Farerite Song of the West Point Cadets, REV. DR TALMAGE. The "cadet band" during the sum

The "cadet band" during the sum-mer of 1864 was an unusually good one. There were a number of fine vocalists in the first, or senior class, and excellent "soloists" on the vic-lip, guitar and banjo. The banjoist specially was a born minstrel, and could doubtless have done well in profensional burnt cork.

But codet songs were few in number. "Benny Havens O" was the only one heard in those days. We sang the army songs, "When This Cruel War is Over," 'Rod, White sad Bine," "Rally Round the Flag," "Lingdom Coming," and later "Tramp, Tramp" and Millard's stirring "Flag of the Free," as the war frew to its close. What seemed to be needed was a new cadet song. be needed was a new cadet song.
Plebes had to contribute to the

general amusement then as they do weneral amusement then as they de now, and one evening in camp a young fellow from the Mississippi Valley gave us a song, with a catch-ing air and chorus, he called "Ora Lee." I afterward knew a Mississippi steamer to have the same name, but never met any one else who sang or knew the song. The chorus ran:

Ora F.ee, Ora Lee, maid of golden hair; Sug-blue came along with thee and swal-lows in the air.

The whole corps took it up before many days, but no one fancied it more than our banjoist, "Pomp," who one evening soon afterward favored the camp with new words to the air of "Ora Lee," beginning:

We've not much longer here to stay,
Only a month or two;
When we'll throw our old gray clothes And don the army blue.

Chorus. Army blue, army blue, wo'll don the army We'll bid tarewell to eadet gray and don the army blus.

Then the band learned it as a marching tune, and at the "last parade" of the class of '65 in the following June, played it as the graduating quickstep for the first time, in place of the old. "I See Them on Their Winding Way" and "The Dashing White Sergeant." "Ora Lee," as a song, seems to have been lost entirely. "Army Blue" is known all over the United States. -Captain Ling, in Youth's Companion.

lighest Windmill in the World.

windmill of somewhat remarkable ortions, and pisce upon a tower is said to be the highest ever that purpose, has been put oran upon the prop-Hall Butler, at St.

> ver had been previ-Mr. Corcoran, but exceeding 125 feet resent tower is 190 vas done because the h it was desired to upon the beach and by the tide, the pidly from this point, essary to raise the onsiderable height in ight be above all ob-1000 feet from it. t concrete, forty bar-0,000 bricks, 42,000 pine and more than its, washers and iron al in its construction. rmounts this tower is eter and pumps water et of pipe to a height delivers water to a pacity for 65,000 galis filled in two days. -

# of Eggs.

stories are told of operties of a new oil made from the yolks The eggs are first d the yolks are then reand placed over a fire. carefully stirred until s on the point of catchthe oil separates and poured off. One yolk ly two teaspoonfuls of general use among the outh Russia as a means

line's pensions to Coners and widows this year ch, or less than \$2 per

bruises, etc .-- St. Louis

's Catarrh Cure

omotives have been adopte for Japanese railroads.

Root, the great blood purifier, and dearness to the complex-onstipation. 25 cts., 50 cts., \$L. ured product of Great Britain it \$4.100,000,000 a year.



THE SHOOKLYN DIVINGS SUN

DAY ARRESON.

Text: "Felix trembled and answered, Go by way for this time. When I have a con-entent season I will sail for the."—Acts

xiv. 25.

A city of marble was Casarea—wharves of marble, bouses of marble, temples of marble, tomples of marble. This being the ordinary architecture of the place, you may imagine something of the splender of Governor Felix's residence. In a room of that palace, floor tessellated, windows curtained, ceiling fretted, the whole scene affuent with Tyrian purple and statues and pictures litid Sarvings, sat a very dark complexioned man of the name of Felix, and beside him a woman of extraordinety beauty, whom he had stolen by breaking up another domestic circle. She was only eighteen years of age, a princess by birth, and unwittingly waiting for her doom—that of being buried alive in the ashes and scorice of Mount Vesuvius, which in sudden cruption one day put an end to her abominations.

nations.

