

THE NORTHWESTERN.

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The most costly collection of rare postage stamps was lately sold in Brighton, England, by Mr. Castle, the vice-president of the London Philatelic Society. The collection brought \$150,000.

The war against municipal disfigurement and untidiness is fruitful in expressive sayings. A recent remark is worth recording: "There may be such a thing as aesthetic disorder, but there is no such thing as artistic dirt."

A bolt of lightning entered the house of John Ethbridge, near Charlotte, N. C., and killed two of his daughters, as they were sleeping in each other's arms. It also set fire to the house, causing its destruction. Only a short time previous one of the girls dreamed that the house was destroyed by lightning, and two of the family were killed.

Germany's official catalogue for the Paris Exposition is printed in a new type, the inventor of which is said to be the Kaiser himself. The letters are the ordinary Roman letters with Gothic decorations. The intention is to substitute the new alphabet for the present German type, and to accomplish this object fonts of the new type will be offered to German printing establishments at very low prices.

A lady of Cincinnati has been poisoned by the ink used on typewriter ribbon. Her fingers were stained by it, and in trying to break a small blister on her lip she placed the stained finger on it, and very soon felt a slight pain in her face. This was followed in a short time by violent swelling. The pain became almost unbearable, and her lip swelled and turned black. In spite of the best medical skill she grew rapidly worse, and died in great agony.

An important agreement has been concluded between the seven principal French railway companies and the Belt railway of Paris, by which the conditions have been fixed for accepting vehicles of all kinds as ordinary baggage. The text of the agreement is as follows: The following will be accepted as baggage of all kinds, especially that their dimensions are such that they may be easily put into the baggage car namely, motorcycles, automobile tricycles and automobile carriages; when unpacked their weight is not to exceed 330 pounds; when packed in boxes the weight is limited to 220 pounds.

The South American countries used to be dismissed with a few lines in the old geographicals, but now they keep the statisticians very busy. A training-ship, carrying forty boys who will one day be officers in the navy of the Argentine Republic, visited this country last month. Within the memory of living men, the Argentine Republic had no navy—indeed, there was no Argentine Republic. It is not right to gauge the worth of a nation by the number of its war-ships, but let us rejoice that our sisters at the south are setting up navies. The action indicates that they have something at stake.

A body of scientists recently discussed the age at which a child is most interesting. The general opinion finally fixed on two years as the time when the unfolding from babyhood to childhood exhibits the most constant and pleasant surprises. In connection with this scientific opinion, it is notable that photographers regard two years as the worst age to take a "time-exposure" picture. A younger child will, to an extent, "stay put," and so can be photographed; a child above that age respects such directions as, "Keep still for just a minute." The little 2-year-old has all the alertness and activity of youth without being able to see the wisdom of listening to the artist's requests.

The unfortunates who suffer from hay fever are now dragging out a wretched existence at their homes or flying to places where they can find immunity from this annoying ailment. All such will find a gleam of hope in the announcement made by Dr. H. H. Curtis in the Medical News. Dr. Curtis found that two girls employed in a drug store, handling ipecac, were rendered immune from "ipecac cold" by taking doses of the tincture. This led him to try the effect of hypodermic injections of the extract of roses upon a lady who could not even pass a florist's shop without taking "rose cold," with the result of effecting a permanent cure. He then experimented in a similar manner upon patients suffering from ragweed, golden rod, and lily of the valley, with like success. This "like cures like" remedy is a simple one and worth a trial.

Prince Oukthomsky sent his celebrated collections of bronze Mongol idols to the Russian Asiatic section of the Paris exhibition. They remained on view for a time, but some of the figures shocked even Paris ideas of decency and complaints began to come in. Having been accepted, the exhibit officials picked out the worst specimens, packed them in a box of Asiatic appearance and have placed this in a conspicuous position with the label "Mongol Idols."

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

TALKS ABOUT "THE ONLY TRUE RELIGION."

Makeshifts of Human Manufacture Are Useless When Measured by God's Plumb Line—Religions Made to Suit Conditions.

(Copyright, 1900, by Louis Klopsch.)
From Trondhjem, Norway, where Dr. Talmage is now staying, he sends the following discourse, in which he shows that the world can never be benefited by a religion of human manufacture, which easily yields to one's surroundings, but must have a religion let down from heaven; text, Amos vi, 8: "And the Lord said unto me, Amos, what seest thou? And I said, A plumb line."

