SUNDAY'S SERMON

ONE OF REV. DR. TALMAGE'S STERLING DISCOURSES.

Subject: "The Vacant Chair."

TEXT: "*Thou shalt be missed, because thy seat will be empty.*"—1 Samuel xx. 18.

Set on the table the cutlery and the chased silverware of the palace, for King Saul will give a state dinner to-day. A distinguished place is kept at the table for his son-in-law, a celebrated warrior, David by name. The guests, jeweled and plumed, come in and take their places. When people are invited to a king's banquet they are very apt to go. But before the covers are lifted from the feast Saul looks around and finds a vacant seat at the table. He says within himself, perhaps audibly, "What does this mean? Where is my son-in-law? Where is David, the great warrior? I invited him. I expected him. What! a vacant chair at the king's banquet? The fact was that David, the warrior, had been seated for the last time at his father-in-law's table. The day before Jonathan had coaxed David to go and occupy that place at the table, saying to David in the words of my text, "Thou shalt be missed, because thy seat will be empty." The prediction was fulfilled. David was missed. His seat was empty. That one vacant chair spoke louder than all the occupied chairs at the banquet.

In almost every house the articles of furniture take a living personality. That picture—a stranger would not see anything remarkable either in its design or execution, but it is more to you than all the pictures of the Louvre and the Vatican. You remember who bought it, and who admired it. And that hymn book—you remember who sang out of it. And that cradle—you remember who rocked it. And that Bible—you remember who read out of it. And that bed—you remember who slept in it. And that room—you remember who died in it. But there is nothing in all your house so eloquent and so mighty voiced as the vacant chair. I suppose that before Saul and his guests got up from this banquet there was a great clatter of wine pitchers, but all that racket was drowned out by the voice that came up from the vacant chair at the table.

Millions have gazed and wept at John Quincy Adams's vacant chair in the house of representatives, and at Wilson's vacant chair in the vice-presidency, and at Henry Clay's vacant chair in the American senate, and at Prince Albert's vacant chair in Windsor castle, and at Thiers' vacant chair in the councils of the French nation. But all these chairs are unimportant to you as compared with the vacant chairs in your own household. Have these chairs any lesson for us to learn? Are we any better men and women than when they first addressed us?

First I point out to you the father's vacant chair. Old men love to sit in the same place and in the same chair. They somehow feel more at home, and sometimes when you are in their place and they come into the room you have to up suddenly and say, "Here, father, here's your chair." The probability is it is an armchair, for he is not so strong as he once was, and he needs a little upholstery. His hair is a little frosty, his gums a little depressed, for in his early days there was not much dentistry. Perhaps a little cane and old fashioned apparel, for though you may have suggested some improvement, father does not want any of your nonsense. Grandfather never had much admiration for new fangled notions.

I sat at the table of one of my parishioners in a former congregation; an aged man was at the table, and the son was presiding, and the father somewhat abruptly addressed the son, and said, "My son, do the honors for me to-day, for I want to show off because the minister is here!" Your father never liked any new customs or manners, he preferred the old way of doing things, and he never looked so happy as when with his eyes closed, he sat in the armchair in the corner. From the wrinkled brow to the tip of the slipper, what placidity! The wave of the past years of his life broke at the foot of that chair. Perhaps sometimes he was a little impatient, and sometimes told the same story twice, but over that old chair how many blessed memories hover! I hope you did not crowd that old chair, and that it did not get very much in the way.

Sometimes the old man's chair gets very much in the way, especially if he has been so unwise as to make over all his property to his children, with the understanding that they are to take care of him. I have seen in such cases children crowd the old man's chair to the door, and then crowd it clear into the street, and then crowd it into the poor house, and keep on crowding it until the old man fell out of it into his grave.

But your father's chair was a sacred place. The children used to climb up on the rungs of it for a good night kiss, and the longer he stayed the better you liked it. But that chair has been vacant now for some time. The furniture dealer would not give you fifty cents for it, but it is a throne of influence in your domestic circle. I saw in the French palace, and in the throne room, the chair that Napoleon used to occupy. It was a beautiful chair, but the most significant part of it was the letter "N" embroidered into the back of the chair in purple and gold. And your father's old chair sits in the throne room of your heart, and your affections have embroided into the back of that old chair in purple and gold the letter "F." Have all the prayers of that old chair been answered? Have all the counsels of that old chair been practiced? Speak out, old armchair.

