

The milky sea, as it is now known to mariners, is not yet fully understood. It seems to be most common in the tropical waters of the Indian Ocean, and is described as weird, ghastly and awe-inspiring, and as giving the observer on shipboard the sensation of passing through a sort of luminous fog in which sea and sky seemed to join and all sense of distance is lost. The phenomenon is probably due to some form of phosphorescence.

The volatile oils that give plants their odors are usually regarded as waste products which play no part in the vegetable economy. Dr. George Henderson suggests that they may serve the useful purpose of preventing damage by night frost during the flowering period. It is well known that moisture in the air prevents radiation and loss of heat, and Tyndall showed that if the heat-absorbing power of dry air is represented by 1, that of air saturated with moisture would be 72, which would be increased to 74 by traces of the essential oil of rosemary, to 109 by that of cassia, and to 372 by that of aniseed.

Count Zeppelin, whose experiments with a gigantic air-ship over the Lake of Constance attracted world-wide attention a few years ago, has devised a novel form of propellers intended to drive light-draft boats and launches. Instead of operating in the water, Zeppelin's propellers, like those used to drive balloons, rotate in the atmosphere. They are specially intended for use in very shallow waters, and in tropical rivers which contain so many aquatic plants that the propeller of an ordinary boat becomes clogged with them. Boats having very slight draft can be skinned along with such propellers at the rate of several miles an hour.

Professor Curie, of Paris, who, aided by his wife, discovered and extracted from pitchblende the strange substance called radium, recently remarked that he would not venture into a room containing one kilogram of radium because it would probably destroy his eyesight, burn off his skin, and even kill him. Radium gives off more abundantly than any other known substance the mysterious emanations named Becquerel rays, which are supposed to consist of almost infinitely minute particles. They are driven off with a velocity as high as 100,000 miles per second, and cause serious inflammations upon the hands of persons working with the substance. They also give rise to luminous effects.

The Fata Morgana, a beautiful atmospheric phenomenon, which takes its name from one of the fairies of medieval legend, and is especially prevalent at the Strait of Messina, between Italy and Sicily, has lately been critically studied by Dr. Boccara, of the technical college at Reggio. He has seen the apparitions under three different forms—serial, marine and multiple. In the first case, buildings on the Italian coast were seen projected on the Sicilian coast beyond. In the second case, arches on a railway above Messina were visible, magnified, and more brilliant than the real arches, standing below the sea-line, with no apparent support. In the multiple Morgana, aerial and marine apparitions are visible simultaneously. All these appearances are ascribed to variations in atmospheric density, producing abnormal refraction.

SHOT BY A SODA BOTTLE.

Inkeeper's Imagination Was Lively and He Thought He Was Killed.

The serious effects that hallucination may produce on a timid person are amusingly illustrated by an incident from "Across Coveted Lands," by A. H. S. Landor. Mr. Landor was traveling through Persia, and stopped at an inn for a glass of tea. On entering he took with him his revolver in its leather case, and his camera, and placed them beside him. I ordered tea, he says, and the attendant, with many salaams, explained that his fire had gone out, but that if I would wait for a few minutes he would make me some fresh tea. I consented. He inquired whether the revolver was loaded, and I said it was. He proceeded to the farther end of the room, where, turning his back to me, he began to blow upon the fire, and I, being very thirsty, sent another man to my luggage to bring me a bottle of soda-water.

The imprisoned gases of the soda, which had been lying for the whole day in the hot sun, had so expanded that when I removed the wire the cork went off with a loud report, and unfortunately hit the man in the shoulder-blade. By association of ideas he made so certain in his mind that it was the revolver that had gone off that he absolutely collapsed in a semiferrous under the belief that he had been badly shot. He moaned and groaned, trying to reach with his hand what he thought was the wounded spot, and called for his son, as he felt he was about to die.

We supported him, and gave him some water and reassured him, but he had turned as pale as death.

"What have I done to you that you kill me?" he moaned, pitifully.

