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A NEW RANGE FINDER.

Wonderful Results Expected From an Australian's Invention.

An invention which promises to be of very great military value has been perfected by A. U. Alcock of the Australian Electric Lighting company in Sydney. It is an ingenious contrivance, worked by electric currents, for finding the position of vessels in the vicinity of a fort.

The resources of the world in this respect up to the present have been limited to two or three appliances. One, known as the Watkin position finder, works only within certain lines. There is another system, known as Fiske, but this, besides being limited in range of operation, is cumbrous and slow in application. The new invention, as far as its application has been illustrated, a small scale model, is controlled so easily and swiftly and is worked with such exactness that its adoption would render the position of any vessel in hostile waters one of exceptional danger. A number of military men, on invitation of the inventor, were treated to a practical illustration of its working recently in Sydney. One man, in a perfectly secure position on shore, can sit or stand at the telescope, and by simply turning and elevating or depressing the same, in accordance with the motions of a vessel, can cause to be indicated on disks, placed one to each gun in a fort, the exact range and bearing of the vessel from each gun.

The means of communication between telescope and indicator is wire, along which an electric current flows, the current being set in motion as soon as the telescope begins to move. The first movement shows the range of the vessel, and, by the switching of an arm, the hand on the same dial is made to show the bearing, the whole thing being done automatically and instantaneously. The only personal effort is that the bearing indicated electrically has to be submitted to trigonometrical calculation, which, by means of an arrangement of triangular rules, is done in a few seconds, and the gun placed on its proper alignment.

Lieutenant Colonel Umphelby and other military men who inspected the apparatus expressed great admiration of it. It differs from other position finders not only in simplicity of application, but in the valuable feature that it can be applied simultaneously to any number of guns in any position on one or both sides of a marine channel or other waterway. Mr. Alcock has been engaged for about 12 years in completing his invention.—New York Sun.

Not a Cyclone Year.

Tornadoes and cyclones were scarce this spring because it was so uniformly cool. They will be scarce the balance of the year because the weather will be uniformly warm. That is what Observer Connor says.

"When the upper and lower layers of air are at nearly the same relative temperature all over the country, there is little danger of tornadoes," says Mr. Connor. "They are usually frequent in this section through March, April, May and in June, because the sun in moving to the north carries warm air with it. This, coming in contact with the colder atmosphere, causes conditions such as cyclones and tornadoes. This year, however, the continued cold of these months prevented the usual demonstrations.

"If I were to go behind the mere fact of the temperature as a reason I might say the lack of storms was due to planetary position; that some people believe that the 11 year period of sun spots, in which we have now reached about the half way mark, influences the conditions, in that atmospheric disturbance is supposed to result as the end of the period is approached. It might be due to any or all of these things, but I can't say; it might not be true.

"Now that the air has become thoroughly heated there will be no tornadoes. It grew hot so suddenly that the usual rushing about of the currents of air did not occur, but that peculiarity has not yet been quite explained. There will be local thunderstorms of more or less severity, but no tornadoes."

In the seven years that Observer Connor has been stationed in Kansas City he recalls only one year in which tornadoes were so scarce. There has not been a single big windstorm in this vicinity this season.—Kansas City Star.

Saturn.

When viewed through a good telescope, the planet presents a most beautiful sight—a huge golden ball, crossed by parallel belts of a brownish tinge, and capped at the poles with a bluish or greenish gray, and, most wonderful of all, surrounded by a thin, broad, flat ring, likewise of a golden hue. As if this were not enough, it is accompanied by a retinue of at least eight satellites or moons, some of which will be in the field of view.

Under very favorable conditions faint markings can be discerned on the belts, which seem in every way similar to those of Jupiter, and like his may safely be assumed to be masses of rolling clouds ranged in belts parallel to the equator by currents analogous to our trade winds. It seems very probable that these clouds may be mostly aqueous, and we may thus regard them as the future oceans of these planets, suspended in the air at present because the surface is not yet sufficiently cool to allow them to settle and remain as bodies of water upon it.—Clifton A. Howes in Popular Science Monthly.

A Stupid Jury.

France is shocked by a miscarriage of justice due to a stupid jury. At Epinal a woman who confessed to murdering her 4-year-old child after torturing it atrociously for months was acquitted, the jury explaining afterward that they thought the effect of the acquittal would be to send the accused to penal servitude for life. The people of Epinal tried to lynch the woman and the jury.

