

BERLIN, 14.—The North German *Gazette* publishes a Vienna letter, which is believed to be inspired, containing the following: "Austrian interests dictate the establishment of an army in Eastern Galicia, another in Transylvania, a third in Banat, an army corps in South Dalmatia, the occupation of Bosnia and Herzegovina, and all the Turkish territory between the Adriatic and Aegean Seas. It is also necessary to send an ironclad squadron to the coast of Albania, and another to that of Macedonia; also the conclusion of offensive and defensive alliances, and in brief, paving the way for Roumania, Servia, Montenegro, and those other parts of Turkey which are detaching themselves from the Ottoman government being organized with Austro-Hungary into a confederation of States on the model of Germany."

Do Insects Reason.

Dr. J. Lawrence Hamilton, who has made insects a study, writes to the *London Times* that he saw a boy remove a small spider and place it in the centre of a big spider's web, which was hung among foliage, and distant some four feet from the ground. The larger animal soon rushed from his hiding place under a leaf to attack the intruder, who ran up one of the ascending lines by which the web was secured. The big insect gained rapidly upon its desired prey, the smaller creature, (spiders are cannibals, notably the larger females, who are given to devour their smaller male lovers). When the little spider was barely an inch in advance of its pursuer, it cut with one of its posterior legs the line behind itself, so that the stronger insect fell to the ground, thus affording time and opportunity for the diminutive spider to escape along the ascending rope of the web.

SHORT AND SHARP.

The Queen of Sheba was up to the fashions. We are told that she came to Jerusalem with a very heavy train.

It is better to have loved and have busted up somewhere during the correspondence than never to have loved at all.

Mrs. Lovely says that males are of no account from the time the ladies stop kissing them as infants till they kiss them again as lovers.

A Chicago man, who has just been maltreated in a fight, is named Thomas Rooth. We suppose that T. Rooth crushed to earth will rise again.

"Are these soaps all one scent?" inquired a lady of a juvenile salesman. "No, ma'am, they are all ten cents," replied the innocent youngster.

The kingdom of heaven has a door so low that all must stoop to get into it.—*Yonkers Gazette*. Yes, and lots of people are left on the stoop.—*Boston Com. Bulletin*.

Edison's phonograph can whistle, sing, howl and jaw, but it can't throw a stone at a yowling cat on a back fence, or kick a chromo agent off the front stoop. There is still lots of room for improvement.

Two brothers living near Rondout were both suitors for the hand of the same lady. After having fought about her until both were badly punished, it transpired that she was already married and had a husband living. Tableau.

"Look a here? What d' you give your boss for the bots?"

"I give him a pint of turpentine."

Next day—"Look a here! I give my boss a pint of turpentine, 'n it killed him 's dead 's a hammer."

"So it did mine."

A great many men, when they see a paragraph in their paper which doesn't meet their views, sit down in a pet and write to the editor: "Stop my paper!" And then for more than a week they wonder why the earth doesn't stop revolving on its axis.

The following neat reply of a well-known heiress is reported to a gentleman who asked her, "What change do you see in society since you were last here?" Replied the heiress: "The only difference is that many people I left unmarried are now married, but more than I left married are unmarried."

"Just one," murmured he, involuntarily drawing closer to the luscious lips, that smiled upon him with such ravishing bewitchingness, while his own quivered in an agony of expectant anticipation. "So I notice," replies she coolly, glancing at the clock, "and time for you to turn up your coat collar, and shut the door from the outside." He went.—*Danbury News*.

Jones was always complaining of his wife's memory. "She never can remember anything," said poor Jones; "it's awful!" "My wife was just as bad," said Brown, "till I found out a capital recipe." "What is it?" said Jones, eagerly. "Why," said Brown, "whenever there's anything particular I wish the missus to remember, I write it down on a slip of paper and gum it on the looking glass, see?" Jones is now a contented man.