"But, my good man, there is no blood flowing. Look!"

A languid, hopeless glance at the ground, where he had fallen, and sure enough, he could find no blood. He tried to see the wound, but his head would not turn in a sufficiently wide arc of a circle to see his shoulder-blade, so in due haste we removed his coat and waistcoat and shirt, and after slow but careful, keen examination, he

discovered that not only were there no marks of flowing blood, but no trace whatever of a bullet-hole in any of his garments. Even then he was not certain, and two small mirrors were sent for, which, by the aid of a sympathizing friend, he got at proper angles minutely to survey his whole back.

He eventually recovered, and was able to proceed with the brewing of the tea, which he served with a terribly trembling hand on the rattling saucer under the tiny little glass.

"It was a very narrow escape from death, sahib," he said, in a wavering voice, "for it might have been the revolver."

There is nothing like bakshish in Persia to heal all wounds, whether real or imaginary, and an extra handsome "tip" left the man much improved in spirit.

LINCOLN'S WAY ROUND.

War President's Exercise of Diplomacy with Members of His Cabinet.

Many stories of Abraham Lincoln turn upon his tact. One was told recently before the Middlesex Club and repeated in the Boston Herald. During the Civil War a Bridgeport boy, returning from school, was taken by a bounty agent and hurried to the front without his parents' knowledge. His father, the late Judge Beardsley, had sought in vain for his release, and a delegation of citizens, who appealed to the Secretary of War, met with a gruff refusal.

In the hope of being able to accomplish something, Congressman Brandegee and Senator Dixon, of Connecticut, determined to use their influence in behalf of the afflicted mother. They visited the Secretary of War and asked for the boy's release. Mr. Stanton instantly roared out an absolute refusal. He had decided that case before. The boy had taken his money and enlisted. If he should discharge all the minors whose mothers wanted them at home there would soon be no soldiers at the front.

Leaving the War Office, the Congressman and Senator went to the White House and appealed to the President. Mr. Lincoln heard the case with sympathetic interest, and at once wrote on an envelope:

"Let young Beardsley, of Connecticut, a minor enlisted by fraud in the 75th New York regiment, be discharged and sent immediately to Washington.

A. LINCOLN."

The two men returned to the War Office and showed this order to the Secretary. He glanced at it, crumpled it in his fingers, threw it on the floor and said, "I won't do it!"

"Shall I report that to the President?" Congressman Brandegee asked.

"Yes!" roared the Secretary. "And you may add that I'll resign my portfolio before I'll adopt such a precedent as that!"

The men reported to the President everything that had occurred.

"Did Stanton say that after reading my order?" asked Mr. Lincoln.

"Yes," Mr. Brandegee replied, expecting an explosion.

"Well," Mr. Lincoln said, with his slow smile, "I guess he would do it. We must find some other way to get that boy back to his mother."

He took a piece of paper and wrote to the commanding officer of the regiment: "Discharge young Beardsley and send him to Washington.

A. LINCOLN."

In a week the boy was in his mother's arms at Bridgeport.

Native Justice.

A comical vindication of the rights of property among the savages of New Guinea was witnessed by a missionary, the Rev. James Chalmers. Service was just beginning in the little church when a native boy came in, dressed, with what he considered great magnificence, in a shirt. As the savages were accustomed to go nearly naked, this garment made the boy very conspicuous.

The shirt had once belonged to some white man, and the importance it gave the present wearer was tremendous. But when his glory was at its height a bigger boy appeared, hot with rage and carrying a jacket. He fell upon the first lad and began stripping off the shirt. The rest of the congregation, understanding at once that the rightful owner had arrived, gave him not only sympathy but practical aid. They rose to their feet, and those who were near by took part in the stripping process. Presently the true owner was invested in shirt and jacket, the congregation cooled and the service went on.

Not Too Lifelike.

"You just let me have that photograph for two weeks and I'll send you a life-size portrait of Mrs. Herlihy that'll be a really speaking likeness," said the agent for a new "crayon process" in his most persuasive tone.

