# POOR DOCUMENT

## THE SEMI-WEEKLY TELEGRAPH, ST. JOHN, N. B. JANUARY 28, 1899.

REV. DR. TALMAGE PREACHES FROM A MOST PECULIAR TEXT.

### A VERY ODD EXAMPLE CITED.

sideration of the History of Ehud, the Son of Gera-How the Crippled Mun Became a Saviour in the Land-The

Pool of Selfishness Cleared.

Dible says they could sling stones at the Bible says they could sling stones at a hairbreath and not miss. Well, there was a king by the name of Eglon, who was an eppressor of Israel. He imposed upon them a most cutrageous tax. Ehud, the man of whom I first spoke, had a livine commission to destroy that oppressor. He came pretending that he was going to pay the tax and asked to see King Eglon. He was told he was in the summer here here the place to which the king mer house, the place to which the king retired when it was too hot to sit in the Fetired when it was too hot to sit in the palace. This summer house was a place surrounded by flowers and trees and pringing fountains and warbling birds. Ehnd entered the summer house and said to King Eglon that he had a secret grand with him. Immediately all the stendants were waved out of the royal sessence. King Eglon rises up to receive messenger. Ehud, the left handed hap, puts his left hand to his right side, the stairs. Laughter catches in the throat. A thousand hearts stop beating. The blow

careful of itself, not given to nuch toil, burning incense to its own aggrandise-ment, while many a man, with no actural endowments, actually defective in physical and mental organization, has an try, an all consuming perseverance, which achieve marvels for the kingdom of Christ. Though left handed, as Ehud, they can strike down a sin as great and

n perial as Eglon.

I have seen men of wealth gathering about them all their treasures, snuffing at the cause of a world lying in wickedroughly ordering Lazarus off their his sores, but to hound him off their promises; catching all the pure rain of God's hiessing into the stagnant, ropy, fog inhabited pool of their own selfishmess, with head of their own selfishmess, with head of their own selfishmess, with head of their own selfishmess. less—while many a man with large heart and little purse has out of his limited means made poverty leap for joy and parted an influence that overspans the trave and will swing round and round

Ah. mel It is high time that you left handen men, who have been longing for this gift and that elequence and the other man's wealth, should take your left hand out of your pockets. Who made all these railres is? Who set up all these cities? Who started all these churches and schools and anylums? Who has done the tractice and running and pulling? Men

a rhyme he does not expect to chime a "Lalla Rockh," or a "Lady of the Lake." Do not be surprised it in your first efforts at doing good you are not yery largely successful. Understand that the summer house!

Here is a father in midlife. His comthere was an oculist performing a very difficult operation on the human eye. A young docors and said, "How stand, and the hours pass away on glad feet. There is nothing wanting in that easily you as that; it don't seem to cause and bring them to a vision of the cross.

Left handed men, to the work! Take the gospel for a sling and faith and repentance for the smooth stone from the brook, take sure aim. God direct the weapon, and great Goliaths will tumble before

When Garibaldi was going out to battle he teld his troops what he wanted them to do, and after he had described what he wanted them to do they said, "Well, he wanted them to do saey said, well, general, what are you going to give us for all this?" "Well," he replied, "I don't know what else you will get, but you will get hunger, and cold, and younds, and death. How do you like it?" younds, and death. How do you like it?"
His men stood before him for a little
while in silence and then they threw up
their hands and cried, "We are the men!
We are the men!" The Lord Jesus Christ
ealls you to his service. I do not promise
you an easy time in this world. You may
have persecutions, and trials, and misrepresentations, but afterward there
eomes an eternal weight of glory and
you can bear the wounds, and the bruises,
and the misrepresentations, if you have and the misrepresentations, if you have the reward afterward. Have you not

enough enthusiasm to ory out,

the men! We are the men! of worldly elevation. This Eglon was of worldly elevation. This Eglon was what the world called a great man. There were hundreds of people who would have considered it the greatest honor of their life just to have him speak to them, yet, although he is so high up in worldly position, he is not beyond the reach of Ehud's dagger. I see a great many people trying to climb up in social position, having an idea that there is a safe place somewhere for above, not knowing that somewhere far above, not knowing that the mountain of fame has a top like Mount Blane, covered with perpetual