History tells us of an old man whose three sons were victors in the Olympic games, and when they came back these three sons, with their garlands, put them on the father's brow, and the old man was so rejoiced at the victories of his three children that he fell dead in their arms. And are you, oh man, going to bring a wreath of joy and Christian usefulness and put it on your father's brow, or on the vacant chair, or on the memory of the one departed? Speak out, old armchair! With reference to your father, the words of my text have been fulfilled, "Thou shalt be missed, because thy seat will be empty."

I go a little further on in your house and I find the mother's chair. It is very apt to be a rocking chair. She had so many cares and troubles to soothe that it must have rockers. I remember it well: it was an old chair, and the rockers were almost worn out, for I was the youngest, and the chair had rocked the whole family. It made a creaking noise as it moved; but there was music in the sound. It was just high enough to allow us children to put our heads into her lap. That was the bank where we deposited all our hurts and worries. Ah! what a sacred place in life was different from the father's chair; it was entirely different. You ask me how? I cannot tell; but we all felt it was different. Perhaps there was about this chair more gentleness, more tenderness, more grief when we had done wrong. When we were wayward father scolded, but mother pitied. It was a very sacred place. In the sick days of children other chairs could not keep awake; that chair always kept awake. Left early was the chair that knew all the old lullabies and all those wordless songs which mothers sing to their sick children—songs in which all pity and compassion and sympathetic influence are combined.

That old chair has stopped rocking for a good many years. It may be set up in the loft or the garret, but it holds a queenly power yet. When at midnight you wont into that garret to see the infant lying drought, did you not hear a voice that said, "My son, why go in there?" And louder than the boisterous encore of the place of sinful amusement, a voice saying, "My son, what do you do here?" And when you went into the house of abandonment, a voice saying, "What would your mother do if she knew you were here?" And you were provoked with yourself, and you charged yourself with superstition and fanaticism and your head got hot with your own thoughts, and you went home and you went to bed, and no sooner had you touched the bed than a voice said: "What! a prayerless pillow! Man! what is the matter?" This, You are to hear your mother's rocking-chair.

"Oh, pshaw!" you say. "There's nothing in that. I'm five hundred miles off from where I was brought up. I'm three hundred miles off from the church whose bell was the first music I ever heard." I cannot help that. You are too near your mother's rocking chair. "Oh," you say, "there can't be anything in that. That chair has been vacant a great while." I cannot help that. It is all the mightier for that. It is omnipotent, that vacant mother's chair. It whispers, it speaks, it weeps, it carols, it mourns, it prays, it warns, it thunders. A young man went off and broke his mother's heart, and while he was away from home his mother died, and the telegraph brought the son, and he came into the room where she lay and looked upon her face, and he cried out: "Oh, my mother, my mother, what your life could not do Your death shall effect! This moment I give my heart to God." And he kept his promise. Another victory for the vacant chair. With reference to your mother the words of my text were fulfilled, "Thou shalt be missed, because thy seat will be empty."

I go on a little further, and I come to the invalid's chair. What! How long have you been sick? "Oh! I have been sick ten, twenty, thirty years." Is it possible? What a story of endurance. There are in many of the families of any congregation these invalids' chairs. The occupants of them think they are doing no good in the world, but that invalid's chair is the mighty pulpit from which they have been preaching, all these years, trust in God. The first time I preached here at Lakeside, Ohio, amid the throngs present, there was nothing that so much impressed me as the spectacle of just one face—the face of an invalid who was wheeled in on her chair. I said to her afterward: "Madam, how long have you been prostrated?" for she was lying flat in the chair. "Oh!" she replied, "I have been this way fifteen years." I said, "Do you suffer very much?" "Oh, yes," she said, "I suffer very much; I suffer all the time; part of the time I was blind. I always suffer." "Well," I said, "can you keep your courage up?" "Oh, yes," she said, "I am happy, very happy indeed." Her face showed it. She looked the happiest of any one on the ground.

Oh, what a means of grace to the world, these invalid chairs. On that field of human suffering the grace of God gets its victory. Edward Payson, the invalid, and Richard Baxter, the invalid, and Robert Hall, the invalid, and the ten thousand of whom the world has never heard, but of whom all heaven is cognizant. The most conspicuous thing on earth for God's eye and the eye of angels to rest on, is not a throne of earthly power, but it is the invalid's chair. Oh, these men and women who are always suffering, but never complaining—these victims of spinal disease, and neuralgic torture, and rheumatic excruciation will answer to the roll call of the martyrs, and rise to the martyr's throne, and will have the martyr's palm.

