

READY! PULL! BANG.

Live and Clay Pigeon Shooting and How Experts Do It

The Proper Equipment for a Club of Beginners at Trap Shooting—A Sport That is Growing More Popular Every Year.

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For the busy man who loves the sound of a gun, yet who can only indulge in a shooting excursion once or twice a year in the season, it is a standing regret that his lack of practice between seasons puts his hand out of trim for the birds. He finds that he is by no means as good a shot at the opening of the season as he was at the close of the previous year, and it takes very nearly his whole holiday to regain his old skill. But this is all being rapidly changed. Trap shooting, which has taken hold of the public fancy to a very large extent in recent years, affords the opportunity for practice so greatly desired, and if the sportsman is lucky enough to be a member of a club, he can have all the practice he wants at little loss of time and small cost. He has the satisfaction, too, when he takes his holiday, of finding himself no longer awkward and blundering with the gun. His hand and eye are quick, his aim is true and he is able to hold his own with other competitors in the hunting-field.



1. Clay Pigeon Trap. 2. Pigeon with Clay Tongue. 3. Old Style Clay-Bird. 4. Old Style Clay-Bird.

teen to five hundred dollars. A good, hard-hitting gun with Damascus steel barrels, English walnut stock, checked and engraved, can be bought for fifty dollars and upward.

In loading for trap shooting, for a twelve-gauge gun, three drams of powder and two wads are put back of one or one and one-eighth ounces of No. 6, 8 or 10 killed shot, according to wind and distance.

Under the rules of the National and American Association which have been revised within the last few weeks any weight gun is permissible, but it must not be over ten-bore in calibre. The powder charge is unlimited and the charge of shot for ten-bore guns is fixed at one and one-quarter ounces. Each contestant must shoot at three or more birds before leaving the score. In doubles both traps are sprung simultaneously and each contestant shoots at three pairs, firing at two birds while both are in the air. When the traps are set in a straight line, instead of in the segment of a circle, a rapid-firing system is used, the traps are screened and numbered and the marksman stands opposite the first trap, shoots his bird and then passes on to the right shooting from the successive traps till he reaches the end of his score. For live birds the boundaries for both singles and doubles are fixed as the segment of a fifty-yard circle with a dead-line where the marksman stands.

The rise for 10-bore guns is thirty yards, for 12-bore twenty-eight yards, for 14 and 16-bore twenty-six yards. The rule as to ammunition is the same for all clay birds. There are clubs in a number of States affiliated with the American Association, and all shoot under the rules quoted.

The organization of a trap shooting club is not a very expensive affair. The best way for a company of amateurs to proceed about it is as follows: Let them first secure their ground and then buy three traps for clay birds, which will cost them about two dollars. These traps can throw any kind of artificial bird, and are easily changed to shoot at live birds. A first-class afternoon's sport at the clubs won't cost the members over two dollars each, allowing them forty shots apiece. They should dig a pit on the ground about three or four feet deep, and protect it by a screen for the use of the men who set the traps. If they want to kill live birds a trap can be made very cheaply by any carpenter. It is a box-shaped device, ten by eight inches long and seven inches deep, and can be either of wood or metal.

It should be painted green, which color does not distract the eye of the marksman. The trap is secured in place by two iron pins driven through the bottom and into the ground. It consists of six pieces held together by hinges and is so arranged that when sprung to release the pigeon the top and sides, front and rear, shall fall outward, leaving the whole affair flat on the ground.

There is a lateral sliding door on the rear end, through which the bird is admitted, and the front is barred like a coop. In the center of the trap is a spring, and to this tongue a red rag is attached. To spring the trap the puller takes hold of a cord attached to a leather strap on top; a single tug releases the fore-end of the top and as it comes up the sides and ends fall away with a clatter. At the same instant the spring on the tongue is released and the bird, started by the noise and the sight of the red rag, flies upward with a rush.

In two cases lately brought by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in Trenton and Philadelphia, the decisions were in favor of the right of the clubs to shoot live birds. A few of the States still prohibit pigeon shooting, Connecticut being one of them; but in New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and in the West generally, the sport is allowed.

Playwright: "How do you like my new drama?" Friend: "I'm delighted with it. The dialogue is so natural, you know." Playwright (with a blush of pleasure): "O, you flatter me." Friend: "Not a bit of it. Your characters talk commonplace and bandy old jokes, just the same as people do in real life. You've made a great hit, an intensely realistic one, I assure you."—Boston Transcript.

