THE TALMAGE SERMON

CONSCIENCE THE SUBJECT OF SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE.

He Took Water and Washed His Hands Before the Multitude, Saying "I Am Innocent of the Blood of This Just Corson," Matt 27 : 34.



about 7 o'clock in the morning, up the marble stairs of a palace and across the floors of richest mosaic, and under ceilings dyed with all the splendors of color, and between snow banks of white and glistening sculpture, passes a poor,

pale, sick young man of 33, already condemned to death, on his way to be condemned again. Jesus of Nazareth is his

name. Coming out to meet him on this tessellated pavement is an unscrupulous, compromising, timeserving cowardly man, with a few traces of sympathy and fair dealing left in his composition -Governor Pontius Pilate. Did ever such opposites meet? Luxury and pain, selfishness and generosity, arrogance and humility, sin and holiness, mid-

night and midnoon. The bloated-lipped governor takes the cushloned seat, but the prisoner stands, his wrists manacled. In a semi-circle around the prisoner are the Sanhedrists, with flashing eyes and brandished fists, prosecuting this case in the name of religion, for the bitterest persecutions have been religious prosecutions; and when Satan takes hold of a good man he makes up by intensity for brevity of occupation. If you have never seen an ecclesiastical court trying a man, then you have no idea of the foaming infernalism of these old ligious Sanhedrists. Governor Pilate cross-questions the prisonand finds right away that he is innocent and wants to let him go. His caution is also increased by some one who comes to the governor and whispers in his ear. The governor puts his hand behind his eur, so as to catch the words almost inaudible. It is a message from Claudia Procula, his wife, who has had a dream about the innocence of this prisoner and about the danger of executing him, and she awakens from this morning dream in time to send the message to her hushand, then on the judicial bench. And what with the protest of his wife, and the voice of his own conscience, and the entire failure of the Sanhedrists to make out their case, Governor Pilate resolves to discharge the presoner from custody.

But the intimation of such a thing brings upon the governor an equinoctial storm of indignation. They will report him to the emperor at Rome. They will have him recalled. They will send him up home, and he will be hung for treason, for the emperor has already a suspicion in regard to Pilate, and that suspicion does not cease until Pilate is banished and commits suicide. So Governor Pontius Pilate compromises the matter, and proposes that Christ be whipped instead of assassinated. So the prisoner is fastened to a low pillar, and on his bent and bared back come the thongs of leather, with pieces of lead and bone intertwisted, so that every stroke shall be the more awful. Christ lifts himself from the scouraging, with flushed cheek and torn and quivering and mangled flesh, presenting a spectacle of suffering in which Rubens, the painter, found the theme for his greatest masterplece.

But the Sanhedrists are not yet satisfied. They have had some of his nerves lacerated; they want them all lacerated. They have had some of his blood: they want all of it, down to the last corpuscie. So Governor Pontius Pliate, after all this merciful hesitation, surrenders to the demoniacal cry of "Crucify him!" But the governor sends for something. He sends a slave out to get something. Although the constables are in haste to take the prisoner to execution and the mob outside are impatient to glare upon their victim, a pause la necessitated. Yonder it comes, a wash basin. Some pure, bright water is poured into it, and then Governor Pllate puts his white, delicate hands into the water and rubs them together, and then lifts them dripping, for the towel fastened at the slave's girdle, while he practically says: "I wash my hands of this whole homicidal transaction. wash my hands of this entire responsibility; you will have to bear it," That is the meaning of my text when it says: "He took water and washed his hands before the multitude, saying, I am innocent of the blood of this just person;

Behold in this, that ceremony amounts to nothing, if there are not in it correspondencies of heart and life. It is a good thing to wash the hands. God created three-quarters of the world water, and in that commanded cleanliness; and when the ancients did not take the hint he plunged the whole world under water and kept it there for some time. Hand washing was a religious ceremony among the Jews. The Jewish Mishna gave particular direction now that the hands must be thrust three times up to the wrist in wafer, and the palm of the hand must be rubbed with the closed fist of the other. All that well enough for a symbol, but here in the text is a man who proposes to wash away the guilt of a sin which he does not quit and of which he does not make any repentance. Pi-

see ye to it.