An expression strongly akin to apprehension appeared in Mr. Herlihy's dim blue eyes, and he passed his hand twice across his mouth with a nervous gesture.

"Well, now, OI don't know as that'd be annyways necessary," he whispered. "She was wid me in this loife thirty-foive years, and that gives tolme for a good dale of talkin'." O'I'll jist have a picture that shows her looks, without anny mechanical contrivance to reprojece her voice."

Not the Answer She Expected.

"But you are not really ashamed of me, are you, dear?"

"Certainly not. That would be too severe a reflection on my good taste in selecting you."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Why do young men affect a sweetness of tone when asking girls over the telephone to go to parties? Don't they know the girls are dying to go?



"Ben, it did its work; you may come down now."

Nearly 40 years ago on the morning of the first day of July, 1863, these words were spoken by a Confederate officer, and a lanky, beardless youth clambered down from his perch in the top branches of a cherry tree with a rifle still smirking in his hands. Simultaneously, and only 900 yards away, a gallant Union general, an army corps leader, on whose shoulders gleamed the stars betokening his rank, fell from his horse with a bullet hole in his head, and he died before his aids could reach his side.



GEN. REYNOLDS.

This is the story of the death of Maj. Gen. Reynolds, Pennsylvania's beloved soldier son, at the opening of the first day's battle of Gettysburg, told by the sharpshooter who had laid him low. The incident has been hitherto almost unvoiced, for the man who when only a boy of 16 years fired the fatal shot has bitterly repented of it.

His name is Benjamin Thorpe, and he is now, at the age of 56, what he was in 1863, the crack shot of North Carolina, and he still lives on his ancestral acres just outside the village of Satterthorpe.

Ben Thorpe is not proud of his achievement and only to his more intimate friends will he talk of the shot fired from the tree top that July morning years ago. When he does speak of it there is poignant regret in his tone. He regretted it the day he learned who the distinguished target which his bullet struck was, and he has never ceased to regret it.

Lonely he lives upon his big plantation, his only companions, except for Northern visitors, being a half score of negro hands and 20 gaunt and ferocious looking deerhounds. He has never married.

All day on the 30th of June, 1863, the legions of Lee, Longstreet and Hill had been sweeping up from the Southern plains in the direction of Gettysburg, intent upon destroying the Union army of Hooker and Meade and opening up the fairest and richest valleys and most populous cities of the North to pillage.

In the van were the Confederate brigades of Pettigrew and Archer, of Heath's division, Hill's corps, and swinging up the Chambersburg road this force, on the morning of July 1,



"HEN, IT DID ITS WORK."

had taken up a commanding position just below Seminary Ridge. In McPherson's woods and about an old farmhouse which stood just beyond them lay the Twenty-sixth North Carolina Infantry, each man a sharpshooter, trained by long practice to pick a squirrel from the top of a tall tree.

And a hundred or more of these sharpshooters lay snugly hidden in the tops of the trees under orders to single out Union Officers as their quarry. Facing them and holding a commanding position on the crest of Seminary Ridge were the Union artillery and cavalry under Buford.

Thus matters stood at 9 o'clock on the morning of July 1, when Gen. Reynolds, then commanding the First Army Corps and holding the left of the Union line, came galloping along the Emmitsburg road from headquarters in advance of Wadsworth's division, in which were included the Fifty-sixth Pennsylvania Regiment and the Second Wisconsin, the famed "Iron Brigade," quickly he formed his plan of battle, and as soon as the Second Wisconsin arrived upon the field west of the northern end of McPherson's woods, where Archer's Confederate brigade lay hidden, and capture the position.

They obeyed and carried out the order given, but some idea of the cost may be gained from the fact that the Second Wisconsin left 233 dead in the woods. The death roll of the Twenty-sixth North Carolina in that same bloody affray was 588.