We laugh at the children of Shinar for We laugh as the diluters of Silinar to trying to build a tour ould reach Washington, Jan. 22.—Rev. Dr. Tal- to the heavens, but I think if our eyemage this morning preached from the sight were only good enough we could see the think in 13: "But when the hildren of Israel cried unto the Lord, the Lord raised them up a deliverer, the lord raised them up a deliverer than the lord raised than the lord raised them up a deliverer than the lord raised than the l Ehud, the sen of Gera, a Benjamite, a street, nation against nation. The goal man left handed, and by him the children for which men are running is chairs and man left handed, and by him the children of Israel sent a present unto Eglon, the King of Moab." He said:

Ehud was a ruler in Israel. He was left handed, and what was peculiar about the tribe of Benjamin, to which he belonged, there were in it 700 left handed men, and yet so dexterous had they all here were in the use of the left hand that they are not safe after they are dead, for I have seen swine root up graveyards. One day a man goes up into publisity, and the world does him honor, and people climb up into sycamore trees to watch him as he passes, and as he goes along on the shoulders of the people there is a waving of hats and a wild huzza. Tomorrow the same man is caught between the interest and the printing press and the jaws of the printing press and mangled and bruised, and the very same persons who applauded him before cry, "Down with the traitor! down with

Belshazzar sits at the feast, the mighty messence. King Eglon rises uy to receive the messenger. Ehud, the left handed than, puts his left hand to his right side, alls out a dagger and thrusts Eglon in the left hand to his right side, alls out a dagger and thrusts Eglon in the left hand to his right side, alls out a dagger and thrusts Eglon in the left hand to his right side, alls out a dagger and thrusts Eglon in the left hand to his right side, and proud Moab submits to the conqueror, and Israel is free. So, o Lord, let all thine enemies perish! So, o Lord, let all thin the left hand have as much strength in their subject the scale of the left hand in their right hand, but there is something in the writing of this text which implies that Ehud had some defects in lis right hand which compelled him to life his left. Oh, the power of left hand the left hand the lighest of all eulegiums.

I learn further from this subject that death comes to the summer house. Eglon did not expect to die in that fine place.

A thousand hearts stop beating. The blow on the stable. The hind the struck. The blood on the floor is richer fine the struck. The blood on the floor is richer fine the struck. The blood on the floor is richer fine the struck. The blood on the floor is richer fine the struck. The blood on the floor is richer fine the struck. The blood on the floor is richer fine the struck. The blood on the floor is richer fine the struck. The blood on the floor is richer fine the struck. The blood on the floor is richer fine the struck. The blood on the floor is richer fine the struck. The blood on the floor is richer fine the struck. The blood on the floor is richer fine the struck. The blood on the floor is richer fine the struck. The blood on the floor is richer fine the struck. The blood on the floor is richer fine the struck. The blood on the floor is richer fine the struck. The blood on the floo

did not expect to die in that fine place. Amid all the flower leaves that drifted like summer snow into the window, in the tinkle and dash of the fountains, in the sound of a thousand leaves fluting on came up to shake feverish trouble out of the king's looks—there was nothing that spake of death, but there he died' In the winter, when the snow is a shroud, and when the wind is a dirge, it is easy to think of our mortality, but when the weather is pleasant and all our surroundings are agreeable, how difficult it is for us to appreciate the truth that we are mortal! And yet my text teaches that death does sometimes come to the sum-mer house. He is blind and cannot see the leaves. He is deaf and cannot bear the fountains. Oh, if death would ask us reds of people who would rejoice to have him come. Push back the door of that hovel. Look at that little child—cold, and sick, and hungry. It has never heard the name of God but in blasphemy. Parent intoxicated, staggering around its straw bed. Oh, death, there is a mark for thee! Up with it into the light! Be-

pathway give them rest.