HE SELDOM SLEEPS.

This Man Takes a Nap Only Once Every Two Weeks.

To sleep but once in 14 days and then only under the influence of opiates seems a cruel enough condition. It is only part of the torture which M. B. Cowdrick of Bradford, Clearfield county, Pa., has suffered for the past 11 years.

Mr. Cowdrick's life during that time has been one of such unending agony that nothing but the state of the damned can be worse. Human ingenuity never devised such cruelty. He would be in good luck if he could change places with a victim of Turkish or Chinese legal torture. His pain, which is unceasing, is just as great as it can be without depriving him of life and putting him out of his misery. It is thus the most appalling form of suffering which the human mind can conceive.

Eleven years ago Mr. Cowdrick was attacked by pains which he thought to be rheumatic. They soon caused him acute suffering, and he consulted a local physician. This man's treatment was tried for some months and had no good results. A second physician was consulted and again without effect.

Mr. Cowdrick then went to Philadelphia, where he consulted a well known specialist in the treatment of rheumatic disease. The exact nature of his complaint was a mystery to this practitioner. He experimented with various remedies without success.

The invalid visited in succession three other well known Philadelphia physicians. Not one of them was able to relieve him. One of them recommended pine baths, and these he also tried without success. During this time the disease had been steadily growing worse until Cowdrick was in the condition in which he still finds himself. The pains were incessant, and he had to spend his time sitting helpless in an easy chair, squeezing his racked limbs. Natural sleep became impossible and only opiates brought this great reliever.

After physicians he tried patent medicines, and in these alone he spent over $2,000. Before his illness he was a well to do man; now he is on the verge of poverty.

Eleven years ago his condition necessitated a heavy dose of opiates. The initial dose soon became powerless and had to be increased rapidly. Now the quantity that will give him relief is so great that it means a further weakening of his shattered health. It is not possible, without endangering his life, to put him to sleep more than once in two weeks.

Night and day he sits in his invalid chair, wringing his hands in hopeless supplication, waiting for the relief that never comes. His once strong frame is reduced to a writhing skeleton, but still resists the attack of the enemy that never relents. Sleep is possible so seldom that it is no more than a drop of dew to the tongue of a man dying of thirst. Medical science can do nothing for him, and as long as his strength holds out he must live a life that is worse than death.—New York Journal.

Did Boston Perpetrate Bad Latin?

It is not only the shoemaker's wife that is the worst shod; there are other instances. Now, there's Boston, which dispenses culture and erudition and grammar and learning and wisdom, by whatever name it may be called, to all creation, and yet Boston has just fallen under the keen scrutiny of the critics for being careless of its Latin—official at that—on the monument lately unveiled to Colonel Robert Gould Shaw, who commanded the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts infantry, which was among the first, if not the first, regiment of colored troops in the war. The inscription on the monument reads, "Omnia Relinquit Servare Rempublicam" ("He leaves all things to serve the republic"). Now, the critics who are "up" in the language of the late lamented C. J. Cæsar declare that the correct wording would be, "Omnia Relinquit ut Rempublicam Servet" ("He leaves all things that he may serve the republic"), and they quote Allen and Greenough's Latin grammar on the point to the following effect: "The purpose of an action is expressed in Latin in various ways, but never (except rarely, in poetry) by the simple infinitive, as in English."

But possibly the man who wrote the inscription meant not only to be poetic, but to be a rare poet. Anyhow an official committee of investigation is talked of to find who the man is and why he wrote as he did.—Brooklyn Standard-Union.

THE SIN OF GAMBLING

DR. TALMAGE SAYS IT IS OF CART ROPE STRENGTH.

Once the Habit Is Contracted It Is Hard to Break Away—There Is but One Way to Be Cured and That Is by the Grace of God—Hope For the Prodigal.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 1.—Dr. Talmage in his sermon depicts the insidious modes by which evil habit gains supremacy and shows how splendid men are cheated into ruin. Text, Isiah v, 18, "Woe unto them that sin, as it were with a cart rope."

There are some iniquities that only nibble at the heart. After a lifetime of their work the man still stands upright, respected and honored. These vermin have not strength enough to gnaw through a man's character. But there are other transgressions that lift themselves up to gigantic proportions and seize hold of a man and bind him with thongs forever. There are some iniquities that have such great emphasis of evil that he who commits them may be said to sin as with a cart rope. I suppose you know how they make a great rope. The stuff out of which it is fashioned is nothing but tow which you pull apart without any exertion of your fingers. This is spun into threads, any of which you could easily snap, but a great many of these threads are interwound—then you have a rope strong enough to bind an ox or hold a ship in a tempest.