Well, one afternoon Drusilla, scated in the palace, weary with the magnificent stupidities of the place, says to Felix: "You have a very distinguished prisoner, I believe, of the name of Paul. Do you know he is one of my countrymen? I should very much like to see him, and I should very much like to hear him speak, for I have heard so much about his eloquence. Besides that the other day, when he was being tried in another room of this palace and the windows were room of this palace and the windows were open, I heard the applause that greeted the speech of Lawyer Tertulius as he denounced Paul. Now, I very much wish I could hear Paul speak. Won't you let me hear him speak?" "Yes," said Felix, "I will. I will order him up now from the guardroom." Clank, clank, comes a chain up the marble stairway, and there is a shuffle at the door, and in comes Paul, a little old man, premandal of the country of the coun

turely old through exposure, only sixty years of age, but looking as though he were eighty. He bows very courteously before the gover-nor and the beautiful woman by his side. They say: "Paul, we have heard a great doub about your speaking. Give us now a speci-men of your eloquence." Oh, if there ever was a chance for a man to show off, Paul had a chance there! Ho might have harangued them about Grecian art, about the wonderful waterworks he had seen at Corinth, about the Acropolis by moonlight, about prison life in Philippi, about "what I saw in Thessalonies," about the old mythologies, The salonion," about the old mythologies but "No!" Paul said to himself, "I am now on the way to martyrdom, and this man and woman will soon be dead, and this is my only opportunity to talk to them about the

things of eternity."

And just there and then there broke in And just there and then there broke in upon the scene a peal of thunder. It was the voice of a judgment day speaking through the words of the decrepit apostle. As that grand old missionary proceeded with his remarks the stoop begins to go off of his shoulders, and he rises up, and his countenance is illumined with the glories of a future life, and his shackles, rattle and grind as he lifts his fettered the and with it huris upon his abashed auditors the bolts of God's indignation. Talk grow very white about the lignation. Felix grew very white about the ing. His heart beat unevenly. He put his

quickness and violence of his thoughts. He drew his robe tighter about him, as under a sudden chill. His eyes glare, and his knees shake, and as he ciutches the side of his chair in a very paroxysm of terror he orders the sheriff to take Paul back to the guardroom. "Felix trembled and said: Go thy way for this time. When I have a convenient senson, I will call for thee."

A young man came one night to our services, with pencil in hand, to carlcature the

whole scene and make mirth of those who should express any anxiety about their souls. but I met him at the door, his face very white, tears running down his cheek, as he said, "Do you think there is any chance for me?" Felix trembled, and so may God grant it may be so with others.

I propose to give you two or three reasons why I think Felix sent Paul back to the guardroom and adjourned the whole subject of religion. The first reason was, he did not want to give up his sins. He looked around. There was Drusilla. He knew that when he became a Christian he must send her back to Azzius, her lawful husband, and he said to himself, "I will risk the destruction of my immortal soul sooner than I will do that. How many there are now who cannot get to be Christians because they will not abandon their sins! In vain all their prayers and all their churchgoing. You cannot keep these darling sins and win heaven, and now some of you will have to decide between the wine cup and unlawful amusements and laselyious gratifications on the one hand and eter-nal salvation on the other.

Delilah sheared the locks of Samson : Sa ome danced Herod into the pit; Drusilla blocked up the way to heaven for Felix, Yet when I present the subject now I fear that some of you will say "Not quite yet. Don't be so precipitate in your demands. I have a few tickets yet that I have to use. I have a iew engagements that I must keep. I want to stay a little longer in the whiri of conviviality—a few more guffaws of unclean laughter, a few more steps on the road to death, and then, sir, I will listen to what you say. Go thy way for this time. When I have a convenient season, I will call for

Another reason why Felix sent Paul to the guardroom and adjourned this subject was he was so very busy. In ordinary times he

found the affairs of state absorbing. Im those were extraor linary times. The wirele land was ripe for insurrection. The Sicarii, a band of assassins, were already prowling sround the palace, and I suppose he thought, "I can't attend to religion while I am so pressed by affairs of state." It was business among other things that ruined his soul, and I suppose there are thousands of people who are not children of God because they have so much business. It is business in the store -

losses, gains, unfaithful employes,
It is business in your law office—subpoenas, writs you have to write out, paper you have to file, arguments you have to make. It is your medical profession, with its broken nights and the exhausted anxieties of life banging upon your treatment. It is your real estate office, your business with landlords and tenants and the failure of men to meet their obligations with you. Aye, with some of those who are here it is the annoyance of the kitchen, and the sitting room and the parlor-the wearing economy of try ing to meet large expenses with a small in-come. Ten thousand voices of "business, business, business' drown the voice of the eternal Spirit, silencing the voice of the advancing judgment day, overcoming the voice of sternity, and they cannot hear; they cannot listen. They say, "Go thy way for this time." Some of you look upon your goods, upon your profession, you look upon memorandum books, and you see the demands that are made this very week upon your time and your patience and your money, and while I am entreating you about our soul and the danger of prograstination ay: "Go thy way for this time. When convenient season, I will call for

