The good swords rust; the drums are still The children's children sing and play. Oh! marching years, o'er vale and hill,

Drop flowers, this fair Memorial Day. -Margaret E. Sangster, in Harper's Weekly.

LENA, THE FLOWER GIRL.

A DECORATION DAY STORY.



day, and not old people either, who remember "Lena, the flower girl," as she was known to the men and women who had occasion frequently to cross Madison Square. Lens was a remark-- ably pretty child, and though only thirteen she looked young for her years,

The long lashed blue eyes, the tangle of flaxen curls, the sweet gentle voice, and a certain pleading in the child's manner were very effective with strangers and gradually won to her a number of friends of both sexes who came to look for her every day.

In the flower season the child sold boutonnieres, and the blossoms seemed to gain an added charm from the dainty hands that pinned them on the coats of her patrons.

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When flowers were too expensive, or the weather was too cold, little Lena, with the same brave, uncomplaining spirit, sold morning and evening papers, and old men, and young men, too, who knew her and guessed that there was a pressing need for the child's constant efforts, would often walk a block out of their way in order to buy from her. Finely dressed ladies would often stop to admire the child's pretty face and to ask her some ques-



THE PLOWER GIRL.

tion about herself and her home life, at which they expressed interest and sympathy, but never the tempted to verify little Lenn's statements, or to take her away from the rough life and the temptations of the

It was the morning of Decoration | father. Day, and in anticipation of an increased market for her wares the child had invested all her small capital in flowers. With a large basket filled with blossoms before her, she stood at the corner of Twenty-third street and Fifth avenue, with a paper of pins in one hand, ready to pin the favors on the coats of purchasers. A tall man, who had been watching her from the opposite side of the street, finally crossed over, and, to her great delight, bought ten small bouquets for fifty cents; only one of which he would take. The man wore a Grand Army button, and his erect bearing and a sear running from the left evebrow and disappearing in a purple line under his hat told that he had been a

With a womanly tenderness in his voice, the man bent down, and looking in the child's face, asked her her name.

"Lena Hermann, she replied.

The man repeated the name, looing the while still more eagerly into the pretty upturned face. Then he asked : "Is your father living, my child?"

"No, sir," she responded. "He is dead; died so long ago that I cannot remember him."

"Ah, that is very sad," said the man, and he pretended to smell of the flowers that he had fastened in his buttonbole, and then continued:

"And your mother. Is she, too, denti?" "Oh! no, sir!" said the child, with

a glad ring in her voice. "Mother is living, but she is not strong any "I am sorry to hear that," said the

man, and he half raised his hand as if to stroke the child's head, but drew it back again. "I am interested," he went on; "tell me something more about your father and mother.'

The fact that he had invested so liberally in the flowers which he did not want to take away, won Lena's confidence. That and something so gentle and friendly in his manner that she could not explain it to herself, induced her to open her heart to him, though several times during her narrative she had to desist, while she accommodated other customers.

This, in brief, was the child's story : She was a baby, ten months old; she was living with her mother and father in Buffalo. About that time the war broke out, and her father went away, a sergeant, in Clifford's Battery. He wrote regularly to his young wife, whom he dearly loved, and once after two years he came home, wearing the shoulder straps of a captain.

Then he went away again, and after one of Grant's great battles in Virginia

he was reported missing. "Mother searched and searched for

said he was dead from the first, sent described. her a pension. This pension paid our rent and we lived very happily, for morial Day to little Lena and her mother could sew and embroider, and mother. While hundreds of thousands I went to school until two years ago. no more. The doctors told her it was that thousands of other men were burried in unknown graves and that she tears in her eyes, looked up at the bronzed face of the tall man, "moth-first time of the good fortune that be-

"Little Lens," said the man, and there were tears in his eyes, "I will me to your mother."

"Ob, sir!" cried the child, "that is too much. What can you do with so many flowers?"