I speak to you of the sin of gambling. A cart rope in strength is that sin, and yet I wish more especially to draw your attention to the small threads of influence out of which that mighty iniquity is twisted. This crime is on the advance, so that it is well not only that fathers and brothers and sons be interested in such a discussion, but that wives and mothers and sisters and daughters look out lest their present home be sacrificed or their intended home be blasted. No man, no woman, can stand aloof from such a subject as this and say, "It has no practical bearing upon my life," for there may be in a short time in your history an experience in which you will find that the discussion involved three worlds—earth, heaven, hell. There are gambling establishments by the thousands.

Thousands of Gamblers.

There are about 5,500 professional gamblers. Out of all the gambling establishments how many of them do you suppose profess to be honest? Ten—these ten professing to be honest because they are merely the antechamber to those that are acknowledged fraudulent. There are first class establishments. You step a little way out of Broadway, New York. You go up the marble stairs. You ring the bell. The liveried servant introduces you. The walls are lavender tinted. The mantels are of Vermont marble. The pictures are "Jephthah's Daughter" and Dore's "Dante" and Virgil's "Frozen Region of Hell," a most appropriate selection, this last, for the place. There is the roulette table, the finest, costliest, most exquisite piece of furniture in the United States. There is the banqueting room, where, free of charge to the guests, you may find the plate and viands and wines and cigars sumptuous beyond parallel. Then you come to the second class gambling establishment. To it you are introduced by a card through some "roper in." Having entered, you must either gamble or fight. Sanded cards, dice loaded with quicksilver, poor drinks mixed with more poor drinks will soon help you to get rid of all your money to a tune in short meter with staccato passages. You wanted to see. You saw. The low villains of that place watch you as you come in. Does not the panther, squat in the grass, know a calf when she sees it? Wrangle not for your rights in that place, or your body will be thrown bloody into the street or dead into the river.

An Appropriate Door.

You go along a little farther and find the policy establishment. In that place you bet on numbers. Betting on two numbers is called a "saddle"; betting on three numbers is called a "gig;" betting on four numbers is called a "horse," and there are thousands of our young men leaping into that "saddle" and mounting that "gig" and behind that "horse" riding to perdition. There is always one kind of sign on the door, "Exchange," a most appropriate title for the door, for there in that room a man exchanges health, peace and heaven for loss of health, loss of home, loss of family, loss of immortal soul. Exchange sure enough and infinite enough.

Now you acknowledge that is a cart-rope of evil, but you want to know what are the small threads out of which it is made. There is in many a disposition to hazard. They feel a delight in walking near a precipice because of the sense of danger. There are people who go upon Jungfrau, not for the largeness of the prospect, but for the feeling that they have of thinking, "What would happen if I should fall off?" There are persons who have their blood filliped and accelerated by skating very near an airhole. There are men who find a positive delight in driving within two inches of the edge of a bridge. It is this disposition to hazard that finds development in gaming practices. Here are $500. I may stake them. If I stake them, I may lose them, but I may win $5,000. Whichever way it turns I have the excitement. Shuffle the cards. Lost! Heart thumps. Head dizzy. At it again—just to gratify this desire for hazard.

The Desire For Gain.

Then there are others who go into this sin through sheer desire for gain. It is especially so with professional gamblers. They always keep cool. They never drink enough to unbalance their judgment. They do not see the dice so much as they see the dollar beyond the dice, and for that they watch as the spider in the web, looking as if dead until the fly passes. Thousands of young men in the hope of gain go into these practices. They say: "Well, my salary is not enough to allow this luxury. I don't get enough from my store, office or shop. I ought to have finer apartments. I ought to have better wines. I ought to have more richly flavored cigars. I ought to be able to entertain my friends more expensively. I won't stand this any longer. I can with one brilliant stroke make a fortune. Now, here goes, principle or no principle, heaven or hell. Who cares?"

