

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

TALKS ON WOMAN'S WRONGS AND HER OPPORTUNITIES.

Vashti the Veiled, the Silent and the Righteous—The Bold Woman and the Modest Woman—Waiting for the Divine Hand to Soothe.

In his sermon last Sunday, starting from a brilliant Bible scene, Dr. Talmage discoursed upon woman's opportunities and the wrongs she sometimes suffers. His text was Esther 1, 11, 12: "To bring Vashti the queen before the king with the crown royal to show the people and the princes her beauty, for she was fair to look on. But the queen Vashti refused to come at the king's commandment, being very wrath, and his anger burned in him."

We stand amid the palaces of Shushan. The phanias are illumined with the morning light. The columns rise festooned and wreathed, the wealth of empires dashing from the grooves, the ceilings adorned with images of bird and beast and scenes of prowess and conquest. The walls are hung with shields and emblazons of valor. In the center of the hall, a woman in a crown of silver and gold, with a scepter in her hand, stands before the king. She is the queen Vashti, the bold woman, the woman who refused to come at the king's commandment. She is the woman who was fair to look on, but whose beauty was not the only thing that made her a queen. She was also a woman of great strength of character, a woman who was not afraid to stand up to the king. She was a woman who was not afraid to be different, a woman who was not afraid to be a queen.

In connection with this palace there is a garden where the mighty men of foreign lands are seated at a banquet. Under the spread of oak and lindes and acacia the tables are arranged. The breath of honey-suckle and frankincense fills the air. Fountains leap up into the light, the spray struck through with rainbows falling in crystalline baptism upon flowering shrubs, then rolling down through channels of marble and widening into a sea of splendor. In the center of the garden, a woman in a crown of silver and gold, with a scepter in her hand, stands before the king. She is the queen Vashti, the bold woman, the woman who refused to come at the king's commandment. She is the woman who was fair to look on, but whose beauty was not the only thing that made her a queen. She was also a woman of great strength of character, a woman who was not afraid to stand up to the king. She was a woman who was not afraid to be different, a woman who was not afraid to be a queen.

Vashti the Silent. In another part of the palace Queen Vashti is entertaining the princesses of Persia at a banquet. Drunken Ahaseurus says to his servants, "Go and fetch Vashti from that banquet with the women and bring her to this banquet with the men and let me display her beauty." The servants immediately start to obey the king's command, but there was a rule in oriental society that no woman might appear in public without having her face veiled. Yet here was a mandate, that no one dare dispute, demanding that Vashti come in unveiled before the multitude. However, there was a rule in oriental society that no woman might appear in public without having her face veiled. Yet here was a mandate, that no one dare dispute, demanding that Vashti come in unveiled before the multitude. However, there was a rule in oriental society that no woman might appear in public without having her face veiled. Yet here was a mandate, that no one dare dispute, demanding that Vashti come in unveiled before the multitude.

Noble Women. In the first place, I want you to look upon Vashti the queen. A blue ribbon, rayed with white, drawn around her forehead, indicated her queenly position. It was no small honor to be queen in such a realm as that. Hark to the rustle of her robes! See the blaze of her jewels! And yet, my friends, it is not necessary to have palace and regal robe in order to be queenly. When I see a woman with strong faith in God, with a noble and unselfishness and nobility, going right forward to serve Christ and the race by a grand and glorious service, I say, "That woman is a queen," and the ranks of heaven look over the battlements upon the coronation, and whether she come up from the shanty on the commons or the mansion of the fashionable square I greet her with the shout: "All hail! Queen Vashti!"

Now we are an army on the march of life. Then we were an army bivouacked in the tent of the grave. A Hope and Its Fulfillment. Once more I want you to look at Vashti the silent. You do not hear any outcry from this woman as she goes forth from the palace gate. From the very dignity of her nature you know there will be no outcry. Sometimes in life it is necessary to be silent. Sometimes it is necessary to be patient. Sometimes it is necessary to be strong. Sometimes it is necessary to be weak. Sometimes it is necessary to be bold. Sometimes it is necessary to be modest. Sometimes it is necessary to be a queen. Sometimes it is necessary to be a woman. Sometimes it is necessary to be a woman who is fair to look on, but whose beauty is not the only thing that makes her a queen. Sometimes it is necessary to be a woman who is not afraid to stand up to the king. Sometimes it is necessary to be a woman who is not afraid to be different. Sometimes it is necessary to be a woman who is not afraid to be a queen.

need them, for all charitable men will unite with the crackling lips of fever struck hospital and plague blotched lazaretto in greeting her as she passes: "Hail! Hail! Queen Vashti!"