"The Worm Turned."—Mr. Bully Rag: "Now, sir, you have stated, under oath, that this man has the appearance of a gentleman. Will you be good enough to tell the jury how a gentleman looks, in your estimation." Down-trodden Witness: "Well, er—a gentleman looks—er—like—er—." Mr. Bully Rag: "I don't want any of your ers, sir; and remember that you are on oath. Can you see any body in this court room who looks like a gentleman?" Witness (with sudden asperity): "I can if you'll stand out of the way. You're not transparent."—Puck.

A Boston sign bears the artless inscription: "Cigars and cigarettes sold on the Sabbath for medicinal purposes only."

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

—She—"I wish the car would come along." He—"I thought you liked walking best; in fact, you said so." She—"Oh, that was before we had the 'sisters.'—Munsey's Weekly.

—With the Parental Blessing.—Mr. Stickey—"I have come, Mr. Henpeck, to ask for the hand of your daughter." Mr. Henpeck—"Bless you, my boy, take her; and may the Lord have mercy upon your soul."—Time.

—Jags—"I think I am entitled to a pension." Pension Agent—"What is your claim?" Jags—"I, my feelings were hurt by several people calling me a coward because I wouldn't enlist."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

—Mrs. Gad—"That new family next door to you must be pretty well off; they've got a planer." Mrs. Gab—"How! They don't own it?" Mrs. Gad—"Huh! d'ye know?" "By the way they bang it on."—Philadelphia Record.

—"Can you tell me where I'll find the Senator?" said the wife of a prominent servant of the public to a page at the capitol. "Dear ma'am; he is in the ante-room." "Dear! dear! That man seems to think of nothing but cards."—Washington Post.

—"You look as if you had been kissed by a breeze from the Wild North Land," said a poetic young lady to a pretty friend, whose cheeks were glowing with color. "O no!" was the laughing reply; "it was only a soft hair from Montreal."—N. Y. Ledger.

—Righteously Indignant.—Barber (suggestively)—"My hair is very dry and harsh, sir." Customer (with a sigh)—"And one of your ears is a good deal bigger than the other, but you don't like to have your hair cut?" "No, sir; but you don't like to have your hair cut?" "No, sir; but you don't like to have your hair cut?"—Chicago Tribune.

—Minnie—"What made you speak to that poor beggar so sharply? Perhaps she was really deserving of help." Mamie—"Maybe she was, but she interrupted me just as I was having a good cry over the poor girl in my novel dying on the rich man's doorstep."—Toro Haute Express.

—"Do you think your sister likes to have me come here, Jamey?" "You bet. You take her to the tea-table and bring her candies." "I am glad I can make her happy." "Yes, and the young fellow that she's engaged to don't mind it either, for it saves him that much money toward going to 'housekeeping.'"—Life.

—A Pertinent Question.—A Texas clergyman, who at a former period of his life had gambled a little, was absorbed in thought just before divine services began. He was approached by the organist, who whispered, referring to the opening hymn: "What shall I play?" "What kind of a hand have you got?" responded the absent-minded clergyman. —Texas Siftings.

—A Strike.—Paterfamilias was giving Johnny Freshlight, '38, some wholesome advice on the matter of utilities that were to be had at college, and that he ought to make the most of them, quoting, as a final word, the maxim of Cromwell: "Not only strike while the iron is hot, but make it hot by striking." And then Johnny struck his father for a cool hundred, not only making the metal hot, but his father too.—Harvard Lampoon.

A THOUGHTFUL WIFE.

She Gets Up a Pleasant Surprise for Her Over-Worked Husband. Wife (with solicitude of tone)—"It must be very lonesome sitting all by yourself at night, John, balancing your books, John."

Husband (tenderly)—"It is, my darling. Some time, and now I have got a pleasant surprise for you."

H.—A pleasant surprise? W.—Yes, darling, I sent for mother yesterday and I expect her this evening. I mean to have her stay with us quite awhile. She will take care of the house at night and look after the children, and I can go down and sit in the office with you while you work."