The solid masonry of the world has for me a fascination. Walk about some of the triumphal arches and the cathedrals 400 or 600 years old, and see them stand as erect as when they were built, walls of great height, for centuries not bending a quarter of an inch this way or that. So greatly honored were the masons who builded these walls that they were free from taxation and called "free" masons. The trowel gets most of the credit for these buildings, and its clear ringing on stone and brick has sounded across the ages. But there is another implement of just as much importance as the trowel, and my text recognizes it. Bricklayers and stone-masons and carpenters in the building of walls, use an instrument made of a cord, at the end of which a lump of lead is fastened. They drop it over the side of the wall, and, as the plummet naturally seeks the center of gravity in the earth, the workman discovers where the wall recedes and where it bulges out and just what is the perpendicular. Our text represents God as standing on the wall of character which the Israelites had built and in that way testing it. "And the Lord said unto me, Amos, what seest thou? And I said, A plumb line."

What the world wants is straight up and down religion. Much of the so-called piety of the day bends this way and that to suit the times. It is oblique, with a low state of sentiment and morals. We have all been building a wall of character, and it is glaringly imperfect and needs reconstruction. How shall it be brought into perpendicular? Only by the divine measurement. "And the Lord said unto me, Amos, what seest thou? And I said, A plumb line."

The whole tendency of the times is to make us act by the standard of what others do. We throw over the wall of our character the tangled plumb line of other lives and reject the infallible test which Amos saw. The question for me should not be what you think is right, but what God thinks is right. This perpetual reference to the behavior of others, as though it decided anything but human fallibility, is a mistake wide as the world. There are 10,000 plumb lines in use, but only one is true and exact, and that is the line of God's eternal right. There is a mighty attempt being made to reconstruct and fix up the Ten Commandments. To many they seem too rigid. The tower of Pisa leans over about 13 feet from the perpendicular, and people go thousands of miles to see its graceful inclination and to learn how, by extra braces and various architectural contrivances, it is kept leaning from century to century. Why not have the ten granite blocks of Sinai set a little askant? Why not have the pillar of truth leaning tower? Why is not an ellipse as good as a square? Why is not an oblique as good as straight up and down? My friends, we must have a standard. Shall it be God's or man's?

Society Utterly Askew.
The divine plumb line needs to be thrown over all merchandise. Thousands of years ago Solomon discovered the tendency of buyers to depreciate goods. He saw a man beating down an article lower and lower and saying it was not worth the price asked, and when he had purchased at the lowest point he told everybody what a sharp bargain he had struck and how he outwitted the merchant. "It is naught, saith the buyer, but when he is gone his way, then he boasteth" (Proverbs XX, 14). Society is so utterly askew in this matter that you seldom find a seller asking the price that he expects to get; he puts on a higher value than he expects to receive, knowing that he will have to drop. And if he wants \$50, he asks \$75. And if he wants \$2,000, he asks \$2,500. "It is naught," saith the buyer. "The fabric is defective; the style of goods is poor; I can get elsewhere a better article at a smaller price. It is out of fashion; it is damaged; it will fade; it will not wear well." After awhile the merchant, from overpersuasion or from desire to dispose of that particular stock of goods, says, "Well, take it at your own price," and the purchaser goes home with light step and calls into his private office his confidential friends and chuckles while he tells how for half price he got the goods. In other words, he lied and was proud of it.

Nothing would make times so good and the earning of a livelihood so easy as the universal adoption of the law of right. Suspicion strikes through all bargain making. Men who sell know not whether they will ever get the money. Purchasers know not whether the goods shipped will be according to the sample. And what, with the large number of clerks who are making false entries and then absconding and the explosion of firms that fail for millions of dollars, honest men are at their wits' end to make a living. He who stands up amid

all the pressure and does right is accomplishing something toward the establishment of a high commercial prosperity. I have deep sympathy for the laboring classes who toil with hand and foot. But we must not forget the business men who, without any complaint or bannered procession through the street, are enduring a stress of circumstances terrific. The fortunate people of to-day are those who are receiving daily wages or regular salaries. And the men most to be pitied are those who conduct a business while prices are falling and yet try to pay their clerks and employes and are in such fearful straits that they would quit business to-morrow if it were not for the wreck and ruin of others. When people tell me at what a ruinously low price they purchased an article, it gives me more dismay than satisfaction. I know it means the bankruptcy and defalcation of men in many departments. The men who toil with the brain need full as much sympathy as those who toil with the hand. All business life is struck through with suspicion, and panics are the result of want of confidence.