Vashti Veiled. Again, I want you to consider Vashti the veiled. Had she appeared before Ahaseurus and his court on that day with her face uncovered she would have shocked the delicate sensibilities of oriental society, and the very me who in their intoxication demanded that she come in their sober moments would have despised her. As some flowers seem to thrive best in the dark lane and in the shadow and where the sun does not seem to reach them, so God appoints to most women a life of retirement and unobtrusive spirit. God once in a while does call an Isabella to a throne, or a Miriam to strike the timbrel at the front of a host, or a Marie Antoinette to quell a French mob, or a Deborah to stand at the front of an armed battalion, crying out: "Uph! Uph! This is the day in which the Lord will deliver Sisera into thine hand." And when women are called to such outdoor work and to such heroic positions, God prepares them for it, and they have iron in their souls and lightning in their eyes, and whirlwinds in their breath, and the borrowed strength of the Lord omnipotent in their right arm. They walk through furnaces as though they were hedges of wild flowers and cross seas as though they were shimmering sapphires, and all the harpies of hell down to their dungeons at the stamp of her womanly indignation. But these are the exceptions. Generally God sends women rather to make a garment for the poor boy, Rebecca would rather fill the trough for the camels, Hannah would rather make a coat for Samuel, the Hebrew maid would rather give a prescription for Naaman's leprosy, the woman of Sarepta would rather gather a few sticks to cook a meal for fatherless Elijah, than to be a queen. Mother Lois would rather educate Timothy in the Scriptures.

When I see a woman going about her daily duty—with cheerful dignity presiding at the table, with kind and gentle but firm discipline presiding in the nursery, going out to the world without any blare of trumpets, following in the footsteps of "this was Vashti with a veil on." But when I see a woman of unobtrusive boldness, loud voiced, with a tongue of infinite clatter, with arrogant look, passing through the streets with the step of a walking beam, gayly arrayed in a very hurricane of millinery, I cry out, "Vashti has lost her veil!" When I see a woman of comely features, and of adroitness of intellect, and endowed with all that the schools can do for one, and of highest social position, and with a society, with superciliousness and hauteur, as though she would have people know their place, and an undisciplined combination of glib and strut and rhodomontade, endowed with aliphatic quantities of talk, but only homeopathic infinitesimals of action, I say, "Vashti has lost her veil!"

A Broken Heart. Again, I want you to consider Vashti the sacrifice. Who is this I see coming out of that palace gate of Shushan? It seems to me that I have seen her before. Thine shell and thy shaped cups, thy flags and tankards of solid gold. The music rises higher, and the revelry breaks out into wilder transport, and the wine has flushed the cheek and touched the brain, and louder than all other voices are the hiccough of the inebriates, the gabble of fools and the song of the drunkards.

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fires of public contempt burning under him, ground under the cylinders of the printing press, yet calmly waiting for the day when purity of soul and heroism of character will get the sanction of earth and the plaudits of heaven. Affliction, enduring without any complaint, the sharpness of the pain and the violence of the storm, and the heft of the chain and the pang and hush the storm and release the captive. A wife abused, persecuted and a perpetual exile from every earthly comfort—waiting, waiting until the Lord shall gather all his dear children in a heavenly home and no poor Vashti will ever be thrust out from the palace gate. Jesus, in silence and answering not a word, drinking the gall, bearing the cross, in prospect of the rapturous consummation when.

Angels thronged his chariot wheel And bore him to his throne. Then swept their golden harps and sang The glorious work is done.

O woman, does not this story of Vashti the queen, Vashti the veiled, Vashti the sacrifice, Vashti the silent, move your soul? My sermon converges into the one absorbing thought that none of you may be shut out of the palace gate of heaven. You can endure the hardships and the privations and the exiles and the misfortunes of this life if you can only gain admission there. Through the blood of the everlasting covenant, you go through these gates or never go at all. God forbid that you should at last be banished from the society of angels and banished from the companionship of your glorified kindred and banished forever. Through the rich grace of our Lord Jesus Christ may you be enabled to imitate the example of Rachel and Hannah and Abigail and Deborah and Mary and Esther and Vashti. Amen.