Here is an aged man. He has done his work. He has done it gloriously. The companions of his jouth all gone, his children dead, he longs to be at rest, and wearily the days and the nights pass. He says, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly." Oh, death, there schools and argiums? Who has done the tugging and running and pulling? Men of no wenderful endowments, thousands of them seknewledging themselves to be left Linded, and yet they were determined, and yet they were followed in in the light, where eyes never grow dim, and the hair whitens not through the long years of eternity. Ah! Death will not do that. Death turns back from the straw bed and from the aged man ready for the skies and comes to the summer house. What doest thou here, thou bony, ghastly monster amid this waving grass and under this sunlight sifting through the tree branches? Children are at play. How quickly their feet go and their locks toss in the wind. Father and mother stand at the side of the room locking on, enjoying their glee. It does not seem possible that the wolf and ever break into that fold and strike the center. The first time a mason rings his trewel upon the brick he does not expect to put up a perfect wall. The first time a expenter sends the plane ever a board or drives a bit through a beam he does not expect to make perfect execution. The first time a boy attempts the brightest of the group—he is a sure transman—the bow bends, the arrow speeds! Hush now. The duick feet have It does not seem possible that the wolf should ever break into that fold and speeds! Hush now. The quick feet have stopped and the locks toss no more in

fulness is an art, a solence, a trade. ing home at night is the signal for feet. There is nothing wanting in that home. Religion is there and sacrifice on the altar morning and night. You look: you any trouble at all." "Ah," said the eld oculist. "it is very easy now, but I spoiled a hatful of eyes to learn that." Be not surprised if it takes some practice before we can help men to moral eyesight believe the world is so sad a place as some people describe it to ba." The as some people describe it to ba." The scene changes. Father is sick. The doors must be kept shut. The deathwatch chirps dolefully on the hearth. The chil dren whisper and walk softly where once they romped. Passing the bouse late at night, you see the quick glancing of lights from room to room. It is all over!

Death in the summer house! Here is an aged mother—aged, but not infirm. You think you will have the joy of caring for her wants a good while yet of caring for har wants a good white yet.

As she goes from house to house, to children and grandchildren, her coming is a
dropping of sunlight in the dwelling.
Your children see her coming through
the lane, and they ory, "Grandmother's
come!" Care for you has marked up her
face with many a deep wrinkle, and her
hack stooms with carrying your burdens. back stoops with carrying your burdens. Some day she is very quiet. She says she is not sick, but something tells you you will not much longer have a mother. She will sit with you no more at the table nor at the hearth. Her soul goes out so gently you do not exactly know the mument of its going. Fold the hands that have done so many kindnesses for

you right over the heart that has beat SHIPS SAVED AT SEA. with love toward you since before you were born. Let the pilgrim rest. She is weary. Death in the summer house!

Gather about us what we will of com fort and luxury. When the pale messenger comes, he does not stop to look at the architecture of the house before he comes in, nor, entering, does he wait to examine the pictures we have gathered on the wall, or, bending over your pillow, he does not stop to see whether there is color in the cheek or gentleness in the eye or intelligence in the brow. But what of that? Must we stand forever mourning among the graves of our dead? No! No! The people in Bengal bring cages of birds to the graves of their dead, and then Sea were very dangerous places, and they supposed that every ship that went through those straits would be destroyed, and they were in the habit of putting on weeds of mourning for those who had Oh, when will the day of sorrow be gone! the owners k
After the sharpest winter the spring ever possible.

dismounts from the shoulder of a southern gale and put its warm hand upon the earth, and in its palm there

gers of very different circumstances. The first was a maniac. He was carefully guarded by his attendants. His mind, like a ship dismasted, was beating against a dark, desolate coast, from which no help could come. The train stopped and the man was taken out into the asylum to waste away perhaps through years of gloom. The second passenger was a culprit. The outraged law had seized on him. As the cars joited the chains rattled. On his face were orime, depravity and despair. The train halted, and he was taken out to the penitentiary, to which he had been condemned. There was the third passenger, under far different circumstances. She was a bride. Every hour was gay as a marriage bell. Life glittered and beckened. Her companion was taking her to his father's house. The train halted. The old man was there to welcome her to her new home, and his white locks snowed down nome, and his white locks showed with a father's kiss. Quickly we fly toward eternity. We will soon be there. Some leave this life condemned culprits, and they refuse a pardon. Oh, may it be with us that, leaving this fleeting life for the next, we may find our Father ready to greet us to our new home with him for

father's kiss! Heaven! Heaven! POPE PIUS IX'S REIGN.

