TALMAGE'S SERMON.

THE PREACHER DESCRIBES EM-PLOYMENTS OF THE BLEST.

Each Baved Boul, Each Great Painter Each Great Scientist Laboring in the Great Workshop of Paradise-Grand Sociality-Library of the Universe.

Visious of Heaven

Or. Taimage's sermon Sunday gives a very unusual view of the celestial world and is one of the most unique discourses of the great preacher. The text is Eze kiel L. 1, "Now it came to pass in the thirtieth year, in the fourth mouth, in the afth day of the month, as I was among the captives by the River Chebar, that heavens were opened."

Esekiel, with others, had been expa-triated, and while in foreign slavery, standing on the banks of the royal canal which he and other serfs had been con-demned to dig by the order of Nebuchadnezzar-this royal canal in the text alled the river of Chebar-the illustrious exile had visious of heaven. Indeed it is almost always so-that the bright est visions of heaven come not to those who are on mountain top of prosperity, but to some John on desolate Patmos, or to some Paul in Mamertine dungeon, or to some Ezekiel standing on the banks of a ditch he had been compelled to dig-yea, to the weary, to the heartbroken, to those whom sorrow has banished. The text is very particular to give us the exact time vision. It was in the thirtieth year and in the fourth month and in the fifth day of the month. So you have had visious of earth you shall never forget. You remember the year, you remember the month, you remember the day, you remember the hour. Why may we no have some such vision now and it be in the twelfth month and in sixth day of

What Are They Doing? The question is often silently asked

though perhaps never audibly propound ed, "What are our departed Christian friends doing now?" The question is more easily answered than you might perhaps suppose. Though there has comno recent intelligence from the heavenly city, and we seem dependent upon the of eighteen centuries ago, still I think we may from strongest inference decide what are the present occupations of our transferred kinsfolk. After God has made a nature he never eradicates the chief characteristic of its tempera ment. You never knew a man phier matic in temperament to become sangaine in temperament. You never knew a man sanguine in temperament to be come phlegmatic in temperament. Conon plants new principles in the soul, but Paul and John are just as different from each other after conversion as they were different from each other before conversion. If conversion does not eradicare the prominent characteristics of temperament, neither will death eradicate bem. Paul and John are as different from each other in heaven as they were different from each other in Asia Minor.

You have, then, only by a sum in subtraction and a sum in addition to decide what are the employments of your depart ed friends in the better world. You are to subtract from them all earthly grossness and add all earthly goodness, and then you are come to the conclusion that they are doing now in heaven what in best moment they did on earth. The reason why so many people never start for heaven is because they could not out to be the right and formal place so people photograph it. We like to come to church, but we would not want to stay ere till next summer. We like to hear "Halleluiah Chorus,' but we would not want to hear it all the time for fifty centuries. It might be on some great occasion it would be possibly comfortable to wear a crown of gold weighing several pounds, but it would be an affliction to wear such a crown forever. In other words, we run the descriptions of heaven into the ground while we make that which was intended as especial and cele brative to be the exclusive employment in beaven. You might as well, if asked to describe the bubits of American socie ty, describe a Decoration Day or a Fourth of July or an autumnal Thanksgiving, as

though it were all the time that way. The Different Employments. I am going to speculate in regard to the future world, but I must, by inevitable laws of inference and deduction and common sense, conclude that in heaven will be just as different from each other as we are now different, and hence that there will be at least as many different employments in the celestial world there are employments here. is to be the great love, the great joy, the great rapture, the great worship of heaven, but will that abolish employments flial, fraternal, conjuga! love abolishes earthly occupation.

In the first place, I remark that ail me of our departed Christian friends who on earth found great joy in the fine arts are now indulging their tastes in the direction. On earth they had their gladdest pleasures amid pictures and star usey and in the study of the laws of light and shade and perspective. Have you any idea that the affluence of faculty at

th collapsed and perished? I remark again that all our departed Christian friends who in this world were passionately fond of music are still re-caling that taste in the world celestial The Hible says so much about the musiof beaven that it cannot all be agurative Why all this talk about hallelniahs, and es on the glass and trumpets and over and over again speaks of the of beaven, If heaven had no s of its own, a vast number of those e earth would have been taken up by the earthly emigrants. Surely the Christian at death does not lose his memory.

