



SERMON

SCRIPTURE character whose name is not given becomes the subject of Dr. Talnage's sermon, in which he sets forth the qualities of good and noble womanhood: text, II Kings iv, 8, "Elisha passed to Shunem, where was a great woman."

The hotel of our time had no counterpart in any entertainment of olden time. The vast majority of travelers must then be entertained at private abode. Here comes Elisha, a servant of the Lord, on a divine mission, and he must find shelter. A balcony overlooking the valley of Esdraon is offered him in a private house, and it is especially furnished for his occupancy—a chair to sit on, a table from which to eat, a candlestick by which to read and a bed on which to slumber, the whole establishment belonging to a great and good woman. Her husband, it seems, was a golly man, but he was entirely overshadowed by his wife's excellences just as now you sometimes find in a household the wife the center of dignity and influence and power, not by any arrogance or presumption, but by superior intellect and force of moral nature, wielding domestic affairs and at the same time supervising all financial and business affairs. The wife's hand on the shuttle, or the banking house, or the worldly business.

You see hundreds of men who are successful only because there is a reason at home why they are successful. If a man marry a good, honest soul, he makes his fortune. If he marry a fool, the Lord help him! The wife may be the silent partner in the firm, there may be only masculine voices down on Exchange, but there of potent and elevating influence. This woman of my text, the superior of her husband. He, as far as I can understand, was what we often see in our day, a man of large fortune and only a modicum of brain, intensely quiet, sitting a long while in the same place, without moving hand or foot; if you say "Yes," responding "Yes"; if you say "No," responding "No"—inane, eyes half shut, mouth wide open, maintaining his position in society only because he has a large patrimony. But his wife, my text says, was a great woman. Her name has not come down to us. She belonged to that collection of people who need no name to distinguish them. What would title of duchess or princess or queen—what would scotchman or gloaming diadem be to this woman of my text, who, by her intelligence and her behavior, challenges the admiration of all ages? Long after the brilliant women of the court of Louis XV. have been forgotten, and the brilliant women of the court of Spain have been forgotten, and the brilliant women who sat on the throne of Russia have been forgotten, some grandfather will put on his spectacles and, holding the book the other side the light, read to his grandchildren the story of this great woman of Shunem who was so kind and courteous and Christian to the good prophet Elisha. Yes, she was a great woman.

The Hospitable Woman.

In the first place, she was great in her hospitalities. Uncivilized and barbarous nations have this virtue. Jupiter had the surname of the Hospitable, and he was said especially to avenge the wrongs of strangers. Homer extolled it in his verses. The Arabs are punctilious in this respect, and among some of their tribes it is not until the ninth day of tarrying that the occupant has a right to ask his guest, "Who and whence art thou?" If this virtue is so honored among barbarians, how ought it to be honored among those of us who believe in the Bible, which commands us to use hospitality one toward another without grudging?

Of course, I do not mean under this cover to give any idea that I approve of that vagrant class who go around from place to place, ranging their whole lifetime perhaps under the auspices of some benevolent or philanthropic society, quartering themselves on Christian families with a great pile of trunks in the hall and carpeting portentious of tarrying. There is many a country paragonage that looks out week by week upon the ominous arrival of wagon with creaking wheel and lank horse and dilapidated driver, come under the auspices of some charitable institution to spend a few weeks and canvass the neighborhood. Let no such religious tramps take advantage of this beautiful virtue of Christian hospitality. Not so much the sumptuousness of your diet and the regality of your abode will impress the friend or the stranger that steps across your threshold as the warmth of your greeting, the informality of your reception, the retention by grass and by look and by a thousand attentions, insignificant attentions, of your earnestness of welcome. There will be high appreciation of your welcome though you have nothing but the brazen candlestick and the plain chair to offer Elisha when he comes to Shunem. Most beautiful is this grace of hospitality when shown in the house of God. I am thankful that I have always been pastor of churches where strangers are welcome. But I have entered churches where there was no hospitality. A stranger would stand in the vestibule for awhile and then make a pilgrimage up the long aisle. No door opened to him until, flushed and excited and embarrassed, he started back again, and coming to some half-filled pew with apologetic air entered it, while the occupant stared on him with a look which seemed to say, "Well, if I must, I must." Away with such accused indecency from the house of God! Let every church that would maintain large Christian influence in community culture Sabbath by Sabbath this beautiful grace of Christian hospitality.