"We can make your mother's room pretty with them," said the big, tall he took the basket in one hand, gave h m to her home.

Out of Broadway to the east, and looked like the abodes of the cliffdwellers, the child conducted the dozen flights of stairs, swarming with branch was the first one started. children, till she came to a door at the In response, a low, sweet voice from the other side called out: "Come in." And little Lena entered with her vis-

There were two rooms opening into each other, but sparsely furnished, but clean in every detail, and near the window of the first room a young woman, still beautiful despite the evi- though the grounds of all soldiers' dences of pain in her face, half reclined in a rocking chair.

Lens ran forward and throwing her arms round her mother's neck, cried

"Here is a kind gentleman who has bought all my flowers, and wants to

The invalid half turned and raised great number. her face to that of the stranger. On the instant the pale face assumed a deathly hue; she tried to lift her word "Lewis," then dropped back, as form, and as he poured kisses and tears on her face, he cried out:

for some seconds.

Mrs. Hermann soon, ogained conkneeling beside her the man she had Seathern Home will regard it as one so long mourned as dead. And in aer of the loveliest spots on earth. The

one parallel in the records of the war, At the battle of Cold Harbor he was desperately wounded and taken prisoner. He remained in the hands of the Confederates until the close of the war, the sabre cut in his head having destroyed his reason, or rather his memory. In some respects he appeared to be quite sane, but he had lost all recollection of the war or his connection with it. How he made his way to San Francisco he could not and never will recall, but he certainly reached there in 1868, where his case attracted the attention of some of the most prominent physicians of that operation and raise a fragment of brain, had produced this particular

form of dementia. The operation was in every way successful, for within eight weeks Captain Hermann, in full possession of physical health and all his mental faculties, was discharged from the hospital. Useless here to attempt any description of the man's feelings on discovering that | kets of the Confederates were allowed four years of his life were a perfect blank. His story becoming known to



A JOYFUL RECOGNITION.

cisco, a purse was raised which enabled him to make his way back to his old home in Buffalo. Here he at once began a fruitless search for his wife an l child. They had disappeared about the close of the close of the war, and no one could tell of their whereabouts.

Mrs. Hermann's only relatives were some distant cousins at Syracuse, and these could not enlighten him as to his wife's movements.

After long months of search he gave his dear ones up for dead, and making his way back to the Pacific Coast he rought in the excitement of mining to find relief for his sorrows. Being a man of remarkable intelligence and great force of character, he accumuyears, and everybody searched, hop- lated a considerable fortune within a lows.

ing that father might be alive," con- few years. He was on his way East in tinued the child; "but at last, she was connection with his business, when forced to give him up as dead, and chance brought him in contact with the people down in Washington, who little Lena, the flower girl, as before

of people throughout the broad Rewhen she broke down and could work | public were decorating the graves of the heroic dead, three people were reher nerves, and that she must give up joicing on the return from the grave fretting about father. They told her of the dear one whom they believed they should never meet again.

Lena, the little flower girl, after this must submit to what could not be disappeared from Madison Square, and helped. But, sir," and the girl with many of the patrons who inquired for er says there are diseases the doctors fel her. Her mother soon regained cannot cure, and one of them is a her health and went back to the Pacific broken heart."

Coast with her husband. Lena her-Coast with her husband. Lena herself, now grown to womanhood and motherhood, is the wife of one of the buy all your flowers if you will take best known members of Congress from the Golden State.

CAPTAIN RUPERT NORRIS.