THE OLD HOME.

Well Worth the Recollections of an Occasional Hour. Boys, do you ever sit down and talk for an hour over the scenes, the adventures and the successes of childhood? Do you ever take time to look back over the hill of life and call up the days of yore, the days when you were at home under the protecting care of a fond father and a devoted mother? Do the early days, spent possibly in a pioneer home, ever occur to you as the happiest home of your eventful life?

These questions are for the "Old Boys," those who have passed the meridian of life and now on the down slope, as it were, and who, from natural causes will soon pass into the unknown beyond, where they are to enjoy the rewards that come of a well directed life. Boys, think of the old home where were father and mother and the charming sisters and brothers whose whole aim was to keep home happy and make life a pleasure rather than a burden. You remember father's corner behind the great fire-place, do you not? See him as he sits and nods in the twilight of the dim fire and dreams of the days when his boys will be Senators and not have to stand the bitter trials of the dark forest or the treacherous prairies.

Perchance he has toiled all day in the clearing vigorously battling with nature for the ascendancy of the arts of man. He did these things you know and all for you, too. His trials were bitter. His aims were noble. His object was happiness prompted by a motive of love. The home was crude as compared with the gorgeous palaces of these days. But joy was there because father, yes, and love because mother was. Yes, see her as she sits at her work over in the other corner. She is the perfect embodiment of happiness. Her boys and girls are all at home. They are yet in their innocence and she knows their every thought and observes with pride their every act.

Father and mother, brothers and sisters. The Old Home. What depths of meaning lie in those words. There is comfort in them. They recall all that built up into noble men whose lives are an honor to the hearth made happy by our presence. They recall the innocent prattle of younger brothers and sisters and the kindly directed efforts of the seniors to secure the joy and peace that come from the fraternity of home with its bonds of affection.

The dim old forest and the wide expanding prairie are there, too. The low murmuring rill with its beautiful song is there. What is not there? We were all there when we were young, but now we are old and all that we can do is to recall, recall, recall.

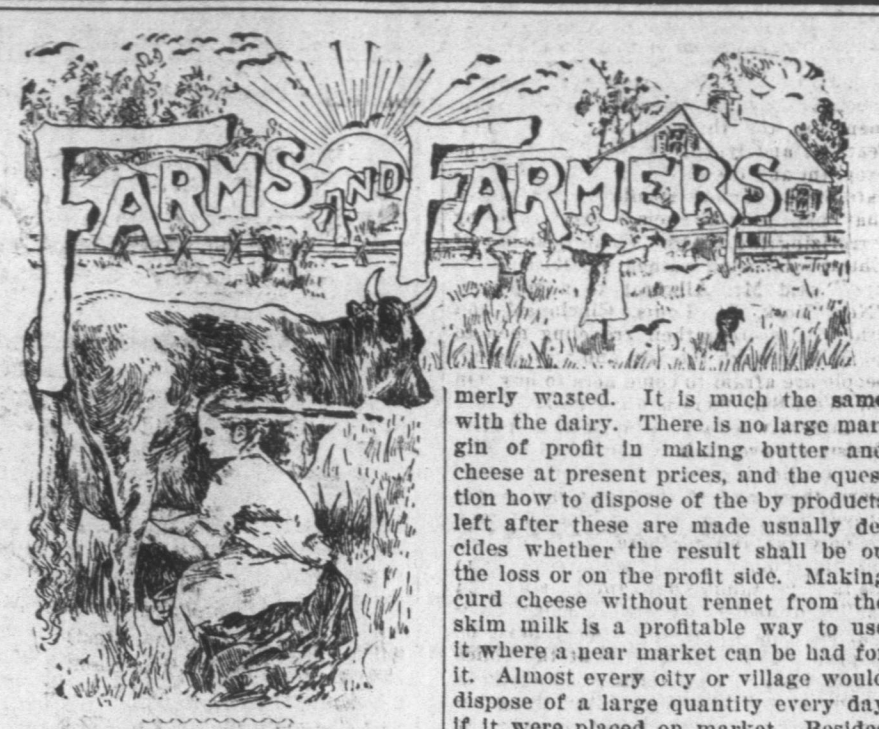
Do this, boys, and see if you do not appreciate more fully all that you are and have. It is but just that you should affectionately look upon the past.