A good man traveling in the far West the wilderness was overtaken by night

and storm, and he put in at a cabin. He saw firecrackers along the beams of the cabin, and he felt alarmed. He did not know but that he had fallen into a den of thieves. He sat there greatly perturbed. After awhile the man of the house came home with a gun on his shoulder and set it down in a corner. The stranger was still more alarmed. After awhile the man of the house whispered with his wife, and the stranger thought his destruction was being planned. Then the man of the house came forward and said to the stranger, "Stranger, we are a rough and rude people out here, and we work hard for a living. We make our living by hunting, and when we come to the nightfall we are tired and we are apt to go to bed early, and before retiring we are always in the habit of reading a chapter from the word of God and making a prayer. If you don't like such things, if you will just step outside the door until we get through, I'll be greatly obliged to you." Of course the stranger tarried in the room, and the old hunter took hold of the horns of the altar and brought down the blessing of God upon his household and upon the stranger within their gates. Hade but glorious Christian hospitality!

The Joy of the Minister.

Again, this woman of my text was great in her kindness toward God's messenger. Elisha may have been a stranger in that household, but as she found out he had come on a divine mission he was cordially welcomed. We have a great many books on our day about the hardships of ministers and the trials of Christian ministers. I wish somebody would write a book about the joys of the Christian minister, about the sympathies all around about him, about the kindness, about the genial considerations of him. Does sorrow come to our home, and is there a shadow on the cradle, there are hundreds of hands to help, and many who weary not through the night watching and hundreds of prayers going up that God would restore the sick. Is there a burning, heaving sorrow of calamity placed on the pastor's table? Are there not many to help him drink that cup and who will not be comforted because he is stricken? Oh, for somebody to write a book about the rewards of the Christian ministry—about his surroundings of Christian sympathy!

This woman of the text was only a type of thousands of men and women who come down from mansion and from cot to do kindness to the Lord's servants. I could tell you of something that you might think a romance. A young man graduated from New Brunswick Theological seminary was called to a village church. He had not the means to furnish the parsonage. After three or four weeks of preaching a committee of the officers of the church waited on him and told him he looked tired and thought he had better take a vacation of a few days. The young pastor took it as an intimation that his work was done or not acceptable. He took the vacation, and at the end of a few days came back, when an old elder said: "Here is the key of the parsonage. We have been cleaning it up. You had better go up and look at it." So the young pastor took the key, went up to the parsonage, opened the door, and lo! it was carpeted, and there was the hatrack all ready for the cane and the umbrellas and the overcoats, and on the left hand side of the hall was the parlor, a room, a chair, a picture. He passed on to the other side of the hall, and there was the study table in the center of the floor with stationary upon it, book shelves built, long ranges of new volumes, far beyond the reach of the means of the young pastor many of these volumes. The young pastor went up stairs and found all the sleeping apartments furnished, came down stairs and entered the pantry, and there were the spices and the coffees and the sugars, and the groceries for six months. He went down into the cellar, and there was the coal for all the coming winter. He went into the dining hall, and there was the table already set—the glass and the silverware. He went into the kitchen, and there were all the culinary implements and a good stove. The young pastor lifted one lid of the stove and he found the fuel all ready for ignition. Putting back the cover of the stove, he saw in another part of it a Lucifer match, and all that young man had to do in starting to keep house was to strike the match. You tell me that is apocryphal. Oh, no! that was my own experience. Oh, the kindnesses, oh, the enlarged sympathies sometimes clustering around those who enter the gospel ministry. I suppose the man of Shunem had to pay the bills, but it was the large hearted Christian woman of Shunem that looked after the Lord's messenger.

Great Even in Trouble.

Again, this woman of the text was great in her behavior under trouble. Her only son had died on her lap. A very bright light went out in that household. The sacred writer puts it very tersely when he says, "He sat on her knee until now and then he died." Yet the writer goes on to say that she exclaimed, "It is well!" Great in prosperity, this woman was great in trouble. Where are the feet that have not been blistered on the hot sands of this great Sahara? Where are the soldiers that impress across your threshold as the warmth of your greeting, the informality of your reception, the retention by grass and by look and by a thousand attentions, insignificant attentions, of your earnestness of welcome. There will be high appreciation of your welcome though you have nothing but the brazen candlestick and the plain chair to offer Elisha when he comes to Shunem. Most beautiful is this grace of hospitality when shown in the house of God. I am thankful that I have always been pastor of churches where strangers are welcome. But I have entered churches where there was no hospitality. A stranger would stand in the vestibule for awhile and then make a pilgrimage up the long aisle. No door opened to him until, flushed and excited and embarrassed, he started back again, and coming to some half-filled pew with apologetic air entered it, while the occupant stared on him with a look which seemed to say, "Well, if I must, I must." Away with such accused indecency from the house of God! Let every church that would maintain large Christian influence in community culture Sabbath by Sabbath this beautiful grace of Christian hospitality.