When Mr. Billony went home yesterday and saw a handsome bouquet reposing on one of the parlor chairs, he mentally observed that it was a shame to let such beautiful flowers lie there to wither, so he took them up tenderly, procured a basin of water, and placed them carefully therein—and at the same instant his wife gave a piercing shriek and fainted dead away. But it was too late. Mrs. Billony's new spring flower bonnet was utterly ruined.

The Talk About Retribution.

A question on which men divide as partisans,—a question which is decided by votes and not by arguments,—a question which ostensibly rests in men's opinions, and is kicked about by the lowest orators and the lowest processes,—is one that soon becomes deprived of its importance; and men who trembled in the prospect of endless suffering as the consequence of sin, cease, at last, to believe in retribution altogether. No greater misfortune could happen to the world than this, for, if there is one thing in which revelation, science and experience thoroughly agree, it is in the doctrine that suffering is, and must forever be, the consequence of sin. A man must trample on his own common sense before he believes that if he falls asleep in this world an impure, vicious, malignant man, he will wake up in the next a saint in heaven. To lose the idea of retribution is to lose the idea that holds the moral world in equipoise. To make God so tender and loving that without repentance and reformation He will "clear the guilty," is to degrade Him beneath human contempt. It blots out the sense of justice; it transforms crime into a mistake; it makes nothing of that which has filled this world with misery, and that which will fill any world with misery, so long as it may be persisted in. As long as consequence follows cause, just so long will retribution follow sin, whether in this world or the next; and to blot out the belief in retribution in any man's mind is to demoralize and debauch him.

Of the more dignified discussions of the question of everlasting punishment, it is proper to say a word. That there is a considerable number of orthodox ministers who have given up, or are giving up their belief in this dogma, there is no question. The loosening hold upon it has been evident for many years. Endless torment has been talked very little about in American and English pulpits for the last decade, and is rarely, except in a general way, presented as a motive to a religious life. The Indian Orchard minister has a multitude of sympathizers among his professional brethren, and the number is growing larger rather than smaller. The change comes partly of a change of views of the character of God, partly of a change of ideas concerning the office of punishment, and partly of new and better interpretations of Scripture. Such men as Canon Farrar and Rev. Dr. Whiton—eminent alike as orthodox Christians and scholars—have had a great deal of influence on the professional mind of the day, in determining that phase of the question which

scholarship can alone determine, viz., that which depends upon the exact interpretation of all that the sacred writings have to say upon it. Dr. Whiton's little book has made, and is making, a profound impression; and so important is it deemed by some of those who have read it, that money has been freely put into his hand for its distribution.—*Scribner for May*.

Amputating a Dead Man's Leg.

It was shortly after the battle of Antietam, that Surgeon Abraham Lyndon Cox took charge of a field hospital. Dr. Cox was an elderly and eccentric person, but he was an eminent surgeon, a profound scholar, a genial gentleman, and a true patriot. At a later day, borne down with exposure and overwork, he died at Chattanooga, a martyr upon the altar of his country. One day, in the performance of his mournful duties, Surgeon Cox essayed to amputate the mangled limb of a Connecticut soldier. He had become greatly absorbed in the delicate task, when the medical attendant remarked:

"Doctor, I think you had better stop the operation; the man is sinking very rapidly."

"Well," replied the doctor, without looking up, "the work is nearly over, and I might as well finish it."

Soon after the attendant declared: "Dr., the man is dying."

The doctor had then removed the limb, and was engaged in taking up the arteries, and he remarked:

"It is due to my profession that this operation should be carefully completed," and he calmly kept on.

He had begun sewing up the stump, when the hospital steward came along, and said:

"Doctor, there's no use going on; that man is dead."

Surgeon Cox made no reply until the last stitch had been taken. Then, gently carressing the stump with one hand, he removed his spectacles with the other, and looking up, quietly said:

"I am sorry the poor fellow is dead, but there is one consolation about the matter, he has gone to heaven with a flap that he can be proud of."

Mosquitoes are bursting into blossom.

