LAST SLEEP WILL BE RESTFUL

Sermon For Poor Sleepers—Insomnia No Sign of Divine Displeasure—Overwork in Any Direction Will Produce Wakefulness.

Washington report: In this discourse Dr. Talmage treats of a style of disorder not much discoursed upon and unfolds what must be a consolation to many people; text, Psalms xxvii., 4: "Thou holdest mine eyes waking."

Sleep is the vacation of the soul. It is the mind gone into the playground of dreams; it is the relaxation of muscles and the solace of the nerves; it is the hush of activities; it is the soft curtaining of the eyes; it is a trance of eight hours; it is a calming of the pulses; it is a breathing much slower, though far deeper; it is a temporary oblivion of all carking cares; it is the doctor recognised by all schools of medicine; it is a divine narcotic; it is a complete anaesthetic; it is an angel of the night; it is a great mercy of God for the human race. Lack of it puts patients on the rack of torture or in the madhouse or in the grave. Oh, blessed sleep! No wonder the Bible makes much of it. Through sleep so sound that a surgical incision of the side of Adam did not waken him came the best temporal blessing ever afforded to man—wifely companionship. While in sleep on a pillow of rock Jacob saw a ladder set up, with angels coming down and climbing. So "he giveth his beloved sleep," soliloquised the psalmist. Solomon listens at the door of a tired workman and eulogises his pillow by saying, "The sleep of a laboring man is sweet." Peter was calmly sleeping between the two constables the night before his expected assassination. Christ was asleep in a boat on Galilee when tossed in the euroclydon. The announcelation was made to Joseph in sleep, and death is described as only a sleep and the resurrection as a glorious wakening out of sleep.

On the other hand, insomnia, or sleeplessness, is an old disorder spoken of again and again in the Bible. Ahasuerus suffered from it, and we read, "In that night could not the king sleep." Joseph Hall said of that ruler, "He that could command a hundred and seven and twenty provinces could not command sleep." Nebuchadnezzar had insomnia, and the record is, "His sleep brake from him." Solomon describes this trouble and says, "Neither day nor night seeth he sleep with his eyes." Asaph was its victim, for he complains in my text that his eyes are wide open at midnight, some mysterious power keeping the upper and lower lids from joining, "Thou holdest mine eyes waking."

Insomnia, which has troubled all nations and all ages, has its widest swing in our land, because of the push and speed of all styles of activities, as in no other land. Where there is one man or woman with equipoise of nerves there are a dozen with overwrought and tangled ganglion. At some time in life almost everyone has had a touch of it. It has been called "Americanitis." Last night there were, as there will be tonight, millions of people to whom the words of the text are appropriate utterance, "Thou holdest mine eyes waking."

Wonderful is that law which Ralph Waldo Emerson called the "law of compensation," and it has been so arranged that, while the hard-working populations of the earth are denied many of the luxuries, they have at least one luxury which many of the affluent of the earth are denied and for which some of them would give millions of dollars in cash down—namely, capacity to sleep. The most of those who toil with hand and foot do not have to send out invitations to sleep. They require no bromide or valerian or sulphonal or triavol to put them in a nightly unconsciousness. In five minutes after their heads touch the pillows they are as far off from the wall they were building, or the ditch they were digging, or the anvil they were pounding, or the wheels they were controlling, as heaven is from earth. About 2 o'clock in the morning, the body at lowest temperature and its furnaces nearly out, what a complete quietude for the entire physical and mental structure! All night long, for such, sleep is busy with its enchanted anointing of every corpuscle of the arteries and every molecule of the entire physical organism, and the morning finds the subjects of such sleep rebuilt, reconstructed and touched of God into new life.