late's wash basin was a dead fallure. Ceremonies, however beautiful and appropriate, may be no more than this hypocritical ablution. In fancy we may be sprinkled from the baptismal font, and in manhood we may wade into deep immersion, and yet never come to moral purification. We may kneel without prayer, and bow without reverence, and sing without any acceptance. All your creeds and liturgies, and sacraments, and genufications, and religious convocations amount to nothing unless your heart-life go into them. When that bronzed slave took from the presence of Pilate that wash basin he carried away none of Pilate's cruelty, or Pilate's

wickedness, or Pilate's guilt. Nothing against creeds: we all have them, either written or implied. Nothing against ceremonies; they are of infinite importance. Nothing against sacraments; they are divinely commanded. Nothing against a rosary, if there be as many heartfelt prayers as teads counted. Nothing against incense float- pharisee, you are a hypocrite, you are a much as the earth.

The outward must be symbolical of the inward. Wash the hands by all means, but more than all, wash the heart.

Behold, also, as you see Governor Pontius Pilate thrust has hands into his wash-basin, the power of conscience. He had an idea there was blood on his hand—the blood of an innocent person, whom he might have acquitted if he only had the courage. Poor Pilate! his conscience was after him, and he knew the stain would never be washed from the right hand or the left hand, and until the day of his death, though he might wash in all the lavers of the Roman Empire, there would be still eight fingers and two thumbs red at

Oh, the power of conscience when it is fully aroused? With whip of scorpions over a bed of spikes in pitch of midnight it chases guilt. Are there ghosts? Yes, not of the graveyard, but of one's mind not at rest.

And thus, Brutus, amid his slumbering host.

Startled with Caesar's stalwart ghost. Macbeth looked at his hand after the midnight assassination, and he says: Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this

blood Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather The multitudinous seas incarnadine,

Making the green one red. From what did Adam and Eve try to hide when they had all the world to themselves? From their own conscience. What made Cain's punishment greater than he could bear? His conscience What made Ahab cry out to the prophet, "Hast thou found me, O mine enemy?" What made the great Felix tremble before the little missionary? Conscience. What made Belshazzar's teeth chatter with a chill when he saw a finger come out of the black sleeve of the midnight and write on the plastering? Conscience, conscience?

ence, with all the marks of worldly prosperity upon him, is agitated while I speak, and is now flushed and is now pale, and then the breath is uneven, and then beads of perspiration on the forehead, and then the look of unrest comes to a look of horror and despair? I know not. But he knows, and God knows. It may be that he despoiled a fair young life and turned innocence into a waif, and the smile of hope into the brazen laughter of despair. Or it may be that he has in his possession the property of others, and by some strategem he keeps it according to law, and yet he knows it is not his own, and that if his heart should stop beating this moment be would be in hell forever. Or it may be he is responsible for a great mystery, the disappearance of some one who was never heard of. and the detectives were baffled, and the tracks were all covered up, and the swift horse or the rail train took him out of reach, and there are only two persons in the universe who know of it -God and himself. God present at the time of the tragedy and present at the retrospection, and conscience-conscience with stings, conscience with pincers, conscience with flatis, conscience with furnaces, is upon him; and until a the earth tremble; and tradition, man's conscience rouses him he does not repent. What made that farmer converted to God go to his infidel neighbor | the air dropped under the atmospheric and say: "Neighbor, I have four of your sheep. They came over into my fold six a glimpse of this Gospel temple into years ago. They had your mark upon | which we are all invited to come and them, and I changed it to my mark. I wash, there would be a song jubilant want you to have those sheep, and I and wide sounding, at New Jerusalem want you to have the interest on the money, and I want you to have the increase of the fold; if you want to send | air would fold their wings and drop inme to prison I shall make no com- to our closing doxology! Against the plaint?" The infidel heard of the man's | disappointing and insufficient layer of conversion, and he said: "Now, now, Pllate's vice, and Pllate's cowardice, if you have got them sheep you are and Pilate's sin, I place the brazen se welcome to them. I don't want nothing of a Savior's pardoning mercy! of those things at all. You just go away from me. Something has got hold of you that I don't understand. I heard you were down at those religious meetings." But the converted man would not allow things to stand in that way, and so the infidel said: "Well, now, you can pay me the value of the sheep, and six per cent interest from that time to this, and I shan't say anything more about it. Just go away from me." What was the matter with the two farmers? In the one case a convicted conscience leading him to honesty, and in the other case a convicted conscience warning