The pressure to do wrong is stronger from the fact that in our day the large business houses are swallowing up the smaller, the whales dining on bluefish and minnows. The large houses undersell the small ones, because they buy in greater quantities and at lower figures from the producer. They can afford to make nothing, or actually lose, on some styles of goods, assured they can make it up on others. So, a great dry goods house goes outside of its regular line and sells books at cost or less than cost, and that swamps the booksellers; or the dry goods house sells bric-a-brac at lowest figures, and that swamps the small dealer in bric-a-brac. And the same thing goes on in other styles of merchandise, and the consequence is that all along the business streets of all our cities there are merchants of small capital who are in terrific struggle to keep their heads above water. The ocean liners run down the Newfoundland fishing smacks. This is nothing against the man who has the big store, for every man has as large a store and as great a business as he can manage.

Need of Divine Support.
To feel right and do right under all this pressure requires martyr grace, requires divine support, requires celestial reinforcement. Yet there are tens of thousands of such men getting splendidly through. They see others going up and themselves going down, but they keep their patience and their courage and their Christian consistency, and after awhile their success will come. There is generally retribution in some form for greediness. The owners of the big business will die, and their boys will get possession of the business, and with a cigar in their mouths, and full to the chins with the best liquor, and behind a pair of spanking bays, they will pass everything on the turnpike road to temporal and eternal perdition. Then the business will break up and the smaller dealers will have fair opportunity. Or the spirit of contentment and right feeling will take possession of the large firm, as recently with a famous business house, and the firm will say: "We have enough money for all our needs and the needs of our children. Now let us dissolve business and make way for other men in the same line." Instead of being startled at a solitary instance of magnanimity, it will become a common thing. I know of scores of great business houses that have had their opportunity of vast accumulation and who ought to quit. But perhaps for all the days of this generation the struggle of small houses to keep alive under the overshadowing pressure of great houses will continue; therefore, taking things as they are, you will be wise to preserve your faith and throw over all the counters and shelves and casks the measuring line of divine right. "And the Lord said unto me, Amos, what seest thou? And I said, A plumb line."

The Only Religion.
I want you to notice this fact, that when a man gives up the straight up and down religion of the Bible for any new fangled religion, it is generally to suit his sins. You first hear of his change of religion, and then you hear of some swindle he has practiced in a special mining stock, telling some one if he will put in \$10,000 he can take out \$100,000; or he has sacrificed his integrity or plunged into irremediable worldliness. His sins are so broad he has to broaden his religion, and he becomes as broad as temptation, as broad as the soul's darkness, as broad as hell. They want a religion that will allow them to keep their sins and then at death say to them, "Well done, good and faithful servant," and that tells them, "All is well, for there is no hell." What a glorious heaven they hold before us! Come, let us go in and see it. There are Herod and all the babes he massacred. There are Charles Guiteau and Robespierre, the feeder of the French guillotine, and all the liars, thieves, house burners, gamblers, pickpockets and libertines of all the centuries. They have all got crowns and thrones and harps and scepters, and when they chant they sing, "Thanksgiving and honor and glory and power to the broad religion that lets us all into heaven without repentance and without faith in those humiliating dogmas of ecclesiastical old fogeyism."

My text gives me a grand opportunity of saying a useful word to all young men who are now forming habits for a lifetime. Of what use to a stone-mason or a bricklayer is a plumb line? Why not build the wall by the unaided eye and hand? Because they are insufficient, because if there be a defec-

tion in the wall it cannot further on be corrected. Because by the law of gravitation a wall must be straight in order to be symmetrical and safe. A young man is in danger of getting a defect in his wall of character that may never be corrected.

One of the best friends I ever had died of delirium tremens at 60 years of age, though he had not since 21 years of age, before which he had been dissipated, touched intoxicating liquor until that particular carousal that took him off. Not feeling well in the street on a hot summer day he stepped into a drug store, just as you and I would have done, and asked for a dose of some thing to make him feel better. And there was alcohol in the dose, and that one drop aroused the old appetite, and he entered the first liquor store and staid there until thoroughly under the power of rum. He entered his home a raving maniac, his wife and daughters feeling from his presence, and at first he was taken to the city hospital to die. The combustible material of early habit had lain quiet nearly 40 years, and that one spark ignited it.