Of course there is an unrighteous sleep, as when Jonah, trying to escape from duty, slept in the sides of the ship while the Mediterranean was in wrath because of that prophetic passenger; as when Columbus in his first voyage, exhausted from being up many nights, gave the ship in charge of the steersman and the crew, who, leaving the management of the vessel to boys, went asleep and allowed the ship to strike on the banks of St. Thomas; as when the sentinel goes to sleep at his post, endangering the whole army; as when the sluggard, who accomplishes nothing the day before he went to sleep and will accomplish nothing the day after he wakes, fills up Solomon's picture of him as he yawns out, "a little sleep and a little slumber and a little folding of the hands to slep." But sleep at the right time and amid the right circumstances—can you imagine anything more blessed? If sleep, according to sacred and profane literature, is an emblem of death, the morning to all refreshed slumberers is a resurrection.

Remark the first: If you have escaped the insomnia spoken of in my text, thank God. Here and there one can command sleep, and it comes the minute he orders it, and departs at the minute he wishes it to go, as Napoleon when he wrote: "Different affairs are arranged in my head as in drawers. When I wish to interrupt one train of thought, I close the drawer which contains that subject and open that which contains another. They do not mix together or inconvenience me. I have never been kept awake by an involuntary preoccupation of mind. When I wish for repose, I shut up all the drawers, and I am asleep. I have always slept when I wanted rest and almost at will." But I think in most cases we feel that sleep is not the result of a resolution, but a direct gift from God. You cannot purchase it. A great French financier cried out: "Alas! Why is there no sleep to be sold?"

Do not take this divine gift as a matter of course. Your seven or eight hours of healthful unconsciousness is a blessing worthy of continuous and emphatic recognition. Praise the Lord for 365 resurrections in a year! Artificial slumber can be made up by the apothecaries, but natural sleep is a balm, a panacea, a catholicon that no one but God can mix.

Remark the second: Consider among the worst crimes the robbery of ourselves or others of this mercy of slumber. Much ruinous doctrine has been inculcated on this subject. Thomas Moore gave poor advice when he said, "The best way to lengthen our days is to steal a few hours from the night." We are told that, though they did their work at night, Copernicus lived to be 73 years of age and Galileo 78 years and Herschel 84 years. Yes, but the reason was they were all star hunters, and the only time for hunting stars is at night. Probably they slept by day. The night was made for slumber. The worst lamp a student can have is "the midnight lamp." Lord Brougham never passed more than four hours of the night abed, and Justinian, after one hour of sleep, would rise from his couch. But you are neither a Justinian nor a Lord Brougham. Let not the absurd apotheosis of early rising induce you to the abbreviation of sleep. Lack of sleep assassinates social life. A reformation is needed, and if the customs of the world could be changed in this matter and the curtains of social life could be rung down at a reasonable hour of the night 20 per cent would be added to the world's longevity.

Remark the third: All those ought to be comforted who by overwork in right directions have come to insomnia. In all occupations and professions there are times when a special draft is made upon the nervous energy. There are thousands of men and women who cannot sleep because they were injured by overwork in some time of domestic or political or religious exigency. Mothers who, after taking a whole family of children through the disorders that are sure to strike the nursery, have been left physical wrecks, and one entire night of slumber is to them a rarity, if not an impossibility. The attorney at law who through a long trial in poorly ventilated courtrooms has stood for weeks battling for the rights of widows and orphans or for the life of a client in whose innocence he is confident, though all the circumstances are unfavorable. In his room he tries the case all night long, and every night, when he would like to be slumbering. The physician, in time of epidemics, worn out in saving the lives of whole families and falling in his attempts to sleep at night between the janglings of his door bell. The merchant who has experienced panics, when the banks went down and Wall street became a pandemonium, and there was a possibility that the next day he would be penniless—that night with no more possibility of gaining sleep than if such a blessing had never touched our planet. Ministers of the gospel, in time of great revival, all their powers of endurance drawn upon day by day and week by week and month by month—sermonic preparation, neighborhood visitation, heartbreaking obsequies, sympathetic help for the anxious, the despairing and the dying. It is wonderful that ministers of the gospel have any nerves left and that the angel of sleep does not quit their presence forever.

