. Of this number 671 were killed or wounded. The total deaths in battle was 282, the deaths by disease, etc., amounted to 153. Of the wounded 397 were permanently disabled, and hence the waste in aggregate amounted to 832, or 40 per cent. of the hardy young country boys who went out in the bloom of health to battle for their country. To this should be added the permanently disabled by disease and hardship, and it would be interesting to know what proportion of the men who stuck to the colors escaped either wound, death stroke or permanent disease.

GEORGE L. KILMER.

A Smart Office Boy's Work.

A clever and well known woman writer recently paid a visit to an editor to confer with him over a manuscript he had asked of her. As she opened her card case she noticed only one left, which she regretted, having a second visit to make that morning. She sent it in, however, and shortly followed it. The editor was alone, except for a young clerk at a table near the door, and they were soon discussing the article she had written. It did not please him, and after considerable talk, rather decided on each side, she arose to withdraw.

The young clerk had left the room a moment before, and as Miss Blank passed out it occurred to her quickly that she could secure her card, which lay on the table near by. With a slight movement she did so, congratulating herself on the happy thought. But she did not send the card in at her next stop. Slipping it in her case when she was again in the street, she saw on the reverse side that the wicked young man had used his employer's time and his own considerable talent in sketching an absurdly exaggerated picture of herself weeping dejectedly over the returned manuscript. The likeness was perfect, the sketch vigorous and striking, and Miss Blank values it highly.—Her Point of View in New York Times.

The Wagging of the Dog's Tail.

Professor Elmer, in his work on Organic Evolution, is not able to explain why the dogs of Constantinople erect the tail and carry it upright, while the ancestral wolf and the jackal carry it hanging down. Dr. Joseph L. Hancock suggests that the reason may be found in the fact that as the dog becomes domesticated it is prone to use the tail as an organ for expressing mental states—wagging it when pleased, dropping it between the legs when disappointed or frightened. The ancestral wolf carries it hanging down, because in that position it is less conspicuous and better eludes detection. A family of wolves playing together undisturbed occasionally carry their tails curled upward.

By degrees the tail acquires naturally the upright position as a result of coincident evolution of the mind of the wolf by domestication and of the slow adaptation of the appendage as an organ of expression. The cessation of natural selection in the domestic dog would give the tail greater freedom of motion without detriment to life, and artificial selection modifies it into various shapes.—American Naturalist.

The Only Two Lepers in England.

There are only two lepers in England. There were three, one being the celebrated meat salesman, the discovery of whose case so terrified the Prince of Wales and the aristocracy two years ago that quite a society "boom" in leprosy was got up. Another was the Greenwich leper, now in charge of Dr. Burney, medical superintendent of the Greenwich Union infirmary. The third, who has just died, was the boy leper in Whitechapel infirmary.

The extraordinary thing is that when the pathologists examined his body after death they found nothing remarkable in it. There were a few marks of damage to the lungs visible, such as one sees in consumptives, but that was all. Leprosy is thus a greater pathological puzzle than ever to the doctors.—London Tit-Bits.

What is

CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."

DR. G. C. OSGOOD,
Lowell, Mass.

"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."

DR. J. F. KINCHELOE,
Conway, Ark.

Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."

H. A. ARCHER, M. D.,
111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."

UNITED HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY,
Boston, Mass.
ALLEN C. SMITH, *Pres.*,

The Centaur Company, 77 Murray Street, New York City.

Now for a Trade!

I seek your trade and if you are any sort of a trader, we can surely trade. It takes TWO to make a trade and as I am ready and willing to trade, it only remains for YOU to consent to a trade. We all want trade; some want "free trade." Now I am free to trade and also trade freely. Perhaps you want "protection"; if so, you can have that. You may wish "reciprocity" and that I will also give you in exchange for your money. I will give you full value in quantity and quality. I have prices on all my goods that please and I want to please you. I have the goods and a delivery team so that you can get your goods promptly.