Held the Pontificate for the Longest

Father's welcome! Father's bosom!

Pius IX., who reigned as Pope for 33 so for upwards of 20 years. In order of their length of tenure, they are as fol-

lows:			
	In	office.	Elect
Pius IX	32	years	1
Pius VI		"	1
Adrian I		"	
Pius VII		"	1
St. Sylvester I	22	16	
Alexander III	. 22	66	1
St. Leo I		66	
Leo III	21	. 66	
Urban VII		"	1
Clement XI	. 21	"	1
Leo XIII, (the presen		ope)	1
m1 D			- 00

when elected to the office, and the present year saw the anniversary of his first mass, the 55th year of his episcopal con-secration, and the 88th anniversary of his birth. During his pontificate he has already seen 121 cardinals die, and of the sonncil which elected him in 1878 there are only two survivors—Cardinal Martel, born in 1806, and Cardinal Canassa,

Mother Forgets Her Baby. A stylishly dressed woman, apparently absent-minded, created a commotion on a Halstead street electric car yesterday afternoon by suddenly springing to her feet and shouting:
"O, O, stop the car, Mr. Conductor!

I've forgotten the baby."

The other passengers tittered and the conductor looked puzzled, but he rang the bell and the car stopped. A block away the passengers saw a man hurrying toward the car at full speed carrying a child in his arms and waving one hand excitedly to the conductor. When the man arrived the anxious woman with a ory of joy took from him the tiny child, and, with a look of deep embarrassment, re-entered the car and took her seat, while the eyes of every passenger rested

on her and the baby. The woman lived on the North Side, but she had been visiting friends in Twelfth street. In going to the car she was accompanied by the man, who carried the baby, and during the busy proceedings of saying good-bye, wishing a happy New Year, and other things, the woman forget about her baby until the car had gone almost a block.—Chicage Tribune.

WHAT IS MEANT BY "SALVAGE" AND

There Is No Law That Signals of Distress at Sea Must Be Heeded-Public Opinion Alone Enforces Responses to Calls For Help.

Salvage on ships saved at sea by others in the majority of cases is paid by the underwriters, although the big steamship companies insure themselves. The insurance companies think that a board to the graves of their dead, and then they open the cages, and the birds go singing heavenward. So I would bring to the graves of your dead all bright thoughts and congratulations and bid thoughts and congratulations and bid thoughts and or congratulations and bid the stamp on the bottom of the grave, and it breaks through into the light and the glory of heaven. The ancients used to think that the straits entering the Red Sea were very dangerous places, and they of arbitration can more satisfactorily part thereof, from peril or a wreck from total loss." The last part of the

definition is a trifle puzzling. In discussing the merits of salvage gone on that voyage, as though they were actually dead. Do you know what they called them the "Gate of Tears." I stand at the gate through which many of your loved eness have gone, and I want to tell your that all are not shipwreaked that "or help at sea must be obeyed." The loved ones have gone, and I want to tell you that all are not shipwrecked that have gone through those straits into the great ocean stretching out beyond. The sound that comes from the other shore on still nights when we are wrapped in prayer makes me think that the departed are not dead. We are the dead—we who tall we who were now was all we are made to overcome and curb these mercenary ambitions. For that reason mercenary ambitions. For that reason toil, we who weep, we who sin—we are the dead. How my heart aches for human sorrow—this sound of breaking hearts that I hear all about me, this last look of faces that never will brighten again, this last kiss of lips that never will speak everything they can to preserve their again, this widowhood and orphanage! charge and under an agreement with the owners keep it from danger when-