But when one of these invalids' chairs becomes vacant how suggestive it is! We more bolstering up of the weary head. No more coaxing from the lips that it take an easy position. No more use of the bandage and the cataplasm and the prescription. That invalid chair may be folded up or taken apart, or set away, but it will never lose its queenly power. It will always preach of trust in God and cheerful submission. Suffering all ended now. With respect to that invalid the words of my text have been fulfilled, "Thou shalt be missed, because thy seat will be empty."

I pass on and find one more vacant chair. It is a high chair. It is the child's chair. If that chair be occupied I think it is the most potent chair in all the household. All the chairs wait on it; all the chairs are turned toward it. It means more than David's chair at Saul's banquet. At any rate it makes more racket. That is a strange house that can be dull with a child in it. How that child breaks up the hard worldliness of the place and keeps you young to obey, seventy and eighty years of age. If you have no child of your own adopt one; it will open heaven to your soul. It will pay its way. Its crowing in the morning will give the day a cheerful starting, and its glee at night will give the day a cheerful close. You do not like children? Then you had better stay out of heaven, for there are so many there you would fairly make you crazy. Only about five hundred millions of them. The old country Pharisees told the mothers to keep the children away from Christ. "You bother Him," they said; "you trouble the Master." Trouble Him! He has filled heaven with that kind of trouble.

A pioneer in California says that for the first year or two after his residence in Sierra Nevada county there was not a single child in all the reach of a hundred miles. But the Fourth of July came, and the miners were gathered together and they were celebrating the Fourth with oration and poem and a boisterous brass band, and while the band was playing an infant's voice was heard crying, and all the miners were startled, and the swarthy men began to think of their homes on the eastern coast, and of their wives and children far away, and their hearts were thrilled with homesickness as they heard the babe cry. But the music went on, and the child cried louder, and louder, and the brass band played louder and louder, trying to drown out the infantile interruption, when a swarthy miner, the tears rolling down his face, got up and shook his fist and said, "Stop that noisy band, and give the baby a chance." Oh, there was pathos in it, as well as good cheer in it. There is nothing to arouse and melt and subdue the soul like a childs voice. But when it goes away from you the high chair becomes a higher chair and there is desolation all about you.

In three-fourths of the homes of this congregation there is a vacant high chair. Somehow you never get over it. There is no one to put to bed at night, no one to ask strange questions about God and heaven. Oh, what is the use of that high chair? It is to call you higher. What a drawing upward it is to have children in heaven! And then it is such a preventive against sin. If a father is going away into sin he leaves his living children with their mother; but if a father is going away into sin with a babe he going to do with his dead children floating about him and hovering over his every wayward step. Oh, great fathers, vacant high chair, I hear you say: "Father, come back from sin; mother, come back from worldliness. I am waiting for you. I am waiting for you." With deepest to your child the words of my text have been fulfilled, "Thou shalt be missed, because thy seat will be empty."

Yet sometimes I have gathered up the voices of your departed friends and tried to intone them into one invitation upward. I set in array all the vacant chairs of your homes and of your social circle, and I bid them cry out this morning. "Time is short. Eternity is near. Take my Saviour. Be at peace with my God. Come up where I am. We lived together on earth; come let us live together in heaven." We answer that invitation. We come. Keep a seat for us, as Saul kept a seat for David, but that seat shall not be empty. And oh! when we are all through with this world, and we have shaken hands all around for the last time, and all our chairs in the home circle and in the outside world shall be vacant, may we be worshiping God in that place from which we shall go out no more forever.

I think! God there will be no vacant chairs in heaven. There we shall meet again and talk over our earthly heart-breaks. How much you have been through since you saw them last. On the shining shore you will talk it all over. The heart-aches. The loneliness. The sleepless nights. The weeping until you had no more power to weep, because the heart was withered and dried up. Story of empty cradle and a little shoe only half worn out never to be worn again, just the shape of the foot that once pressed it. And dreams when you thought the departed had come back again, and the room seemed bright with their faces, and you started up to greet them and in the effort the dream broke and you found yourself standing amid room in the midnight—alone.

Talking it all over, and then, hand in hand, walking up and down in the light. No sorrow, no tears, no death. Oh, heaven! beautiful heaven! Heaven where our friends are. Heaven where we expect to be. In the east they take a cage of birds and bring it to the town of the dead, and then they open the door of the cage, and the birds, flying out, sing. And I would to-day bring a cage of Christian consolations to the grave of your loved ones, and I would open the door and let them fill all the air with the music of their voices.