Sympathy that Was Wasted. A tired-looking little woman, with her thin cape spread out to protect her from the rain, splashed through the mud and entered a street car. The other night she had been crowded with men who could not find a seat, but they made way for her and helped her into the packed car. She stood unsteadily in the aisle, trying to preserve her balance and the car went along.

"Keep still, dear!" she sighed, in a weak, tired voice, when a slight disturbance under the cape was observable.

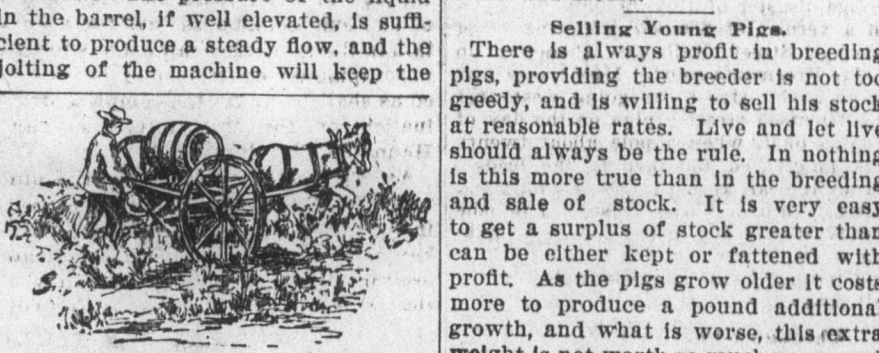
"Why don't some of you fellows give that woman with a baby a seat?" growled a fat man who was hanging to a strap.

Two or three men sprang up, and each insisted that she should take his seat. She sank into one of the vacant places, thanked the man who had made way for her, and a frowsy-headed terrier sprang from under her cape and sat in her lap while he barked at the fat man.



Home-made Potato Sprayer.

The sprayer illustrated herewith is inexpensive and easily made. First, a heavy iron rod about 1 1/2 inches thick and 6 1/2 feet long must be procured for an axle. This may be taken from an old grain drill, or elsewhere, and adapted to the present use. For wheels, take those of the hay-rake, as a high wheel makes the flow stronger. The shafts should be about eight feet long. They are bolted to the axle, five feet apart, and fastened securely, that the rod may not turn. Two pieces of wood, three by three inches and three and one-half feet long, are bolted across the shafts 12 or 15 inches apart, one of them being placed a trifle back of the axle, and the other farther in front of it. The singletree is attached to a third crosspiece farther forward. Two more pieces, two by six inches and two feet long, are bolted edge-wise across the 3x3-inch pieces, two feet apart. These pieces are hollowed out at the top so that a barrel will rest on them securely. Two stopcocks are inserted into the barrel opposite the bung, and two pieces of hose six feet long, terminating in a fine spray nozzle, attached to them. The bunghole is turned upward and a funnel used in filling it. The horse walks between the rows of potatoes, the man follows along, holding a nozzle in each hand above the row, on either side. When turning at the end of a row, the hose may be laid across the barrel to stop the flow. The pressure of the liquid in the barrel, if well elevated, is sufficient to produce a steady flow, and the jolting of the machine will keep the



Device for Spraying Potatoes.

Paris green in solution. With a spray of this kind one person can easily spray ten acres of potatoes in a day.—American Agriculturist.

The Nooning Time. In the longest days of the year, and when on the farm the hardest work of the year has to be done, there should be generally a longer rest at noon than is usually taken. The early morning and toward evening are the most comfortable times to work out of doors. But with a day nearly, or quite, fifteen hours long, there must be a considerable resting place in the middle of the day if health is to be preserved. The noon dinner may take half an hour or more, but after that should be a rest of a full hour or two, and if part of that time be spent in sleep both body and brain will be refreshed. Few know how great is the dependence of the nerves on sleep for their continuance in vigorous health. A noonday rest of not less than two hours will enable more work to be done than can be secured without it. If storms threaten when crops have to be secured the noon rest may be omitted, for in such cases when rain comes there will be fewer opportunities for resting and even for sleeping than will be desirable.