against infidelity. Conversion amounts to nothing unless the heart is converted, and the pocketbook is converted, and the cash drawer is converted, and the ledger is converted, and the fireproof safe is converted, and the pigeon hole containing the correspondence is converted, and his improvement is noticed even by the canary bird that sings in the parlor, and the cat that licks the platter after the meal, and the dog that comes bounding from the kennel to greet him. A man half converted, or quarter converted, or a thousandeth part converted, is not converted at all. What will be the great book in the day of judgment? Conscience. Conscience recalling misimproved opportunities. Conscience recalling unforgiven sins. Conscience bringing up all the past. Alas! for this governnor Pontius Pilate. That night after the court had adjourned and the Sanhedrists had gone home, and nothing was heard outside the room but the step of the sentinel, I see Pontius Pilate arise from his tapestried and sleepless couch. and go to the laver and begin to wash his hands, crying: "Out, out, crimson spot! Tellest thou to me, and to God. and to the night, my crime? Is there no alkall to remove these dreadful stains? Is there no chemistry to dissolve this carnage? Must I to the day of my death carry the blood of this innocent man on my heart and hand? Out, thou crimson spot!" The worst thing a man can have is an evil conscience, and the best thing a man can have is what Paul calls a good con-

But is there no such thing as moral purification? If a man is a sinner once must he always be a sinner, and an unforgiven sinner? We have all had conscience after us. Or do you tell me that all the words of your life have been just right, and all the thoughts of your heart have been just right, and all the actions of your life just right? Then you do not know yourself, and I take the responsibility of saying you are a

ing up from censer amid Gothic arches. Pontius Pilate, and do not know it. if the prayers be as genuine as the You commit the very same sin that aroma is sweet. Nothing against Epip- Pilate committed. You have crucified hany, or Lent, or Ash Wednesday, or the Lord of Glory. But if nine-tenths Easter, or Good Friday, or Whitsuntide, of this audience are made up of or Palm Sunday, if these symbols have | thoughtful and earnest people, then behind them genuine repentance, and inine-tenths of this audience are saying holy reminiscence, and Christian conse- within themselves, "Is there no such cration. But ceremony is only the thing as moral purification? Is there no sheath to the sword, it is only the shell laver in which the soul may wash and to the kernel, it is only the lamp to the be clean?" Yes, yes, yes. Tell it in flame, it is only the body to the spirit. song, tell it in sermon, tell it in prayer, tell it to the hemispheres. That is what David cried out for when he said, Wash me thoroughly from my sin, and cleanse me from mine iniquities." And that is what in another place, he cried out for when he said, "Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow." Behold the laver of the Gospel, filled with living fountains. Did you ever see the picture of the layer in the ancient tabernacle or in the ancient temple? The laver in the ancient tabernacle was made out of the women's metallic looking-glasses. It was a great basin standing on a beautiful pedestal; but when the temple was built, then the laver was an immense affair called the brazen sea; and oh, how deep were the floods there gathered! And there were ten lavers beside—five at the right and five at the left-and each laver had three hundred gallons of water. And the outside of these lavers was carved and chased with palm trees so delicately cut you could almost see the leaves tremble, and lions so true to life that you could imagine you could see the nostril throb, and the cherubim with outspread wings. That magnificent layer of the old dispensation is a feeble type of the more glorious laver of our dispensation—our sunlit dispensation. Here is the laver holding rivers of

salvation, having for its pedestal the Rock of Ages, carved with the figure of the lion of Judah's tribe, and having palm branches for victory, and wings suggestive of the soul's flight toward God in prayer, and the soul's flight heavenward when we die. Come ye auditory and wash away all your sins however aggravated, and all your sorrows, however agonizing. Come to this fountain, open for all sin and uncleanness, the furthest, the worst. You need not carry your sins half a second. Come and wash in this glorious gospel laver. Why, that is an opportunity enough to Why is it that that man in this audi- swallow up all nations. That is an opportunity that will yet stand on the Alps and becken to Italy, and yet stand on the Pyrenees and beckon to Spain, and it will yet stand on the Ural and beckon to Russia, and it will stand at the gate of heaven and beckon to all nations. Pardon for all sin, and pardon right away, through the blood of the Son of God. A little child that had been blind, but through skilled surgery brought to sight, said: "Why, mother, why didn't you tell me the earth and the sky are so beautiful? Why didn't you tell me?" "Oh," replied the mother, "my child, I did tell you often; I often told you how beautiful they are; but you were blind, and you couldn't see!" Oh, if we could have our eyes opened to see the glories in Jesus Christ we would feel that the half had never been told us, and you would go to some Christian man and say, "Why didn't you tell me before of the glories of the Lord Jesus Christ?" and that friend would say, "I did tell you, but you were blind and could not see, and