Where the Crippled Veterans Abide. The Government tenderly cares for its heroes living as well as dead. In man, and to the child's great surprise | 1866 a Soldiers' National Home was established by act of Congress. A her the other, and told her to lead board of nine managers was to establish one central home and hospital and as many branches as they thought down through narrow streets, whose best. Under this authority at length towering tenements on either hand seven homes were established. The seven homes for disabled soldiers are, respectively, the Eastern, Western, stranger. Then into one of the tall Northwestern, Southern, Central, buildings she led him, and up a half a Pacific and Marion. The Eastern was organized at Augusta, Me. In back, at which the stranger tapped. November of 1866 this haven was opened for all invalid United States soldiers from New York and New England. A fountain of medical water, called Togus Spring, flows

> The Central Home is situated at Dayton, Ohio. Here is one of the most beautiful spots in the country, homes are beautiful. The Dayton Hospital was the second one established under the law of 1866. It is the largest of all the branches. It occupies a fertile farm of 627 acres. There are over 4500 inmates in the Dayton Home. From its location in the centre of the State it attracts a

here.

The Northwestern Home is at Milwankee, Wis., three miles from Lake Michigan. It is on a picturesque and hands; in a choking voice uttered the romantic looking spot. The Northwestern Home was the third one estabif dead. To the child's unutterable lished. To insure its location the amazement the tall man dropped on ladies of Milwaukce raised \$10,000 one knee beside the invalid's chair, and bought the 440 acre farm on which threw his arms about the unconscious | the buildings stand. They did it by means of a sanitary fair. In 1869 the board of managers decided to set go-"Mary! My Mary! Thank God I ing a soldiers' home in the South. have found you at last." Then he lovely, salubrious location was selected, at the ancient town of Hampton, Va. child to his side, and so he remained The buildings look over the blue waters of Hampton Roads, where the battle was fought between the Merrisei mac and Monitor. The visitor to the so long mourned as dead. And in ner generous patron of the morning, little Lena, the flower girl, had found her father.

This, in brief, was Captain Hermann's story, and it has more than the loveling of the string and governor than the loveling of Fort Pulaski, or the thundering down of Gilbraltar, or the overthrow of the Bastile. It was the crossing of the Jordan at the time of the spring of the Jordan at the leveling of the Jordan at the time of the spring of the Jordan at the time of the spring of the Jordan at the time of the spring of the Jordan at the leveling of the Jordan at the time of the spring of the Jordan at the time of the spring of the Jordan at the time of the spring of the Jordan at the loveling of the spring the Traveling theatrical and concert com- freshet. The snows of Mount Lebanon had panies regularly stop here and give their programmes. Guests from the great hotel at Old Point Comfort, offiers and their families from Fortress Monroe, and residents of the villages hereabouts swell the audience. One of the things that will attract the visitor's attention here are the thousands of soldiers' graves, in rows, with their little white headstones. Whatever the men were in life, they are alike now under the white headstones. There are 2700 veterans at the Southern Home.

During the last ten years three other homes have been opened. The It was decided to perform an Western Home at Leavenworth, Kansas, contains 2000 members; the Pacific bone which, pressing down on the Home at Santa Monica, Cal., 800, and the Marion Home, at Marion, Ind., 900.

An Incident of Appomattox.

There occurred a curious incident of which no mention is made in the books which have treated of the closing scenes at Appomattox. The musto remain stacked on the field. The grass caught fire in some way and was allowed to burn. So suddenly had the fighting ceased on the morning of the 9th that thousands of the pieces were left loaded. As the flames of the grass crept along the line of stacked muskets the guns were heated to firing heat, and soon there was incessant popping. The balls went up into the air almost straight until the force of the discharge was spent and then dropped down. To this day the field of surrender is strewn with these bullets, and so little has Appomattox been visited that the balls are easily found.

Lee had received Grant's terms and in token of victory was begun, but Grant quickly stopped it .- St. Louis Globe Democrat.

Our Heroes,

Into the valley of the awful shade Proudly they marched with clear, unfalter-

ing eyes; Nor flinched they when the angel came and Upon their brows the wreaths of sacrifice.

The earth, their mother, keeps her sacred And shields them ever from the suns and While year by year above their hallowed dust Remembrance fragrant as the violet,

blows. -Clinton Scollard. Paper cut into very fine strips is the latest thing recommended for pil-

FIGHTING THE GOOD FIGHT

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

The Fight for the Right Always Victorious.

