

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

Samuel xxxiii, 10: "And his hand clave unto the sword."

A great general of King David was Eleazar, the hero of the text. The Philistines opened battle against him, and his troops retreated. The cowards fled. Eleazar and three of his comrades went into the battle and swept the field, for four men with God on their side are stronger than a whole battalion with God against them. "Fall back!" shouted the commander of the Philistine army. The cry rang along the host: "Fall back!" Eleazar having swept the fields throws himself on the ground to rest, but the muscles and sinews of his hand had been so long bent around the hilt of the sword that the hilt was imbedded in the flesh, and the gold wire of the hilt had broken through the skin of the palm of his hand, and he could not drop this sword which he had so gallantly wielded. "His hand clave unto the sword." This is what I call magnificent fighting for the Lord God of Israel. And we want more of it. I propose to show you this morning how Eleazar took hold of the sword and how the sword took hold of Eleazar. I look at Eleazar's hand, and I come to the conclusion that he took the sword with a very tight grip. The cowards who fled had no trouble in dropping their swords. As they fly over the rocks I hear their swords clanging in every direction. It is easy enough for them to drop their swords. But Eleazar's hand clave unto the sword.

I see hundreds, perhaps thousands of young men in this audience. Do not be ashamed, young man, to have the world know that you are a friend of the bible. This book is the friend of all that is good, and it is the sworn enemy of all that is bad. An eloquent writer recently gave an incident of a very bad man who stood in the cell of a western prison. This criminal had gone through all styles of crime, and he was there waiting for the gallows. The convict standing there at the window of the cell this writer says, "looked out and declared, 'I am an infidel.' He said that to all the men and women and children who happened to be gathered there, 'I am an infidel,' and the eloquent writer says, 'every man and woman there believed him.' And the writer goes on to say, 'If he had stood there saying 'I am the Christian,' every man and woman would have said, 'He is a liar.' This bible is the sworn enemy of all this wrong and it is the friend of all that is good. Oh, hold on! Do not take part of it and throw the rest away. Hold on to all of it. There are so many people now who do not know. You ask them if the soul is immortal, and they say 'I don't know.' Is the bible true? 'Well perhaps it is and perhaps it isn't; perhaps it may be figuratively, and perhaps it may not be at all.' They despise what they call the Apostolic creed; but if their own creed were written out it would read like this: 'I believe in nothing the maker of heaven and earth, and in nothing which it hath sent, which nothing was born of nothing, and which nothing was dead and buried and descended into nothing and arose from nothing and ascended into nothing and now sitteth at the right hand of nothing. I believe in the holy agnostic church and in the communion of nothingarians, and in the resurrection of nothing and in the life that never shall be. Amen!' That is the creed of tens of thousands of people in this day. If you have a mind to adopt such a theory I will not 'I believe in God the Father Almighty, maker of heaven and earth, and in Jesus Christ and in the holy catholic church and in the communion of saints, and in the life everlasting. Amen.' Oh, when I see Eleazar taking such a stout grip of God's eternal truth the sword of righteousness.

As I look at Eleazar's hand I also notice his spirit of self forgetfulness. He did not notice that the hilt of the sword was eating through the palm of his hand. He did not know it hurt him. As he went out into the conflict he was so anxious for the victory he forgot himself, and that hilt might go never so deeply into the palm of his hand, it could not disturb him. "His hand clave unto the sword." O my brothers and sisters, let us go into Christ's coat with the spirit of self abnegation. Who cares whether the world praises us or denounces us? What do we care for misrepresentation, or abuse, or persecution in a conflict like this? Let us forget ourselves. That man who is afraid of getting his hand hurt will never kill a Philistine. Who cares whether you get hurt or not if you get the victory? Oh, how many Christians there are who are all the time worrying about the way the world treats them. They are so tired they are so abused and they are so tempted, when Eleazar did not think whether he had a hand or an arm, or a foot. All he wanted was victory.

We know what men accomplish under worldly opposition. Men do not shrink back for antagonism, or for friendship. You have admired Prescott's "Conquest of Mexico," as brilliant and successful a history as was ever written; and you may not know under what circumstances it was written—"Conquest of Mexico"—for Pres-

cott was totally blind, and he had two pieces of wood, parallel to each other, fastened, and, totally blind, with his pen between those pieces of wood, he wrote, the stroke against one piece of wood telling how far the pen must go in one way, the stroke against the other piece of wood telling how far the pen must go in the other way. Oh, how many men will endure for worldly knowledge and for worldly success, and yet how little we endure for Jesus Christ. How many Christians there are that go around saying, "Oh, my hand, my hand, my hurt hand; don't you see there is blood on the hand, and there is blood on the sword? While Eleazar, with the hilt imbedded in the flesh of his right hand, does not know it.