you were deaf and could not hear." History says that a great army came to capture ancient Jerusalem, and when this army got on the hills so that they say the turrets and towers of Jerusalem, they gave a shout that made whether true or false, says that so great was the shout, eagles flying in precussion. Oh, if we could only catch seen, at New Jerusalem taken, the hosannas of other worlds flying mid-

INTERIOR FRICTION.

Problem That Is Bothering Petroff the Mechanical Scientist.

The statement is authoritatively made that Petroff, who has occupied himself very extensively with the examination of lubricants, has experimented on the interior friction of oils by means of an apparatus invented by himself, and has given his results in tabular form and graphically by a series of curves. From this it appears that the degree of transparency of lubricants, the refining process, viscosity, flash point, and fire point give no basis for estimating the degree of interior friction, though all are of importance; but if two offs which at the same temperature possess different interior frictions be mixed the mixed product will yield a characteristic curve corresponding to that of an oil the qualities of which lie between those of the two components; consequently the excessive friction of any thick lubricant may be reduced by mixing with it small proportions of solar oil, pyronaphtha or kerosene, or any oil possessing low inferior friction, though this addition can be useful only when the added product does not separate to any great extent The addition of resinous materials is found to increase friction in the machinery and in the lubricant itself.

Close Measure of Time.

An instrument has just been brought out that will accurately measure time to the thousandth part of a second. By means of this it has been found possible to register the reaction time in sight, or the period taken by the operation of the will coming into effect in muscular movements. There have been, previous to this, some very elaborate chronoscopes controlled by clockwork, but the new machine, besides being more reliable, is remarkable for its simplicity, its main idea being the swing of a stop pendulum along a curved indicator. It is the invention of Mesars. Bliss and Hogan of Yale and New York universities.

The Planet Mercury.

The present visit of Encke's comet has, in the skilled bands of Blacklund, placed Mercury, so to speak, in the weighing scale. We have thus learned that this globe, though no doubt a considerable one, is still much less than the earth. Encke's comet demonstrates that thirty globes as massive as Mercury, would be required to weigh as

BOME GRAND OLD MEN AND WOMEN.

Blemarck Joining the Band-Many Still Powerful of Mind, Though Past This Rurely-Reached Milestone Life,



ISMARCK himself in excellent and brainy company on the other side of his 80th birthday anniversary. He will find the schoolyard full of gay old boys and and girls. He will find Pope Leo at 85, writing Latin sonnets, just as in the

olden days, when as a lad he surprised the Pecci family by his precociousness. He will find the English statesman, William E. Gladstone, discussing Greek prose and writing critical essays on religion and philosophy. He will be surprised to find Verdi, at 80, planning a new opera for the great singer Maurel, seeking his inspiration from no less a pleasant theme than Shakespeare's "Tempest." Here is Professor Dana, at 82, fresh from Hawali, giving to the world a mass of new facts in geology. Bessemer is still bright in his panoply of inventive thought, and Sir Henry Parkes is just entering the realm of octogenarians, with a new educational project for New South Wales. Couldock comes gayly into the ranks of rare old men, still treading the boards and giving the world delightful touches of mimicry. Few have fathomed life as deeply as he. Few know how to interpret it better.

But the list of famous old men and women is a long one, and darkened only here and there by the touch of mental blight or great physical weakness. As a rule, these old men and women are atili extremely active.

atorial contemporary, Senator Morrill of Vermont, has by no means retired from active work, yet he, like ex-Senator Payne, is nearing his 85th birthday. Harriet Beecher Stowe lives quietly with her son in Hartford, Conn. She will be \$4 on June 14, and the closing

mental weakness. Bishop Clark of Rhode Island was still active at 82, aithough now growing somewhat weaker.

days of her life are marked by extreme

Curtins, the polished Greek scholar, is living at 80. Verdi is nearing 81, and has just achieved a marvelous success with "Faistaff." Baroness Burdett-Coutts begins her eighty-first year in 1895, and her life runs on as smoothly as ever in its philanthropic channels.