When a young man makes up his mind to live beyond his income, satan has bought him out and out, and it is only a question of time when the goods are to be delivered. The thing is done. You may plant in the way all the batteries of truth and righteousness; that man is bound to go on. When a man makes $1,000 a year and spends $1,200, when a young man makes $1,500 and spends $1,700, all the harpies of darkness cry out, "Ha! ha! we have him!" And they have. How to get the extra $500 or the extra $2,000 is the question. He says: "Here is my friend who started out the other day with but little money, and in one night, so great was his luck, he rolled up hundreds and thousands of dollars. If he got it, why not I? It is such dull work, this adding up of long lines of figures in the counting house, this pulling down of a hundred yards of goods and selling a remnant, this always waiting upon somebody else when I could put $100 on the ace and pick up $1,000."

An Insidious Sin.

This sin works very insidiously. Other sins sound the drum, and flaunt the flag, and gather their recruits with wild huzza, but this marches its procession of pale victims in dead of night, in silence, and when they drop into the grave there is not so much sound as the click of a dice. Oh, how many have gone down under it! Look at those men who were once highly prospered. Now their forehead is licked by a tongue of flame that will never go out. In their souls are plunged the beaks which will never be lifted. Swing open the door of that man's heart and you see a coil of adders wriggling their indescribable horror until you turn away and hide your face and ask God to help you to forget it. The most of this evil is unadvertised. The community does not hear of it. Men defrauded in gaming establishments are not fools enough to tell of it. Once in awhile, however, there is an exposure, as when in Boston the police swooped upon a gaming establishment and found in it the representatives of all classes of citizens, from the first merchants on State street to the low Ann street gambler; as when Bullock, the cashier of the Central Railroad of Georgia, was found to have stolen $103,000 for the purpose of carrying on gaming practices; as when a young man in one of the savings banks of Brooklyn many years ago was found to have stolen $40,000 to carry on gaming practices; as when a man connected with a Wall street insurance company was found to have stolen $108,000 to carry on his gaming practices. But that is exceptional.

The Last Dollar.

Generally the money leaks silently from the merchant's till into the gamester's wallet. I believe that one of the main pipes leading to this sewer of iniquity is the excitement of business life. Is it not a significant fact that the majority of the day gambling houses in New York are in proximity to Wall street? Men go into the excitement of stock gambling, and from that they plunge into the gambling houses, as, when men are intoxicated, they go into a liquor saloon to get more drink. The agitation that is witnessed in the stock market when the chair announced the word "Northwestern," or "Fort Wayne," or "Rock Island," or "New York Central," and the rat, tat, tat, of the auctioneer's hammer, and the excitement of making "corners," and getting up "pools," and "carrying stock," and a "break" from 80 to 70, and the excitement of rushing around in curbstone brokerage, and the sudden cries of "Buyer three!" "Buyer ten!" "Take 'em!" "How many?" and the making or losing of $10,000 by one operation, unfits a man to go home, and so he goes up the flight of stairs, amid business offices, to the darkly curtained, wooden shuttered room, gayly furnished inside, and takes his place at the roulette or the faro table. But I cannot tell all the process by which men get into this evil. A man went to New York. He was a western merchant. He went into a gaming house on Park place. Before morning he had lost all his money save $1, and he moved around about with that dollar in his hand, and after awhile, caught still more powerfully under the infernal infatuation, he came up and put down the dollar and cried out until they heard him through the saloon, "One thousand miles from home, and my last dollar on the gaming table."

Lost Property and Souls.

Many years ago for sermonic purposes and in company with the chief of police of New York I visited one of the most brilliant gambling houses in that city. It was night, and as we came up in front all seemed dark. The blinds were down, the door was guarded, but after a whispering of the officer with the guard at the door we were admitted into the hall, and thence into the parlors, around one table finding eight or ten men in midlife, well dressed—all the work going on in silence, save the noise of the rattling "chips" on the gaming table in one parlor and the revolving ball of the roulette table in the other parlor. Some of these men, we were told, had served terms in prison, some were shipwrecked bankers and brokers and money dealers, and some were going their first rounds of vice—but all intent upon the table, as large or small fortunes moved up and down before them. Oh, there was something awfully solemn in the silence—the intense gaze, the suppressed emotions of the players. No one looked up. They all had money in the rapids, and I have no doubt some saw, as they sat there, horses and carriages, and houses and lands, and home and family rushing down into the vortex. A man's life would not have been worth a farthing in that presence had he not been accompanied by the police, if he had been supposed to be on a Christian errand of observation. Some of these men went by private key, some went in by careful introduction, some were taken in by the patrons of the establishment. The officer of the law told me, "None gets in here except by police mandate or by some letter of a patron." While we were there a young man came in, put his money down on the roulette table and lost; put more money down on the roulette table and lost; put more money down on the roulette table and lost; then feeling in his pockets for more money, finding none, in severe silence he turned his back upon the scene and passed out. While we stood there men lost their property and lost their souls. Oh, merciless place! Not once in all the history of that gaming house has there been one word of sympathy uttered for the losers at the game.