In the Embury Memorial Church, Brook-In the Embury Memorial Church, Brooklyn, a large audience listened to the annual sermon of Chaplain T. De Witt Talmage, of the Thirteenth Regiment, N. G. S. N. Y. The members of the regiment occupied the body of the church. Dr. Talmage chose for his subject "The Greatest Soldier of All Time," the text being: "There shall not any man be able to stand before thes all the days of the life." Joshua i. 5 of thy life,"-Joshua i., 5.

The "gallant Thirteenth," as this reg-

iment is generally and appropriately called, has gathered to-night for the worship of God and to hear the annual sermon. And first I look with hearty salutation into the faces of the veterans, who, though now not in active service, have the same patriotic and military enthusiasm (which characterized them when, in 1863, they hade far-awell to home and loved ones and started for the field and risked all they held dear on earth for the re-establishment of the falling United States Government. "All that a man hath will he give for his life," and you showed yourselves willing to give your lives. We hall you! We thank you! We bless you, the veterans of the Thirteenth. Nothing can ever rob you of the honor of having been soldiers in one of the most trainendous wars in active service, have the same patriotic and soldiers in one of the most trainendous wars of all history, a war with Grant and Sherman and Hancock and Sheridan and Farragut on one side, and Lee and Stonewall Jackson and Longs, reet and Johnston on the other.

As in Greek assemblages, when speakers would arouse the audience, they shouted "Marathon!" so if I wanted to stir you to accumation I would only need to speak the words, "Lookout Mountain," "Chancellors-ville," "Gettysburg." And though through the passage of years you are to the research of the control of ville, "Gettysburg." And though through
the passage of years you are forever free
from duty of enlistment, if European nations
should too easily and too quickly forget the
Monroe doctrine and sot aggressive foot upon
this continent I think your ankles would be
supple again, and your arms would grow
strong again, and your eyes would be keen
enough to follow the stars of the old flag
whenver they might lead wherever they might lead.

And next I greet the colonel and his staff.

and all the officers and men of this regiment. It has been an eventful year in your history. If never before, Brookiyn appreciates some-thing of the value of its armories, and the importance of the men who there drill for the defense and safety of the city. The blessing of God be upon all of you, my com-rades of the Thirteenth Regiment! And looking about for a subject that might be most helpful and inspiring for you, and our veterans here assembled, and the citizens gathered to-night with their good wishes, I have concluded to hold up before you the greatest soldier of all time—Joshua the hero of my text.

was a magnificent fighter, but he always fought on the right side, and he never fought unless God fold him to fight. In my text he gets his military equipment and one would think it must have been plumed hel-met for the brow, greaves of brass for the feet, habergeon for the breast, "There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life," "Oh," you say, "any-body could have courage with such a back-ing up as that," Why, my friends, I have to tell you that the God of the universe and the Chieffain of eternity promises to do just as Chieftain of eternity promises to do just as much for us as for him. All the resources of eternity are pledged in our behalf, if we go out in the service of God, and no more than that was offered to Joshua. God fulfilled this promise of my text, aithough Joshua's first battle was with the spring freshet, and the next with a stone wall, and the next leading on a regiment of whipped cowards, and the next battle against darkness, wheeling the sun and the moon into his battalion, and the

his courage up and he may rally his tro just been melting, and they poured down into the valley, and the whole valley was a raging torrent. So the Canaanites stand on one bank, and they look across and see Joshua and the Israclites, and they laugh and say: "Ahal aha! They cannot disturb us until the freshets fall. It is impossible for them to reach us." But after awhile they look across the water, and they see a movement in the army of Joshua. They say: "What's the matter new? Why, there must be a panic among these troops, and they are going to fly, or perhaps they are going to try to march across the river Jordan. Joshua "Now let us go up and capture the city of "Now let us go up and capture the city of raging torrent. So the Canaunites stand or going to fly, or perhaps they are going to try to march across the river Jordan. Joshua, is a lunatic." But Joshua, the chieffain of the text, looks at his army and cries, "For-ward, march!" and they start for the bank