As I look at Eleazar's hand, I come to the conclusion that he has done a great deal of hard hitting. I am not surprised when I see that these four men—Eleazar and his three companions—drove back the army of Philistines, that Eleazar's sword clave to his hand, for every time he struck an enemy with one end of the sword, the other end of the sword wounded him. When he took hold of one end of the sword, the sword took hold of him. Oh, we have found an enemy who cannot be conquered by rose water and soft speeches. It must be sharp stroke and straight thrust. There is intemperance, and there is fraud, and there are 10,000 other battalions of iniquity, armed Philistine iniquity. How are they to be captured and overthrown? Soft sermons in morocco cases laid down in front of an exquisite audience will not do it. You have got to call things by their right name.

Women saved by the grace of God and on glorious mission sent, detained from Sabbath classes because their new hat is not done! Churches that shook our cities with great revivals sending around to ask some demonstrative worshiper if he will not please to say "amen" and "hallelujah" a little softer! It seems as if in our churches we wanted a baptism of cologne and balm of a thousand flowers when we actually need a baptism of fire from the Lord God of Pentecost. But we are so afraid somebody will criticize our sermons, or criticize our prayers or criticize our religious work that our anxiety for the world's redemption is lost in the fear we will get our hand hurt, while Eleazar went into the conflict, "and his hand clave unto the sword."

But I see in the next place what a hard thing it was for Eleazar to get his hand and his sword parted. The muscles and the sinews had been so long grasped around the sword he could not drop it when he proposed to drop it and his three comrades I suppose they bathed the back part of the hand hoping the sinews and muscles would relax. But no. "His hand clave unto the sword." Then they tried to pull open the fingers and pull back the thumb, but no sooner were they pulled back then they closed again, "and his hand clave unto the sword." But after a while they were successful, and then they noticed that the curve in the palm of the hand corresponded exactly with the curve of the hilt. "His hand clave unto the sword."

There is the headless body of Paul on the road to Oreste. His great brain and his great heart have been severed. The elmwood rods had stung him fearfully. When the corn ship broke up he swam ashore, coming up drenched with the brine. Every day since that day when the horse reared under him in the suburbs of Damascus, as the supernatural light fell, down to this day when he is 68 years of age and old and decrepit from the prison cell of the Mamertine, he has been outrageously treated, and he is waiting to die. How does he spend his last hours? Telling the world how badly he feels, and describing the rheumatism that he got in his limbs, or the neuralgia piercing his temples, or the thirst that fevers his tongue? Oh, no. His last words are the battle shout of christendom: "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand; I have fought the good fight." And so his dying hand clave unto the sword.

You noticed that the officers of the northern army a few years ago assembled at Denver, and you noticed that the officers of the southern army assembled at Lexington. Soldiers coming together are very apt to recount their experiences and to show their scars. Here is a soldier who pulls up his sleeve, and says, "There, I was wounded in that arm," and shows the scar. And another soldier pulls down his collar, and says, "There, I was wounded in the neck." And another soldier says, "I have had no use of that limb since the gunshot fracture." O my friends, when the battle of life is over, and the resurrection has come, and our bodies rise from the dead, will we have on us any scar of bravery for God? Christ will be there all covered with scars. Scars on the forehead, scars on the hand, scars on the feet, scars all over the heart, won in the battle of redemption. And all heaven will sob aloud with emotion as they look at those scars. Ignomias will be there, and he will point out the place where the tooth and the paw of the lion seized him in the Coliseum, and John Huss will be there, and he will show where the coal fire scorched the spot on that day when his

spirit took wing of flame from Calistane, McMillan, and Campbell, and Freeman, American missionaries in India, will be there—the men who with their wives and children went down in the awful massacre at Cawpore, and they will show where the daggers of the Sepoys struck them. The Waldenses will be there, and they will show where their bones were broken on that day when the Piedmontese soldiery pitched them over the rocks. And there will be those there who took care of the sick and who looked after the poor, and they will have evidence of earthly exhaustion. And Christ, with his scarred hand waving over the scared multitude, will say: "You suffered with me on earth; now be glorified with me in heaven." And then the great organs of eternity will take up the chant and St. John will play: "These are they who came out of great tribulation and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the lamb."