But I hear and now pronounce highest consolation for all those who in any department have sacrificed their health to duty. Your sleeplessness is as much a wound as you can find on any battlefield and is an honorable wound. We all look with reverence and admiration upon one who has lost an eye or an arm in the service of his country, and we ought to look with admiration upon those who, through extreme fidelity to their life work, have lost capacity for slumber.

Remark the fourth: Insomnia is no sign of divine displeasure. Martin Luther had distressing insomnia and wrote, "When I wake up in the night, the devil immediately comes and disputes with me and gives me strange thoughts until at last I grow enraged beyond endurance and give him ill words." That consecrated champion of everything good, Dr. Stephen H. Tyng, sr., in his autobiography, says that the only encouragement he had to think he would sleep at night was the fact that he had not slept the night before. One of the greatest English clergymen had a gas jet on either side of his bed, so that he might read nights when he could not sleep. Horace Greeley told me he had not had a sound sleep in fifteen years. Charles Dickens understood London by night better than any other writer, because not being able to sleep he spent that time in exploring the city.

Wakefulness may be an opportunity for prayer, opportunity for profitable reflection, opportunity for kindling bright expectations of the world where there is no night and where slumber will have no uses. God thinks just as much of you when you get but three or four hours of sleep as when at night you get eight or nine hours. One of the greatest prayer meetings ever held was in a penitentiary at twelve o'clock at night, where Paul and Silas could not sleep. The record says they prayed and sang praises to God. They had cured an idiotic girl of her trouble, and for that they were imprisoned. They were robbed of their liberty, but not of their psalmody. Have you ever thought that sleeplessness may be turned into a rapture, a communion with God, a preparation for heaven?

Remark the fifth: Let all insomniasts know for their consolation that some people sleep more rapidly than others, as much in one hour as others do in two, and hence do not require as long a time in unconsciousness. In a book on the subject of health years ago I saw this fact stated by a celebrated medical scientist: Some people do everything quick, they eat quick, they walk quick, they think quick, and of course they sleep quick. An express train can go as far in 30 minutes as a way train in 60 minutes. People of rapid temperaments ought not to expect a whole night to do the work of recuperation which slow temperaments require. Instead of making it a matter of irritation and alarm be a Christian philosopher and set down this abbrevation of somnolence as a matter of temperament. An antelope ought not to complain because it was not an ox nor an eagle because it can go faster than a barnyard fowl.

Remark the sixth: The aged insomniasis should understand that if their eyes are held waking they do not require as much sleep as once they did. Solomon, who in knowledge was thousands of years ahead of his time, in his wondrous description of old age recognises this fact. He not only speaks of the difficulty of mastication on the part of the aged when he says, "The grinders cease because they are few," and of the octogenarian's caution in getting up a ladder or standing on a scaffolding, saying, "They shall be afraid of that which is high," and speaks of the whiteness of the hair by comparing it to a tree that has white blossoms, saying, "The almond tree shall flourish," and speaks of the spinal cord, which is of the color of silver and which relaxes in old age, giving the tremor to the head, saying, "The silver cord be loosed." But, he says of the aged, "He shall rise up at the voice of the bird"—that is, about half-past four in the summer time, an appropriate hour for the bird to rise, for he goes to his nest or bough at half-past seven in the evening. But the human mechanism has been so arranged that after it has been running a while a change takes place, and instead of the almost perpetual sleep of the babe and the nine hours requisite in midlife six hours will do for the aged, and "he shall rise up at the voice of the bird."

Remark the seventh: Insomnia is probably a warning that you had better moderate your work. Most of those engaged in employments that pull on nerve and brain are tempted to omit necessary rest, and sleeplessness calls a halt. Even their pleasuring turns to work, as Sir Joshua Reynolds, the great painter, taking a walk with a friend, met a sunbrowned peasant boy and said, I must go home and deepen the coloring of my infant "Hercules." The sunbrowned boy suggested an improvement in a great picture. By the time most people have reached midlife, if they have behaved well, more doors of opportunity open before them than they ought to enter. Power to decline, power to say "No," they should now cultivate. When a man is determined to be useful and Satan cannot dissuade him from that course, the great deceiver induces him to overwork and in that way get rid of him.