H.—The devil—that is to say, I couldn't think of you going downtown. W.—It's my duty, dearest. I ought to have thought of it before, but I never came to my mind till yesterday. O, John, forgive me for not thinking of your comfort sooner. But I will go and sit with you to-night."

H.—To-night! Why I—I—the fact is, I got through with my books last night. W.—You did? How delightful! And you can now stay at home every evening. I'm so glad!

And the delightful wife ran off to make preparations for the reception of her mother, while the husband with a sadder brow sat looking at the picture in the glowing grate of a poker party with one member absent.—Boston Courier.

MARRIAGE IN PERSIA.

It is held to be a shame for a girl of six-teen to be a spinster, the country where marriage is made easy, especially among the poor. For a mechanic, soldier, laborer or servant, is no more expensive for a man to maintain a family than to maintain himself. The few articles of furniture required, the scantiness of attire, the cheapness of the material used by the poor for clothing and the low price of the staple articles, such as bread, fruit, mutton and chicken, all tend to make it very inexpensive to support a family.

It is held a burning shame for a girl of sixteen not to be married, and old maids are practically unknown in Persia. One of the many sisters of the Shah never married, but she was for that reason a source of wonderment to the people. Love in our sense is unknown among the Persians.

Boys, if of good family, get a seahay and often a couple of female slaves when but sixteen or seventeen years old. Young fellows will, also, if their fathers be influential, be appointed to fat office when but half grown. Thus the son of the present Minister of Foreign Affairs (Moushe-ed-Dowleh), when but fourteen and standing but five feet high, was made Governor of Kasvin, an important and flourishing province, and at that age had already a small but select retinue.

He was, it is true, more mature in body and mind than many an American boy of eighteen, and he did not administer affairs of the province worse than had his predecessor, a man of sixty. When full grown the young man takes a legitimate wife, usually chosen among his female cousins, and the seahays (or "temporary wives") are then dismissed, but are often reinstated later on.—Cor. London Times.

—Bright green colors are dangerous when first put on, because poisons are used in the coloring matter.

—Even the humblest toiler in the land can resolve to live for a hire purpose.—Washington Star.

A LAMENTABLE FACT.

The Rapid Decay of Sound Literary Taste in the United States.

There was never a time when so many books were published in the English language as now. They come flying from the presses of the great publishing houses on both sides of the ocean in such showers as to darken the literary heavens and to obscure for us the great lights set in the intellectual firmament for all men and for all time. It is also, of course, true that there was never so much reading done. The messenger boy carries a cheap novel in his pocket and snatches time to read it, and from this boy upward through the scale to the man of learning in his library, every one is a reader, each in his own way. And what do all these people read? By far the greater number of them might answer with Horace: "Vocis, vocis, vocis," for there is little else with which the covers of the worthless books which form their mental sustenance.

It is a lamentable fact that the rank growth of cheap and ephemeral literature has not only crowded the classics of the English tongue from the market, but devoted to reading of the shallow and crude sort has perverted the public taste, dissipated the public mind, and is giving us a generation which can not swallow or digest a wholesome literary meal.

Nor is this confined to the less intelligent and educated people. Our colleges and high schools fail to surround their pupils with a literary atmosphere or save in the case of some individual (suggestively)—"My hair is very dry and harsh, sir." Customer (with a sigh)—"And one of your ears is a good deal bigger than the other, but you don't like to have your hair cut?" "No, sir; but you don't like to have your hair cut?"—Chicago Tribune.

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GENESIS OF DEATH.

Complexity of Organization Fatal to the Perpetuation of the Organism. From the dawn of life the structures best adapted to surrounding conditions have been victorious; whatever features have proved useful have been seized upon by natural selection and secured. The enormous mass of the lower forms has persisted to this day, because the balance established between them and their surroundings has remained unaltered. But wherever the balance between living things and their surroundings has been disturbed new demands have been made upon them, to which they responded, or falling in response, perished. Hence it is in the first complexity of structure, that the seeds of death were sown. For that death becomes a necessity. So far as its occurrence by natural causes is concerned, we know that as organisms get older (although this applies more to animals than to plants, in which the cells, as they become liquid or converted into wood, are overlaid with new cells) the power of work and of renewal lessened. The cells which form the vital fabric of tissues are worn by continual use; the waste exceeds the repair, and death ultimately ensues, "because a worn-out tissue can not forever renew itself, and because a capacity for increase by means of new cells is not everlasting."