Sir Horace Walpole said that a man dropped dead in one of the clubhouses of London. His body was carried into the clubhouse, and the members of the club began immediately to bet as to whether he were dead or alive, and when it was proposed to test the matter by bleeding him, it was only hindered by the suggestion that it would be unfair to some of the players. In these gaming houses of our cities men have their property wrung away from them, and then they go out, some of them to drown their grief in strong drink, some to ply the counterfeiter's pen, and so restore their fortunes, some resort to the suicide's revolver, but all going down, and that work proceeds day by day and night by night. "That cart rope," says some young man, "has never been wound around my soul." But have not some threads of that cart rope been twisted?

Gift Enterprises Arraigned.

I arraign before God the gift enterprises of our cities, which have a tendency to make this a nation of gamblers. Whatever you get, young man, in such a place as that, without giving a proper equivalent, is a robbery of your own soul and a robbery of the community. Yet how we are appalled to see men who have failed in other enterprises go into gift concerts, where the chief attraction is not music, but the prizes distributed among the audience, or to sell books where the chief attraction is not the book, but the package that goes with the book. Tobacco dealers advertise that on a certain day they will put money into their papers, so that the purchaser of this tobacco in Cincinnati or New York may unexpectedly come upon a magnificent gratuity. Boys hawking through the cars packages containing nobody knows what, until you open them and find they contain nothing. Christian men with pictures on their wall gotten in a lottery, and the brain of community taxed to find out some new way of getting things without paying for them. Oh, young men, these are the threads that make the cart rope, and when a young man consents to these practices he is being bound hand and foot by a habit which has already destroyed "a great multitude that no man can number."

Sometimes these gift enterprises are carried on in the name of charity, and some of you remember at the close of our civil war how many gift enterprises were on foot, the proceeds to go to the orphans and widows of the soldiers and sailors. What did the men who had charge of those gift enterprises care for the orphans and widows? Why, they would have allowed them to freeze to death upon their steps. I have no faith in a charity which for the sake of relieving present suffering opens a gaping jaw that has swallowed down so much of the virtue and good principle of the community. Young man, have nothing to do with these things. They only sharpen your appetite for games of chance. Do one of two things—be honest or die.

Where Safety Lies.

I have accomplished my object if I put you on the lookout. It is a great deal easier to fall than it is to get up again. The trouble is that when men begin to go astray from the path of duty they are apt to say, "There's no use of my trying to get back. I've sacrificed my respectability, I can't return." And they go on until they are utterly destroyed. I tell you, my friends, that God this moment, by his Holy Spirit, can change your entire nature so that you will be a different man in a minute. Your great want—what is it? More salary? Higher social position? No, no. I will tell you the great want of every man if he has not already obtained it. It is the grace of God. Are there any who have fallen victims to the sin that I have been reprehending? You are in a prison. You rush against the wall of this prison and try to get out and you fail, and you turn around and dash against the other wall until there is blood on the grates and blood on your soul. You will never get out in this way. There is only one way of getting out. There is a key that can unlock that prison house. It is the key of the house of David. It is the key that Christ wears at his girdle. If you will allow him to put that key to the lock, the bolt will shoot back, and the door will swing open, and you will be a free man in Christ Jesus. Oh, prodigal, what a business this is for you, feeding swine, when your father stands in the front door, straining his eyesight to catch the first glimpse of your return, and the calf is as fat as it will be, and the harps of heaven are all strung, and the feet free.