Remark the eighth: All the victims of insomnia ought to be consoled with the fact that they will have a good long sleep after awhile. Sacred and profane literature again and again speak of that last sleep. God knew that the human race would be disposed to make a great ado about exit from this world, and so He inspires Job and David and Daniel and John and Paul to call that condition "sleep." When at Bethany the brother who was the support of his sisters after their father and mother were gone had himself expired, Christ cried out in regard to him, "He is not dead, but sleepeth." Cheering thought to all poor sleepers, for that will be a pleasant sleep, induced by no narcotic, disturbed by no frightful dream, interrupted by no harsh sound. Better than any sleep you ever took, O child of God, will be the last sleep.

Most people are tired. The nights do not repair the day. Scientists, by minute calculation, say that every night comes a little short of restoring the body to where it was the day before, and so every seventh day was put in for entire rest, to make up in reparation for what the nights could not do. But so restful will be the last sleep that you will rise from it without one sore nerve, without one tired limb—rested, forever rested, as only God can rest you. O ye tired folks all up and down the world, tired with work, or tired with persecutions, or tired with bereavements, or tired in the struggle against temptation, clap your hands with eternal glee in expectation of that sleep from which you will wake up so rested that you will never need another sleep or even another night. "There shall be no night there," because there will be no need of its quieting influences.

So, my hearer, my reader, "Good night!" May God give you such sleep to-night as is best for you, and if you wake too soon may He fill your soul with reminiscences and expectations that will be better than slumber. Good night! Having in prayer, kneeling at the bedside, committed yourself and all yours to the keeping of the slumberless God, fear nothing. The pestilence that walketh in darkness will not cross your doorsill, and you need not be afraid of evil tidings. Good night! May you have no such experience as Job had when he said, "Thou scarest me with dreams and terrifiest me through visions." If you dream at all, may it be a vision of reunions and congratulations, and, waking, may you find some of them true. Good night! And when you come to the best sleep, the blissful sleep, the last sleep, may you be able to turn and say to all the cares and fatigues and bereavements and pangs of a lifetime, 'Good night!"

GRASSHOPPERS IN A GLACIER.

A Remarkable Phenomenon of the Rocky Mountains in Montana.

There are many remarkable glaciers in that part of the Rocky Mountain uplift that crosses the southern border at Montana, says the Omaha Bee. A part of this region has hitherto been unmapped, and its more elevated portions were unvisited and unnamed until last summer, when a geological party piloted the way up the mountains and discovered some of the largest glaciers in the temperate regions of the western world. Here rises Granite Peak, which, according to Mr. Gannett, is the culminating point of Montana, 12,824 feet high.

Among the glaciers found in these mountains and recently described by James P. Kimball is Grasshopper Glacier, which derives its name from the enormous quantity of grasshopper remains that are found on and in the gacier. Periodically the grasshoppers that thrive in the prairie to the north take their flight southward, and must needs cross the mountains. Their favorite route seems to be across this wide glacier, and in the passage scores of thousands of them succumb to the rigor of cold and wind, fall helpless upon the snow, and are finally entombed in the ice. In the course of time billions of them have been the victims of this glacier. They are, of course, carried by the ice river down into the valley, and deposited at the melting edge of the ice, and Mr. Kimball says that thousands of tons of grasshopper remains are the principal material at the lower edge of the glacier. We hear very often of rocks and sand as forming the terminal moraine of glaciers, but here is a glacier whose principal morainal material is grasshoppers.

These insect remains are washed out of the ice in furrows wherever the sun's heat has grooved the surface into runlets of descending water. The grasshoppers permeate the glacier from top to bottom. No fragment of ice can be broken so small as not to contain remains. Most of the insects have been reduced to a coarse powder, and the furrows of them washed out by the runlets and naturally disposed in parallel lines are very dark in color.