In Bloodless Pattle, Again, I remark, that those of our de world had very strong military spirit are sow in armies celestial and out in bloodbattle. There are hundreds of peoorn soldiers. They cannot help it, belong to regiments in times of They cannot hear a drum or a life

with celestial cavairy. St. John said, the Man, the God, the God-Man, the Manarmies which are in heaven followed him on white horses." Now, when those who had the military spirit on earth sanctified entered glory. I suppose they right away enlisted in some campaign. They volunteered right away. There must needs be in heaven soldiers with a soldierly spirit. There are grand parade days, when the King reviews the troops. There must be armed escert sent out to bring up from earth to heaven those who were more than conquerors. There must be crusades ever being fitted out for some part of God's dominionbattles, bloodless, grounless, painless-angels of evil to be fought down and fought out, other rebellious worlds to be conquered, worlds to be put to the torch, worlds to be hoisted.

Our departed Christian friends who had the military spirit in them sauctified are in the celestial army. Whether belonging to the artillery, or the cavalry or the infantry, I know not. I only know that they have started out for fleet service and courageous service and everlasting service. Perhaps they may come this way to fight on our side and drive sin and meanness and satan from all our hearts. Youder they are coming.

Everlasting Metaphysics. But what are our mathematical friends to do in the next world? They found

their joy, and delight in mathematics There was more poetry to them in Enclid than in John Milton. They were as passionately fond of mathematics as Plato. who wrote over his door, "Let no on enter here who is not acquainted with What are they doing now? geometry." They are busy with figures yet. No place in all the universe like heaven for fig ures. Numbers infinite, distances infin ite, calculations infinite; if they want them, arithmetics and algebras and geom etries and trigonometries for all eternity What fields of space to be surveyed What magnitudes to measure! What diameters, what circumferences, what triangles, what quaternions, what epicy cloids, what parallelograms, what conju sections! What are our departed friend who found their chief joy in study doing now? Studying yet, but, instead of a few thousand volumes on a few shelves, at the volumes of the universe open befor them geologic, ornithologic, conchologic botanic, astronomic, philosophic, more need of Leyden jars or voltaic piles or electric batteries, standing as they do face to face with the facts of the universe. What are the historians doing now? Studying history yet, but not the history of a few centuries of our planet only, but the history of the eternities whole millenniums before Xenophon or Herodotas or Moses or Adam was born. History of one world, history of all worlds. What are our departed astono mers doing? Studying astronomy yet, but not through the duff lens of earthly observatory, but with one stroke of wing going right out to Jupiter and mars and Mercury and Saturn and Orion and th Pleiades, overtaking and passing the swiftest comet in their flight. What are our departed Christian chemists doing Following out their own, science, follow ing out and following out forever. Since they died they have solved 10,000 questions which puzzled the enethly labora-

The Men of the Law.

But what are the men of the law wh in this world found their chief joy in the legal profession, what are they doing Studying law in a universe where everything is controlled by law from the flight of humming bird to flight of world -law, not dry and hard and drudging, but stand it if they got there if it should turn rightcous and magnificent law, befor which man and cherub and scraph and archangel and God himself bow. The chain of law long enough to wind around the immensities and infinity and eternity. Chain of law. What a place to study law, where all the links of the chain are in the hand.

What are our departed Christian friends who in this world had their joy in the healing arts doing now? Busy at their old business. No sickness in heaven, but pienty of sickness on earth, plenty of wounds in the different parts of God's dominion to be healed and to be medi-Those glorified souls coming down, not in lazy doctor's gig, but with lightning locomotion. Those who had their joy in healing the sickness and the woes of earth, gone up to beaven, ar come forth again for benignant medica

Grander Sociality.

But what are our friends who found their chief joy in conversation and in sociality doing now? In brighter con versation there and in grander sociality What a place to visit in, where your pext door neighbors are kings and queens, you yourselves kingly and queenly! If they want to know more particularly about the first paradise, they have only to go over and ask Adam. If they want to know how the sun and the moon halted. more than love on earth-paternal, they have only to go over and ask Josh-If they want to know how the storm netted Sodom, they have only to go over and ask Lot. If they want to know more about the arrogance of Haman, they have only to go over and ask Mordecai. It they want to know how the Red Son boiled when it was cloven, they have only to go over and ask Moses. If they wan to know the particulars about the Beth lehem advent, they have only to go over and ask the serenading angels who stood that Christmas night in the balconics of crystal. If they want to know more of he particulars of the crucifixion, the have only to go over and ask who were personal spectators while the mountains-crouched and the heavens got black in the face at the spectacle. If they wan to know more about the sufferings of the Scotch covenanters, they have only to go over and ask Andrew Melville. If they want to know more about the old time revivals, they have only to go over to ask Whitefield and Wesley and Livingston Oh, what a place to visit in! If eternity were one minute shorter it would not be long enough for such sociality.