There are converted gamblers in heaven. The light of eternity flashed upon the green baize of their billiard saloon. In the laver of God's forgiveness they washed off all their sin. They quit trying for earthly stakes. They tried for heaven and won it. There stretches a hand from heaven toward the head of the worst offender. It is a hand, not clinched as if to smite, but outspread as if to drop a benediction. Other seas have a shore and may be fathomed, but the sea of God's love—eternity has no plummet to strike the bottom, and immensity no ironbound shore to confine it. Its tides are lifted by the heart of infinite compassion. Its waves are the hosannas of the redeemed. The argosies that sail on it drop anchor at last amid the thundering salvo of eternal victory. But alas for that man who sits down to the final game of life and puts his immortal soul on the ace, while the angels of God keep the tally board, and after kings and queens, and knaves, and spades are "shuffled" and "cut," and the game is ended, hovering and impending worlds discover that he has lost it, the faro bank of eternal darkness clutching down into its wallet all the blood stained wagers.

Au-ne-me kee Ne-gaw-we Kaw-o-dib.

There is meaning in the old names that cling to certain localities of our land. The Indians did not bestow these names arbitrarily, and when they gave to a certain sand hill in Michigan a title that means Thundering Sand hill they knew what they were about. White men today call it Thunder mountain.

Chief Simon Pokagon, in a letter to Popular Science News, says that this particular hill is one of a number of sand dunes that stretch for 300 miles along the east shore of Lake Michigan. They are formed by drift sand from the lake and vary from 50 to 200 feet in height, being generally covered with scrub timber, evergreen and hard wood.

This particular hill has a character of its own. It is literally a thunderer. Now and again it lifts up its voice and speaks with low, muttering thunder. Its eloquence is irregular. It will begin and thunder for six or ten seconds, then pause and in two or three seconds begin again, as if talking. Sailors, while passing along the coast, frequently report having heard the voice of thunder above the roar of the waves dashing on the shore.

One who visited the hill says that when he reached the top it began to mutter and shake, like a creature of life that was suffering from an ague chill. The air rushed out of the sand as if the mound were breathing with great labor. And yet the mound seems in composition to be no different from its neighbors.

"I have been the whole length of Lake Michigan," says the writer, "and failed to mark any difference in the general appearance and quality of the sand of which these hills are composed. Our Algonquin fathers naturally thought this one was the wigwam of the Manito or spirit that presided over Mi-she-gum—Lake Michigan—a name which means monstrous lake."

Virtues of English Tobacco.

A retail shop on Forty-second street, New York, does quite a business in imported English tobaccos. Its windows are gay with the advertising cards of certain manufacturers in England.

Now, no one will pretend that English smoking tobaccos are as good as American. The raw leaf from which they are manufactured has first to be brought into England from this country, and the United States is not sending its best hogshead tobacco abroad. On account of the tariff the imported English tobaccos are much dearer than those which are manufactured in this country, and since, as I have said, the home product is so much better than the foreign it is not easy to explain why there should be any demand for the English goods in this city at all. I asked the dealer if he sold much of the English tobacco, and he answered that the demand was quite large and quite steady.

"If you ask me how it comes that I am able to sell these goods, I shouldn't be able to tell you, excepting on the theory that those who buy it are Anglomaniacs, who love English things because they are English. They fancy that every time they buy a package of this English pipe tobacco they advertise the fact that they have been in England and have acquired the taste there. But since they advertise it only to me, who don't care a rap whether they have been in England or not, I can't for the life of me see why they do it."—Tobacco Trade Journal.

The Queen's Choice.

Great amusement was caused by the recital of an incident which occurred soon after her majesty's accession to the throne. A grand dinner party was being given at Buckingham palace. The probable husband the queen might select was then a matter of much interest and speculation. Lord Melbourne, a prime minister, felt the matter to be one in which he was entitled to obtain information if possible. So he inquired of the queen as neatly as he could whether there was any individual for whom she entertained a preference. Her majesty was a little taken aback and inquired whether he put the question as a matter of state policy. If so, she would endeavor to give him an answer. Lord Melbourne replied that he did, and that under no other circumstances would he have ventured to intrude in so delicate a matter. "Then," said the queen, "there is one person for whom I entertain a decided preference." "Yes?" said Lord Melbourne, expecting to hear a great secret. "And that is—that is," said the queen, "the Duke of Wellington." The venerable hero of Waterloo was past his seventieth year, and the story used to be retailed by Lord Melbourne at his own expense.—London Telegraph.

The Missing Link.

Professor Wortmann, a German investigator, has found living bacteria in wine which has been bottled from 25 to 30 years, and the microscope has revealed the danger of osculation. Now if somebody would only discover a musical microbe the ban of science will have been put upon "Wein, Weib und Gesang," all three.—Providence Journal.