Why there should be this limit to cell division we can not say, but it is clear that with the modifications of organs according to the work which they discharge there results a subtler structure which is less easy to repair and is shorter of duration. The one-celled organisms have found salvation in simplicity, but the conclusion that since there is, prima facie, no reason why growth should be limited or why function should come to an end, death must have been brought about by natural selection, which determines survival or extinction from the standpoint of utility alone. There needs no showing that it is in the advantage of the species that individuals should be immortal; would be harmful all around; nay, impossible, unless vigor remained unimpaired, and the multiplication of offspring does not overtake the means of subsistence. "For it is evident," as Mr. Russell Wallace remarks in a note which he has contributed to Dr. Weismann's essay, "that when one or more individuals have provided a sufficient number of successors, they themselves, as consumers of nourishment in a constantly increasing degree, are an injury to those successors. Natural selection, therefore, weeds them out, and in many cases favors such races as die almost immediately after they have left successors," as, e. g., among the male bees, the drone perishing while parent death being due to sudden, nervous shock.—American Analyst.

—Jupiter, Fla., can boast of the most intelligent man on record. The animal is twenty-one years old. Every night he proceeds to his life-saving station. It is customary for the man on watch to discharge his coston signal (a red light) when vessels come too near the beach. The mule has "caught on" to what this signal means. So every night at eight o'clock the sailor's four-legged friend proceeds to walk the beach, and if a vessel comes too near the shore the mule, instead of a coston signal, sends forth a neigh that makes night hideous. "Port or starboard your helm," is the order on the ship, and away sail the joyful tars in perfect safety and with a grateful heart to the four-legged patrolman.

—Turn a man with his face to the wall. If he is perfectly motioned and symmetrically made his chest will touch the wall, his nose will be four inches away, his thighs five inches and the end of his toes three inches.

THE FEMALE DEMON.

A River Fiend Anciently Believed to Haunt the St. Lawrence.

In a very entertaining article entitled "Some Legends of the Old St. Lawrence," contained in the New England Magazine, J. Macdonald Oxley writes as follows:

Retracing our course somewhat, and doubling the Gaspe promontory, we find ourselves in the Baie des Chaleurs, whose entrance is guarded by the Island of Miscou, than which no other spot, not even Anticosti itself, has borne a richer harvest of legend. Tales of marvellous monsters, and traditions of war, famine and shipwreck, and harrowing human suffering abound. Once it was a very prosperous fishing center, but that day has long since passed, and now only a handful of French Canadians eke out a miserable existence, aided by the harvest of wild hay which grows upon vast meadows daily overflowed by the tide. According to Governor Deny, the island possessed in his time—that is two hundred or more years ago—a notable natural wonder, which is thus described: "A few hundred yards from the beach there spurts from the briny sea a gush of water as big as your two fists, which retains its freshness for a space of twenty yards, without its taste blending with the surrounding salt liquid, either at high or low tide. The fishermen come there in boats to fill their casks, and draw it up as if it were from the reservoir of a fountain." And Mr. Lemoine, who is still with us, avers that the truthfulness of the old Governor's narrative is proved to him by seafaring folk frequenting those shores.

But the most famous and far-spread legends of Miscou are those connected with the Gougou, concerning which mysterious monster we had better let its first chronicler, Champlain, speak for himself. I translate the following from his Voyage: "There is," he says, "a wonderful thing here, well worth mention, which many of the natives have assured me is a fact, to-wit, that near the Baie des Chaleurs lies an island, upon which dwells a monster with the form of a woman, but of dreadful appearance, and of such a stature that the top of their masts would reach only to her eyes. They describe her as being appalling. She has devoured many of their number, and continues to do so, putting her victims when she has seized them in a huge pocket, which some, who have been so lucky as to escape from her dreadful clutches, describe as being big enough to hold one of their vessels. This monster is constantly making horrible noises, and bears the name of Gougou, and when the natives speak of her it is always with bated breath and trembling lips. Yea, the Sieur Frovret de Saint Malo, while on a search for mines, assures me that he passed so close to the lair of this dreadful creature that he and all on board the vessel heard the strange hissing noises she made, and that the natives who were with him told him that it was indeed the Gougou and were so terrified that they hid themselves wherever they could, dreading lest she had come to bear them off. I am of opinion," continues Champlain, "by way of judgment upon the evidence before him, that the island is the residence of some demon which takes delight in tormenting the people in that way."