What are our departed Christian friends who found their chief joy in studying God doing now? Studying God No need of revelation now, for, unblanched, they are face to face. they can handle the omnipotent thunder-bolts just as a child handles the sword of a father come back from victorious battle. They have no sin; no fear, consequently Studying Christ, not through a revelation save the revelation of the scars—that deep lettering which brings it all up quick enough. Studying the Christ of the Bethlehen caravaneary; the Christ of the scale manual management with its homeoness.

But back! The bell of the cathedra rings the cathedral bell of heaven. What is the matter now? There is going to be great meeting in the temple. ers all coming through the aisles. Make room for the Conqueror. Christ stand ing in the temple. All heaven gathering around him. Those who loved the beau-tiful come to look at the Rose of Sharon. These who loved music come to listen to his voice. Those who were mathemati cians come to count the years of his reign Those who were explorers come to dis cover the height and the depth and the length and breadth of his love. who had the military spirit in heaven come to look at the Captain of their salvation. The astronomers come to look at the Morning Star. The men of the law come to look at him who is the indge of quick and dead. The men who healed the sick come to look at him who was wounded for our transgressions. All different and different forever in many respects, yet all alike in admiration for Christ, in worship for Christ, and all alike in join ing in the dexology. "Unto him who washed as from our sins in his own blood and made as kings and priests unto God. coming. Did you bear them as they to him be glory in the church throughout swept by?

To show you that your departed friends are more afive than they ever were, to make you homesick for heaven, to give you an enlarged view of the glories to be evenied. I have preached this sermon.

Two Friends.

The late Mr. H. C. Bunner, the editor of Puck, and Lawrence Hatton were the closest of friends. They began, says Mr. Hutton, in his sad reminiscence of his dead friend, published in the Bookman, in that often desirable fashion, "with a little aversion." Each avoided even an introduction to the other until fate actually threw them together, not to be parted more. Their mutual "good times" were dear at the moment and "pleasant too, to think on." There was much "excellent fooling" there, and when Hutton was married it but added a third desirable member to the company. The marriage itself shows on what terms of happy nonsense they lived. Mr. Hutton says:

He and Mr. Telford and I spent together at the Westmoreland and in Bunner's rooms the last evening of my single life. He had heard that luck would be insured if the groom, on the occasion of his marriage, would wear 'something old, something new, some thing borrowed and something blue." He urged, therefore, my appearance next day in a pair of socks procured especially by him for me. One was absolutely unworn; the other had seen service and was darned. But they were heard you people seldom perform serv both blue. And I must borrow them.

Mr. Telford, I remember, lent me a procktie for the same purpose; and both of those dear boys were married, when will be sufficient reward to me. their time came, in something blue that was borrowed from me.

When Bunner was married we sent his wife a traveling clock as a wedding gift, to which I attached a card bearing these lines;

For Old Times' sake Will you and H. C. B. At this time take The Time from mine and me?

Time is. Time was, Let Time be old or new. The Times for us Are High Old Times with you.

To this the budy responded:

Shall speak to me and mine of you and yours.

Eating Slowly.

The opinion that harry in cating is a upon the food.

Two-thirds of the food which we eat in the system as food until it has been converted into sugar, and this change is principally effected by the saliva-

But there is a third reason why rapidity of eating interferes with digestion. The presence of the salivary secretion in the stomach acts as a stimulus to the secretion of the gastric juice. Irrespective of the mechanical function of the teeth, food which goes into the stomach incompletely mingled with saliva passes slowly and imperfectly through the process of stomach diges-

Therefore, as a sanitary maxim, of no mean value, teach the children to eat slowly, and in giving this instruction by example the teacher, as well as the pupil, may receive benefit.

1900 having been specially excluded by chair. 1800, as in his adjustment of the calendar three genuine leap years had to be deprived of their rights. The sc-

Had Big Families Then.

Mention may be made of an inscription, according to Pennant, on a tomb in Copway (England) churchyard Here lieth the body of Nicholas Hocker, of Conway, gentleman, who was the 41st child of his father, William Hocker, by Alice, his wife, and the father of 27 children, 1837.

A Linguistic Peddler.