Oh, how they bound in these spirits before the throne! Some shout with gladness. Some break forth into uncontrollable weeping for joy. Some stand speechless in their shock of delight. They sing. They quiver with excessive gladness. They gaze on the temples, on the palaces, on the waters, on each other. They weave their joy into garlands, they spring it into triumphal arches, they strike in on timbrels, and then all the loved ones gather in a great circle around the throne of God—fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, sons and daughters, lovers and friends, hand to hand, around about the throne of God—the circle ever widening—hand to hand, joy to joy, jubilee to jubilee, victory to victory, "until the day break and the shadows flee away. Turn thou, my beloved, and be like a roe or a young hart upon the mountains of Bether."

The "Plenty Horses" Case.

The verdict of "not guilty" which the Sioux Falls jury, under instructions from Judge Shiras, rendered in the trial of Plenty Horses, the slayer of Lieut. Casey, on the charge of murder, is in some respects a new departure in the way of treating Indian hostilities. The Judge held that "a state of War" existed when Lieut. Casey was shot, and, accordingly, that the act of killing him was not murder; and he intimated that if the slaughter of the Indians at Wounded Knee is to be justified it must be on the ground that war existed. And yet we have seen the United States Senate for many years refusing to confirm brevit promotions for gallantry in Indian hostilities on the ground that such hostilities did not constitute war. The war department's official list of promotions only a short time ago contained an announcement that an officer had been promoted vice Lieut. Casey, "murdered by an Indian," which was a different judgment on the case than the one required at Sioux Falls. Experts in law may be left to discuss the merits of this particular ruling; but it is clear that should the view of Judge Shiras be established officers and men who now lose even the credit of having died a soldier's death on the field of battle or in campaigning, and are put down as perishing by private assassination, will at least receive a record that is usually thought more covetable.—*New York Times.*

Shrinkage of a Piece of Money.

A merchant of Moscow sent for the copy of a deed to the St. Petersburg Criminal Court and received it from the clerk, for which he transmitted one rouble by mail, as a fee. But the furnishing of copies by that court is free, so the rouble was mailed back, for which the postoffice charged 8 kopecks. The merchant had gone to Twer, and the remaining 92 kopecks followed him at a charge of 9 kopecks. Meanwhile he had gone to St. Petersburg, and the 86 kopecks went after him and diminished to 72. He had left the capital for Charkow, and Twer, and Moscow. The money followed him, shrinking continually by the charge of the postoffice for transmission till, finally reduced to one single kopeck, it was deposited to his order in the government office at Moscow.

THERE should be some place provided where people could go while they are in love. They are so foolish and worthless that hard-working, practical people could get along better if they were out of the way. There should also be a place where a man could seek retirement while he is raising a beard.

A MAN up in Dexter, Me., asks for divorce because his wife won't make pancakes according to his recipe, but prefers her own. We are not familiar with the laws of Maine, but we should think that flapjacks would be good ground for divorce.

THERE used to be an old-fashioned notion that when people are very sick they should be asked if they were prepared to die. The modern idea is that speaking of death to a sick man frightens him and hastens his decease, and the question has gone out of use.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

A PHILOLOGICAL statistician calculates that in the year 2,000 there will be 1,200,000,000 people who speak English, and that the other European languages will be spoken by only 500,000,000 people.

THE total Southern watermelon acreage is estimated for the year at 30,500, which is supposed to be equivalent to about 10,200 cars. The crop is said to be very little larger than that of last year, which was considered very small.

AFTER a tramp in Colorado had thrown himself on the track in front of a railroad train and allowed it to pass over him, the intelligent coroner's jury, after careful deliberation, arrived at the conclusion that "the accident was caused by gross neglect on the part of the deceased."

AN appropriation of $150,000 has been made by the World's Fair directory, for the expense of ceremonies attending the dedication of the buildings, October 12, 1892. The ceremonies will be extended through several days, and some 15,000 militia and United States troops it is expected will participate.

WHEN the mosque of St. Sophia, in Constantinople, was built, more than one thousand years ago, the stone and brick were slain in mortar and mixed with a solution of musk, and the building it is said has been infected with the odor ever since. Probably age has imparted a musty odor, from which, says a sceptic, the musk story was fabricated.

THE majority of people die sooner than they should. Geo. E. Waring, Jr., says: "Disease is not a consequence of life; it is due to unnatural conditions of living—to neglect, abuse, and want." And Dr. Stephen Smith says: "Man is born to health and longevity; disease is abnormal, and death except from old age, is accidental, and both are preventable by human agencies."

A DISTINGUISHED Hindoo now traveling in this country is Bonanji Dinshawji Petit, who is one of the wealthiest as well as one of the most famous men of India. He is a Parsee, a millionnaire many times over, and known in Asia for his great works of philanthrophy. The estimation in which he is held at home is shown by the fact that he has been knighted by the queen for his charities.