HOUSEHOLD BREVITIES. —Two ounces of common tobacco boiled in a gallon of water, reduced with a stiff brush, is used to renovate old clothes. It is said to leave no smell.

—Chicken Fricassee.—Cut the chicken into pieces and boil two hours in just enough water to cover it, then drain it and fry it brown in plenty of nice butter. Remove it to a dish, thicken the butter with flour and add the liquor in the kettle, making a rich gravy. Lay some small slices of toasted bread in the dish with the chicken and pour the gravy over all, after seasoning it to taste.

—To Corn Beef.—For one hundred pounds of beef take two pounds rock salt, one quart molasses, two ounces saltpeter, three gallons of water and one ounce of soda. Put all together, boil, and skim until clear, then dip in the beef while the liquid is boiling. When the beef is cool pack it closely. Let the brine become cold, then pour it over the beef, add a small bag of salt and a weight to keep the beef under the brine.

—Liver Pudding.—Take two nicely cleaned hog heads, two units, two live birds and the best parts of half a dozen tins, half a dozen sweetbreads and three or four kidneys split open. Soak all in salt and water over night and boil with two slices of salt pork the next morning. When done add some of the grease skimmed from the water in which they were boiled and grind in a sausage mill. Season with pepper, salt and finely chopped onion, and press into a mold.—Household.

—Oatmeal Bread.—Boil two teacupful of oatmeal as for porridge, and add a teacupful salt, and when cool, half a teacupful molasses and the same amount of yeast, if the home-made is used, or half a small cake of compressed yeast; stir in enough wheat flour to make the batter stiff as can well be stirred with a spoon. Place it in a well greased bread-pan, and set it in a warm place to rise, as it must be very light before it is baked. Bake an hour and a quarter. The above quantity will make two loaves.

—Rice is almost a remedy in itself for some kinds of sickness, as cholera and bowel complaints. It makes easy work for the digestive organs, and being so nutritious it is valuable to both the sick and the well. It is a dish of which one never becomes tired, and once a day is not too often to place it before the family. It would be advisable to one who does not relish it to cultivate a taste for this easily digested food. Its cheapness is another merit, and it bears a lucky name, or it would not be such an important accessory at every wedding.—The Housekeeper.

—Apple Tart.—Pare and cook very tender a dozen sour apples. Mash fine and pass the same through a sieve. Beat smoothly together one and a half teacupfuls of sugar, half a teacupful of butter, the juice and grated rind of two lemons, three well beaten eggs, or, if eggs are plentiful, the yolks of six eggs, then stir in the apple sauce. Line pans with nice pastry, fill with the mixture and bake in a quick oven. Beat the whites of the eggs stiff, add a little sugar and spread it on the top of the pie and return to oven a moment to brown.—Orange Judd Farmer.

—Turn a man with his face to the wall. If he is perfectly motioned and symmetrically made his chest will touch the wall, his nose will be four inches away, his thighs five inches and the end of his toes three inches.

FACTS ABOUT SHELLS.

Where the Choicest Varieties Come From and What They Are Worth.

There are only a few people who know anything about the beauty of color and form in shells, yet Ruskin ranks the nautilus of shell far above the colors of jewels excepting only the opal in its native rock. Among rare shells the thorny or porcupine clam, which is found in nature in all varieties of shades from a rich crimson to very pale rose-flushed white, and in pure white, is one of the most expensive. Good specimens in which all the spines are perfect and the color beautiful, shaded rich in the shadow and delicate and tender in the light, bring often \$25. Smaller, less perfect shells are \$5 and \$8. Sea trumpeets mostly in shades of brown are sought after by collectors of curios and fine specimens readily bring \$30.

"Those strange-looking shells with many horns are sea scorpions," said a little dealer talking of his wares, "these shells one are spider shells. The number of horns varies with the place where the shell is found. This one you see has only six horns while this has eight and this one seven. They all come from different locations. They are worth about \$1 each. This shell (holding up an exquisite crumpled shell) is a murex from the Mediterranean Ocean. We have black and white, pure white like this one, white touched with rose-color, and crimson like this." He took up last a beautiful murex shaded in rose-colors and bringing to mind the rose-purple dyes which the Syrians obtained from the liquids secreted by a species of this mollusk.