L. Goldstein, of West Bowdoin. Maine, speaks and writes ancient and modern Hebrew, Greek, Polish, Swe-Chinese and English. Yet be finds ontentment as a common peddler of

THE CONFESSION.

Once I was a roungeter happy. Not a shred of care I knew; Mirth was ever on the tapis, Winged with joy the moments flex If I had a beart it never Was the kind inclined to "love," And the meaning of "forever Was a thing I dreamed not of.

Nothing but a girl! I said: How I mocked at melancholy. Moony, spoony brother Ned But the height of my abhorrence Was a chap who went around, Quoting verses to "his Florence, With his eyes upon the ground

Mirth and joy alack a day! Now I dance with the "blue devils" If she looks the other way. She!-my heart is limp as vellum When I touch her tiny glove. And there haunts my cerebellum "Love forever" - ever "love"

Wee for all my olden revels

But-O direct alteration li

(Awful irony of fatel)

I, who from exalted station Made such mockery but late. Now and this my pen rehearses With abasement most profound). Love to wander, quoting verses, With my eyes upon the ground Detroit Free Press.

MY OWN DECEASE.

Although undoubtedly I had been very ill, I am by no means certain of my facts at about this time; so whether I was a victim of a little too much indulgence in the flowing bowl, or of a lively imagination, or of a hypnotic trance. I really cannot say, anyway, one morning I seemed to be conscious that I was talking with a demon, who sat by my bedside. He was a very pleasant sort of fellow and not bad looking, but somehow I knew that he was a demon.

"Would you like to bear what they are saying about you and go to your own funeral?" he asked pleasantly.

People generally do attend that ceremony personally," I suggested; then after a moment's reflection, I asked: "Am I dead, then?"

"Of course. Did you not know it?" "If I dld it must have escaped my memory," I replied imperturbably. "Well, you are dead, but I will give

you the remarkable power of going among your family in the spirit and invisible to them." That's very kind of you, but I've

ices for nothing. What recompense do you require? None. The penalty you will pay

What penalty?" "To see yourself as others see you,

and bear what they say of you." My friend then dematerialized himself into thin pale air, and the next moment I was gliding noiselessly down the stairs.

I should explain to you that I am an orphan, without parents, but a spoiled her chances of a legacy." member of a large family; sisters, brothers, cousins and all the rest of it. my excellent personal qualities. I lack the time, in spite of time from you, am not married. Well, the fact is, I and see if arrangements could not be To write the heartfelt thanks I feel are am of a rather retiring disposition, made for haunting them! and not having yet come across a girl But every passing hour, while time ea- who would help me out with the pre- nie had sent balm into my tortured take the fatal plunge. My eldest sister, Priscilla, had therefore been keeping house for me.

I passed easily through the closed prolific cause of dyspepsia is founded parjor door without opening it, which them all as the sigh of a summer on common observation. The ill results was very convenient and found my of bolting food have been attributed to self, unseen by them, in the midst of the lack of thorough mustication and relatives from different parts of the to the incomplete action of the saliva country. They were waiting breakfast for some important person who had not yet made his appearance. I is starch, and starch cannot be utilized was foolish enough to think it might be myself and sat down in my customary sent at the foot of the table. but of course, no one saw me. I had forgotten for the moment that I was a demateriatized spirit. Soon, however, the door opened and the important individual entered the apartment. It was my eldest brother Tom. Now I began to understand. He was He represented me, the late, Crawley Slowquicker, Esq., deceased, hence all the court and deference paid to him. This was absurd, you know, for a bigger fool never lived.

Well, he made straight for my chair. and sat down where I was sitting! This was stepping into my shoes with s rengeance actually usurping the same place occupied by my disembod led spirit. Tom was a bulky fellow, The present year, 1806, is a leap year; and I felt the affront. Besides, wishsuch a year will not occur again for ing better to watch the proceedings. eight years. This arises from the year I got up quickly and sat behind my

Pope Gregory, together with 1700 and | Two things especially attracted my attention, and somewhat shocked me In the first place, Priscilla's presiding seemed more lavish than under my ected were those of the centuries which regime, and in the second. I was struck were not divisible without remainder by the happiness and gayety of the whole company. This was calculated to take my family down a few pegs. for I had fondly imagined that my death would plunge my entire family in the uttermost depths of despair. But It hadn't!

"I never like going into black," Pris cilla was saying in her even tones to Aunt Gwen, "It's so very unlucky." "I don't mind the change at all,"

said Aunt Gwen, "the color just suits me, you know. But I really can't what orders to give, not knowing how I am provided for.