But what will your chagrin and mine be if it shall be told that day on the streets of heaven that on earth we shrank back from all toil and sacrifice and hardship. No scars to show the heavenly soldiery. Not so much as one ridge on the palm of the hand to show that just once in the battle for God and the truth, we just once grasped the sword firmly, and struck so hard that the sword and the hand struck together, and the hand clave to the sword. O my Lord Jesus, rouse us to thy service.

Murray's Queer Habits.

My friend Christie Murray must have a marvelous constitution, because since about the time he ran away from school he has been carefully inverting the laws of life and of Dr. Benjamin Richardson apparently without any detriment, except to the laws. He had an enormous capacity for work. While men were talking and smoking all around him I have known him to go on working away at a chapter of his novel with as much serenity as the laureate Southey ever enjoyed among his cats. The rapidity of his writing on such occasions was astonishing, and for four hours at a stretch he never seemed to pause save for the necessary filling of a pipe or the polishing of his eyeglasses.

After a spell of romancing he went at a few weeks' newspapering them he disappeared to the country for about two weeks of landscape painting. He usually came back to town "dead broke," when he settled down for a week or so and wrote love songs by the mile. With a replenished exchequer he took a walk in the country occasionally breaking a window to get locked up in a county jail or porhouse to provide himself with new experiences and new material for the romances and gazettes.—Chicago Post.

Japanese Children.

A Japanese child three years old can swim like a fish; and often children who will not learn of their own accord are repeatedly thrown overboard until they become expert swimmers. In the harbor children seem to be perpetually tumbling overboard, but the mothers deliberately pick them out of the water, and cuffing them a little go on with their work. It is really astonishing at what age these boys and girls will learn to scull a boat. A boat 20 feet long most adroitly managed by three children all under seven years of age is no uncommon sight.

Notwithstanding their aptness at swimming, many boatmen get drowned for no boat goes to another's aid, nor will any boatman save another from drowning because, as he says, it is all fate, and he who interferes with fate will be severely punished in some way.—London Tit-Bits.

About Sound at Sea.

A Philadelphia correspondent confirms the statement about distant sounds focused by ship sails. He states that many years ago the late Admiral Goldsborough told him that when he was a subordinate officer he heard the late Commodore Levy, who was executive officer of the United States ship—tell his captain one Sunday morning that he was sure they were off Rio Janeiro, because he heard the sounds of the church bells. As they must be nearly 100 miles from the harbor the captain sarcastically asked Levy whether he could not "see the rose-bushes in front of the houses?" to which Levy quickly responded, "I cannot see the roses, sir, but I can feel their thorns."—Detroit Free Press.

People in Dreamland.

It is quite possible that impressions upon the nerves of sight might suffice to convey the fullest conviction of the actual presence of one whose image appeared in a dream for the last objects which the dreamer beheld before falling asleep were his bedchamber and its contents. He dreams of these and also of the figure of his friend, which seems to be in the midst of them; and he will in consequence assert most positively on the following morning that "he was not asleep"—"he distinctly saw the figure standing beside his bed"—"he could not be mistaken."—Blackwood's Magazine.

Where the Finest Pearls Are.

The finest pearls of the world come from the Persian gulf, where the oyster beds produce 82,000,000 worth per annum. Because the divers are of rather light complexion they blacken their bodies so that they may not be seen so readily by the sharks.—Washington Star.

THEY'RE OUT OF STYLE.

The maiden faint and atry,
She who emulates the lady,
Has by Thine Fashion's stern decree
Passed of late.
Her charms which once delighted
Now are almost wholly slighted
In fact, the maiden's very sadly out
of date.

We used to turn before her
But no longer we adore her;
Her holy ways and helplessness our hearts
cannot forgive.

The pale Asiatic creature's
Lily-white, sun-guarded features
We do not now appreciate because they're out
of style.

Within the present summer
We have met a fair new-comer,
Who does away with helplessness and all that
sort of thing.

Who's an adept at rowing,
Swimming, tennis, leaping, jumping
And walks most any distance with an easy,
pleasant swing.

She's graceful, strong and agile,
Not the least bit pale and fragile—
She doesn't faint because her face may catch
a shade of fair.

