

THE NORTHWESTERN.

BENJAMIN A. GIBSON, Eds and Pubs.
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To meet the great demand for new guns the royal gun factory of Woolwich, England, is being enlarged.

A war balloon, such as is used at the present operations, can be inflated and floated in not more than twenty minutes.

Owing to the stubborn resistance of the Sultan the cities of the west coast of Morocco are still without telegraphic connection.

A special service for the detection of gambling has been organized by the police of Vienna, Austria. The police seek for offenders not only in cafes, but also in clubs and private apartments.

Reports just received from the White-House-Harrison expedition to Abyssinia, which safely returned to Mombasa, on the east coast of Africa, on June 10, shows that the explorers found the districts around Lake Rudolph and Stephanie deserted, and that the inhabitants had either died or left the country. It is added that the kraals were discovered to be full of skeletons.

Scientists are much perplexed over the finding of a curious chain in the ruins of a house at Pompeii, and none of the wise men has as yet been able to give any idea as to the uses of the article. Further research may show that the Roman matrons were accustomed to chain their husbands to the wall when the Gracchian League of Advanced Femininity held its weekly meetings.

The first place at which one of the census-takers in the District of Columbia called on the morning of June 1 was the executive mansion. The president's secretary was prepared to tell him Mr. McKinley's age at his last birthday, his color, occupation, and whether he could write and speak English. The president is one man in the country whose census questions a great many other people could answer for him with reasonable accuracy.

Nine out of ten travelers would tell inquirers that the roughest piece of water is that cruel stretch in the English channel, and nine out of ten travelers would say that was not true. In reality the "wickedest bit of sea" is not in the Dover straits; or in yachting, for example, from St. Jean de Luz up to Pauillac; or across the Mediterranean race from Cadiz to Tangiers. Nor is it in rounding Cape Horn, where there is what sailors call a "true" sea. The "wickedest sea" is encountered in rounding the Cape of Good Hope for the eastern ports of Cape Colony.

According to the annual report of the British comptroller-general of patents, a number of new acts have been passed in Japan to amend the law of patents, designs and trade marks. Under these acts the duration of a patent is fixed at fifteen years, and of the copyright of a design ten years, subject to the payment of annual fees. The term of protection obtained by registration of a trade mark is fixed at twenty years, except in the case of trade marks previously registered abroad, where the term is the same as that for which the original registration is valid.

M. Lauret, the French manufacturer of artificial pearls from fish scales, says that he will come to the United States and erect works as soon as he hears of a locality where the right kind of scales can be had in large quantities. It is suggested that a suitable place might be found on the St. Lawrence river, among the Thousand Islands. The scales should be small and have a silver sheen. The brighter they are the higher price they will command. The scales should be removed while the fish are alive if possible. Twenty-five thousand pounds of these scales can be used a year. It is anticipated that twice that quantity may be used in a few years.

A timely warning is sounded against any wholesale rush of fortune-seekers to South Africa. The ending of the war and the absorption of the Boer states into the British Empire will doubtless stimulate migration to those regions and will also increase the opportunities of profitable settlement there. But it will not be prudent for any one to go thither without some capital, or at least sufficient resources to maintain him for some time in independence of anything he may or may not do there. It is an expensive country to live in, and the gold mines and other sources of profit can be worked only at considerable expense. It is a country in which capital will find profitable investment, but not one in which the penniless adventurer is likely to pick up a fortune.

If village improvement societies, to make a town more beautiful, why not public progress boards to make it more busy? Such a society has just been organized in Castine, Maine, and its present purpose is to induce some ship-building firm to locate its plant in that pretty town, which is a great deal more likely to get its wish than it would be if it sat down and waited to be discovered. Many a decaying place would be prosperous today if it had sent its advantages to market instead of expecting some capitalist to come after them with his own wagon.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

RELIGION A PREVENTATIVE OF THE WORLD'S ILLS.

It is an Active Principle, Says Dr. Talmage, Which Constantly Works for the Welfare of the Body, Mind and Soul.