"That's as good as asking." said Tom, with one of his borrible laughs which I used to consider so hearty. "A nod's as good as a wink to a bil herse. I suppose the regular thing is

Then they started talking about their the procession, but in the spirit you late relation, Crawley Slowquicker, and the things I heard about myself

positively astonished me.

They were all sadly deficient in the bump of reverence, and I found that not one of them entertained that respect and affection for me of which I had imagined they were all possessed Now I fully realized the truth of my friend the demon's words. It was dreadful penalty to pay, a sad mortification to bear what they said of me and to see myself as others saw me.

"Well, of course," my cousin Ver non said, responding to some remark in a virtuously deprecatory tone. "Of course, de mortuis nil nisi bonum, and all that sort of thing, you know; but I can't help saying that Crawley was always mean-horribly mean!"

Confound the fellow! And this wa a man to whom I had left 1500, forgiving him all the money he owed me which was as good as foubling the legacy.

"No, no; not mean," Tom answered and I blessed him for those words. but he spoiled it all by adding. "A bit

careful, you know.' "Ah, I should think so," says Pris cilla. "You would hardly believe it. but it's a fact he never allowed me money enough to keep house decent

Of course, this was not true, as you may imagine. She was always want ing more money, and yet it never succeeded in purchasing anything remarkable. And this was my sister Pris., whom I had always thought so affectionate, so entirely devoted to

me. Oh, it was too horrible. These three were my principal lega tees. If I had only known sooner But how was that possible?

I knew what I would do. I has made up my mind-and having no body. I was all mind now-I would go at once to my solicitor's, and have a codlell drawn up while there was yet time. But say, there was no time; it was too late. I had quite forgotten that I was only a poor ghost, a dematerialized spirit, and that old idiot, Sharpitlaw, was so wedded to routine and old-fashloned custom that he would certainly regard a posthumous testament as informal, and as I was invisible he would treat my signature. as null and decidedly void.

When next I turned toward my amiable and disinterested family circle. I perceived that the breakfast things had been removed, and Tom Slowquicker sat in the armchair with my will spread out before him.

"There's some one missing," he said. looking around him magisterially;

who is hY "Only my sister Minnie," Vernon re-

marked casually. "I went to her this morning, but she's so upset about his death that she feels quite ill, and could not come down to breakfast." "Don't be absurd." said Priscilia; "why, she never gave him so much as a civil word." Then, sotto voce to her brother, "And that's what has upset her, I expect. She is afraid she has

Oh, that spiteful Priscilla! If I could only alter my will! But it was I happen to have more money than too late, for here was my executor any of the others, and have hitherto standing, or rather sitting, in my place, been much sought after on account of At least, there was one thing I could I do: I would find my friend the demon

But these precious words about Minliminaries, I had not found courage to spirit, so that my incorporate heart throbbed, shaking the venetians, and Tom asked where the draft came from. I would go to her at once, so I traversed the closed door again, passing breeze, which is we know not what or whence it comes, or whither it goes a breath from-well, no matter where; I don't exactly know myself.

Thus I went unstairs, and into Minnie's room, where I found the poor glel still in bed, her cheeks pale, her eyes red with weeping, all the signs upon her of a sleepless night of sorrow, and pressed close to her soft bosom she held a likeness of my unworthy self, which I had given her once long ago. And this was the girl who never spoke save to ridicule and noke fun at me, whose dislike for me was almost proverbial in the family my executor and residuary legatee, and yet the girl whose love-with usual human perversity-I would have given all the world to win. Ab, this knowledge of her heart's

secret was sweet to me! It gave me conrage. I would comfort her. I would pour forth my love. I would tell her stay! What could I tell her? Was I not forgetting again that I was only a poor ghost-merely the shadow of a shade? Was I not unseen by ber? And even were it possible for me to make myself visible for a few moments I should only succeed in terrifying my poor love out of her senses. Alas! was this the realization of a

hereafter? The punishment of early vanities and sins? To see things just as they are and yet to be so miser ably impotent to alter them; to see too what might have been and to beat out my weary spirit on into eternity in vain longing for a fruition that can never come! My funeral was appointed to take

place the next day. It was a very grand affair altogether, and cake and wine had been laid in the parlor to entertain the guests upon this festive ocasion. I dare say I should have done the same had I been burying a relation, but somehow it hurt me to see my best dry sherry being put away.