of the Jordan. One mile ahead go two priests, carrying a glittering box four feet long and two fee wide. It is the ark of the covenant. An And they come down, and no sconer do they just touch the rim of the water with their et than by an almighty flat Jordan parts The army of Joshua marches right on with-out getting their feet wet over the bottom of the river, a path of chalk and broken shells and pebbles, until they get to the other bank. Then they lay hold of the cleanders and tamarisks and willows and pull themselves up a bank thirty or forty feet high, and having gained the other bank they clap their shields and their cymbals and sing the praises of the God of Joshua.

But no sooner have they reached the bank than the waters begin to dash and roar, and with a terrifle rush they break loose from their strange anchorage. Out yonder they toward the salt sea. But as the hand of the Lord God is taken away from the thus upifted waters - waters perhaps uplifted half a mile—as the Almighty hand is taken away ose waters rush down, and some of the un believing Israelites say: "Alas, alas, what a misfortune! Why could not those waters misfortune! Why could not those waters have stayed parted? Because, perhaps, we may want to go back. Oh, Lord, we are engaged in a risky business. Those Canaanites may eat us up. How if we want to go back? may eat us up. How if we want to go back? Would it not have been a more complete miracle if the Lord had parted the waters to let us come through and kept them parted to let us go back if we are defeated?" My friends, God makes no provision for a Christian's retreat. He clears the path This firing of the muskets by the burning grass was the only salute that accompanied the surrender. When Jordan to let Israel pass through now swing shut the amethystine and crystalline gate of accepted them, the firing of 100 guns back. I declare it in your hearing to-day. pack. I declare it in your hearing to-day, victory ahead, water forty feet deep in the rear. Triumph ahead, Canaan ahead; behind you death and darkness and woe and hell. But you say, "Why didn't those Canaanites, when they had such a splendid chance—standing on the top of the bank thirty or forty feet high—completely demolish those nour Jesselties dark in the motish those poor Israelties down in the river?" I will tell you why. God had made a promise, and He was going to keep it. "There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life."

But this is no place for the host to stop. Joshua gives the command, "Forward, march!" In the distance there is a long grove of trees, and at the end of the grove is a city. It is a city of arbors, a city with walls seeming to reach to the heavens, to buttress the very sky. It is the great metro-

shull be only one weapon of war, and that a ram's horn. The horn of the slain ram was sometimes taken and hoies were punctured in it, and then the musician would put the instrument to his lips, and he would run his flagers over this rude musical instrument, and make a great deal of sweet harmony for the people. That was the only kind of weapon. Seven priests were to take these rude rustic musical instruments, and they were to go around the city every day for six days—once a day for six days, and then on the seventh day they were to go around blowing these rude musical instruments seven times, and then at the close of the seventh blowing of the rams' horns on the seventh day the peroration of the whole seene was to be a shout, at which those great walls should tumble from capstone to base.

The seven priests with the rude musical instruments pass all around the city walls on the first day and a failore. Not as much as

struments pass all around the city walls on the first day, and a failure. Not so much as a piece of plaster broke loose from the wali, not so much a loosened rock, not so much as a plece of mortar lost from its place "There," say the unbelieving Israelites. "There," say the unbelieving Israelites.
"Didn't I tell you so? Why, those ministers are fools. The idea of going around the city with those musical instruments and expecting in that way to destroy it! Joshua has been spoiled. He thinks because he has overthrown and destroyed the spring freshet he can overthrow the stone wall. Why, it is not philosophic. Don't you see there is no not philosophic. Don't you see there is no relation between the blowing of these musi-

relation between the blowing of these musical instruments and the knocking down of the wall? It isn't philosophy."