As the gallant charge was made Gen. Reynolds sat upon his horse on a small eminence near the northern end of the woods issuing orders to his

aids for the movements of other troops. He had just turned his head to look for his supporting columns and hasten them on when a rifle ball struck him in the back of the head. Freed from the firm hand upon the rein, his horse plunged a few rods forward before its stricken rider fell to the ground dead. And 900 yards away, the Confederate officer seeing the fall, lowered the glasses he had held to his eye, and grimly said: "Ben, it did its work."

Ben Thorpe had been one of the hundred sharpshooters selected from the Twenty-sixth North Carolina despite the fact that he was but 16 years old, and the position assigned to him was in the top of a cherry tree which commanded the low ground or swale over which the Union troops must make their way to reach McPherson's woods. What followed is best told in his own words:

"I had been in the treetop perhaps half an hour when the Wisconsin regiment came charging across the low ground toward the woods, and had made a couple of shots, when the party of officers rode up on the little knoll and halted.

"I was trying to make up my mind which one I should try for when my lieutenant appeared under the tree and began observing the party through his field glasses. A moment later he glanced up and said:

"'Ben, do you see the tall, straight man in the center of that group? He is evidently an officer of some high rank and is directing operations which threaten our line. Sight your gun at 700 yards and see if you can reach him.'"

"I did as he told me, but saw that the bullet struck far short of the mark.

"That was a little short, Ben," said my lieutenant, and after another long and careful glance through his field glasses he said:

"'Sight her at 900 yards this time and hold steady, for we must have him.'"

"Carefully I sighted my long-barreled rifle at the range given, and, standing it on a big limb, took good aim and fired. I knew before the report died away, before I saw Gen. Reynolds fall, that the shot had been a good one and would reach its mark.

"I saw the horse plunge forward, saw the rider sway and fall from his saddle and then heard the voice of my lieutenant saying:

"'Ben, it did its work. You may come down now, it's time for us to be moving.'"

"Not until long afterward did I learn who it was my bullet had brought down, and when I did learn, when I heard and read of what a great and good man and splendid soldier I had brought to death, I was genuinely sorry. I have been sorry ever since and when the war was over I took occasion to write to his relatives informing them of the facts and expressing my sorrow and regret.

"I have letters from them, splendid letters, in which they tell me not to worry over it, that was the fortune of war and that they could hold no animosity or hatred against a soldier boy who had fought as he believed and simply obeyed his superior officer's orders. These letters are among my most treasured possessions and no money could buy them.

"It was, of course, the fortune of war, but I cannot help feeling even at this late day that it was a cruel fortune which selected me, a mere boy, to bring to his death this gallant general who had won fame and escaped the enemies' bullets on so many fields.

"I have read his history since. He was a grand man on his record and from all I have otherwise heard, and I only wish I could undo my work now."

The Death of Gen. McPherson.

I was a member of the signal corps, Army of the Tennessee, serving under Lieutenant Wier. On the evening before General McPherson was killed I was at his quarters when he and many of his officers were admiringly viewing a chestnut sorrel stallion, a present to the General from the members of his old regiment. Complying with the General's request, I mounted the animal and rode him around to exhibit his movements and style. As the horse had just arrived from Illinois, I do not think the General was ever astride of him.

On the next morning, while I was temporarily on duty at the signal station, the General came up, looked through his glass and asked me a few questions. Being then relieved, the General and I descended the ladder and joined the small cavalcade, consisting of members of the staff, Lieutenant Wier and Sergeant Thompson. We rode across an open space and entered a woodland in which the undergrowth was very thick. Suddenly the rebels, whose presence was not suspected, fired a volley, which was immediately followed by another. My horse became unmanageable and bolted, passing the General and his orderly, carrying me through the Johnnies, who fired another volley. I went into an open space, where I was joined by Sergeant Thompson. After a brief consultation we wheeled and rode back as fast as the undergrowth would permit. We found the General lying on the ground, his head resting on his faithful orderly's arm. I think the General was killed by the first volley.

—R. H.

Safe Enough.

"The idea of calling him a 'real estate conveyancer.'"

"What's the matter with that?"