The Czar has forwarded to the relief commission for earthquake sufferers in the Government of Tiflis 50,000 roubles ($25,000).

The British ship Annie Thomas is out from Antwerp for Aculpo 165 days, and the rate of reinsurance has advanced 35 per cent.

VOUDOO'S LAST QUEEN.

Frenzied Orgies in Which Her Followers Were Wont to Engage.

The house of the late voudoo queen, Marie Leveau, is one of the oldest and most pretentious in New Orleans. Situated in St. Ann street, it crouches low in its yard, secluded from the public eye by a high board fence, now in the last stages of decrepitude, but redolent of the odor of sanctity, for when Marie found that she was very ill she called in Mother Church and repented as vigorously as she had sinned.

So she died, leaving one daughter. The daughter, piously reared in a convent, abhors the cause of her mother's notoriety, though she holds fast to the worldly goods gathered by hook and crook. Pilgrims to this famous house are many, but in what was once the queen's room now stands an altar, hung with rich lace and furnished with holy vessels of silver and gold, while seven waxen candles in as many silver candlesticks burn perpetually before the enshrined Virgin, and the daughter says never a word about her mother in the role of voudoo queen, but has much to say of her in the character of penitent.

Marie Leveau was a negress of cafe au lait tint, handsome in face, commanding in figure, and of remarkable intellect and force of character. She masqueraded as a hairdresser, thus learning the secrets of many a proud old New Orleans family. In helping sweethearts to secret meetings and forwarding clandestine correspondences she had no equal, and cared not whether the men and women she aided were old in coquetry and vice or young and innocent.

She had wonderful knowledge of the toxic properties of herbs and roots, and no less marvellous skill in extracting and compounding these poisons. For gain or revenge, for white or black, she was always ready to use her skill, and was feared by every negro in the city and surrounding country as a dealer in black art.

VOUDOO CONCLAVES.

She boldly declared that the serpent, the voudoo god, had chosen her to deliver his messages, and every black man and woman recognizing her claim, her reign was absolute and enabled her to accomplish many things of which it is difficult for outsiders to form any conception. She occasionally invited reporters, police officers and public men to attend voudoo meetings and see their innocent character for themselves. Then nothing but those negro dances the calinda and bamboula were danced, while a harmless snake in a box and a beheaded white rooster were the only other actors. The whole affair was voted dull by the white visitors, and the authorities were thoroughly hoodwinked.

The real conclaves were secret and held at night, near Mineburg, a small suburban settlement on Lake Ponchartrain, and the eve of St. John—June 24th—was especially consecrated to the grand celebration of their idolatrous rites. Imagine a belt of land, on one side a funereal swamp and on the other black water gurgling over rushes and stumps, and in the middle of it a huge fire, with hundreds of negroes in weirdly picturesque groups squatting around it.

The Queen sits erect and in a chair, the devotees are squatted on the ground anywhere, so they make a circle. Every devotee is naked, save for loin cloths of red kerchiefs and sandals. The Queen wears a scanty red garment tied about the waist, with a blue sash, and on her head is a red turban. Presently an old man begins to scrape on a two stringed species of fiddle, with a long neck and slim body. The fiddle is covered with brightly mottled snake skin. Two young men beside him begin to beat with their thumbs on little drums made of gourds covered with sheepskin. Now the devotees range themselves near a rude altar on which is placed a slatted box. In this box, visible to all, lies the serpent, the devil god, the voudoo.

UNDER OATH OF SECRECY.

Sure of privacy, the ceremony begins by adoration of the snake, protestations of fidelity, renewals of oaths of secrecy for the violation of which punishment is swift and sure. Then the Queen, in benign tones, extols the happiness in store for faithful followers of Voudoo, and exhorts all to have confidence in her, urging her hearers to seek and take her advice.