THE total valuation of Chilian real estate is estimated at $900,000,000. Statistics say that last year 14,000,000 bushels of wheat were produced, 5,000,000 bushels of barley, 500,000 bushels of corn, 900,000 bushels of beans, 3,000,000 bushels of potatoes and 11,000,000 pounds of wool—not a bad showing, considering the limited area of the agricultural districts. But Chili's great source of wealth is in the products of her mines, which include all the important metals and minerals known.

A CURIOUS return has just been printed at Berlin. It shows how often German regimental colors were struck in action during the campaigns of 1864, 1866 and 1870, and also how many officers, noncommissioned officers and men were killed while carrying the colors. The memory of these losses is touchingly preserved. Every staff that has been clasped in action by a dead soldier's fingers is encircled with a silver ring with the inscription of the man's name and the words "Died a hero's death with this color in his hand."

A PLUCKY and independent girl is Miss Elizabeth More, of Edgeworth, Pa. With her own hands she recently built a neat little cottage, laying the foundations, plastering the walls of the different rooms and performing all the carpenter work to a builder's taste. To do this she found it necessary to don male attire, and a young girl friend helped her over the hardest part of the work. Miss More is said to be as pretty as she is energetic. She was once a protegee of Jane Gray Swisshelm, and the lessons that stern champion of woman's rights taught her have apparently not been forgotten.

THE colored bell-boys of the Normandie, in Washington, miss Mr. Blaine, though when he was quartered there they stood in considerable awe of his peremptory demands upon them. Naturally they have many anecdotes of the Secretary. One frightened little fellow who was called to the Secretary's room in the early morning found him in his nightrobe, walking the floor and running his hands through his hair in deep thought. Turning on the youth Mr. Blaine said, in stentorian tones: "Boy, don't you ever be Secretary of State." "Deed I won't, Mars' Blaine, 'deed I won't," said the little negro, his eyes rolling in fright.

IT is proposed to erect a monument to Benjamin Franklin Stephenson, the founder of the Grand Army of the Republic, who lies now in an unmarked grave near Petersburg, Ill. Dr. Stephenson distinguished himself in the war, particularly at the battle of Shiloh, and at the conclusion of hostilities he formulated a scheme for banding the surviving soldiers in Illinois into a benevolent organization. Early in January, 1866, he wrote out a ritual and constitution, which Gov. Oglesby approved, and soon afterwards posts were established at Decatur and Springfield. By August of the same year forty posts had been organized in the State, and the order was firmly on its feet. It now contains 300,000 members, and, the New York World claims, is the most powerful order of its kind the world has ever seen.

THE evasion of the United States laws against Chinese immigration, which, says the New York Press, has been winked at by the Canadian Government, has brought on the Dominion some unexpected and unpleasant results. Chinese immigrants have been brought into Canada and run over our border in great numbers, out for every Chinaman thus smuggled into the United States from three to five Chinamen have come into Canada, and leprosy has broken out among them in Victoria, Ottawa and other centers of population where Chinese colonies have been built up. The Chinese drive lepers out to die and sometimes kill them, the first process having been followed in Canada in a number of cases, endangering whole communities. If the Canadian Government is by this danger constrained to follow our example and put up barriers against the Chinese, the present evil will be mixed with future good.

ONE hundred thousand soldiers gathered from the regular army and national guard would make an effective feature of the World's Fair, so General Miles thinks. The general has suggested such a display in a letter to President Thomas W. Palmer, outlining the distinguished soldier's views on the Exposition. General Miles would have the World's Fair illustrate the development of the country from the geological era, dividing the displays historically into four periods. The military feature is suggested in addition to this general historical exhibit, and, General Miles thinks, would be peculiarly appropriate as demonstrating the strength of the nation's citizen soldiery. It would gather together members of the national guard from various States, upbuild a national patriotic spirit, and unite the organizations of different States in a spirit of fraternity. Aside from these results thus imparted a musty odor, from which, says a sceptic, the musk story was fabricated. The military feature is suggested in addition to this general historical exhibit, and, General Miles thinks, would be peculiarly appropriate as demonstrating the strength of the nation's citizen soldiery. It would gather together members of the national guard from various States, upbuild a national patriotic spirit, and unite the organizations of different States in a spirit of fraternity. Aside from these results thus imparted a musty odor, from which, says a sceptic, the musk story was fabricated. The officers and troops would want to come to the Fair anyway, and most of them would prefer to come to such a mobilization as suggested.