(Copyright, 1900, by Louis Klopsch.)
Dr. Talmage is now traveling in Norway, where he has been deeply interested in the natural phenomena and the quaint social life of that wonderful land. In his discourse this week he argues, contrary to the opinion of many, that religion is an active principle which works constantly for the welfare of body and mind and soul. His text is Luke xiv. 34, "Salt is good."

The Bible is a dictionary of the finest similes. It employs, among living creatures, storks and eagles and doves and unicorns and sheep and cattle; among trees, sycamores and terebinths and pomegranates and almonds and apples; among jewels, pearls and amethysts and jacinths and chrysopteres. Christ uses no stale illustrations. The lilies that he plucks for his sermons are dewy fresh; the ravens in his discourses are not stuffed specimens of birds, but warm with life from wing tip to wing tip; the fish he points to are not dull about the gills, as though long captured, but as-quirm in the wet net just brought up on the beach of Tiberias. In my text, which is the peroration of one of his sermons, he picks up a crystal and holds it before his congregation as an illustration of divine grace in the heart, when he says, what we all know by experiment, "Salt is good."

I shall try to carry out the Savior's idea in this text and in the first place say to you that grace is like salt in its beauty. In Galicia there are mines of salt, with excavations and underground passages reaching, I am told, 280 miles. Far under ground there are chapels and halls of reception, the columns, the altars and the pulpits of salt. When the king and the princes come to visit these mines, the whole place is illuminated, and the glory of crystal walls and crystal ceilings and crystal floors and crystal columns, under the glare of the torches and the lamps, needs words of crystal to describe it. But you need not go so far as that to find the beauty of salt. You live in a land which produces millions of bushels of it in a year, and you can take the morning rail train and in a few hours get to the salt mines and salt springs. And you have this article morning, noon and night on your table. Salt has all the beauty of the snowflake and water foam with durability added. It is beautiful to the naked eye, but under the glass you see the stars and the diamonds and the white tree branches and the splinters and the bridges of fire as the sun glints them. There is more architectural skill in one of these crystals of salt than human ingenuity has ever demonstrated in an Alhambra or St. Peter's.

Again I remark that grace is like salt in abundance. God has strewn salt in vast profusion all over the continents. Russia seems built on a salt-crystal. There is one region in that country that turns out 90,000 tons a year. England and Russia and Italy have inexhaustible resources in this respect. Norway and Sweden, white with snow above, white with salt beneath. Austria yielding 900,000 tons annually. Nearly all the nations rich in it—rock salt, spring salt, sea salt. Christ, the Creator of the world, when he uttered our text, knew it would become more and more significant as the shafts were sunk and the springs were bored and the pumps were worked and the crystals were gathered. So the grace of God is abundant. It is for all lands, for all ages, for all conditions. It seems to undergird everything. Pardon for the worst sin, comfort for the sharpest suffering, brightest light for the thickest darkness. Around about the salt lakes of Saratov there are 10,000 men toiling day and night, and yet they never exhaust the saline treasures. And if the 1,600,000,000 of our race should now cry out to God for his mercy there would be enough for all—for those farthest gone in sin, for the murderer standing on the drop of the gallows. It is an ocean of mercy; and if Europe and Asia, Africa, North and South America and all the islands of the sea went down in it today they would have room enough to wash and come up clean. Let no man think that his case is too tough a one for God to act upon. Though your sin may be deep and raging, let me tell you that God's grace is a bridge not built on earthly piers, but suspended and spanning the awful chasm of your guilt, one end resting upon the rock of eternal promises and the other on the foundations of heaven. Demetrius wore a robe so incrustated with jewels that no one after him ever dared to wear it, but our King, Jesus, takes off the robe of His righteousness, a robe blood-dyed and heaven-impaired, and reaches it out to the worst wretch in all the earth and says: "Put that on! Wear it now! Wear it forever!"