In salvage one of the first laws is that the peril must be actual. The bargain comes the grass, and there come the flowers, and God reads over the poetry or agent of the imperiled craft with anor agent of the imperiled craft with anof bird and brook and bloom and pronounces it very good. What, my friends, if every winter had not its spring, and every night its day, and every gloom its and made at a time when the victim glow, and every bitter now its sweet hereafter! If you have been on the sea, you know, as the ship passes in the night, there is a phosphorescent track left behind it, and as the waters roll up

they toss with unimaginable splendor.
Well, across this great ocean of human trouble Jesus walks. Oh, that in the phosphorescent track of his feet we might all follow and be illumined!

There was a gentleman in a rail car who saw in that same car three passan. steamers. The owners of the salving craft, whose money was wasted by delay, wear and tear, are of course entitled to the bigger piece of the plum. The master of the salvor gets about twice the sum that his mate receives, and the mate is paid something like double the amount of each sailor.

Should the latter have been a memher of a lifehoat crew used in running hawsers or in going aboard as a prize crew he and his mates are entitled to an extra compensation. Naval officers cannot claim salvage when the work ecomplished is in the direct line of their duty.

In the case of a abandoned vessel there is a peculiar law as applied to ownership. No matter where the dere-lict be found and towed or assisted in by a prize crew or otherwise the court holds that she is still the property of her original owners, although abandoned by her crew, their agents, and that no effort has been made by them to recover her. It sounds peculiar to the average mariner, but it's the law. To make a successful salvage claim it is necessary that the property must be

ing to be salvors. In other words, the salvage services must be rendered by persons not bound by contract to render them. If the mariner or other encounters the danger or misfortune or damsucceeded by the present Pope Leo XIII., held the pontificate the longest period on record. Only eleven popes out of 253 who have held the pontificate bave done so for upwards of 20 years. In ordered age which might possibly expose the vessel is mainly preserved by other

actually saved and saved by those claim-

The longest time that any one steamer has been at sea with disabled ma chinery before reaching port was 77 days. This was the United States corvette Iroquois in 1890. She was bound to Samoa from Honolulu, and had only seven days' rations left when port was reached. In 1897 the steamer Indralema was towed into St. Thomas after having been at sea for 47 days. The Glasgow steamer Strathness, after drifting 32 days out of the range of steamers, was towed into St. Michael's in January, 1897, by the British steamer Hannah M. Bell. Another Strath, the Strathnevis, drifted helplessly on the Pacific for two months and over in 1895, and was finally towed into Puget sound. The Disptach in 1864 was out 61 days with crippled machinery, and four years ago the British oruiser Calypso broke down 2,000 miles from port and sailed in unaided, much to the de light of the dwindling band of naval experts who maintain that every warship ought to be provided with ample

sail nower The owners of those ships that were obliged to drift for weeks, and in several cases for months, would not have found fault with the question of salvage had a helping hand come along-as least there would have been no complaint just then. - New York Mail and Express.

I was driving through one of the best farming districts in western Ontario a

few years ago. I expressed my admira-"Yes," said my companion, who knew the country thoroughly, "mearly

wives. 'Why?' was my surprised inquiry. "Oh," he answered, "they killed their first wives making the farm!" Perth Expositor.

all the farmers around here have second

SHE GOT HIM BACK.

How the Dog's Mistress Retained Her Pet Spaniel. When Mrs. Marie Nevins Blaine was HOW IT IS PAID. married to Dr. W. T. Bull, her pet

spaniel, Lion, was banished. After the couple had been married a year Mra. Bull persuaded her husband to let Lion return for a week, promising to keep him in the stable. Three days of Lion's visit had passed when as Dr. Bull was taking off his overcoat in his office there came a rap at the inner door. It was so faint that at

first he did not notice it. Then when it was repeated he said, "Come in." No one came, but the rapping went on. He opened the door, and there stood Lion. He had been knocking the door with a little wooden box he held in his mouth, addressed to Dr. Bull. The doctor took the box, and Lion, too polite to intrude, turned and walked in a dignified manner back up stairs. The doctor opened the box and read the tiny note contained therein, smiled and threw it in the scrapbasket.