"Why, the man is merely the driver of a dump cart."

"Well, a dump cart is a conveyance for transporting real estate, isn't it?"—Philadelphia Press.

THE POPULAR PULPIT



LOOKING UNTO JESUS.

Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth; for I am God, and there is none else.—Is. xlv. 22.

Salvation is not a luxury but a necessity. It is the greatest blessing because it lasts the longest. Temporal things are transient, but this is eternal. Sometimes you say, when a man has done a foolish thing, "He will rue it once." You mean he will rue it always. So God only saves us once, but his one salvation lasts forever.

But you say, "Perhaps it is not for me. I may not be one of those whom God intends to bless." Look again. To meet your difficulty there is another thought. This blessing is for the largest possible number.

This verse has a good, round sweep. Its scope surely embraces you. See, the earth is exhorted to look, and you, surely, are included in that. God so loved the world. Yea, his love is vast as creation, it is not an island, nor a country, nor a nation, that is to look. Not only Jews but Gentiles. For it is written, "In thee shall all families of the earth be blessed."

None have wandered too far, or have sinned too foully for the glorious invitation of the text.

This blessing comes to us with the best possible security. "For I am God, and there is none else." God! "Why, if he be God," you say, "I dare not draw nigh to him, for it is God against whom I have sinned. Let me fly elsewhere for refuge. Elsewhere for refuge?"

And whither will you flee? There is none other who can save you. Let us rather be like Augustine, who said, "I fly to God, and hide in God from God." We must hide in God's mercy from his judgment.

Look only to Jesus, not to Satan and his temptation. You need not know all about the adversary and his wicked ways in order to be saved from them, and indeed, the less you know the better.

Look only to Jesus, not to sin and its consequences. But you say, "I must repent of my sin." True; but repenting of sin is not looking at it, but turning away from it, and looking only to Jesus.

Look only to Jesus, not to the obstacles and hindrances in your path. If you look at them they will be stumbling stones, but if you look from them to Jesus they will become stepping stones. A stone will do for either.

Look only to Jesus, not to yourself, not to your intentions, your prayers, your repentances, your faith. Your faith is your looking. Do not look at your looking, but look only to Jesus.

You know how it is walking with a friend in the early night, when he sees the first star of the evening and points it out to you. You do not see it. He points again. "Why," he says, "it is just there, right opposite you. You are looking at it." Still you do not see it. Presently you catch a glimpse of it, and now you are surprised you did not see it before, and are so taken up with it that you can scarcely see anything else. So it is when we point men to Jesus. We are surprised that they do not see him, and when they do see him they will be surprised, too, and they will scarcely see any one else besides.

Jesus! Do you think we could make that name better? You think not. I think we could. How? By adding four more letters to it—Jesus only.

Only look to Jesus. That is all. A simple thing. It is not to strive, to philosophize, to argue—only to look. But you say, "I am charitable; will my charity avail me nothing?" Nothing. "But I belong to a good family; will that avail me nothing?" Nothing. The man who is not charitable, who does not belong to a good family, who has not been plausibly trained, can look just as well as you. You and he stand on the same level. The entrance is low down. Only look to Jesus.

Only look to Jesus. That is an instantaneous thing, and therefore the salvation is immediate. Find how long it takes to look, and you discover how long it takes to be saved. You may perhaps not know the moment; but one thing you will know, that whereas you were blind, now you see. Even if you feel powerless, yet look to him for power to look. "Behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world." He takes the sin—you only look to Jesus.

You are not to look for Jesus. He is not lost. A friend of mine at a children's meeting told the little ones a thing right and proper—that if they found Jesus they would be saved. A little girl went and began to upset all the curtains in the house—bed curtains, window curtains. Her mother, in astonishment, inquired the cause, when the little innocent heart said, "Mother, teacher told us that if we found Jesus we should be saved, and, mother, I was looking for him." "Foolish child," you say. But more foolish souls who try to discover a Christ in some pet notion, or dream, or feeling, or imagination. Do not look for Christ, only look to him.