THE "Brethren" or Dunkards, publish what is called The Brethren's Annual, and from this is taken the following singular computation of the dimensions of heaven, which illustrates very fairly the extreme literalism for which this denomination is famous: "Twelve thousand furlongs, which equal 7,920,000 feet. Cube this number, which makes 496,793,088,000,000,000,000 cubic feet. Half of this we will reserve for the throne of God and the court of Heaven, and half the remainder for avenues, and then remains 124,198,272,000,000,000,000 cubic feet. Divide this by 4,096, the cubic feet in a room 16 feet square, and there will be 30,321,813,750,000,000 rooms. Suppose the world always did and always will contain 900,000,000 inhabitants, and that a generation lasts for 33½ years, we shall all 2,970,000,000 every century, and that the world will stand 100,000 years, making in all 297,000,000,000,000 inhabitants. Then suppose there were 100 worlds equal to this in number of inhabitants and duration of years, making a total of 297,000,000,000,000,000 persons, and there would be more than 100 rooms 16 feet square for each person."

Slot Machines.

"A hundred years ago," says a slot machine man in the Philadelphia Press, "a man in England, who kept a tavern, made use of the slot machine. This was a tin box containing tobacco. The frequenters of his tavern dropped a halfpenny in the slot and it struck a lever which opened the box. Then the purchaser took out a pinch of tobacco and put it in one of the pipes lying around on tables in the barroom. This is the first slot machine of which any record is known. Nowadays they sell everything in them, especially in England, where they are used for postage stamps. In Washington the other day I saw a slot machine into which you dropped two nickels, and from which you obtained a glass of rock-and-rye. I do not think that any of the machines cost over $30, and it only one cent profit is made every day, this means 10 per cent. interest on the investment. The first month our company placed a machine in the Hoffman House, in New York City, it took $48. A certain dry goods firm has recently put around a lot of slot machines which sell lead pencils. You drop a penny in the slot and out comes a pencil nicely sharpened and covered with the advertisement of the firm. The latter estimate that the advertisement pays all expenses, and so the pennies taken in are clear profit."

Grandma's Cure for Dandruff.

"We often scoff at the ancient grandmother remedies," said an uptown physician the other day in conversation with a patient, "but our forefathers used to get a power of comfort from them, nevertheless, and cheaply, too. Science has progressed wonderfully, of course, and we are much better off on the whole now than were our sires, but we forget a great many of the little things. Now I notice that you are troubled with dandruff, and I'll wager that you have spent many dollars on different alleged cures and you are worse off now than when you commenced. Let me give you a 'grandmother' prescription that never fails. Go to a drug store and buy 5 cents' worth of salts of tartar. Dissolve half of it in warm water and wash the head thoroughly, not using soap. Rinse in clear cold water. Repeat this at intervals of three months for a year and you won't be annoyed with dandruff any more.—[New York Recorder.

The singular fact has been demonstrated that, while the most rapid velocity of cannon-balls scarcely ever attains a speed of 600 metres a second—about 1,500 miles per hour—meteorites are known to penetrate the air with a velocity of 40,000 or even 60,000 metres per second. This unthinkable speed instantly raises the temperature of the air to 4,000 or 6,000 degrees centigrade.

ALASKA'S WONDERS.

SIX VOLCANOES THAT ARE ALWAYS IN OPERATION.

Bogosloff, the Most Active, Suddenly Appeared Out of the Sea—Shishaldin Belches Smoke at a Height of 9,000 Feet.

Much is heard of the stately Mount St. Elias, in Southern Alaska, which towers 19,500 feet above the sea level, because of its being the highest mountain in America, but this mountain with its smoking crater, though probably the grandest, is not the most interesting one of the North by any means. The volcanoes Umnak, Bogosloff, Programnia, Akutan, Shishaldin and Pavloff, all located in the Aleutian islands, 1,800 miles from Sitka, are probably the most interesting mountains in the world. All six mountains are in active operation and are located within a radius of 100 miles of Unalaska. From the Pacific ocean side all the mountains, with the exception of Pavloff, which is hidden from view behind another mount, can be seen at once, with the smoke and steam rolling upward from their craters. More is not told the world of these splendid mountains because they are seldom visited. Tourists do not go within 1,300 miles of them, for there is no regularly established line of steamers running further north than Sitka. The far-off land favored with the presence of these smoking mounts, would prove the life study of a geological student, is visited only by an occasional whaler or a revenue cutter.

The revenue cutter Bear, which returned from the Aleutian Islands last week, and which is now on her return north, says the Seattle Post Intelligencer, brought down a great deal of information concerning the volcanoes. Lieut. D. H. Jarvis, of the Bear, who has taken especial notice of the six volcanoes in this group of islands has made several cruises north, having been in both the Bear and Rush, government cutters, and upon each cruise he embraced every opportunity to learn more of them. Several of them he has visited; he has climbed to their summit, and acquainted himself with their peculiarities.