I Sell My Goods so Low

that you can most always get one dollar and one half's worth for every one which you lay down. I am here for business, for your business, and I mean business. Your business is wanted and must be had if by any fair means I can get it.

Now if you will come

and tell me what you want and when you want it delivered, we can get to business and do business in a business way at once.

or a pointer I will quote you prices on two articles, which I will sell at these low prices for cash only until February 15. A good durable lounge for $4.13, and a neat Opaque Window Shade with fringe on bottom for 25 cents. I remain yours for "Free Trade," "Protection" or "Reciprocity," as you like it.

S. E. BOOMHOWER,

The Criterion Furniture and Undertaking Store,

Redfield Block, - WOLCOTT, Vt.

For Sale Cheap!

A nearly new 35 horse power engine and boiler. If you contemplate buying, call and see it working.

☞ MILL WILL RUN TUESDAYS ☜

and as much longer as the custom work requires. Give me the work, and I will run every day. I quote

No. 1 Yellow Corn Meal,	$1.20
Corn and Oats Feed,	1.20
Corn, Oats, and Bran Feed,	1.15
Best Quality Fine Sacked Bran,	1.10
Best Quality Fine Sacked Middlings,	1.20
Fancy White Middlings, in 100 lb. Sacks,	1.40
Our Old Reliable City Pastry Flour,	5.50
Best Winter Wheat,	5.25
Gold Medal,	6.25
Hawes' Best,	5.50

I am offering everything pertaining to the sugaring business at prices to suit the times. Old growth, hard pine sap buckets, 15 quart, 3 hoop, painted 2 good coats outside and in at $20.00 per hundred; 14 quart, 2 hoop at $17.00; 16 quart, tin sap buckets, soldered both sides at $25.00; Round gallon syrup cans at 9 cents, square 11 cents. Call and examine my Sugaring Off Pan and Arch at $14.00, also my galvanized iron sap holders and gathering tubs, they won't cost over two thirds as much as wood and are worth twice as much. Am agent for the Bellows Falls Evaporator and Arches. Call on me and get your sugar tests so you will know how hard to make your sugar to get the bounty.

I offer sugar boxes for cake sugar, 50 to 60 pound at 18 cents each; 1000 basswood sugar tubs, 20 cents, get your supply 'ere they are gone; crates to hold 8 square gallon cans, 18 cents each, come in and look at them; Williw Record Anchor and Boss Sap Spouts, rubber hose and tubing, regulators for evaporators or pans; anything pertaining to the business. Give me a call, I make a specialty of all kinds of odd jobs and repair work. Sell you anything you want and take sugar for pay.

Are you in want of any kind of a Stove or Range? I can show a full line of every kind and at prices to suit all.

A Whole Stock Calf Boot, $1.50.

Gents fine dress shoes, $1.25, $1.50, $1.75, $2.00, $2.25, $2.50, $2.75, $3.00, $3.25, $3.75, $4.00, $4.50, $5.00. Give me a call. Try Our NOX 'EM ALL, for children, youths, boys and men. Oil grain boots, $2.50 to 3.00, Woonsocket boots at 2.25. Kip and calf boots all prices. Our new boot and shoe department is now completed. Call and look our stock over.

Cash paid for dairy skins, beef hides, eggs, hemlock bark, etc.

H. N. GRAY, Cambridge, Vt.

-BUY-

MONTPELIER CRACKERS

THE BEST IN THE WORLD,

MANUFACTURED BY

C. H. Cross & Son,

Montpelier, Vermont.

ALSO MANUFACTURERS OF

FINE CONFECTIONERY

Chase and Sanborn's Royal Gem Package Teas.

Ask your Grocer for them.