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not of an extinct species, a monster with an iron jaw and a hundred iron hoofs has walked across the nations and history and poetry and sculpture, in their attempt to sketch it and describe it, have seemed to sweat great drops of blood. But, thank God, there are those who can conquer as this woman of the text conquered and say, "It is well, though my property be gone, though my children be gone, though my home be broken up, though my health be sacrificed, it is well, it is well!" There is no storm on the sea but Christ is ready to rise in the hinder part of the ship and hush it. There is no darkness but the constellation of God's eternal love can illumine it, and though the winter comes out of the northern sky, you have sometimes seen that northern sky all ablaze with auroras which seem to say: "Come up this way; up this way are thrones of light and seas of sapphire and the splendor of an eternal heaven. Come up this way."

We may, like the ships, by tempest be tossed
On perilous deeps, but cannot be lost.
Though Satan entangle the wind and the tide,
The promise assures us the Lord will provide.

The Home Woman.

Again, this woman of my text was great in her application to domestic duties. Every picture is a home picture, whether she is entertaining an Elisha or whether she is giving careful attention to her sick boy or whether she is appealing for the restoration of her property. Every picture in her case is one of domesticity. Those are not disciples of the Shunemite woman who, going out to attend to outside charities, neglect the duty of home—the duty of wife, of mother, of daughter. No faithfulness in public beneficence can ever atone for domestic negligence. There has been many a mother who by indefatigable toil has reared a large family of children, equipping them for the duties of life with good manners and large intelligence and Christian principle, starting them out, who has done more for the world than many a woman whose name has sounded through all the lands and through the centuries. I remember when Kossuth was in this country there were some ladies who got honorable reputations by presenting him very graciously with bouquets of flowers on public occasions. But what was all that compared with the plain Hungarian mother who gave to truth and civilization and the cause of universal liberty a Kossuth? Yes, this woman of my text was great in her simplicity. When this prophet wanted to reward her for her hospitality by asking some preference from the king, what did she say? She declined it. She said, "I dwell among my own people," as much as to say, "I am satisfied with my lot. All I want is my family and my friends around me. I dwell among my own people."

The Beautiful Home.

Oh, what a rebuke to the strife for precedence in all ages! How many there are who want to get great architecture and homes furnished with all art, all painting, all statuary, who have not enough taste to distinguish between Gothic and Byzantine, and who could not tell a figure in plaster of Paris from Palmer's "White Captive," and would not know a boy's penicillin from Bierstadt's "Yosemite." Men who buy large libraries by the score, foot, buying the books of a gentleman, who they have scarcely enough education to pick out the day of the month in the almanac! Oh, how many there are striving to have things as well as their neighbors or better than their neighbors, and in the struggle vast fortunes are exhausted and business firms thrown into bankruptcy and men of reputed honesty rush into astounding forgeries! Of course I say nothing against refinement or culture. Splendor of abode, sumptuousness of diet, lavishness in art, neatness in apparel, there is nothing against them in the Bible or out of the Bible. God does not want us to prefer mud hovels to English cottages, or untanned sheepskin to French broadcloth, or hanks to pineapples, or the clumsiness of a horse to the manners of a gentleman, God, who strings the lute with tinted shells, and the grass of the field with the dew of the night, and bath exquisitely tinged morning cloud and robin redbreast, wants us to keep our eye open to all beautiful sights, and our ear open to all beautiful cadences, and our heart open to all elevating sentiments.

But what I want to impress upon you, my hearers, is that you ought not to inventory the luxuries of life among the indispensable, and you ought not to depreciate this woman of the text, who, when offered kingly preference, responded, "I dwell among my own people." Yes, this woman of the text was great in her piety. First read it, then after you go home, lift up the name of a gentleman, God, who strings the lute with tinted shells, and the grass of the field with the dew of the night, and bath exquisitely tinged morning cloud and robin redbreast, wants us to keep our eye open to all beautiful sights, and our ear open to all beautiful cadences, and our heart open to all elevating sentiments.