It seems an age since she succeeded to the Coutts millions. Still since that time, 1837, she has endowed many bishoprics, has established homes for the fallen, homes for children and in a thousand different ways given the world object lessons in real charity. Her romantic marriage with young Ashmead Bartlett is still fresh in the minds of readers.

But there is a long list of eligibles. The next few years will witness many Bessemer, who enriched the world, additions to the ranks of octogenarias has no man living or dead, in the ans should those now in line remain past, stood biting his lips with rage alive. Justice Field, ex-Senator Dawes,

prince Blamerck Wm. E. Gledatone

at the sarcasm and ridicule heaped upon him for declaring that he had discovered a cheap process for quickly changing pig-iron into steel. When engineers finally appreciated his discovery they found him disheartened, discouraged and ready to turn against the world. Then came honors thick and fast. He was knighted. Sovereigns vied in doing him honor. Great societies elected him to honorary offices. Medals were voted to him, and he is to-day among the happiest of the "Old Masters" of England.

So is William E. Gladstone. So is Sir James Bacon, who at the age of 97 lives a happy life of retired ease. Until 1886 this great English jurist sat upon the bench, and the clearest decision ever rendered by him was that in a case tried two months before he retired from the vice-chancellorship of Eng-

None of this century's living famous old men have yet reached the age at which the philanthropist, Montefiore, died, a decade or so ago. Yet William Salmon, to-day the oldest member of the Royal College of Surgeons, comes near it. He is 105 this month, and began to practice his profession when Napoleon was in the height of his glory in 1809. He has also the honor of being the oldest Freemason in the world.

Gen. George S. Greene, U. S. A., the oldest Hving West Point graduate, is 93, Neal Dow is Maine's grand old man. and although very weak at 91, still talks entertainingly of the days of 1851, when as mayor of Portland he drafted the famous Maine liquor law.

Among the famous nonogenarians are Rev. Dr. William H. Furness of England, now 92, and Field Marshal Sir Patrick Grant of England, 90.

Those who enter the ranks of nonogenarians of 1895 are Francis William Newman, brother of the great cardinal: James Martineau, philosopher; Barthelemy-Sainte-Hilaire and George Mueller, the orphanage founder. Newman only recently completed memoir of the early days of his great brother's life, and is now deep in the study of Gaetulian. His knowledge of ancient languages is marvelously rich, and he has given the world some valuable philological treatises. He is not alone an abstainer from liquor and tobacco, but never touches meat, and attributes his longevity to this method

of living. Gladstone will be 86 this year. So wil Cassius M. Clay of Kentucky, erratic and erotic though he be, and so will ex-Secretary of the Treasury Hugh Mc-Culloch, ex-Secretary of the Navy Richard W. Thompson of Indiana, has just

celebrated his 86th birthday. Ex-Senator Payne of Ohio is no longer very active at 84, although his sen- | sented.

Leon Say, Parke Goodwin, and Russell Sage will be 80 in 1896. In 1897 King Christopher of Denmark, Prof. Mommser, Sir John Gilbert, and Senator John M. Palmer will reach the octogenarian stage. In 1898 ex-Senator Evarts, Bishop Coxe, and Mrs. John Drew become 80. In 1899 Queen Victoria, Julia Ward Howe, Crispi, Longstreet, Ruskin, W. W. Story, and Bishop Huntington will make up the list of young octogenari-

In 1900 the list will comprise Herbert Spencer, Florence Nightingale, Mrs. G. W. Gilbert, Jean Ingelow, Gen. Rosecranz, and Susan B. Anthony.

As for the famous people between 70 and 74, their name is legion.

Democratic Mr. Bland. Congressman Bland lives on a small farm a few miles from Lebanon, Mo. In the intervals of congress he gives



R. P. BLAND.

ver; and as they sell for 40 cents bushel, each tree yielding an average of five bushels, there seems to be as much profit in them. Mr. Bland is very democratic when away from Washington, and he looks and acts like a well-to-do

A Rat's Tooth.

The teeth of rats are kept sharp by a very peculiar provision of nature. The outer edge of the incisors is covered with a layer of enamel as hard as flint, while the under side is much soft. er. The layers of enamel on the under side, therefore, wear away much ses:-: er than those on the upper surface, and a keen cutting edge is always preBETTING WAS LIVELY.

The Cause Was Dealing from the I Pack Used in Pincehle.