He spent much time examing Bogosloff, which he soon found to be the most interesting mountain of the group. Speaking of Alaska and volcanoes, the lieutenant says: "From the mainland to Attu, a distance of 1,000 miles, are hundreds of islands. The map will show that they are chained along. Attu being the westward island of the group that composes the Alaska peninsula. The islands are all of volcanic origin. Unalaska, or Unalaska Island, is east to the centre of the group by several hundred miles, and is in the centre of the Aleutian islands. Unalaska Island, which is about eighty miles long, is the largest. The other islands, of which there are numbers, vary in size from this down to a mere reef or rock projecting out of the sea."

The lieutenant found Bogosloff an especially fascinating study. One hundred years ago Bogosloff did not exist. The island on which this volcano is situated lay at the bottom of the sea. Just about 100 years ago there were continous jurrings in the Aleutian group, and the several volcanoes smoked and belched forth lava, showing that an internal war was in progress in the bowels of the earth. One morning, during a heavy disturbance, the natives of Unalaska saw an immense object rise up out of the sea, about sixty miles to the northward. Great volumes of smoke and showers of ashes and running lava came out of the object. After many days the disturbance subsided, and the natives could see that a new island had come to join the group, and they called the new arrival Bogosloff. The island was about half a mile long and was 350 feet high. The island in reality was nothing but the volcano, for from the water line it towered from all sides up to the summit. A peculiar feature of the mount was that it had no well-defined crater. From many fissures which cut across the sides of the mountain and around the top, huge volumes of smoke came, but at the top there was no hole. Still, notwithstanding the deformity, Bogosloff was very lively, and made more fuss than all the rest of the larger volcanoes.

About eight years ago, during a violent eruption, another island came up out of the sea, and joining Bogosloff, became one island. During the summer of 1889, while in the government service, Lieut. Jarvis visited Bogosloff for the first time. He walked all over the mountain, whose entire sides were rent with huge fissures, out of which came hot, stifling smoke, odorous with sulphur. So much smoke came out of the fissures that it was simply impossible to go close to them, much less look down into them. There was no crater or fissures directly at the summit, as was found by examination. Again last summer the lieutenant went to Alaska, this time in the revenue cutter Rush.

When the cutter made landing at Unalaska the natives told the officers of the steamer that a few months before there were eruptions among the volcanoes and that Bogosloff was especially angry; that the island gave out great showers of hot ashes and steam and black smoke. The Rush made the run of sixty miles to the island, and long before she hove to those on board could see that the whole top of the volcano had fallen in, forming an immense crater, from out of which the smoke not only rolled, but puffed like the exhaust of an enormous engine. Those who went on shore did not dare go near the summit because of the intense heat. By the top falling in the height of the mountain was reduced fully 200 feet, leaving only 200 feet above the sea level.

Clear days are a thing almost unknown in this land of ice and volcanoes. When it is not raining in summer, it is foggy, and when it is not snowing in winter, the wind is fierce and howling. Once in a while, in the early spring, mariners are favored with a few clear days. The wind dies down, the sky is free of clouds, and the deep blue azure of space looks down upon the trembling ocean with a cold, unfeeling gaze. At this time of the year the country is covered with ice and snow, the land being distinguishable from the sea because of its whiteness. The scenery from the deck of a cutter or whaler on such a day is enchanting, and the view remains indelible upon the memory.

Umnak, which is 8,000 feet high, lies the furthest to the westward of the group, and Pavloff, also 8,000 feet high, lies farthest to the eastward. Between these two are ranged in order, from west to east, the other four mounts—Bogosloff, Makhushin, Programnia, Akutan and Shishaldin. The latter is a big round mount, 9,000 feet high, and is by far the grandest of the group. He is always grumbling, and a steady volume of smoke continually wreathes from the summit. Programnia is 5,500 feet high, and Akutan towers up 4,000 feet. Makushin is 5,500 feet high. The grandest view of the volcanoes can be had from the Pacific Ocean side.

MODERN WARFARE.

Steam and Electricity as Factors—The Lesson of '61.

It may safely be admitted, says John C. Ropes, in Scribner's Magazine, that if the conditions of warfare had been the same in 1861 as they were in 1815, or, in our judgment, as late as 1850, the prediction of Napoleon and Palmerston of the failure of the North would in all probability have been fulfilled.