She's neither weak nor stupid,
But she's just the girl that Capt. Cupid
With honest joy can join for life with any
lucky man.

(Chicago Post.)

KADOUR AND KATEL.

Kadour Ben Cherifa, Sergeant Major of the Algerian Sharpshooters, was believed to be dying when he was carried into old Ruppert's saw mill on the Saunter. For five long weeks he lived in a dream, parched with fever and raked with the pain of his wound. Sometimes he thought he was in battle again, shouting and bounding across the fax fields and hop gardens of Wissembourg; at other times he fancied himself once more at home in Algiers with his father, the Kaid of Matinatas.

At length he opened his eyes and became dimly conscious of being in a cool clean room, with white curtains at the windows, and outside green branches waving and light clouds passing before the sun. Near his bed sat a little Sister of Charity, watchful and quiet, wearing indeed no silver cross, no rosary, no veil, but, instead, two long braids of yellow hair falling over a black velvet bodice. From time to time some one would call "Kate! Kate!" and the peasant girl would go on tiptoes out of the room, and then the invalid would hear a clear young voice which seemed to him as refreshing as the sound of the brook that can murmur under the windows of the mill.

Kadour was ill for a long time, but the Rupperts took good care of him that his wounds healed, and they consoled him so cleverly that the Prussians were not able to send him to die of cold in a casement of Mayence. Soon he began to talk, showing his white teeth; then he took a few steps round the room with one sleeve hanging empty, and a great gaping hole in the midst of the embroidery, and his arm still bandaged and helpless. Then he went every day into the garden, and Kate! would bring out a rush seated arm chair for the invalid, putting it down by the window by the wall, where the grapes ripened earliest, and Kadour, who being a Kaid's son, had studied in the Arabian college at Algiers, would thank her in French, which sounded a little barbarous.

Without suspecting it the young Turk was falling under a spell. The easy gaiety of the French maiden, who lived as free as a bird, her face unveiled even in the open air, and her window unbarred, astonished, while it fascinated him. It was so different from the walled up life of his country women, with their white lemon scented veils.

Katel, on her part, thought the stranger a little too dark skinned, but he had such a frank face, and he listed the Prussians so! One thing displeased her terribly, and that was that over there in Algeria a man might have several wives. She could not understand that, and one day when Kadour told her, she said, in his foreign jargon, "Kadour soon marry—have four wives—four—" the girl exclaimed angrily, "Four wives? Oh, the villain, the pagan!"

The Turk burst out laughing as gleefully as a child, then suddenly growing serious and silent, he fixed his great dark eyes upon her face. That was the beginning.

Kadour, completely cured, went home to his mother, and one can imagine the festivities that were held in his honor in the land of the Matinatas. The reed flutes and drums played their sweetest airs to welcome him, and when the old Kaid, seated in his doorway, saw coming down the cactus walk the beloved son whom he thought dead, he trembled as if with ague under his white burnous.

For a whole month there was an uninterrupted series of diffas and fantasias, all the Kaid's and agas of the neighborhood disputed for the honor of entertaining Kadour ben-Cherifa, and every evening, in the Moorish cafes he was entreated to describe the battle in which he had fought.

But alas! all these fetes and honors did not make him happy. In the midst of the souvenirs of his childhood, his horses, his grayhounds, his arms, and all the splendors of his father's mansion there was one thing wanting—the artless merry laugh of Katel. The little perpetual prattling of the Arab women, which had once made his heart beat with pleasure, now fatigued and annoyed him; he could not admire their orange flower wreaths, and wide trousers of rose colored satin, but thought only of a pair of long braids having no pearl adornments, yet shining like golden threads under the setting sun, in a little Alsatian garden far away. And yet, if Kadour would but look about him, he could see a pair of beautiful black eyes made languid with kohl, watching him from behind the grated windows of an Aga's house not far distant. Kadour cared not for them; what he longed for was Katel's quick glance round his sick room to see if anything were wanting for his comfort; if he sighed for the blue eyes in which the light played as brightly as in drops of clear spring water.

Little by little, however, the tender charm of those blue eyes, mingled with

the memory of his convalescence and the soft tempered air of Franco, faded from his mind. At last Kadour had forgotten Katel, and throughout the valley of the Cherif nothing was talked of but his approaching marriage with Yasmina, the daughter of the Aga of Djendel.