The next day Lion knocked and left another note. The third time he came there was a reply for him. The doctor said, "Lion, wait." He took the box, abstracted the note, put one of his own in its place, and handing the box back to the dog gave him a pat and sent him up stairs. Here is a copy of Lion's notes and the reply they finally elicited:

DEAR DOCTOR—I am enjoying my visit to my mistress very much. It was very kind of you to invite me here, and I have tried to behave the best I know how. It will be hard to leave my mistress again. I wish you would like me a little bit. LION. The letter which Lion carried back to his mistress read:

Lion—You are such a respectable, well bred fellow that your visit is extended indefinitely. W. T. B.

-Boston Journal.

MOIST WEATHER.

A Description of a Spell of Humidity on the Wabash. "Talking about rainy weather," said the westerner, "I remember once out in Indianapolis meeting a farmer who took the most cheerful view of dampness of anybody I ever saw. Iasked him if they had had much rain down on the Wabash that spring.
"'Well, it has been a little damp,' he

answered. 'The day before I left home I had to hang up 24 of my ducks. They had got so water soaked that they couldn't swim any longer. I planted my corn in two feet of water, and I don't expect over 30 bushels to the acre. the sturgeon and catfish have damaged | in a more or less curved it considerably. There was about 15 the ribs of a round fan, to a trench at minutes' sunshine one day, and I the rear of the room, which in turn thought I would plant my potatoes, so I loaded, them on a scow and anchored the scow in three feet of water, when it began to rain again. 'I wanted to go down on the bottom

lands next the Wabash to see if the grass was growing for my hay crop, but my wife said that as we didn't have any diving bell she'd rather I wouldn't. should feel kind of discouraged with all the rain, but I've spent my odd hours of leisure time-and the even ones, too, on account of staying in out of the wet -building us an ark. If it will only rain another week or two until I get her ready to sail, I'm going to take my family out to Missouri by water for a trip to visit our folks that moved off out there because they didn't know enough to stay in a place where they were comfortable.""—Boston Tran-

His Concern. A commercial traveler on his trip called upon a well known chemist. He was nervous as he put his hand in his pocket and handed out a card. "I represent that concern," said the

young man. "You are fortunate," replied chemist.

The commercial traveler was encouraged and said: "I think so, sir, and the chemist who trades with us is even more so. My firm has the finest line of cosmetics in the

"I shouldn't have thought it," slowly responded the man of medicines. "Her complexion looks natural." And he handed back the photograph which the young man had given him by mistake. He took it and left without

waiting to make any farewell remarks. -London Sketch.

Worship of the Tiger. The carcass of the tiger was carried to the adjacent village, where a hen was decapitated in front of it by the Gonds as an offering to the tiger god, while all the women assembled and did obeisance to the monster, bringing also their children, and placing each a small coin on the tiger's body or in front of its jaws; for these primitive people look on the tiger as their god, and small marvel seeing what a wondrous creature he is, with matchless symmetry of form and mighty strength, before which man seems an insignificant puppet. - "Tropics and Snows," by Burton.

Why She Was Sad. It was in a little out of the way place in the country, and as the recent arrival

passed some asked who she was. 'She is a society woman who has been wishing for the last ten years that she could get away from the trials and anxieties and bores and superficiality of society," was the answer.

"But why is she so sad?" "Because at last she has got away

The seeds of the Philippine bear from the coast near Manila so closely resem-ble the quartz pebbles, among which they fall, in shaps, size and color, lus-ter, hardiness and stratification as te be almost indistinguishable

The first gold coin called a sovereign was coined in the reign of Henry VIII. The present sovereign, as current at 36 shillings, was first issued in 1817.

"CROSSED" MONEY ORDERS.