Pure Below the Surface.
Again, the grace of God is like salt in the way we come at it. The salt on the surface is almost always impure—that which incrusts the Rocky mountains and the South American pampas and in India; but the miners go down through the shafts and through the dark labyrinths and along by galleries of rock and with torches and pickaxes find their way under the very foundations of the earth, to where the salt lies that makes up the nation's wealth. To get to the best saline springs of the earth huge machinery goes down, boring depth below depth, depth below depth, until from under the very roots of the mountains, the saline water supplies the aqueduct. This water is brought to the surface and is exposed in tanks to the sun for evaporation, or it is put in boilers mightily heated, and the water evaporates, and the salt gathers at the bottom of the tank—the work is completed and the fortune made. So with the grace of God. It is to be profoundly sought after. With all the concentrated energies of body, mind and soul we must dig for it. No man stumbles accidentally on it. We need to go down to the very lowest strata of earnestness and faith to find it. Superficial exploration will not turn it up. We must strive and implore and dig until we strike the spring foaming with living waters. Then the work of evaporation begins, and as when the saline waters are exposed to the sun, the vapors float away, leaving nothing but the pure white salt at the bottom of the tank, so when the Christian soul is exposed to the Sun of Righteousness, the vapors of

pride and selfishness and worldliness float off, and there is chiefly left beneath pure white holiness of heart. Then, as in the case of the salt, the furnace is added. Blazing troubles, stirred by smutted stokers of darkness, quicken the evaporation of worldliness, and the crystallization of grace.

39 beautiful or beautifying as the grace of God. Go all through the deep mine passages of Wellezka and amid the underground windings of salt in Halletstadt, and show me anything so exquisite, so transcendently beautiful as this grace of God fashioned and hung in eternal crystals.

A Necessity of Life.
Again, grace is like salt in the fact that it is a necessity of life. Man and beast perish without salt. What are those paths across the western prairies? Why, they were made there by deer and buffalo going and coming away from salt "licks." Chemists and physicians all over the world tell us that salt is a necessity of life. And so with the grace of God; you must have it or die. I know a great many speak of it as a mere adornment, a sort of shoulder strap adorning a soldier, or a light, frothing desert brought in after the greatest part of the banquet of life is over, or a medicine to be taken after powders and mustard plasters have failed to do their work, but ordinarily a mere superfluity, a string of bells around a horse's neck while he draws the load, and in nowise helping him to draw it. So far from that, I declare the grace of God to be the first and the last necessity. It is food we must take or starve into an eternity of famine. It is clothing without which we freeze to the mast of infinite terror. It is the plank, and the only plank, on which we can float shoreward. It is the ladder, and the only ladder, on which we can climb up into the light. It is a positive necessity for the soul. You can tell very easily what the effect would be if a person refused to take salt into the body. The energies would fall, the lungs would struggle through the air, slow fevers would crawl through the brain, the heart would flutter, the life would be gone. Salt a necessity for the life of the body; the grace of God a necessity for the life of the soul.

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The Pivotal Battle.

When Gov. Geary of Pennsylvania died, years ago, I lost a good friend. He impressed me mightily with the horrors of war. In the eight hours that we rode together in the cars he recited to me the scenes through which he had passed in the civil war. He said that there came one battle upon which everything seemed to pivot. Telegrams from Washington said that the life of the nation depended on that struggle. He said to me: "I went into that battle, sir, with my son. His mother and I thought everything of him. You know how a father will feel toward his son who is coming up manly and brave and good. Well, the battle opened and concentrated, and it was awful. Horses and riders bent and twisted and piled up together. It was awful, sir. We quit firing and took to the point of the bayonet. Well, sir, I didn't feel like myself that day. I had prayed to God for strength for that particular battle, and I went into it feeling that I had in my right arm the strength of ten giants." And as the governor brought his arm down on the back of the seat it fairly made the car tremble. "Well," he said, "the battle was desperate, but after awhile we gained a little, and we marched on a little. I turned round to the troops and shouted: 'Come on, boys!' and I stepped across a dead soldier, and, lo! it was my son! I saw at the first glance he was dead, and yet I did not dare to stop a minute, for the crisis had come in the battle. So I just got down on my knees, and I threw my arms around him, and I gave him one good kiss and said, 'Good-by, dear,' and sprang up and shouted, 'Come on, boys!'" So it is in the Christian conflict—it is a fierce fight. Eternal ages seem depending on the strife. Heaven is waiting for the bulletins to announce the tremendous issue. Hall of shot, gash of saber, fall of battle-ax, groaning on every side. We cannot stop for loss or bereavement or anything else. With one ardent embrace and one loving kiss we utter our farewells and then cry: "Come on, boys! There are other heights to be captured; there are other foes to be conquered; there are other crowns to be won."