And I suppose there were many wiseacres who stood with their brows knitted, and with the forefinger of the right hand to the forefinger of the left hand, arguing it all out and showing it was not possible that such a cause should produce such an effect. And I suppose that night in the encampment there was plenty of philosophy and caricature, and was plenty of philosophy and caricature, and if Joshua had been nominated for any high military position he would not have got many votes. Joshua's stock was down. The econd day, the priests, blowing the musical instruments, go around the city, and a fail-ure. Third day, and a failure; fourth day, and a failure; fifth day, and a failure; sixth day, and a failure. The seventh day comes, the climacteric day. Joshua is up early in the morning and examines the troops, walks all around about, looks at the city wall. The priess start to make the circuit of the city. They go all around once, all around twice, three times, four times, five times, six times,

seven times, and a failure.

There is only one more thing to do, and that is to utter a great shout. I see Israelitish army straightening themselves up, filling their lungs for a veciferation such as was never heard before and never heard af-ter. Joshua feels that the hour has come, ter. Joshua feels that the hour has come, and he cries out to his host, "Shout! for the Lord hath given you the city!" All the people begin to cry: "Down, Jericho!" And the long line of solid masonry begins to quiver and to move and to rock. Stand from under! She falls! Crash go the wails, the temples, the towers, the palaces! The air is blackened with the dust. The hears of palaces: The air is blackened with the dust. The huzza of the victorious Israelites and the groan of the conquered Canaanites commingle, and Joshua, standing there in the debris of the wall, hears a voice saying. "There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life."

But Joshua's troops part of helt how.

But Joshua's troops may not halt here. The command is, "Forward, march!" There is the city of Ai. It must be taken. How shall it be taken? A scouting party comes back and says: "Joshua, we can do that without you. It is going to be a very easy job. You just stay here while we go and cap-ture it." They march with a small regiment in front of that city. The men of Ai look at them and give one yell, and the Israelites run like reindeers. The northern troops at Bull Run did not make such rapid time as these Israelites with the Canadnites after them. They never cut such a sorry figure as when they were on the retreat

Joshua falls on his face in chagrin. It is the only time you ever see the back of his head. He falls on his face and begins to whine, and he says: "O Lord God, wherefore hast Thou at all brought this people over Jordan to deliver us into the hand of the sun and the moon into his battalion, and the last against the king of terrors, death—t ve great victories.

For the most part, when the general of an army starts out in a conflict he would like to have a small battle in order that he may get hall environ us round and cut off our name

> opposition, or in a bad state of physical health, or worn out with overwork, lying down and sighing about everything being defeated, I am encouraged when I hear this

Now let us go up and capture the city of Al. Let us go up right away.

They march on. He puts the majority of the troops behind a ledge of rocks in the night, and then he sends a comparatively small battalion up in front of the city. The men of Ai come out with a shout. This batmen of Ai come out with a shout. This bat-talion in stratagem fall back and fall back, and when all the men of Ai have left the city and are in pursuit of this scattered or seemingly scattered battalion Joshua stands on a rock I see his locks flying in the wind as he points his spear toward the doomed city, and that is the signal. The men rush out from behind the rocks and take the city, and it is put to the torch, and then these Israel-ites in the city march down, and the flying battalion of Israelites return, and between these two waves of Israelitish prowess the men of Ai are destroyed, and the Israelites gain the victory, and while I see the curling smoke of that destroyed city on the sky, and while I hear the huzza of the Israelites and the groan of the Canaanites, Joshua hears something louder than it all, ringing and have stopped; thirty miles up yonder they echoing through his soul, "There shall not halted. On this side the waters roll off any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life."