One morning a long train of mules was seen wending toward town; Kadour ben-Cherifa and his father were going to buy the wedding presents. A day was spent by them in the lazzar choosing luminous shot with silver, Smyrna rings, amber necklaces and earrings, and while he fingered the pretty jewels, the flow-er-like and fine stuffs Kadour thought only of Yasmina. The Orient had regained him completely, but more by the means of habit and the influence of the atmosphere than by genuine heart bounds.

Toward evening the train of mules laden with coffins all pulled out with treasures, turned down the street of the lazzar, when before the door of the Arabian buran they found their way obstructed by a greater crowd. It was a party of immigrants who had just arrived from Franco; no preparation had been made for their reception and the unfortunate strangers were vainly entreating aid and seeking information. Some of them were hopelessly sitting on their luggage, exhausted by their journey, and annoyed by the curiosity of the crowd, while, to add to their misery, night was coming on, increasing with its darkness the desolateness of the unknown land. Kadour looked at the exiles mechanically, but he was on a sudden seized with a strong emotion as he recognized the dress of the old peasants, the velvet bodices of their wives, and the women's long hair, of the color of the ripe harvest. In another minute his forgotten dreams had become a reality, for he saw before him the soft features and golden hair of Katel. Yes, there she stood, with old Ruppert, her mother, and all the little children, far away from the saw mill on the rippling Saunter which still flowed past the abandoned home.

"Kadour!"

"Kate!"

He turned pale and she blushed slightly.

In a few minutes the exiles' difficulty was settled. The Kaid's house was large and the immigrants were welcome to install themselves therein until their little portion of land was accorded them. Quickly the mother gathered up her children, who had begun already to play with the little natives; pell mell they were all put up in the coffins among the silks and precious stuffs, and Katel laughed merrily at finding herself mounted in such grand style on an Arabian mule. Kadour laughed too, but less heartily, and with a sort of suppressed delight.

As night was falling round and the air growing cool, he wrapped his former nurse in a beautiful striped burnous, one of the wedding presents, embroidered with pearls, and with its soft folds falling around her and the fringes glistening brightly, she sat motionless and smiling, looking like a blonde houri escaped from the harem.

As Kadour gazed at her a thousand wild projects crossed his mind. He would break his troth with the Aga's daughter and marry Katel—none but Katel for him. And some day they would be returning from the city, all alone in a lane of oleanders, she smiling at him on the mule's back, he holding her bridle as at present. Eagerly, still dreaming, he gave the signal for the departure of the train, but Katel stopped him, saying in her soft voice: "Wait a minute. Here comes my husband."

Katel was married. Poor Kadour.—[The Epoch.]

Do Americans Overfeed?

An intelligent and close observer says the majority of people eat about a third too much. The average American really dines three times a day, with his breakfast, breakfast, chops for lunch, and roast beef at his 6 o'clock dinner. And he does it at his peril, for this habit of overfeeding, especially of eating so much meat, is one of the provoking causes of so many sudden illnesses and so many sudden premature deaths. Three meals a day of hearty food is exhausting to all the vital processes, and even the strongest succumb finally to this "ridiculous and wasteful excess." Americans are a nation of brain workers, and can not safely indulge in high living. High thinking, or constant use of the brain in any direction, calls for a plain but nourishing diet. Brain workers, especially, ought to live sparingly. Luxurious feeders require much exercise in the open air and freedom from pressure on the brain. For the aged, or even for those above 60, luxurious living and overfeeding are especially dangerous. As functional activity lessens with increasing years, the supply of food should be decreased accordingly. The hardier races live on the simplest fare. Frugality in diet—i. e. a minimum amount of the right quality—serves far more certainly to prolong life, insure health, and well-being, than a rich abundance and variety, which is accountable in a large measure for the ill-health and dissatisfaction of the present time.

Howea.

"Why are these roses so much higher than those?" I asked of a florist the other day. The cheaper ones dozen—lovely little things in form, color, and odor. The others were more than twice the price. The florist's explanation was prompt and simple. "The more expensive roses," he said, "are produced by nipping off the strength of the rose tree so that the roses that remain. In this way large roses are produced, but, of course, Silene is permitted to flower to its full, and the result is cheap and abundant buds."

A Rochester teacher having occasion to use a portrait of George Washington at school exercises was unable to find it on sale anywhere in the city.

INDIAN REPARTEE.