Quickly the group breaks up and each one comes to implore the voudoo god in the person of his priestess. Servants wish to dominate their masters, and are assured of the power they need. Many things are asked for. Some want money, others success in love. A few ask for the return of the faithless, more for long life; many desire speedy cure of disease. A withered hag asks for a youthful admirer, a young wench wants another girl's sweetheart, while still another asks for revenge upon one who has lured her adorer away.

There is not a passion known to human nature which is not incarnated in this half-savage assembly; there is hardly a crime which is not invoked by one or another. To all the Queen pays careful heed, saying but little, while two aged crones unceasingly whisper in her ears. But each subject is assured of the speedy fulfilment of desire by the grisgris which she bestows upon each. These are magical combinations of black and white pepper, chicken feathers, frog skin, the toe nail of a dead man—anything, everything. Money and various offerings are now laid at the feet of the Queen.

Suddenly the spirit moves her. Seizing the box in which the serpent lies, she lays it on the floor and stands upon the lid. Now her body quivers, is convulsed from head to foot; the queen becomes a veritable pythoness as she pronounces the serpent's oracles. There are flattering promises to some, to others bitter cursings, and to all new mandates subversive of government and contrary to law and order, but which every devotee is bound to obey blindly by an oath to suffer death rather than turn traitor to his queen and her laws.

A FRENZIED ORGY.

Now the queen describes a large circle. Into this enter candidates for admission to voudoo membership, and packets of herbs, horsehair and filth are thrust in their hands. The queen lightly strikes each neophyte on the head with a small paddle, and as the fiddle and tambourine strikes up, she launches into a chant.

Eh, eh! Bomba hen, hen!
Canga baflo te,
Cango moune di le,
Canga do ki la,
Canga li.

All join in the chorus, the candidates beginning to squirm and then to dance. This stage of exaltation is known as "monter voudoo." If in an excess of frenzy one chances to step outside the circle the chant ceases and the queen quickly turns her back. This neutralizes the bad omen, and the candidate re-enters, grows agitated, convulsed, drinks some proffered liquor and lapses into hysterical fits. The queen strikes him smartly with her paddle, he is led to the altar and is one of the order.

Next the Queen lays her hand upon the serpent's head, receiving a shock, which she communicates to her neighbor, and so on until the entire circle is in communion. A tremulous motion, lightly swaying head, shoulders and arms, gradually increases to movement, movement grows into contortions, contortions into entire bodily convulsions.

The serpent, through the Queen, is constantly supplying new magnetic force, and as the bells inside the box tinkle when the creature is touched, a low humming sound arises from the multitude, growing louder and louder, and as tam-tams and fiddles give out a weird and savage accompaniment, all fall into a circling dance.

Eyes roll in wild frenzy, ferocity and defiance is in every look, faster and faster the figures whirl, until, as copious draughts of liquor increase the general delirium, there is wild screaming and clapping of hands, waving of arms, rending of garments, gnashing of teeth, and laceration of flesh, moaning, groaning, choking, fainting—pandemonium. Derived of reason, they fall foaming and frothing at the mouth, and the orgy is over until the next anniversary.

VANDALISM AT STIRLING.

A Noble Pile That Should be Carefully Preserved.

Mr. F. H. Skrine, Ardvoirlich, Lochearnhead, writes of the desecration which, he says, is to be seen at Stirling, that proud seat of Scottish monarchy, associated with the noblest episodes of national history. The castle is the depot of a Highland regiment, and its public edifices have been most ruthlessly disfigured to provide accommodation for the garrison. The erstwhile palace, still decorated with emblematical statues and perfect in its proportions, is a soldiers' recreation club. The halls which once resounded with wassail and minstrelsy—which could their stones but speak could reveal many a secret of State—now recho the click of billiard balls. The splendid Gothic Parliament House has its ancient windows built up, and is parcelled off into dormitories. The Chapel Royal, in which James VI. was christened and crowned, is divided by hideous planking into two floors, and serves as an armory and waiting-room for picnic parties. In an inner quadrangle, and overlooking a beautiful hanging garden, is the room wherein the Earl Douglas was murdered by James II. It was damaged some years ago by fire, and has been rebuilt without the slightest regard for architectural propriety. Here are installed a paltry attempt at a museum, and a counter for the sale of pop-guns, post-cards, and souvenirs of Stirling. The inner moat is the officers' lawn tennis court, the tilting-ground has been thrown into the neighboring cemetery, and is covered with common-place tombs.