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A New Law.—When the children of Israel were led out of Egypt their conditions were changed, and they needed a new law to fit the new conditions. God gave it. We of this generation are not the children of Israel, therefore, we are not under the law of Moses, and therefore a new law is necessary. God intends his children to weigh the testimony he gives. He has given us the four gospels, great evidence than that given the children of Israel.—Rev. C. C. Bowen, Swedenborgian, San Jose, Cal.

GOOD ROADS

Good Roads and Country Life.

An unmistakable demand for good common roads is being heard in all parts of the United States, says Popular Science Monthly. This demand is rapidly growing in volume and is taking on the systematic organization which is essential to the success of such a movement. That bad roads in this country cause an enormous loss of money each year to those who use them may easily be proved, but this fact is veiled from many persons because they have never known anything better. The farmers are the greatest sufferers. Where wagon wheels sink deep in mud at some seasons, a farmer who has much hauling to do must keep one or two more horses than he would need if he had only hard, even roads to go over, and his loss in the wear and tear of horse flesh, harness and wagons is a heavy tax on his income. It often happens that a farmer finds the roads absolutely impassable with a loaded wagon just at a time when his produce would bring the highest price if he could haul it to a railroad, and he is forced to wait and take a lower price later. Lively stable keepers and all other owners and users of horses and vehicles suffer from bad roads in a similar way.

In order to obtain better roads two things are necessary. The first is to create a general conviction that the improvement of our highways is imperative, and that the money wisely expended for this purpose is sure to return. The second requisite is to place all road-making and mending under the charge of competent road builders. Various efforts to secure these ends are being made and the aid of country and State authorities, and even the national Government, has been invoked to further the movement. While it is very desirable that the highways of adjoining localities should be under some central supervision, so that they may be made to perform a connected whole, it may be questioned whether the national Government could be an effective agency in road improvement. Why, for instance, should the dwellers beyond the Mississippi and on the Pacific coast be taxed to maintain in Washington a school for road engineers and a museum of road construction that few, if any, of these distant communities could derive any benefit from? A more practical scheme would be to have instruction in road engineering given at each of the State colleges of agriculture and mechanical arts. In a country showing such wide differences in soil, rainfall, temperature and topography between different sections as the United States does, road building can be taught and administered far more efficiently by the State or the country than by the nation.

There is need of much intelligent care in framing legislation in the interest of the movement for better roads. Annoying prohibition should be no part of the policy of the road reformers. For instance, large loads carried on wheels having narrow feloes and tires do great damage to roads; hence it has been proposed to prohibit narrow tires on heavy wagons. A much better policy is that adopted in Michigan, of giving a reduction of one-half their road tax to those who will use broad tires. The movement for good roads shows a lusty vigor. The success that it has already achieved is splendid testimony to the efficiency of voluntary association of individuals, and if its leaders continue to carry it on without the paralyzing patronage of the general Government, it is likely to attain great results.

Michigan Village "as a Plan.

The Bear Lake Council has "tumbled" to the fact that good roads and passable streets mean more trade from the farmers of the vicinity, and it has purchased a gravel pit, the gravel from which will be used in improving the streets of the village so they will be fit to use in all kinds of weather.—Detroit Free Press.

The New York Tax Is Small.

The fifty thousand dollars appropriated for road improvement by the State of New York is but one cent on each thousand dollars of assessed valuation in that State.

Excessive Grades a Detriment.

A road is not, strictly speaking, "good," even though it have a hard surface, if it has excessive grades.

All the Difference in the World.

Good roads save money, time and labor; bad roads waste them.

Banking in Switzerland.

Some of the methods are sufficiently antiquated, according to our standards. For instance, it requires fifteen minutes in which to make a deposit at a bank. Every banking-house has numerous chairs outside the railing, and the visitor is expected to sit quietly and cultivate a spirit of patience while the machinery is getting under way. A customer who wishes to make a deposit goes to a window and hands in his money, together with a memorandum of the amount. The employe behind the railing counts the money and prepares a receipt for it, adding his signature by way of preliminary. Then a small boy takes the receipt upstairs and submits it to an official, who studies it and then ponders for a while as to whether it will be safe to take the money. If he decides that the bank can undertake the risk he passes the receipt to another man, who prepares a duplicate slip and makes several entries, and finally signs his name. Then, as soon as another man has examined the receipt and added his name, it is taken downstairs and turned over to

the depositor. There is one satisfaction—the money is thoroughly deposited. An American residing in Zurich went to the bank the other day with a check which had been given him by a business man in a large town near here. He handed in the check, and twenty minutes later received his money, less fourteen cents charges. The American was well known at the bank, having been a depositor for about two years. He had endorsed the check. A busy and nervous Chicago man would have torn down the railing before the twenty minutes expired.