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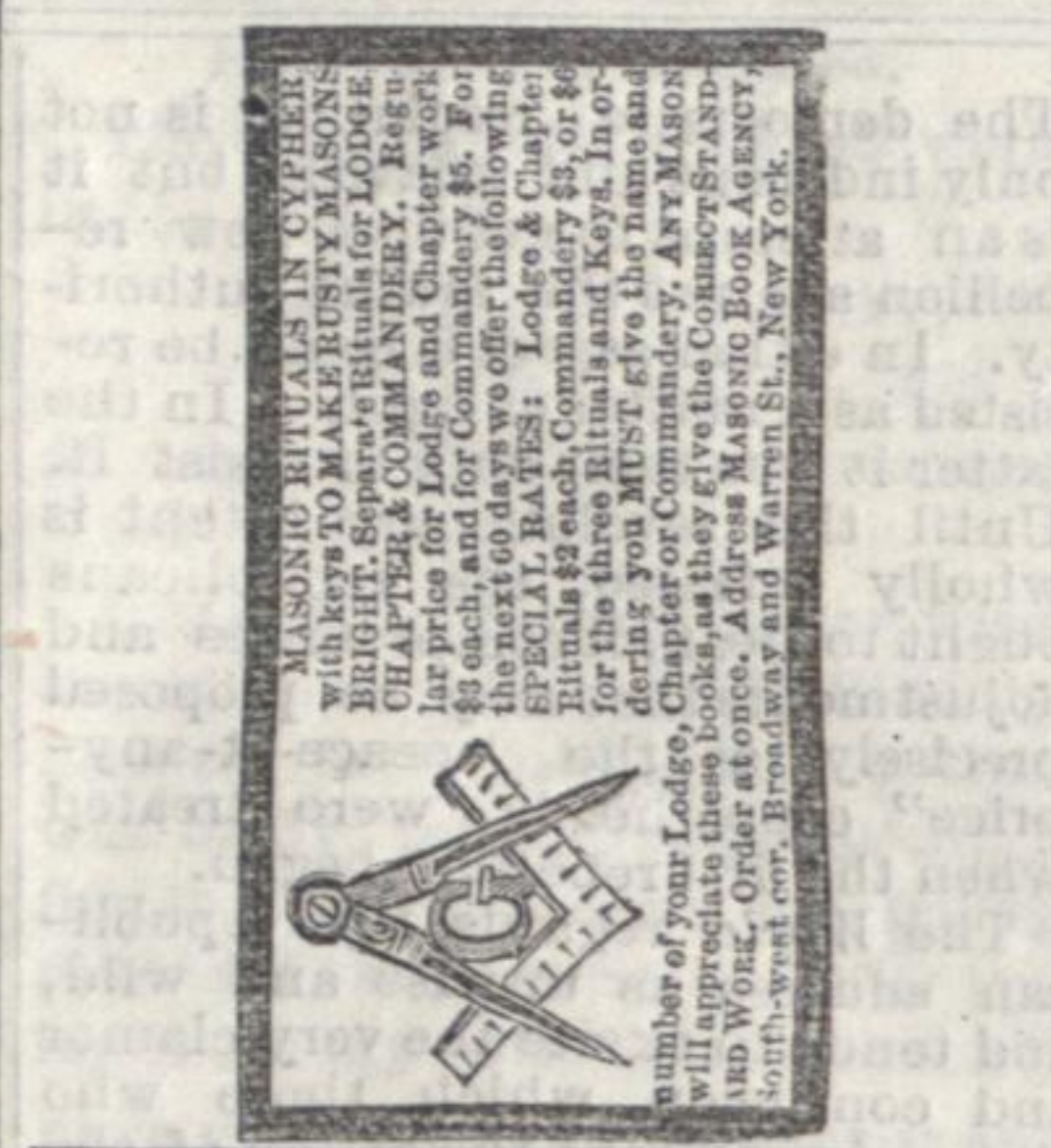
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