But the conditions were not the same. Steam and electricity had in the intervening time asserted their power, and had rendered possible for a McClellan or a Grant what had been impossible for a Napoleon. It was found that the capacity of the territory, through which it was proposed to move an army, for the task of supporting that army might generally be disregarded. It was found perfectly feasible to maintain a large force for any length of time in regions where no subsistence of any sort or kind was furnished by the soil. It was found that water-transportation of men and supplies was as certain and uniform, as much to be relied upon, as transportation by land; that the winds and waves of the ocean and the strength and direction of the flow of rivers could equally be ignored when it was proposed to transport troops, or subsistence, or ammunition, at a given spot. It was found that a blockade maintained by steam vessels, though not absolutely perfect, was a far more certain and constant check on foreign intercourse than could be effected by any employment of sailing vessels. By the telegraph all available resources could be utilized without the loss of a moment, and all information instantaneously communicated to or from headquarters to or from any part of the theatre of war.

In other words, machinery had in the progress of time become one of the great factors in military operations, and its introduction worked as marked a revolution in the practice of commanders on land and sea, as its adoption for purposes of manufacture or of intercommunication had worked in the world of business and ordinary life. And what was of the greatest importance to the North, the advantages of this great change in matters of warfare were absolutely at the call of the stronger and more wealthy of the two combatants.

Notable Pearl Necklaces.

Perhaps the best known pearl necklace in London, England, is that of the Countess Tolstoi, wife of the sturdy Radical, Philip Stanhope, Member of Parliament. The gems are not only large and perfect in shape but are nearly black, a peculiarity which, though some think it does not add to beauty, is by reason of its rarity exceptionally valuable. The Baroness Henry De Worms, wife of the Under Secretary for the Colonies, also has a notable necklace of diamonds.

"There will presently be in the field a new competitor," says a London correspondent, "the contest being the more interesting since the newcomer is a connection by marriage of the Baroness De Worms. The necklace is not new, though it has not been seen in London drawing rooms for years.

"It was the property of the late Countess of Orkney, and was a present to her from her first husband, Baron De Samuel, a peer of Portugal. The necklace is in three rows and contains in all 190 pearls, many of large size. The Countess left the necklace to her son, Arthur De Vahl, and Mrs. De Vahl will next season be its envied wearer.—[Jewelers' Weekly.

They Go in at the Roof.

Swift & Co., the great Chicago dressed meat concern, have built a new slaughter house at the Union Stock Yards in Chicago, which is a marked novelty in structures of this sort. Instead of receiving the cattle on the ground floor they are driven to the roof of a four-story building by means of a long incline. On this roof there are twenty-four large pens, with a capacity for accommodating 1,000 head of cattle at one time. The roof is laid with block pavement, and is made perfectly tight by the use of tar and cement. The slaughtering is done upon the upper floor, the various steps in the dressing of the meat taking the carcass downward until it reaches the ground floor cooled and ready for shipment.

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Chickens Picked by Electricity.

Can it be possible that wind alone can completely strip the feathers from a chicken and not hurt the foul? Never; but it is possible for electricity to do this. Place a man or a woman on an insulated stool so that the electricity will not pass through the body to the earth, and then heavily charge the body with electricity and every hair of the head even a woman's long hair, will stand out like iron spikes or the sized hair of the Circassian show girl. No doubt if the electric charge should be increased it would drive every hair out of the head, and this is the reason that so many chickens are stripped by tornadoes.—[Fort Worth Gazette.

Fall River, Mass., makes 200,000 pieces of cotton weekly.

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We have volumes of evidence to prove that S. S. S. is the only permanent cure for contagious Blood Taint.

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I asked a maid if she would wed,
And in my home her brightness shed;
She faintly smiled and murmured low,
"If I can have SAPOLIO."

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Is a Germ Ointment, of which a small particle is applied to the nostrils. Price, 50c. Sold by druggists or sent by mail. Address, E. T. HAZELTINE, Warren, Pa.

Cure for Ex-Confederates.

Georgia's Confederate pension system, under which disabled veterans receive from $2 to $25 per month, according to the disability, is highly creditable to our State, but it should accept and maintain the home near this city in order to complete the good work. It will be of interest to review the situation in other Southern States. Virginia led in the movement, and established a Confederate home at Richmond, for the support of which the State expends $10,000 a year. Pensions to the amount of $5,000 annually are also paid.

Alabama has no home, but pays $125,000 a year in pensions.

Arkansas has a home at Little Rock, built by private subscription, supported by State aid.

Florida has no home, but pays $30,000 a year to disabled Confederates who have resided in the State fifteen