DIED BY HER HUSBAND.

The Wife Refused Life Unless He Could Be Saved.

"I will stay with Al if you cannot save him," said Mrs. A. C. Howe, when the windows of her room in the Hotel Dakotah at Grand Forks were veiled with flame-shot smoke. And she knelt down beside the bed where her husband lay in the chains of paralysis and hid her face in his bosom, reports the Chicago Journal.

Outside was the tumult of voices, the clatter of horses' hoofs, the roll of wheels, and the sharp clang of fire bells. A ladder had been thrown against the blazing wall, and a lithe young fellow with a fireman's helmet on his head ran swiftly up to the window of the room where Mr. and Mrs. Howe were known to be. "Come," he shouted from the midst of a pillar of flame. The wife struggled to lift her husband in her arms, but she was powerless to even move him. "Al, dear one!" she cried in agony. "See the fire! Try, oh, try to lift just a little. I will hold you! Oh, help! help!" The fireman leaned forward from a background of flame. "Come," he cried, "the ladder is burning! I can only save one of you!" Then it was the woman nestled down beside the man she loved. "I will stay with Al," she said simply. The ladder sprang outward and the fireman made the ground in a flying leap. A sound of a woman's voice in singing came to the ears of the horrified watchers below. Then there was a crash of falling walls, a mighty, upward shooting cloud of spark-filled smoke and yellow blaze and all was still.

Buried with Military Honors.

At the breaking out of the ten years' war in 1898, the Spaniards in Cuba adopted the sparrow as the symbol of their pertinacity and fighting qualities, and applied the name of "cat" as the most contemptuous word to the natives. In March, 1899, a Spanish soldier saw a cat seize a sparrow with teeth and claws. Clubbing his musket, he disabled the cat and took the dead bird from its mouth. The occurrence being reported, the cat was tried by drum-head court-martial and sentenced to death, while the body of the sparrow was ordered to be buried with military honors. The best known Spaniards in Cuba were ordered to attend. There were eight battalions in Havana, and the wife of the commander of each sent large offerings of flowers. A bier was prepared and the sparrow was placed on a fragrant bed of roses and lilies. The drum was muffled and the 6,000 soldiers were given the order to march. With solemn tread the long line proceeded to the cemetery on the outskirts of the city, and there the victim of the cat was committed to the earth with military honors.

Bacteria in Dust.

In a recent number of the *Annales de Micrographie*, Dr. Miquel gives the results of some interesting observations made by him in respect of the vitality of disease germs. In May, 1881, he took some earth from the Montsouris Park at a depth of ten inches below the turf. This he dried for two days at a temperature of 30 degrees Centigrade, and then he placed the dust in hermetically sealed tubes, which he put aside in a dark corner of the laboratory. When taken the soil contained an average of 6,500,000 bacteria per gramme. After desiccation the number had fallen to rather less than 4,000,000. Sixteen years later he still found 3,500,000 per gramme, and he was enabled to isolate the specific microbe of tetanus. The inoculation of this soil in guinea pigs determined death from tetanus after an incubation period of two days, showing the remarkable vitality of pathogenic microbes under favorable conditions.—Philadelphia Record.

Willed His Pension Back.

The will of the late Isaac Lloyd of Philadelphia disposes of an estate valued at about \$15,000. Mr. Lloyd was a veteran of the late war and drew a small pension, which he saved with the intention of returning it to the government, providing he was never in want during life. When the will was probated it was found that his intentions had been carried out, and the will concluded with the following paragraph: "My pension, which I have not used, I have always expected to return to the United States Government, excepting I should be in distress or want. I order my executor to return the pension."

Quinine in India.

There was a time when the government of India had to import annually \$250,000 worth of quinine and did not get enough of it even then. After a great many experiments the cultivation of the cinchona tree was made successful in India, and now there are 4,000,000 trees in Bengal, and every rural postoffice in India sells a five-grain packet of the drug for half a cent, while the government makes from \$2,000 to \$3,500 a year out of the profits.