Safeguards Employed In England In Making Small Remittances. Americans who are buying books in

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small quantities or are remitting dues to the treasurers of English societies of which they happen to be members occasionally receive a printed or written request to use a "crossed" order when sending money. At first they are likely to be mystified by the phrase. Even if inquiry is made at the postoffice in this country it is quite possible that no satisfactory explanation will be obtainable. The remitting party will ascertain,

though, that American postoffices do not issue "crossed" orders. The term in question refers to two lines drawn with a pen from tho top to the bottom of a postal order on its face near the middle and an inch or two apart. That treatment of a money order will prevent payment of it to any one but a banker, and if, as is sometimes done, the name of some particular bank is written in the space between the lines the order will be paid only to that institution. It is not necessary to use any words in addition to the name of the bank. No explicit prohibition is required. The mere crossing of the order is a well understood signal to the British postal authorities, for, while the custom is comparatively unfamiliar to people on this side of the Atlantic, it is

common enough in the United King-When an American remits money in this manner, he crosses his order himself, but in several foreign countries the postoffice does not give the order to the sender, but transmits it directly to the paying office. The person who remits merely sends notice to the right person to go to the postoffice and apply for the money. Where this usage prevails th postoffice issues a crossed order because the sender cannot cross the order hir self. Such is the practice, for instant in Germany, Belgium, Austria and

NO STOVES IN KOREA.

Instead Flues Are Laid Under the Floors, Which Are Thus Heated. Stoves are not used to any extent by the native Koreans. The Korean method of heating is excellently adapted to their resources and conditions. In building their houses they lay down a system of flues where the floor is to be. These flues begin at a fireplace, which is usually placed in an outer shed or

connecting closed alleyway. From this fireplace the flues extend opens into a chimney, which is usually placed some distance from the house. Flat flagstones are then placed carefully over these flues, and the whole is cemented over and finally covered with a thick oil paper, for which the country is noted. This paper keeps smoke from entering the room, and a little straw or brushwood, used in the fireplace for cooking the rice, serves to heat the stone floor and gives an agreeable warmth, which lasts till the time of the

next meal. Two heatings daily tend to give the people a nice warm floor, upon which they sit in the daytime and sleep at night. By leaving their shoes at the door the inmates preserve the paper floor, which from constant polishing takes on a rich brown color. - New

Maori Women. The Maori women of Australasia have their rights-flourishing ones. General ly they have little voice or choice in the selection of their first husbands, but they may, and frequently do, change them. A woman may trade her husband without so much as a comment from the public, without the slightest smudge on her good name, and it is nothing to his discredit either. Courtship is always brief and does not often preface marriage. The Maoris, however, love to repeat oriental love tales and sing love songs. Maori widows not infrequently commit suicide on the graves of their husbands and are honored for doing so, as in China. Divorce is simple; it needs no revenue, employs no officers. He turns her out of doors, and both are free to remarry. This is all. Girls are often betrothed irrevocably from infancy.

Nephew (from the city)-Why de you have those lightning rods on your house and barn, Uncle Josh? Don't you know the theory that they afford protection has long since been exploded? Uncle Josh-Waal, I kin tell you they dew act as perteckters, the'ry or

ne the'ry.

Nephew—Do you mean to tell me you believe they protect you from light-

Uncle Josh-Mebby not, young un, mebby not, but they perteckt me frum. them pesky lightnin rod peddlers,-Chicago News.

Feeding Hotel Help. The first work done in the Waldorf-Astoria, New York, each day is the preparation of breakfast for 1,200 em-

ployees. The last of these meals is served usually before the earliest rising guest sleepily orders his eggs and coffee, thinking himself almost a hero to be breakfasting at such an hour. Swindled.

Mrs. Smarte says her hasband is the worst man that ever was to go shopping. He's almost sure to get awindled every time. "Why," she says, "it was only t'other day that he bought a flute, and when it came home, if you'll be-lieve it, 'twas full of holea''-Boston

Transcript. In Extremis. Husband-My darling, when I am gone, how will you ever be able to pay the doctor's bill? Wife-Don't worry about that, de If the worst comes to the worst, I will marry the doctor.—Medical Becord.