But this is no place for the host of Joshua to stop. "Forward, march!" cries Joshua to the troops. There is the city of Gibeon. It has put itself under the protection of Joshua. They sent word: "There are five kings after us. They are going to destroy us. Send troops quick. Send us help right away." Joshua has a three days march more than double quick. On the morning of the third day he is before the enemy. There are two long lines of battle. The battle opens with great slaughter, but the Cananites soon discover something. They say: "That is Joshua. That is the man who conquered the spring freshet and knocked down the stone wall and destroyed the city of Ai. There is no use fighting." And they sound a retreat, and as they begin to retreat Joshua and his host spring upon them like a panther, pursuing them over the rocks, and as these Cananattes with sugarized while as these Canaanites, with sprained ankle and gashed foreheads, retreat the cataput of the sky pour a volley of hallstones into the valley, and all the artillery of the heavens with bullets of iron pounds the Canaanites against the ledges of Beth-horon.

"On," says Joshua, "this is surely a victory!" "But do you see the sun is going down? Those Amerites are going to get away after all, and they will come up some other time and bother us, and perhaps destroy us." See, the sun is going down. Oh, for a longer day than has ever been seen in this climate! What is the matter with Joshua? Has he fallen in an apopletic fit? No. He is in prayer. Look out when a good man makes the Lord his ally. Joshua raises his face, radiant with prayer, and looks at the de-scending sun over Gibeon and at the faint crescent of the moon, for you know the queen of the night sometimes with linger around the palaces of the day. Pointing one by Pompey, and it was afterward captured by Herod the Great, and it was afterward captured captured by Herod the Great, and it was afterward captured by Herod the Great, and it was afterward captured by Herod the Great, and it was afterward captured by the Mohammedans, but this campaign the Lord plans. There shall be no swords, no shields, no battering ram. There

sun's rays or by the stopping of the me planetary system I do not know and do not care. I leave it to the Christian, and the infidel scientists to settle that tion, while I tell you I have seen the inthing. "What," say you, "not the same sing still?" Yes. The same miraels be formed nowadays. The wicked do he in out half their day, and the sun sets at least But let a man start out and battle for the and the truth, and against sin, and to and the truth, and against sin, and the of his usefulness is prolonged and prolonged.

But it is time for Joshua to go home But it is time for Joshua to go home is 110 years old. Washington went down Potomae, and at Mount Vernon closely days. Wellington died peacefully at the House. Now, where shall Joshua may Why, he is to have his greatest battle as After 116 years he has to meet a king we has more subjects than all the present population of the earth, his throne a pyramic skulls, his parterre the grayevant. lation of the earth, his throne a pyramic skulls, his parterre the graveyards said skulls, his parterre the graveyards said seemeteries of the world, his charleth world's hearse—the king of terrors. But this is Joshua's greatest battle it is going he Joshua's greatest victory. He rame his friends around him and gives his ris dictory, and it is full of reminisers. Young men tell what they are goings to Old men tell what they have done.

And as you have heard a granufathers great-granufather, seated by the error fire, tell of Monmouth or Yorktown as the lift the crutch or staff as though it we.

lift the crutch or staff as though it we musket to fight and show how the old by were won, so Joshua gathers his fig around his dying couch, and he tellan the story of what he has been through a he white logical as he lies there, his white locks some down on his wrinkled forehead, I would god has kept His promise all the atthrough—the promise of the text. As he had there he tells the story one, two or the times—you have heard old people tell any two or three times over—and he answered to the way of all the careful and he answered the tells and the story of the way of all the careful and he answered to the way of all the careful and he answered the story of the way of all the careful and he answered the story of the story of the way of all the careful and the story of the story o go the way of all the earth, and not one was the promise has failed, not one word this has failed. All has come to pass; not a word thereof has failed." And then turns to his family, as a dying parent and says: "Choose now whom ye will sent the God of Israel or the God of the Am ites. As for me and my house, we will a the Lord." A dying parent cannot be less or thoughtless in regard to his chief Consent to part with them at the door the tomb we cannot. By the craile in wh their infancy was rocked, by the basis which they first lay, by the blood of a Covenant, by the God of Joshua, it share be. We will not part. We cannot be Jehovah Jireh, we take Thee at Thy press "I will be a God to thee and thy seel at thee."