Yet, as one of the Lord's surgeons, I must bind up two or three wounds. Just lift them now, whatever they be. I have been told there is nothing like salt to stop the bleeding of a wound, and so I take this salt of Christ's gospel and put it on the lacerated soul. It smarts a little at first, but see—the bleeding stops, and lo, the flesh comes again as the flesh of a little child. "Salt is good." Comfort one another with these words.

TO PREVENT BALDNESS.

Suggestions for Preserving the Hair by a Dermatologist.
The men of my father's generation habitually used pomades on the scalp. To protect the hair coverings from the grease on their heads tidies came into vogue. Then the pendulum swung the other way, and now pomades of all kinds are tabooed. That there has been a great increase in baldness among young men of the present generation is a general impression, although I know of no statistics to support or refute it. Some fifteen years ago, when I first became interested in the study of diseases of the hair, I accepted the teaching of the time that pomades did no good, and, becoming rancid, did positive harm. With enlarging experience I am becoming more and more convinced that I was wrong and that one reason why the hair is lost so early nowadays is because the sons have forgotten the teachings and practice of their fathers in regard to the use of pomades. They neither use pomades nor seek to stimulate the natural oily supply to the hair by systematic brushing. Instead they daily wet their heads with water to enable them to arrange their hair. By not using pomades and by wetting the hair instead of brushing it their hair becomes more and more dry, dandruff increases, and their hair falls. I believe that if boys were trained to brush their hair thoroughly every night and morning and had a little pomade that would not turn rancid, such as contains sulphur or salicylic acid, for instance, rubbed into their scalps once a week or so, and avoided wetting their heads, baldness in the rising generation would not be so prevalent as it is in this.—Medical News.

Early Postage in England.

Articles of value could be sent if an account of them were given at the office. In 1711 an act was passed abolishing the penny post. They were taxed with the rates and stamped with the mark of the general postoffice, and the rate was 1 shilling per ounce for parcels. Letters could be carried eighty miles for 2 pence; letters more than eighty miles, 3 pence and 6 pence. A letter to Dublin cost 6 pence single, and double letters 1 shilling, and 1 shilling and 6 pence an ounce. Foreign postage was not expensive. In 1705, for instance, a letter of a single sheet could be carried to the West Indies for 1 shilling and 3 pence, and in 1708 Mr. Povey established a foot post carrying letters in the London district only, for half a penny; it was not long, however, before the postal authorities stopped him.

Happiness is a great beautifier.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON IV, JULY 22—MATTHEW 16: 13-26

Golden Text—"If Any Man Will Come After Me, Let Him Deny Himself, and Take Up His Cross, and Follow Me"—Matt. 16: 24.

12. "When Jesus came." The place from which he came is not stated, but it would naturally be through Bethsaida (Mark 8: 22) on his way northward along the road that runs east of the Jordan to the coasts." Paris, district, "the region belonging to a city, the country around it." Thayer, Mark says "to the villages of Caesarea Philippi" (see "Place" above). "He asked his disciples," after he had been praying alone (Luke). As usual, the great epoch, the new work, began in prayer. His object seems to have been to draw out the faith of his disciples, and to reveal to them more fully his nature and his redeeming work.

14. "Some say . . . John the Baptist," returned to life. Among these was Herod (Matt. 14: 1, 2). "Some, Elias," Greek form of Elijah, who had wrought some great miracles, and had turned the tide of the nation from heathen worship to the true God, and was the promised forerunner of the Messiah (Mal. 4: 5, 6). "And others, Jeremias." The Greek form of Jeremiah, "Jeremiah is placed first, because in the Jewish canon he was placed first among the Old Testament prophets." "Or one of the prophets," i. e., "that one of the old prophets is risen again" (Luke 9: 19).