Fun Is Wholesome.
Remember that the wall may be 100 feet high, and yet a deflection one foot from the foundations affects the entire structure. And if you live 100 years and do right the last 80 years you may nevertheless do something at 20 years of age that will damage all your earthly existence. All you who have built houses for yourselves or for others, am I not right in saying to these young men, you cannot build a wall so high as to be independent of the character of its foundation? A man before 30 years of age may commit enough sin to last him a lifetime. Now, John, or George, or Henry, or whatever be your Christian name or surname, say here and now: "No wild oats for me, no cigars or cigarettes for me, no wine or beer for me, no nasty stories for me, no Sunday speers for me. I am going to start right and keep on right. God help me, for I am very weak. From the throne of eternal righteousness let down to me the principles by which I can be guided in building everything from foundation to capstone. Lord God, by the wounded hand of Christ, throw me a plumb line."

"But," you say, "you shut us young folks out from all fun." Oh, no! I like fun. I believe in fun. I have had lots of it in my time. But I have not had to go into paths of sin to find it. No credit to me, but because of an extraordinary parental example and influence I was kept from outward transgressions, though my heart was bad enough and desperately wicked. I have had fun illegitimate, though I never swore one oath and never gambled for so much as the value of a pin, and never saw the inside of a haunt of sin save as when many years ago, with a commissioner of police and a detective and two elders of my church, I explored New York and Brooklyn by midnight, not out of curiosity, but that I might in pulpit discourse set before the people the poverty and the horrors of underground city life. Yet, though I was never intoxicated for an instant and never committed one act of dissoluteness—restrained only by the grace of God, without which restraint I would have gone headlong to the bottom of infamy—I have had so much fun that I don't believe there is a man on the planet at the present time who has had more. Hear it, men and boys, women and girls, all the fun is on the side of right. Sin may seem attractive, but it is deathful and like the manchineel, a tree whose dew is poisonous. The only genuine happiness is in a Christian life.

SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

Man Who Lost His Life in Efforts to Find Northwest Passage.

Sir John Franklin, although not the first of our Arctic explorers, may fairly be described as having opened for this century the chapter of systematic Arctic exploration. Franklin had rendered varied and brilliant service to his country as a seaman before he had any thought of setting out to discover the Northwest passage. When still a mere youth he had fought in the battle of Trafalgar, and some ten years later he bore a gallant part in the attack on New Orleans. From that time Franklin may be said to have given himself up altogether to Arctic exploration, especially with a view to the discovery of the Northwest passage. That discovery will always be identified with his name. No chapter in modern history is more touching, more mysterious, more full of awe, than that which tells of Franklin's absolute disappearance from the eyes of the civilized world. Many of us can still well remember the untiring efforts made by Franklin's devoted wife for the recovery of herself and his comrades, how she refused to admit that efforts for his rescue were futile, how she hoped against hope, and persevered to the last. The writer of this article had the honor of meeting her, and of knowing well some of the gallant explorers, Dr. Rae especially, who went out time after time to the frozen regions even when they had no better hope to inspire them than the hope of finding Franklin's remains. All that could be accomplished was accomplished in the end, and the world came to know how and where Franklin and his comrades had perished. The Arctic explorer has become one of the heroes of civilization, and is often, as in Franklin's case, one of its martyrs.—Montreal Star.

Maudie—If I only had my life to live over again—Clara (interrupting)—Why, I thought that's what you were doing. Maudie—What do you mean? Clara—I heard you tell the census man you would be 22 your next birthday.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON VIII, AUGUST 19—JOHN 9: 1-17.

Golden Text—One Thing I Know, That Whereas I Was Blind, Now I See—John 9: 25—The Blind Beggar by the Wayside.

1. Jesus had come from Galilee to Jerusalem to attend one of the three great festivals of the Jews, the Feast of Tabernacles, the Jewish Thanksgiving day. 1. "And as Jesus passed by (on his way about the city) he saw a man which was (not only blind, as was the case in the other five instances when Jesus cured the blind, but he was) blind from his birth." Blindness was very common. Palestine ranks next to Egypt, where in every one hundred is blind, while in this country there is only one in nineteen hundred.—Encyc. Am. The reason lies in the sand dust, the intense glare of a cloudless sun, and great sudden changes.

2. As the disciples looked upon the sad case of the blind man, their first thought was of the mystery that such trouble should exist at all, a mystery that has troubled all ages. They could think of but one cause—that it must have its origin in sin; but whose sin? 2. "Who did sin: that he was born blind?" Now could it be his own sin, since he was born with this misfortune? How could it be his parents' sin, for how could God be just and punish the man for the sin of others?