There is no group of buildings in all Scotland so redolent of a glorious history as those which crown the proud rock of Stirling. With a trifling expenditure, guarded by a loving reverence of the past, it would be easy to restore these precious fragments of a vanished age, and so give the world a mirror of social life in the Middle Ages. The importance of the castle from a military point of view has gone forever, and if it were considered necessary to retain it as a depot for troops they should be housed in modern barracks. The old buildings might serve as a museum of mediaeval antiquities. Hither should be removed the standard weights and measures now kept in the Guild Hall, the oaken busts of the kings and queens, known as the "Stirling Heads," deposited in the Smith Institution, and the ancient weapons removed in the last century to the Tower of London.

But vandalism at Stirling is not confined to the castle. The glorious old Greyfriars Church has suffered as grievously at the hands of the mutilator. About 250 years ago it was divided into two parish churches by solid party walls and a vaulted passage. The royal pew, still bearing the arms of Scotland, has been nearly filled with masses of masonry, and the effect of the unity of design, of long drawn aisle and fretted vault has been entirely lost. If a process analogous to that which was undergone by St. Giles' Cathedral in the early eighties were applied to the Greyfriars' Church at Stirling, its beauties, hitherto veiled, would be a loadstone of attraction for countless visitors.

THE WIDOW WINS.

Young Mrs. Potts Will Get Her Husband's Insurance.

Mr. Justice Rose yesterday handed out his decision in the action of Potts vs. Potts, dismissing the action tried by him at Hamilton on Nov. 22nd last. The action arose over the disposal of the proceeds of an insurance policy for $1,000, held by the late Dr. Potts, as a member of the Knights of the Maccabees. The plaintiff, who is the mother of the deceased, was suing his widow for the recovery of the $1,000, alleging that the policy, which was for her benefit, had been transferred by the deceased the day before his death to his widow through fraud and undue influence on the latter's part. His Lordship found that the plaintiff had no claim to the policy through want of consideration for it, and that a previous debt which had been owing her by the deceased had been discharged by a settlement.

His Extensive Practice.

"And how are you getting along?" asked the young doctor's friend.

"Oh, splendidly, splendidly," was the reply. "I've been especially successful in the last two months."

"Worked up a large practice, have you?"

"Oh, I've had a large practice for over a year, but in the last two months I have found three patients who pay their bills."

Chicago Buffers' Union has begun a war against female labor.

THE AMENITIES OF WAR.

Laws and Etiquette That Limit Human Slaughter.

History contains precedents for all the incidents of the present struggle, says the London Naval and Military Record.

The practice of the Boers in picking out officers has been much commented on, and opinions have been expressed that if it is not against the laws it is certainly against the etiquette of warfare. The Iron Duke certainly thought so. An artillery officer came to him at Waterloo, and said he had a distinct view of Napoleon within range and had laid his guns on him. "No, no; I will not allow it," instantly and emphatically exclaimed the duke. "It is not the business of commanders to be firing on each other."

In giving the enemy's wounded the same skill and attention as their own the British and Boers are following the example of all civilized nations since the Geneva Convention was adopted. In the Prussian hospitals after Koniggratz, when nearly 20,000 wounded were left on the field, it was found that Prussians and Austrians were lying side by side, all under the care of Prussian surgeons, tended and nursed by a large number of Prussian ladies and by many Sisters of Charity. In the Franco-German war the wounded on either side were frequently left in the enemy's hands. "After the battle of Coulmiers," says Capt. H. Brackenbury in his evidence before the Red Cross Society, "all the German wounded had to be taken care of by the French surgeons alone." In the same way a large proportion of French wounded fell to the German surgeons.