"Such shells," continued the dealer, "are one and two dollars each, according to their quality. This small whorled shell is a music shell; if you look at it closely you will notice a very faint reproduction of a bar of music with notes. This small shell is in the shape of a harp and takes its name from that, and this specimen is a tent shell; the black and brown lines on its surface look something like a field of tents. This long-spined shell is a pearl oyster from the Mediterranean, and this is an olive shell. This is an ear shell, the opening singularly shaped like the human ear."

The dealer now displayed a number of beautiful whorled flat shells of exquisite mother-of-pearl. Some were cut out and traced near the opening in a pattern resembling Honiton lace and mounted on a piece of shell as a base. "These," he said, "are nautilus shells. They come chiefly from the Indian Ocean and are brought here by sailors, who sink the rough shells in any decaying part of the fruit that usually forms a portion of their cargo, and this fruit acid is strong enough to remove completely the outside coating that lies over its beautiful mother-of-pearl. The ornamentation of the shells is also done by the sailors, who cover the surface with paste and etch the patterns on and out with acids, sometimes tracing out the air chambers in the whorl." The undecorated nautilus-shell is generally preferred by collectors of curios and makes a beautiful hanging basket for a sunny window, where its lovely iridescent colors can be seen in their full beauty.

Beautiful conch or fountain shells are also shown at the shell store. From the queen conch, which is shaded in the loveliest browns and copper reds, shell cameos are cut. There are also many cone-like, old-time cowry shells, which recall the faint rose leaf fragrance of old-fashioned parlors, where one or more of these smooth usually mottled shells always decorated the mantel shelf. There is the red-tinted tiger cowry, the marbled, and the serpentine cowry, and others called from their marking.

"Some of the sea shells in the Indian Ocean produce the most beautiful mother of pearl, but after all," said the dealer, "it is difficult to get good specimens of shell in this country, and we have to look high for them when we get them. London is the great market for shells, which are brought there from Zanzibar, Singapore and other ports under control of the British Government. Very beautiful shells are also sent from Madagascar and all coasts of the Indian Ocean and from the Mediterranean."—N. Y. Tribune.

BRITISH INVESTMENTS.

The Result of Their Pouring Into the United States.

It is no wonder, then, with a constant aggregation of capital pouring in upon Great Britain, with an inability to make it yield a profit within her own domain, and still further, the impossibility of finding any other country where it can be so safely invested, she should turn in the direction of the United States, which alone of all nations seems to combine all the elements of safety and profit. From a list recently published it appears that the amount of English money which has been invested in industrial enterprises in the United States has equaled, in the last two years, about \$1,000,000 a week, amounting in all to about \$100,000,000. * * * It is not difficult to estimate the ultimate influences set in motion by such a practical union of material interests between the two great English speaking nations of the world. Mr. Gladstone, in his Paris speech, referring to the prediction that at the end of another hundred years the population of this continent may be 600,000,000, recognized "the prospective and approaching right of America to be the great organ of the powerful English tongue"; and, alluding to the United States and Great Britain, added these significant words: "There was no exact copy made that should now or hereafter divide one from the other." That the interest of mankind at large will be advanced by a close bond of union between two great Anglo-Saxon nations, no one can doubt, and nothing will contribute more certainly to this harmony than the materiality of interests which is certain to be created by the investment of British capital in American industrial enterprises.—Erasmus Wiman, in North American Review.

LONGEVITY OF ENGLISH MERCHANTS.

Disagreeable though the climate of England may appear to the uninitiated, yet it is apparently conducive to longevity. In addition to Mr. Gladstone, whose mental and physical vigor at an advanced old age are well known throughout the world, there are some names of sea octogenarian merchants in the House of Commons. In the House of Lords no less than thirty of the peers are over eighty years old. Lord Cochrane, who is the father of the House, being ninety-one, and the Earl of Albemarle, who fought as an ensign at Waterloo, ninety years of age in the active list of the British Navy. The list of named sea octogenarian members of the House of Commons, in the House of Lords no less than thirty of the peers are over eighty years old. Lord Cochrane, who is the father of the House, being ninety-one, and the Earl of Albemarle, who fought as an ensign at Waterloo, ninety years of age in the active list of the British Navy. 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