15. "But whom (R. V., 'who') say ye that I am?" Observe "ye," plural, and by position in the Greek exceedingly emphatic—in contrast with the discordant popular opinions. What have you learned about me and my work during the two or three years you have known me?

16. "And Simon Peter answered." The question is addressed to all, and Peter answers as their spokesman, just as he does in many other cases.—Broadus, "Thou art the Christ." The expected Messiah for whom the people were looking and hoping.

17. "Blessed art thou." Because thou hast opened thy heart to the truth; because thou hast broken from the bondage of Jewish prejudice and worldly vanity, because thou hast such firm confidence in such a Saviour, "Simon Bar-jona," i. e., son of Jonah. Bar is Aramaic (the Syriac Hebrew then in use) for "son." Jonah should begin with a capital J, as in the R. V. "For flesh and blood (man) hath not revealed" this unto you. It has not its origin in mere human knowledge, in the workings of the human mind. "But my Father which is in heaven." God flashed forth the truth, and Peter did not close his eyes that he might not see.

18. "Thou art Peter." Greek, Petros, a stone, a piece of rock, as in Homer of Ajax throwing a stone at Hector (Iliad, VII.), and now attention is called to its meaning, "Upon this rock," Petra, the feminine Petros, denoting rock, bed-rock, as distinguished from a stone or piece of rock.

19. "I will give unto thee." As one of the chiefest of the apostles, the first among "the keys of the kingdom of heaven." The keys are the means by which one enters a house, a city, or a treasury. The kingdom of heaven, not the abode of the blest, but the kingdom of God on earth, is represented under the figure of a city with gates, or of a large house with gates for entrance, and doors of treasure room. "Whatever thou shalt bind on earth," That is, forbid or declare forbidden. "Shalt loose on earth." That is, allow, declare to be permitted. "Shalt be bound in heaven."

20. "Then charged he his disciples that they should tell no man that he was . . . the Christ." Omit "Jesus," or, that he, Jesus, was the Christ. Why not proclaim this glorious truth from the house-tops?

21. "From that time." The disciples were now strong enough in their conviction that Jesus was the Messiah to have their errors concerning his nature and kingdom corrected.

22. "Then Peter took him" one side to speak to him privately. "And began to rebuke him." Only began, for he was interrupted. His was a mingled motive of love and self-assurance that he was right. "Saying, Be it far from thee, Lord." The plan of redemption outlined by Jesus was so contrary to all Peter's expectations and hopes, so completely opposite to his picture of the Messiah king and his reign, that it seemed inconceivable to Peter.

23. "But he turned." Turned round to the disciples (Mark 8: 33). "And said unto Peter." Publicly before them all. "Get thee behind me, Satan." Satan means "adversary" (the great enemy of all good, used in the Saviour's time at a proper name. "Thou art an offence." A stumbling block instead of a foundation stone; a hindrance, by placing before him the very temptation which Satan had presented to him in the wilderness. "For thou savourest" (intendest "partake of the quality of") "not the things that be of God." God's wise plan for his kingdom. "But those that be of men." The natural, human view of the Messiah, a worldly kingdom, riches, honor, glory and triumph.

24. "If any man will (would, wishes to) come after me." Be his follower, his disciple; and seek to attain his character and his reward. "Let him deny himself." Renounce self as master and accept Christ as master.

25. "For whosoever will save his life." Wishes, wills to save it, by doing wrong, by avoiding hard duties and self-denial, by gaining worldly good at the expense of religion and righteousness. "Shall lose it." Shall utterly fail, shall lose even the earthly rewards he seeks, and his eternal blessedness. Life if the same word as soul in the next verse. It is the man himself, and all that in his eyes makes life worth living. "And whosoever will lose his life." The lower life, the things that seem to worldly men to make life worth living.

TRAVELING ON SUNDAY.

Its Dreariness Accounted for by a Veteran of the Road.