Ex-Gov. J. Sterling Morton, Nebraska, was telling some Indian stories at the Capitol the other day apropos of the recent troubles in South Dakota and Nebraska.

"The Indian," said he, "has an idea that the white man lives in luxury at the work of others, and yet the agents in the Northwest are constantly telling him that the white man gets his living by labor. One of our agents lectured old Spotted Tail very roughly for the idleness of his people. He told the old warrior that the white man got his fine clothes, elegant house and choice victuals by hard work; that the white man worked from morning till night in field, office or shop. Old Spot listened with great profoundness till the agent was done, then said that the words had touched his heart deeply; that he had heard something like that from other agents, but nothing had ever so deeply moved him. The advice had gone deep into his heart and wrought a great conviction.

"I am convinced that what you say is true," said the old chief, "and I will advise my people to go to work. But we must have tools with which to work. We want the Great Father at Washington to send us the tools—the same kind of tools that his people work with. You go and tell him to send us a lot of those green-covered tables with sticks and red and white balls, and we will work from early sun-up till midnight, as the men out here do, meaning the soldiers who work on the billiard tables around the military posts. I would like to hear better news from a white man."

Another one: "Old White Cloud once entered a sutler's store in our neck woods and announced his intention to make a tour of his friends on the reservation further West. White Cloud was very proud and vain. He said: 'I am much travelled. The white men know me far and near. The Indians all know White Cloud. I am great. I am powerful. Me of heap influence; great leader, like white politician. When I go about my friends expect presents.' White man—great white man—make presents when he travel. I want to make presents. Give me two caddis of tobacco. Give me three caddis."

"And the old proud Chief straightened up, and, posing, waited. The sutler told the man about the store to go and get three plugs of tobacco and give them to White Cloud. When the three plugs, instead of three caddis, were handed to the Chief he took them and slowly raising his blanket, placed them next his breast. Then he folded his blanket closely about him and rose several inches in height. For some moments he looked sternly at the sutler, then broke the silence: 'White Cloud has seen many white men, but this is the first time he ever saw a white man only that high, and, stooping, he placed his right hand just three inches from the floor. The sutler was speechless. I would like to hear better news from a white man.'—Washington Letter to Indianapolis Journal.

A ROMANCE OF THE WAR.

A Pretty Story Related by General Sherman About a Peach Orchard.

At a dinner party given not long ago the General, being warmed up on the subject of the war, related a number of remarkable incidents. One story he told was especially romantic and is worthy of being preserved in print. He said:

"Some time after the close of the Seminole war, in Florida, I, being then a lieutenant in the regular army, was sent with another young officer along the line upon which troops and supplies had proceeded from Kentucky and Tennessee to the scene of conflict to adjust certain claims put forward by people along the route who had furnished horses, commissary supplies, etc. We had occasion to visit a farmer named McCoy, who lived on the northern slope of the Keowee Mountain, located, and on a plateau near his house he had planted a peach orchard, then in a flourishing condition. He told us that he had made the discovery that peaches could be raised on the northern side of that mountain, but not on the southern side the warm suns of the spring pushed the buds so rapidly that they were very likely to be caught by a frost. He was the first man to plant peach trees on the northern slope and was making a great success of it.

"He had two very pretty daughters, and myself and the young lieutenant took great interest in them. We prolonged our stay there several weeks, and many is the pleasant stroll we had in the summer evenings through that peach orchard. In fact, it was late among the peach trees. Years afterwards, in June, 1864, I found myself in command of a Federal army at the foot of this same Keowee Mountain. The Confederates were occupying a very strong position over the crest. After the necessary preliminaries it became essential to attempt to carry the position on the mountain by assault. I sent for McCoy, assigned the troops, etc., and said to him: 'You will advance up the side of this mountain some distance, when you will come to a plateau covered by a peach orchard. You can work your way through that peach orchard, and after that it will be hard work and close fighting, but I think you can carry the position.'

"McCoy executed the orders as best he could, but failed. In the evening he came to me and described the day's fighting, and said: 'General, we followed your instructions as carefully as possible, and we found that peach orchard just where you said it was, but beyond that we failed. What I am wondering about is, how the devil you knew that peach orchard was there.'

"I said to him: 'That is my little affair; there is a romance connected with that. Mac,' and the General smiled significantly.

A Springfield (Mich.) man drank all barrel of cider in one winter.