Best grown in China. Finest drank in America.
Packed only in half-pound and pound tea-lead packages.
The same as served in the Japanese Garden at the Pure Food Exhibition.
We send free, on receipt of a 2c. stamp, sample of either Formosa Oolong or English Breakfast Tea. State your choice.
CHASE & SANBORN, Boston, Mass.
We sell only to the trade.

FARM AND GARDEN

THE CARE OF HIDES.

How to Take Off and Cure Beeves' Hides with Greatest Profit.

Beef is low in price, and it should be the aim of every farmer who kills beeves for home use, or to sell in their nearest town as dressed beef, to get out of each animal all that is in it. To do this, says The Farm, Field and Stockman—from which the following cuts are a reprint—we must begin with the hide.

IN POSITION FOR TAKING OFF THE HIDE.

If a hide is taken off and properly cared for it will often bring a fifth or fourth as much as the dressed carcass. If taken off improperly and neglected it will bring very little. A hide ought to more than pay for taking it off. After the animal is dead turn it up on its back and run a sharp knife along the carcass as indicated by the dotted line in Fig. 1.

To do this, thrust in the knife, point foremost and edge up, and run the slit the entire length of the carcass, from the chin over the breast in the line of the navel to the tail. Then slit the skin of each leg from the cleft of the foot to the central slit. If these lines are followed the hide will be the right shape to care for when removed. The horns do not go with the hide, nor does the tail bone; the tail and ears do.

After the hide is removed spread it out as in Fig. 2. Cut off all pieces of fat and flesh (for if you are not an adept you will probably either have some such pieces on the hide or some holes in it, and it is better to have meat than holes, as very slight cuts, especially at or near the center, makes a badly "damaged

THE HIDE SPREAD OUT.

hide," and it likewise damages the price badly), and sprinkle the flesh side with salt. Fold the hide flesh side in and put where it will not freeze.

Hatching Eggs and Breaking Up Sitters.

From the poultry department of the experimental farms, Ottawa, comes a report of the hatching results from eggs set on dry boards and on damp ground. Both of these methods have their advocates. The contention on one side is that eggs to hatch out well must be placed on damp ground or on some substance calculated to retain moisture, and the opposite on the other side. It appears from the report under consideration that the fertility of the eggs had more to do with the result than the location of the sitter. Manager Gilbert hazards the opinion, however, that it is quite possible that early in the season, when the weather is yet cold, the dry floor may be the best, because it is likely to be warmer. In the hot season the cool, damp cellar would be preferable. This opinion is substantiated in part at least by experiences of the writer, who has found nests near or on the ground more advantageous in warm, dry climates than nests placed on a dry floor.

In his report Manager Gilbert tells how to break up a sitter when it is desirable to get her to laying again as soon as possible. He says: "The best way to accomplish this is to put the broody hen in a coop or compartment without a nest, where she cannot sit, feed her generously, and in a few days she will cease to be broody, and if the good feeding is kept on will soon be laying again. The practice of ducking the broody hens in water, tying them to a stake, swinging them by their legs, is simply cruel and unnecessary. Some hens, Wyandottes, for instance, are much more easily broken up than others. A broody member of the Spanish family should not be used as a sitter. Occasionally an exception may be found, but as a general rule, although very fussy, they are not trustworthy."

Partly Exhausted Lands.

Much partly exhausted land is far richer than is commonly supposed. What it has lost is the humus or vegetable matter that by decomposing furnishes heat and helps make mineral fertility available. In all heavy soils especially there are stores of plant food that the roots cannot get at unless they have the apparent stimulus of a little nitrogenous fertilizer to set them loose. This explains why light dressings of composted manure or of commercial fertilizers often produce astounding results. Their fertility is at once available. They give the plants a start, and once started they are able to find all they need. —American Cultivator.

Incubators.

The hen is undoubtedly the best incubator for a limited number of eggs and as far as she goes, but her capacity is limited and her willingness to set cannot be relied on. Hence the necessity of a machine to do her work without grumbling—hence the incubator. More than half the $150,000,000 wor