A man who travels much on business said yesterday that, as far as his observation went, the number of persons who set out on long journeys of Sunday exceeded that of week days. When he made this remark he was speaking of the suggestion made recently in Chicago that a car for divine service be attached to through trains. "This suggestion is idle," he said. "Not 5 per cent of Sunday travelers would heed the services, and those who did would get little good from them. It seems clear to me," he went on, "that more people prefer Sunday to any other day to make long journeys on. I know that every time I have within the last year had to go to some distant point the train has been packed, not a seat empty. In order to be sure of a seat I make a point of getting to the station early. Late-comers frequently have to stand. This is not because there are fewer trains; the fact is the number of through trains on all the railroads going out of New York is the same as on week days. I say this with regret. I am not a Sabbatarian, but I don't like to see people travel on Sunday. There is nothing, not even open saloons, more destructive of the sacred character of the day. The stir, the bustle, the rush and jostle of the train, make tatters of the Sabbath feeling. If my observation is accurate, not one out of every 100 passengers gives a thought to the day. Sunday ordinarily disposes the mind to devotion, inspires a prayerful feeling. Not Sunday on a rushing railway train. I think that the mind of nearly every man and woman aboard is innocent of any thought, sacred or profane. The mind seems to be lulled to a peculiar insensibility. To my mind nothing is more lonesome than Sunday traveling. Something is always lacking. At the railway station there is an absence of the week-day rumble of trains and hissing of escaping steam. Streams of people are pouring to the trains, but in silence and dejection. This dejection, however, may be the reflection of my own mood, for I am always blue when setting out on a journey on Sunday.—New York Mail and Express.

A STRANGE ACCIDENT.

Poisoned by Carbonic Acid in a Brewery Vat.

It sometimes happens that men whose work it is to clean out brewery vats are overcome by carbonic acid. One such case, which resulted fatally, occurred in the town of Rhymney, England, awhile ago. The man was 25 years old. The vat was 8 feet deep and 6 feet in diameter, having a man-hole 18 inches square. The vat was of an almost obsolete pattern, the modern one being large and shallow. It was used for storing beer prior to "racking." The beer had been drawn off, leaving a sediment or "slumage" of a few inches in depth at the bottom. The vat was then flushed with water and the cover put on the manhole sometime in the afternoon—it is said by the man himself. The object of covering up the vat was to facilitate the subsequent cleaning, as otherwise the sides became dry. After removing the cover and allowing the hose to run into the vat for ten minutes the man entered the vat with a lighted candle in his hand. About twenty minutes or twenty-five minutes later a cellarman, wishing to borrow the mop, called out to him, and, receiving no answer, went up to look for him, when he saw him lying on the bottom of the vat, face downward, with the ladder, which had fallen on its side, resting up against his body. The candle was subsequently found on the bottom. This is an important fact, as it indicates that the man was overcome before or shortly after he had reached the bottom—the custom being to stick the candlestick into the side of the vat, a spike being attached to it for that purpose. Having called for help and procured another ladder from an adjacent office, the cellarman descended the ladder, followed by another man. They hitched a rope around the arm, and with the aid of some others got him out of the vat in about three minutes, when a doctor was called and arrived within a quarter of an hour.

Wade and Douglas.

It is very much to be doubted whether Stephen A. Douglas ever had a superior on this continent as a debater. He and Wade were, of course, generally on opposite sides of questions in the senate, but were firm personal friends. One day, in discussing some bill, the great Illinoisian said: "Mr. President, that proposition is contrary to my code of morals." Wade jumped up and shouted: "Against his code of morals! God God, Mr. President, his code of morals! I didn't know he had any!" which was one of those off-hand shots at point-blank range which would disconcert any man, temporarily, at least. Once Wade was crossing the plains. On the train a man said: "All this region needs is more water and better society." "Yes," growled old Ben, "that's all hades needs to make it an ideal dwelling place!"—Boston Herald.

Antique Wooden Warship.

Excavations which are being made at Dunkirk, France, in connection with the extension of the docks have revealed a wooden warship, with an antique cannon, buried in the sands. It is believed that the vessel belonged to the Spanish Armada, which was fitted out in 1587 for the subjugation of England.