3. Jesus answered, "Neither hath this man sinned, nor his parents." Not that they were perfect, and had never done wrong, but the affliction had the character of the result or punishment of any particular sin, beyond that of others who did not suffer such an affliction, as in the case of those upon whom the tower of Siloam fell (Luke 13: 1-5). "But (the blindness came) that the works of God should be made manifest in him." Manifest to himself, and through him to the world all down the ages.

4. "I better," as in R. V., "we") must work the works of him that sent me, while it is day; I, e., while the fitting opportunity lasts, as the daylight is the fitting time for our daily work. The work of Jesus lay before him in the person of the blind man. "The night cometh, when no man can work." These words were engraved by Johnson on his watch, placed by Scott on his dial at Abbotsford, and sent by Carlyle as his standing motto for autographs, and were to the man or woman who does not act on them.

5. "As long as I am in the world, I am the light of the world." The article is wanting in the Greek, I am the light to the world, hence, "What after task for me than this of opening the eyes of the blind? What work could become me better than this, which is so apt a symbol of my greater spiritual work, the restoring of the darkened spiritual vision of the race of men?"—Godet.

6. Having stated the great truth that he was the light of the world, Jesus illustrates and proves it by opening the eyes of the blind man. "He spat on the ground, and made clay of the spittle, and anointed the eyes." The use of saliva was a popular remedy for the eyes, but was not a cure for blindness, though "Tactile" relates how one of the common people of Alexandria implored Vespasian for a remedy for his blindness, and prayed him to sprinkle his cheeks and the balls of his eyes with the secretion of his mouth. (History, IV, 213, 214. Vincent. The saliva was put on the man's eyes apparently for the purpose of giving him a reason for going to the pool of Siloam.)

7. "And said unto him, Go, wash in the pool of Siloam." I, e., wash on the clay that has been put upon your eyes. "Which is by interpretation, Sent." Or, sending, I, e., outlet of waters. The pool, by its very name, was a symbol of him who was sent into the world to work the works of God (v. 4), and who gives light to the world by providing a fountain in which not only all uncleanness is washed away, but all ignorance and blindness of heart.—Abbott. The result was that he "came seeing." Came, not back to Christ, who had probably gone away meanwhile (v. 12), but to his own home, as would appear from what followed (v. 13). "The neighbors," etc. These would be the ones to recognize the man in his changed condition, and to report the marvelous change in him. "That he was blind." The best critical authorities read, as in the R. V., "that he was a beggar." He now abandoned that occupation, and this circumstance first attracted notice.

8. "The reason of it was readily learned; he had received sight." Hence, their first question, "Is not this he that sat and begged?"

9. "I am he." This settled the question of fact, but still they could not conceive how the change could take place, and therefore asked (v. 10), "How were thine eyes opened?" 11. "A man," R. V. has "the man," implying some small knowledge of Jesus. 12. "They brought to the light of day the religious leaders, who could explain this wonder, and answer whether there really was a cure, and whether Jesus was a prophet."

13. "And it was the sabbath day." This fact gave the Pharisees an opportunity to turn the investigation away from the main point, and an argument which they could set over against what Jesus had done as a prophet, to show that he could not be a prophet.

14. "Because he keepeth not the Sabbath." He broke not the Sabbath, but their interpretation of the Sabbath law and the regulations they had made. "For example," says Rev. E. Ewing, "wine might not be injected into the eyes on the Sabbath, but the eyebrows might be washed with it. On that day, however, men might not even touch the eyelids with spittle." "There was a division." There were, from their standpoint, arguments on both sides.

Rhodes' Act of Kindness.

A resident of Kimberley vouches for the following story of Cecil Rhodes. During the siege he strolled into the club and sat down at one of the tables, when the waiter brought him a plate of ham and eggs. "Hello! what's this?" asked Mr. Rhodes. "Your luncheon, sir." "Bring me another plate and napkins." "Yes, sir." Mr. Rhodes then carefully tied up the toothsome food in the napkin, and, turning to the waiter, said: "Now, bring me the usual daily ration." A few minutes later Mr. Rhodes was seen carrying the rejected food to the hospital, where he delighted the heart of one of the convalescent patients.—New York Tribune.

Some Little Comparisons.