As I accompanied the mourners down the steps I suddenly perceived my friend the demon by my side. Vainly sought a coach, but could find no oom. I turned to him somewhat angrily and remarked:

"I say, you promised I should go to funeral, but I don't seem to have been considered in the arrange-

"You forget that corporeally you old the place of bonor at the head of

to get into a jolly row with red hot politicians." The cemetery was soon reached, and I looked down and saw my coffin low-

ered into the grave. "Earth to earth-" A few lumps were thrown, and fell

can get in here. There's only the

"Between the doctor and the parson!

Well, the men of medicine and re-

ligion talked politics all the way, which

I thought inappropriate, but as they

were both conservatives they did not

disagree. I am a liberal myself, and

began vociferously expounding Mr.

Gladstone's policy, quite oblivious that

my gesticulations were unseen, my

"Good job for yourself you are dead,"

said the demon. "You're just the sort

words unheard by them.

Really, my dear demon, you are re-

markable for a most sardonic humer.

tor and the clergyman."

upon the lid with a grewsome rattle,

I awoke with a start, and my eyes met those of my brother Tom. who asked cheerily, "Well, how do you do now, old fellow?" But I turned from him-for I could not help thinking of him as I had seen him last, read ing my will down in the parlor-turned away and encountered my darling little Minnie, who sat unobtrusively in a remote corner of the room, and I felt, oh! so grateful and happy at see ing her there. I felt then that it was

not all a dream. I have used feigned names in this veracious tale, because I think she would not like to know the strange experience which led me to take the courage to woo and by and by wed her.-Spare Moments.

Hanging Above a Tiger.

A British officer in India had gone one upon an elephant in search of a tiger, which had just killed a man and two bullocks within half a mile of camp. The bunt was brief, and the officer presently got two shots at the tiger, but without killing him. The jungle was heavy, and it was already getting dusk when the servant touched the officer from behind and said, "There he is!" The adventure is best described by the man himself, as quoted by Gen. Wilkfu-

The riger was lying within ten yards of me, unable to rise, as I afterward found out, from his loins being broken. Seeing that he was not dead, however, I was in the act of taking up my rifle, when something struck me on the back and jammed me to the front of the howdah. I had just time to lay hold of the branch of a tree and pull myself out of the howdah, otherwise my back

would have been broken. Then the frightened elephant ran away, and left me suspended immediately over the tiger, which lay looking up at me, growling and lashing his

You may imagine my feelings. vain I tried to get into the tree, and at last, my fingers becoming cramped, I lost my hold and fell on the tiger.

was like dropping into the jaws of death.

The instant I touched the ground, the tiger with a terrific roar seized my left foot in his mouth, and with one blue powder. Then he gave me three other bites, two on the ealf of the leg and one on the knee, every bite breaking the bone to pieces.

My agonies were dreadful. In vain I called for help, but after a struggle I got my right leg free and gave the tiger a tremendous kick on the head, which induced him to let go. Instantly I get up and hobbled to the foot of the tree. where I fell exhausted, with the tiger still a few paces off.

The sepoy, who had been with me in the howdah, had lodged safely in the tree, and witnessed the whole scene, Now he came down within a few feet of the ground, and begged me to get into the tree. At first I thought I could not but when the sepoy told me that the tiger would be at me again I gave the fellow my hands, and he managed to pull me up into the lower branches.

By and by my brother officer, whose elephant, like my own, had become unmanageable, came back, and finally killed the tiger, after which I was somehow got into the bowdah and earried back to camp,

A Russian Crime.

A simple method of murder and robbery, with small chances of detection, devised by some Russian peasants on the Prussian border, has recently been brought to light. A fever for emigration has existed for some years in Poland, and people who could not obtain passports to leave Russin after selling all they had, would secrete their money upon their persons and hire these peas ants to smuggle them across the fron tier. As their departure had to be kept secret, and the emigrants were general ly illiterate persons of no prominence, it was easy to lead them into out-of-the way places, murder them and strip them, with little probability of their be ing missed.

For Preservation of Timber.

Another method of preserving timber has recently been tried. It consist in dissolving in naphtha the heavy olls and waxes left after the distillation of petroleum, and forcing the solution into the seasoned timber in the same manner as in creosoting. The timber is then heated, when the naph tha evaporates and is recovered in a cooling chamber, while the waxes, etc., remain behind in the wood, waterproofing it.

Two thousand nine hundred and nine. ty-two pennies have been taken up in the Canton, O., schools as a colle for the Francis Key monume is being erected at Frederick, Md.

How a man does hate to may any-