> be bothered about the afmuch more than about 2 Do you not know ou will have to stop yment of the

of Tyrian purple in your palace will fade and the marble blocks of Cosarea will crumble, and the breakwater at the bestill, made of great blocks of bloin sixty feet that, must give way before the perbittial wash of the see, but the redemption that Paul offers you will be forever? And yet and yet and yet you wave him back to the guardroom, saying: "Go thy way for this time. When I have a convenient season, I will call for thee."

Again, Felix adjourned this subject of religion and put off Paul's argument because he could not give up the honors of the world. He was afraid somehow he would be compromised bimself in this matter. Remarks he made afterward showed him to be intensely ambitious. Oh, how he hinged the favor of men!

I hever saw the honors of this world in their hollowness and hypocrisy so much as

I flever saw the honors of this world in, their hollowness and hypocrisy so much as in the life and death of that wonderful man, Charles Sumner. As he went toward the place of burial, even Independence Hall, in Philadelphia, asked that his remains stop there on their way to Boston. The flags were at half mast, and the minute guns en Boston Common threbbed after his heart had ceased to beat. Was it always so? While he lived how censured of legislative resolutions: how consistenced. how censured of legislative resolutions: how caricatured of the pictorials; how charged with every motive mean and rideulous; how all the urns of scorn and hatred and billingsgate emptied upon his head; how, when struck down in Senate chamber, there were hundreds of thousands of people who said, "Good for him; serves him right;" how he had to put the ocean between him and his maligners that he might have a lit-tle peace, and how, when he went off sick, they said he was broken hearted because he could not get to be President or Secretary or

O. Commonwealth of Massachusetts, who of, Commonwealth of Massachusetts, who is that man that sleeps in your public hall covered with garlands and wrapped in the stars and stripes? Is that the man who, only a few months before, you denounced as the foe of republican and democratic institutions? Is that the same man? Ye American people, ye could not by one week of funeral eulogium and newspaper leaders, which the dead senator could neither read nor hear, atone for twenty-live years of malireatment and caricature.

When I see a man like that, pursued by all the hounds of the political kennel so long as he lives and then bucked under a great plie of garlands and amid the lamentations of a whole nation, I say to myself: What an unutterably hypocritical thing is all human applause and all human favor' You tool twenty-5ve years in trying to pull down his fame and then take twenty-five years in try ing to build his monument. My friends there ever a better commentary on the hol lowness of all earthly favor? If there are young men who read this who are postpon-ing religion in order that they may have the favors of this world, let morpersuade them of their complete foliv. If you are looking forward to subcenatorial, senatorial or presidential chair, let me show you your great Mistake.

Can it be that there is now any young man saying: "Let me have political office, let me have some of the high positions of trust and power, and then I will attend to religion, but not now. 'Go thy way for this time. When I have a convenient season, will call for thee!"

And now my subject takes a deeper tone, and it shows what a dangerous thing is this deferring of religion. When Paul's chain rattled down the murble stairs of Felix, that was Felix's last chance for heaven. Jurging from his character alterward, he was re-produce and abardoned. And so was Dru-

One day in the southern Italy there was a frembling of the earth, and the air got black with smoke intershot with liquid rocks, and Vesuvius rained upon Drusilla and upon son a horrible tempest of ashes and fire.
They did not reject religion. They only put
it off. They did not understand that that
day, that that hour when Paul stood before them, was the pivotal hour upon which ever thing was poised, and that it tipped the wrong way. Their convenient season came when Paul and his guardsman entered the palace. It went away when Paul and his guardsman left. Haveyou never seen men waiting for a convenient season? There is such a great fascination about it that, though you may have great respect to the truth of Christ, yet somehow there is in your soul the thought: "Not quite yet. It is not time for me to become a Christian. say to a boy, "Seek Christ." He says, "No Wait until I get to be a young man." I say to the young map, "Seek Christ." He says, "Wait until I come to midlife." I meet the same person in midlife, and I say, "See Christ." He says, "Wait until I get old. I meet the same person in old are and say to him, "Seek Christ." He says, "Wait until I am on my dying bed." I am called to his dying couch. His last moments have come, I bend over the couch and listen for his last words. I have partially to guess what they are by the motion of his lips, he is so feeble but rallying himself he whispers until I can hear him say, "I.-am—waiting—for—a-more—convenient—season," and he is gone!