Wellington anticipated General Joubert's and Sir George White's courtesy to relatives of their mortally wounded captives. When in Spain King Joseph's postbag often fell into his hands. The Queen's letters he was obliged to detain as they contained useful information which it was right to withhold, but when there was any reference to the King's daughters, who were in delicate health, he invariably sent a flag of truce to the outposts with the latest news.

In a long war there often springs up a comradeship between the advance posts of opposing armies so that they do not injure or harass each other, except in the course of serious necessary movements. Many stories are told of French and English soldiers in the numerous wars between the two countries drinking, smoking, chatting and generally hobnobbing in the intervals of battle. In the Pyrenees in January of 1814 the French surprised one of Hill's posts on the Adour. This was in return for the surprise of a French post by the Sixth Division under circumstances repugnant to the friendly habits long established between the French and British troops at the outposts. Napier tells how the Forty-third was assembled on an open space within twenty yards of the enemy's sentry, yet the latter continued to walk his beat for an hour, relying so confidently on the customary signal that he placed his knapsack on the ground to ease his shoulders. When the order to advance was given one of the British soldiers, having told him to go away, helped him to replace his bag, and the firing then commenced. The next morning, in like manner, the French warned the Forty-third sentry to retire. A more remarkable instance happened, however, when Wellington, desirous of getting to the top of a hill occupied by the enemy near Bayonne, ordered some riflemen to drive the French away. Seeing his men stealing up too close, Wellington ordered them to fire, but with a loud voice one of the old soldiers replied, "No firing," and holding up the butt of his rifle tapped it in a peculiar way. At the well-understood signal, which meant, "We must have the hill for a short time," the French, who, though they could not maintain, would not have relinquished the post without fighting, if they had been fired upon, quietly retired, and this signal would never have been made if the post had been capable of permanent defence.

The flag of truce is such an ancient and universally accepted amenity of war that it is with the deepest regret that stories of its misuse have been received. If it is true that the Boers have repeatedly used the white flag as a means for gaining some unfair advantage over opponents, they have, in this respect, at least, advanced no further than the fifteenth and sixteenth century warriors, of whom Montaigne writes in his essay headed, "Should a commander go beyond the walls of his fortress to parley with the enemy?" After reviewing the arguments pro and con—the great respect entertained by Christian armies for the white flag and the natural deceitfulness and violence of humanity when at war—he seems to conclude that it is better to keep out of the enemy's power unless you have a hostage. The spirit of this advice was adopted only the other day by a newspaper writer, who suggested that, to prevent Mr. Kruger repeating and putting into force his threat to assassinate six officers who are prisoners of war, unless a certain alleged spy is liberated, the old man's grandson, Lieut. Erasmus, who is on his way home, should be captured and kept in duress. Among the incidents reviewed by Montaigne is that of the commander who was lured from his stronghold by a public foe—who was at the same time an attached personal friend—just in time to enable him to escape falling a victim to a mine which wrecked the fort.

SOLD WELL.

He Was One of the Biggest Thieves in Canada.

A large number of Canadian turkeys have been on sale at Blackburn this week. One of them, purchased by Inspector Turner, of the N. S. P. C. C., had attached to one of its wings an envelope addressed, "For the gentleman who buys this turkey," and containing the following letter: "Mount Elgin, Ont., Dec. 4, 1899.—Dear Friend, I hope you will enjoy the eating of this turkey. I am sure he never paid for his raising, for he was one of the biggest thieves in Canada. He is 14 months' old, and weighs 35 pounds now. We sold him for two dollars and sixty cents, or 10s 11d. Will you tell me what he is worth in England, and also how much he weighed when he is sold there? Yours truly, Frank Small." As showing the profit realized it may be stated that when purchased in Blackburn the bird weighed 34 pounds and sold at 8d a pound, realizing £1, 2s 8d.

The great blizzard in New Mexico proved very destructive to herds, the loss being over half a million dollars.

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