A party of five gentlemen were pli ing a game of poker at the home of friend the other night and had a mould remarkable experience with the cards. The old gentleman who lives in the house is a German and is very fond the game of pinochie. He was not prosent at the time the poker players started their game, but it seems had left a pinochie deck lying on the mantelpiece when he retired early in the evening, says Washington Post. The younger crowd were playing 10-cent ante and 25-cent limit and had played about an hour when one of the young fellows discovered that owing to his run of bad luck he was \$10 loser. Seek ing to retrieve his lost chips he suggested a change of decks, and, having seen another deck on the mantelpiece, procured it and started to deal. Five hands were thrown around and the betting began. They all stayed. The first man bet the limit and was raised. The next man squeezed his hand a few seconds and raised again. So it went all around the table, every player raising the bet as it came his turn. Finally they all ran out of chips, but they kept on betting and several crisp greenbacks were put in the pot. When the showdown came a riot was narrowly averted. One man had four acce and a king, while the man next to him held four kings and an ace. Another threw down four jacks against a fourth hand, which contained three queens and a pair of kings. The fifth man wasn't in it at all, for he only held three tens and a small pair. The old gentleman's pinochle deck bad done it all. All bets were declared off and the game stopped. It took them all the rest of the night to divide the pot according to the bets that had been made, after which one of the players said & bad word and threw the double deck in the fire.

A GORGEOUS PALANQUIN.

Built for a West African Chief to Ride

A Birmingham firm has just completed a palanguin which a firm trading in central Africa intends as a present for a native chief. The body of the vehicle consists of a spring mattress supported on a frame, which is carried by a pair of lancewood shafts sixteen feet long. The mattress is jointed, and there is a well in the center of the vehicle, so that the occupant of the palanguin may adopt a sitting, reclining or a recumbent attitude, the couch being cushioned with thick horsehair cushions, upholstered in silk tabourst. The canopy, consisting of fine blue cloth curtains with a gold and silk border and festoons of terra cetta silk, has a pyramidal roof, surmounted by a crown, while the brasswork of the frame has finials designed from the barbed spearheads in use in the chief's district. The structure would be handsome in its way but for the fact that the woodwork of the body has painted upon it, in large letters on either side, the name and title of the chief-namely, "Coffee Adam-Iron Bar Duke." This feature, says the Westminster Gazette, for which the manufacturer is not responsible, is expected to particularly please the dusky potentate, but it is fatal to the artistic pretensions of the design.

IS HAPPY.

The Countess of Castellane Is Intensely Devoted to Her Husband

saw Comte Castellane driving with his wife, says a London cablegram. They looked rather unlike & honeymoon couple, as he was attired in a covert coat and round hat (known, I believe, as a "bowler" or "billy cock" over here), not at all like his usual smart get-up. Perhaps it was done on purpose to avoid suspicion-I mean publicity. The Castellanes have been staying at the Berkeley, but, I think, left today for Paris. Some one who saw them together at the hotel told me that she appeared quite devoted to him, says Piccadilly in Vanity, and is so yielding and submissive that he is likely to be spoilt entirely.

Letter Combinations.

When King Stanislaus, of Poland. then a young man, came back from a journey, the whole Lescinskian house gathered together at Lissa to receive him. The schoolmaster, Jablowsky, prepared a festival in commemoration of the event, and had it end with a ballet performed by thirteen students, dressed as cavaliers. Each had a shield upon which one of the letters of the words, "Domus Lescinia" (The Lescinskian House), was written in gold. After the first dance, they stood in such a manner that their shields read "Domus Lescinia;" after the second dance, they changed order, making it read, "Ades incolumis" (Unarmed art thou here); after the third, "Mane sidua loci" (Continue the star of this place): after the fourth, "Sis columns Dei" (Be a pillar of God); and finally, "Il scande solium!" (Ge! ascend the throne). Indeed, these two words allow of 1,556,755,200 transpositions; yet that four them convey independent and anpropriate meanings is certainly very curious.

Transferring Kagravings. It is said that engravings may transferred on white paper as follows: Place the engraving a few seconds over the vapor of iodine. Dip a slip of white paper in a weak solution of stare and when dry, in a weak solution oil of vitrol. When again dry, lay alip upon the engraving and place tor a few minutes under a pre-engraving will be reproduced t delicacy and finish. Lith printed matter cannot be a ferred with equal