I can tell you when your convenient season will come. I can tell you the year. It will be 1894. I can tell you what kind of a day it will be. It will be the Sabbath day. I can tell you what hour it will be. It will be between 8 and 10 o'clock. In other words it is now. Do you ask me how I know this is your convenient season? I know it because you are here, and because the elect sons and daughters of God are praying for your redemption. Ah, I know it is your convenient season because some of you, like Felix, tremble as all your past life comes upon you with its sin, and all the future life comes upon you with its terror. This night air is aglare with torches to show you up or to show you down. It is rustling with wings to lift you into light or smite you into despair, and there is a rushing to and fro, and beating against the door of your souls with a great thunder of emphasis, telling you, 'Now, now is the best time, as it may be the

only time. May God Almighty forbid that any of you my brethren or sisters, act the part of Felix and Drusilla and put away this great subject. It you are going to be saved ever, why not begin to-night? Throw down your sins and take the Lord's pardon. Christ has been tramping after you many a day. An Indian and a white man became Christians. The Indian, almost as soon as he heard the gospel, believed and was saved, but the

long while before he found light. After their peace in Christ the white man said to the Indian, "Why was it that I was kept so long in the darkness and you immediately found peace?" The Indian re-plied 'I will tell you. A prince comes arong, and as oners you a coat. You look at your coat, and you say, 'My coat is good enough,' and you refuse his offer, but the prince comes along, and he offers me the coat, and I look at my old blanket, and I throw that away and take his offer. You, sir," contin-ued the Indian, "are clinging to your own righteousness; you think you are good enough, and you keep your own righteous-ness; but I have nothing, nothing, and so when Jesus offers me pardon and peace I simply take it."

My reader, why not now throw away the wornout blanket of your sin and take the robe of a Saylour's righteousness—a robe so white, so fair, so lustrous, that no fuller on waite, so intr. so instrous, that no inter on earth can whiten it? O Shephord, to-night bring home the lost sheep! O Father, to-night give a welcoming kiss to the wan prodigat! O friend of Lazarus, to-night break down the door of the seguicher and say to all these dead souls as by irresistible flat: "Live! Live!"

The Atlanta Constitution advises Southern farmers to plow up their cotton and plant corn and millet. It asserts that food for stock will be high this year, and cotton very low.

Hard Tack the Remedy.

The dentists of the period, who are nothing if not scientific, raise a note nothing if not scientific, raise a note of alarm about the growing tendency to decay of the teeth of the present and the coming generations. Dental caries is said to be increasing in an "extraordinary and alarming" manner. Each succeeding generation shows a poorer quality of teeth. This a writer for The Hospital confirms to some extent by the experience of four generations of his own family. At one extreme was a grandfather at eightysix, who died less than a score of years ago, with a mouth full of absolutely perfect teeth. At the other is the great-grand-daughter of that old gentlemen, who, at ten years of age, requires six of her teeth "filled" at thpresent moment. What can be the cause of this very unpleasant and even alarming condition of things? The dentists tell us that "dental caries marches hand in hand with civilization." If that be so, we can only devoutly wish that civilization would find a more encouraging and comfortable companion. But why does civilization insist upon destroying our teeth? Because, say the dentists "the increasing perfection of the culinary art, by reducing the work of the masticating organs to a minimum," cause both teeth and jaws to atrophy and decay. So, then, it is the cook, the scientific cook of the schools of cookery, who, in the last resort, is at fault. Even our domesticated animals, our cats and dogs, are losing the excellence of their teeth for the same reason, and we shall no doubt soon have dentists among the veterinary surgeons as well as among the more august professors of the art of human medicine. These be uncomfortable prophesyings! Can anything be done?
A little, say the dentists. We must all go in for brown bread. Whole meal bread alone contains in quantity the flourine which is so necessary for the hardness and permanence of the teeth. Whole meal bread it must be, then, at morning, at noon and at night, if we would avoid the pangs of tooth ache and the pains of dentistry and save our precious teeth.