It makes a man turn cold at the manner in which a woman puts her hand earned money into a pocket book, carries it loosely in her hand and leaves it on the first counter she reaches.

LABOR NOTES

Over 8,000,000 loaves of bread are consumed daily in Greater New York.

The trusts now in existence in America have an aggregate capitalization of \$2,788,773,900.

British trades union printers have taken a decided stand against firms who print the Bible but refuse to pay living wages.

The largest sewing machine in the world is in operation in Leeds, Eng. It weighs 6,500 pounds and sews cotton welting.

A plan is being arranged to establish in the mills at Olneyville, R. I., the system for small savings similar to that in the public schools.

The Dutch fishermen kill the fish caught as soon as they reach the shore, while the French fishermen leave their booty to die of suffocation.

A ship building firm in Belfast, Ireland, has received instructions from a Liverpool company for the construction of a cargo steamer to be 680 feet long and 75 feet of beam.

A new kind of cloth is being made in Lyons from the down of hens, ducks and geese. Seven hundred and fifty grains of feathers make rather more than a square yard of light waterproof cloth.

The silk industry in the United States is assuming gigantic proportions. Thirty years ago the value of silk produced in the United States was less than \$6,000,000. Last year it exceeded \$87,000,000.

The glassworkers have set aside \$1,250 a year to send representatives to lawmaking bodies, and the miners, machinists and telegraphers have also made provision to keep members in governing bodies.

At Sheffield a single machine will turn out 5,000 finished knives per day, and it can be adapted for either table or pocket cutlery, razors—hollow or straight—sheep shears; indeed, for almost any kind of tools.

The combination policy of the Vanderbilts on the Lake Shore and Michigan Central railways and the changes and consolidations on the Vanderbilt system between New York and Chicago is expected to result in laying off 5,000 men.

During the last twelve months the Parsian shambles received 21,667 horses for slaughter, 52 mules and 31 donkeys. Only one mule, 310 donkeys and 734 horses were condemned as unfit for human food. Prime cuts of horse brought 18 cents per pound, while the most inferior kinds sold for 10 cents per pound.

During 1897 there were 1,015 separate fatal accidents in and about all the mines and quarries, more than 20 feet deep, in the United Kingdom, involving the loss of 1,102 lives, showing, on comparison with the previous year, an increase of eleven in the number of accidents, and a decrease of 86 in the number of lives lost.

An apparatus has been invented for recording the work of firemen in the stoke room of steamships. It not only tells the fireman what he ought to do regarding the raising of steam, but accurately registers the character and amount of work. It is, in fact, a regular tell-tale, which knocks revolution gauges out of use.

Judge Holmes of the District Court of Des Moines, Iowa, has handed down an opinion in the case of George S. Hughes against the Des Moines Typographical Union. It favors the latter, holding Hughes cannot recover damages from the union for being kept out of employment because its members refuse to work in the same office with him, he being a non-union man. Hughes had sued for \$5,000 damages.

Parmer R. Cross of Hammond, N. Y., has received letters patent on a paper hanging machine, which experts say will revolutionize that branch of the interior decorator's art. The principal features claimed for the new device are that it will paper a given wall or ceiling in less than half the time usually required under the ordinary method. The machine trims, pastes and hangs paper direct from the roll at any point or angle. In appearance it resembles a carpet sweeping machine, and as it weighs only seven pounds is easily handled and manipulated.

The Origin of Scapling.

At the annual meeting of the Baltimore Folk Lore Society Miss Alice C. Fletcher gave an interesting contribution in a paper entitled "The Significance of the Scalp Lock: A Study of the Omaha Tribe." The Omaha Indians, like many other tribes, have peculiar ideas regarding a continuity of life and a kind of spiritual link between animate and inanimate objects. They believe a piece of any article connects them with the entirety. The hair is thought to have a close connection with life, and one possessing it may work his will upon whoever or what ever his hair belonged to. From this idea came the custom of scapling enemies.—Boston Evening Transcript.

Some Causes of Death.

It is estimated by a competent foreign authority that only 900 persons out of 1,000,000 die from old age, while 1,200 succumb to gout, 18,400 to measles, 2,700 to apoplexy, 7,000 to erysipelas, 7,500 to consumption, 48,000 to scarlet fever, 25,000 to whooping cough, 30,000 to typhoid and typhus and 7,000 to rheumatism. The averages vary according to locality, but these are considered accurate as regards the population of the globe as a whole.

The Motorman on an Electric Car is a Sonconductor.