Dead, the old chieftain must be laid Handle him very gently. That sacrel | isover 110 years of age. Lay him out. So out those feet that walked dry shod the ra Jordan. Close those lips which helped: the blast at which the walls of Jerica. Fold the arm that lifted the speactowa doomed city of At. Fold it right But where shall we get the burnished for the headstone and the footstone I think myself now. I imagine that he head it shall be the sun that stood still; Gibson, and for the foot the moon that s still in the valley of Ajalon.

A NEW OCEAN BUG

Captain Niejahr Discovers It in the Sort

Atlantic and Puzzles Scientists. The Naval Hydrographic Office has l notified of the discovery of a new bars animal life in the open ocean which hitherto not been classified by natura who are unable from the description ceived to say just what is the new lar flah, or whatever it is. The report s from Captain H. A. Niejahr of the Gen steamer Helios. He was cruising it i South Atlantic, between Cape Horn sait Cape of Good Hope, a little to the yet. Inaccessible and Tristan da Cunha Lin when the phenomenon appeared. The try on his log is as follows:

"This afternoon my mate called my action to the look of the water. I went use and saw several spots of yellow and milliooking water. We steered for one disspots and passing through it observed in the water had a reddish color, caused publicons and millions of red ephenocou was ions and millions of red ephemeron w I caught some in a bucket and found in their bodies were bladdery, with longer one end. On the other end seemed t

head. Set on a dry spot they Biologists in Washington presume th man captains refers to the order of merina" in speaking of "ophemeron were but this order, which includes the conday fly, does not fit the captain's descrip-

MILLIONS OF ANIMALS INSPECTE Condemnation Does Not Prevent the S of Diseased Meats.

During the fiscal year 1894 the Eure Animal Industry inspected more than t teen million head of animals at fo abattoirs in seventeen cities. Of this ber a total of 16,703 were condemned as to the tank for destruction, divided a lows: Cattle, 4127; sheep, 466, and b 12,110. In addition to these whole early there were a great many portions of caracthat were condomned. The total number beef cattle inspected last year amount 3,862,000, or about one-half the cattle upon the market. The number of in the figures quoted are those of after slaughter, and do not include that failed to pass when the eattle w tion of the inspector. Secretary Morton that this condemnation, however, don prevent the sale of diseased meat in 1

WITNESS OF A TERRIBLE CRIME Daughter Sees Her Mother Kill Her li

er and Herself. Mrs. Ernest Annable, thirty years

who lived in a fashionable part of Park, Chicago, shot and instantly her husband and then committed = just after supper.

Jealousy was the cause of the ten

tragedy. A fourteen-year-old daught nessed the spectacle of her parents' At the supper table there had been a crable quarreling.

Mrs. Annable rushed to her room.

she secured her husband's revolver as one shot at herself. The daughter--took the weapon from her mother. I hen killed her husband, Shooting through the heart, she fell across his is

IRON PRODUCTION OF 1894. Both the Output and the Price Deces Materially.

Iron ore statistics prepared for the D States Geological Survey by John Birkin of Philadelphia, show that the profit iron ore in the United States for 128 ereased only about 25 per cent. our product of 1893, and most of this inst came from the Lake Superior region, to came from the Lake Superior region, sota showing the greatest increase, raisecond among the iron ore producing Swhile in 1893 she was third. Michigan tinued to be the larger producer. Allahas fallen from second place in 1893 to in 1894; Virginia has improved her starrising from lifth in 1893 to fourth in the property of the larger for the larger for the second place in 1894; Virginia has improved her starrising from lifth in 1893 to fourth in the larger for the large while Pennsylvania has fallen from for 1893 to fifth in 1894. The prices re-averaged only \$1.14 a ton in 1894. \$ \$1.66 a ton in 1895.

To Replace Cocoa Celluloss.