No sin is too little to be fatal. You cannot see the tube through which runs the adder's poison. One grain of sand in the head of his bicycle will stop the best rider. Ten minutes will suffice to plant a tree for which ten generations will bless you. Some of the tallest oaks have acorns very much smaller than those of the smallest oaks. It is never safe to predict a humble career from a humble start. The smallest part of the shears is the rivet, and it is the most important.

A MAIL CONTRACT.

Secured by a Stage Line to Protect the Bullion Carried.

"Until very recent years," said a man who used to live in the west, to the New Orleans Times-Democrat, "there has always been more or less scandal connected with the 'star routes' of the postal service. Star routes are those over which mail is carried by special contract, and the expense of keeping up some of them has certainly been monstrous. In other cases, however, the price paid has been ridiculously low. I remember one route in Nevada where the service was kept up over a distance of about eighty miles for \$5 a year, when the actual expense was \$25 a trip. How that contract was really made profitable involves a curious little story, which I will tell without mentioning names, because the parties interested still have business relations with the department. The stretch of road to which I refer lay between two pretty lively mining camps, and a stage line plying over it did a very fair business. Among other things it frequently carried bullion, and holdups were of no uncommon occurrence. The rugged, lonely character of the country was peculiarly favorable to that kind of devilry, and the stage people were at their wits' end to know what to do to stop it. At last they had a bright idea, and put in a bid for carrying the mail, which had been handled by a private contractor, a cart and a mule. They made their bid \$5 so as to be certain of getting the job, and then had a heavy, iron-bound compartment constructed in the boot of each of the stages for carrying both the pouches and their regular express matter. To break it open would have taken at least ten or fifteen minutes, and that meant delaying the mails. The Western desperado has a holy horror of running foul of Uncle Sam, because he knows that means relentless hunting down, with all the resources of the government behind the pursuit, and as soon as the stages became mail carriers they ceased to be molested. So the five-dollar contract was really a good business proposition. After the country became more settled it was kept up merely as an advertisement. It gave the line a certain air of stability, like the words 'Government Depository' on the window of a bank."

AGE OF NERVES.

It Is Also an Age of Chatter, Says Lord Russell.

Lord Russell of Killowen says this is an age of chatter and that no one has time to think of anything serious. Our young men talk of sport, our girls read nothing deeper than illustrated magazines; we speak in jerks; the topics of the day are treated homoeopathically. Without doubt there is much in what the lord chief justice of England says, but what would he have us do? This is part of our modern system of life; take out one brick and the entire structure would fall. Of course, it is regrettable in many ways that we live in a mental as well as a physical rush nowadays, but Lord Russell should realize that we cannot be wise, grave, thoughtful and proportionately slow in some things and slappish, time-saving in others. The pace is set for us, and we must needs follow it. Something must suffer as we rush along, and thus we become feather-brained chatterboxes with indifferent manners and a lamentable lack of taste. Our only consolation must be that matters will be worse in a generation or two, unless the wheel comes full circle by that time. Apropos of this modern haste which the lord chief justice deprecates, the medical and scientific world is seriously discussing the chances of our descendants retaining their sanity. Nervous diseases are markedly on the increase, even the Eskimos, once wholly free from the diseases and failings of civilization, are developing nervous disorders, owing to increased trading operations and the undue consumption of coffee. In European countries, however, people are outgrowing lunatic asylums. Obviously, therefore, the time has come to stop backward a little. If only we could stop telegrams, make it impossible to travel anywhere faster than thirty miles an hour, have the sense to curb our pitiful little social ambitions and live quietly, in the country, if possible, there might be some hope for us; as we cannot, or will not, the only thing to do is trust to luck.

Testing Balls of Steel.

Cast steel balls when made require to be examined in order that faulty ones may be cast aside. This examination involves much time and labor, and even then faulty balls are not always detected. A German has devised an apparatus for testing them in accordance with physical laws. The balls are placed on the top of a cylinder in which works a piston rod, each ball is struck with the same force by the rod and falls on an inclined surface; at the end of this plane it strikes against an impact surface. If a ball is perfect it will have enough elasticity to rebound beyond a fixed barrier, but if it is imperfect it has an inferior degree of elasticity and falls short. All balls which do not pass the barrier may safely be rejected as faulty.

American Automatic Machinery.

An English electrical journal has suggested that the proprietors of an English factory shall bring over a large number of American workmen in order to demonstrate the use of automatic machinery of American manufacture. Ordinary floor laborers may be utilized to do the work of skilled mechanics by the use of this machinery.