#### Artificial Stones.

M. Moissan had scarcely published the result of his beautiful experiment, when it transpired that three other French chemists, Berthelot, Friedel and Rousseau, had been working in the same field. M. Moissau concluded his experiment without making further progress, although it was certainly not because of a lack of patience, when it is known that one of the compact blocks of ice containing the precious stone which he obtained,

was several months in melting. Before obtaining the diamond, however, the Parisian chemist had ob tained a very hard substance, which he named siliciumcarbid; but the first discoverer of this was really the American Acheson, who, with the idea of obtaining a moderately hard substance, mixed coal powder with clay and heated it in an electrical oven. He obtained true crystals which scratched the ruby, but were not, as Acheson had hoped, coal crystallized to diamonds.

The manner of procedure was then changed; the clay was cast aside, and coal powder was mixed with sand in equal proportions, and, with the addition of some of the easily dissolved cooking salt, heated in an electrical oven to a white heat. After this had cooled and been broken, several layers of different compositions were found, one of which contained crystals which ranked in hardness between the diamond and the corundum .- Public Opinion.

A Chinese Description of the Plane.

A Chinaman, lately returned from a trip to Europe, treated his countrymen to the following description of the piano: "The Europeans keep a large four-legged beast, which they can make to sing at will. A man, or more frequently a woman, or even a feeble girl, sits down in front of the animal, and steps on its tail, while, at the same time, striking its white teeth with his or her fingers, when the creature begins to sing. The singing, though much louder than a bird's, is pleasant to listen to. The beast does not bite, nor does it move, though it is not tied up."- Das Neue Blatt.

Where Dog Trains Still Ran.

In the northern districts of Manitoba dog trains are still in use, and very satisfactory is the time made by the animals who skim over the frozen snow at a rapid rate. The last train arriving at Stanley covered 350 miles in four days-well on to ninety miles a day. The railway has opened up communication with the settled districts in Southern Manitoba, but the dog continues to supply the best means of transit for passengers and mails in the sparsely settled regions. - Halifax



IT GIVES WARNING that there's trouble ahead —if you're getting thin. It shows that your blood is impoverished, and your organs deranged, so that whatever you eat fails to properly nourish you. And just as long as you remain in this condition, Consumption, Pneumonia, and other Scrofulous and Consumption, Pneumonia, and other Scrofulous and and other Scrofulous and dangerous diseases are likely to fasten upon you.
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### A Home for Truants.

Boston is soon to have a home school for truants and troublesome boys. They are to be gathered into families of about twenty-five, under the care of a superintendent and his wife. A teacher of rare gifts of mind and heart is to be assigned to each group, and, under his direction, three hours a day are to be devoted to study. The boys are to do all the household work and to cultivate the estate of thirty acres where the home is to be placed. They are also to devote four hours a day to training for occupations to be had in the city. The instruction on Sunday morning is to be moral and religious, and in the afternoon it is to be denominational. - Scientific American.

## A Flowery Epitaph.

In Mount Pleasant Cemetery, New ark. N. J., on a monument directly in front of the entrance, is the following inscription : N HAND,

Born March 11th, 1842. The Cherry Tree of luscious fruit beguiled him too high, a branch did break and down he fell and broke his neck, and

Died July 13th, 1862. Also Three Infant Children, Some Buds that never Bloomed. -New York Tribune.



# KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live bet-ter than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting

in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect lax-ative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all drug-gists in 50c and \$1 bottles, but it is man-ufactured by the California Fig Syrup Oo. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

## Influence of Color on Diseases.

Experiments have been tried with a view to ascertain if color has an effect on certain forms of disease. In making this test, a number of small-pox patients were placed in a room to which only red light was admitted. The patients were for the most part those suffering from ususually severa attacks, and about half of them being unvaccinated childred. In spite of the violent form of the malady, they all made speedy and safe recoveries, with very little fever and but few scars. There has been but little enthusiasm about colored glass since the famous blue-glass excitement of some years ago. But that certainly did benefit certain cases, and at intervals ever since there have been revivals of interest in the subject. - New York Ledger.

#### A Curious Organ.

A curious organ is to be seen at the Jesuits' Church at Shanghai, China. It was manufactured by a native, a "brother coadjutor" of the Jesuit order. The pipes of the instrument are in bamboo instead of metal, and the sonority is of incomparable sweetness, "angelic and superhuman," says a correspondent, and such as has never been heard in Enrope. - Chicago Herald.

Matthew Smith, of Newark, Wis., did the best day's work of his life recently. He hit upon seven young wolves while out hunting. The bounty netted him \$105 under the law of the Badger State.







8. N II, 1 25

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