Look to him in scripture, in his life, in his death, in his resurrection, in his glory. Look to him as God, as Man, as Mediator, or Redeemer, as Savior, as All in All. Look to him when weak, when strong; when sick, when healing; when hungry, for food; when dark, for light; when dead, for life. Look to him always.

When crossing a rushing torrent on a narrow bridge, the safest way is to fix your eye on a point on the opposite bank, and keep looking; so, in crossing life's stream, the only sure way is to keep looking off unto Jesus.

When Simeon went into the temple and saw the infant Christ he said, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace." What was his reason? "For mine eyes have seen thy salvation." Aye, that is it. To see Jesus is to see God's salvation, and to see God's salvation is to be ready to die, and to be ready to die is to be fit to live.

THE WITNESSING HOST

By Rev. James MacLagan.

Wherefore, seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, Hebrews 12, 1, first clause.

The unseen world was very real to the apostle Paul. He had no hesitancy in ranging the great heroes of faith in a vast amphitheater, as interested spectators of the contests for the immortal crown to be awarded all who are "faithful until death." By virtue of the figure which he uses, you can imagine you see, over there in the lower row, righteous Abel, and Enoch, "who walked with God." Higher up, you recognize Noah, founder of a new world, and Abraham, father of the faithful. Isaac, Jacob, Joseph, Moses and David are, one after another, singled out by the mind's eye. But with all the list enumerated by Paul in the eleventh chapter of Hebrews, there are an immense company besides, who, though not so well known, stand for a class in which you and I are most closely concerned. These are men and women who have helped mold our character by their witnessing power. Some wonderfully close ties bind us to the unseen world and we give them a place in Paul's cloud of witnesses, and know that they are helping us to be strong, because they themselves have overcome. It is not necessary to give instances; you know, brother; you know, sister, "where your treasure is, there will your heart be also."

The mighty host of witnesses compassing us is composed of those who wrestled with the temptations of time and sense, just as you and I are doing. The same means by which they overcame are open to us. We have millions more witnesses than David or Joseph had, yet they were the stronger because of those that witnessed before them. Our opportunities are vastly superior, hence our responsibility is much greater, because of the added witnessing of the Christian centuries.

As a nation we do well to remember our beloved dead, and, better still, with Paul, to place them amongst that great cloud of witnesses, eagerly watching us who are left behind to guard the sacred liberty and institutions they safeguarded for us. The names of Washington, Lincoln and McKinley, together with a host of others on the American Roll of Honor, will incite to consecrated living the generations yet to come. These all died in faith, not having received the promise; but having a vision of the coming grandeur of their beloved country and its place in blessing the families of the earth. They have left us the inheritance that we, when our race shall have been run, may witness in turn to our successors. May you and I prove faithful, uniting our citizenship inseparably with our religion.

LABOR AN ARISTOCRACY.

By Rev. Dr. Leach

I am the son of a workman. Anybody who lays any claim to greatness is. The greatest aristocracy in America is the aristocracy of labor. God has no use for the idler.

If a man is not doing the useful, which is all God's work, he is doing the useless, which is the devil's work. Does God love the unions? I say yes, if the unions will follow the "golden rule" to do as they would be done by. If trusts or unions depart from that rule they will go to pieces and that speedily. God loves the American in men. The American is to give every man an equal chance. Americanism gives man a liberty of conscience. If he wants to belong to a union he can, but he is not obliged to in order to earn his bread and children's.

God puts his stamp on the toiler and expects freedom, not coercion. We have swung too far in our methods. A righteous cause does not need coercion. It grows. It pleads for itself.

Narrow Mindedness.—The man who thinks he is too intellectual to believe in the fundamental doctrines of Christianity and looks with a kind of sympathetic and patronizing gaze upon those who do believe in them, is not thereby giving evidence of intellectual superiority, but rather of narrow mindedness.

—Rev. J. B. Markware, Lutheran, Pittsburg, Pa.