Killing Rose Slugs with Hot Water. It is very slow and difficult work thinning off the rose and pear slugs when they are found on pear and grape leaves. Not many people know that they can be easily killed by drenching the leaves with water heated to 130 to 140 degrees. This is death to nearly all kinds of bugs, and the water can be applied 30 to 20 degrees hotter than this without injuring the leaves either of the pear or grape vine. If the water is applied by spraying, it should be some hotter than is required, so that it may reach the slugs at the temperature that is surely fatal to them. Very cold water or that which has had ice dissolved in it will kill the rose slugs if dashed violently against them, but it knocks off many more, and they are soon found at their work again.

Select the Best. Did you ever notice that certain hens in the flock always seemed more alert and active than others? See how perhaps half a dozen out of thirty or forty are always running around, singing, pecking their heads up in a "Don't you see I'm a rustler" kind of way, and doing more work in an hour than the rest of the flock in four. Take care of these. Separate them from the rest of the flock. Look after them with great care, and by breeding them carefully to choice males, you can raise a strain of fowls that will be phenomenal layers. Now don't sneer at this idea. It is a fact and one that is worthy of your looking into.

Feeding Bran in Summer. Cows at pasture are greatly helped by feeding a bran mash morning and night when giving milk. Good as grass is it does not furnish the full proportion of nitrogenous and mineral substance that the cow requires to give the largest quantity of milk, and bran is a better food for this than is grain or grain meal. Cows that will not eat corn meal when at pasture will eat and relish a bran mash made with water heated to blood temperature.

By Products of the Dairy. Almost all great manufacturing enterprises now derive a great part of their profits from the careful saving and use of by products that were for-

QUEEN OF THE SILENT GAME.

Miss Kate Wheelock Acknowledged to Be a Whist Expert.

Among the "most interesting" of delegates to the forthcoming meeting of the American Whist League in New York will be Miss Kate Wheelock, who is well known in this city and the Northwest generally as an expert at the silent game. Miss Wheelock was the first woman teacher of whist in this country. There is only one other. She is petite in figure, has regular features, a fresh complexion, a winning manner and has prematurely gray hair. She was born in Green Bay, Wis. Eleven years ago, when the female interest in whist became a fad in the West, she lived in Milwaukee. While instructing a number of women the latter suggested that as it took up so much of Miss Wheelock's time she ought to charge a fee. She did so. It opened up a new business. It grew. So did the size of her fees. As her fame increased her travels extended. Since then she has visited nearly every city in the country, remaining from four to six weeks in each place. At present she has about 4,000 whist pupils scattered all over the country. Women as a rule do not play as scientific a game as men, she says, but the most scientific of her pupils are in the Hamilton Club of Philadelphia. Eugene Elliott, founder of the Whist League, calls her the "Daughter of the League," and Cavanaugh, the great authority on the game, calls her the "Whist Queen."

For the last two years Miss Wheelock has been experimenting with a stereopticon, with a view to giving instruction



SIEVE FOR SEED GRAIN.

will not float—only the seed pods of weeds and the lighter stuff. Better sift the wild seed out, and the illustration shows how to do it easily and quickly. Removable wire mesh bottoms may be used and thus a choice made in the size of mesh to use with any particular grain or beans, peas, etc. It will pay to use a mesh coarse enough to permit all small and inferior kernels of grain to fall through with the weed seed. Then only the best and most vigorous kernels will be sown. Such selection of the best seed year after year will bring up the quality of the grain wonderfully.—Farm and Home.

Selling Young Pigs. There is always profit in breeding pigs, providing the breeder is not too greedy, and is willing to sell his stock at reasonable rates. Give and let live should always be the rule. In nothing is this more true than in the breeding and sale of stock. It is very easy to get a surplus of stock greater than can be either kept or fattened with profit. As the pigs grow older it costs more to produce a pound additional growth, and what is worse, this extra weight is not worth so much per pound as is that of the smaller pig. The sow pigs may be worth more as they grow older if set to breeding, but the farmer who breeds pigs largely to sell while young does not wait for the sows to get to breeding age before disposing of them. He leaves some of the profit to the purchaser of his stock, as every stock seller ought to do. If no one did this the race of buyers would quickly run out, and then the grower of young pigs would be worse off than ever.

Irregular Hatching. There is some variation in the time of hatching hen's eggs, depending on the vigor of the fowls and the time the eggs are left cold before being set on. With strong vigorous fowls 20 days will see most of the chicks out. Late in the season the germ in the eggs sometimes begins to evolve into a chick even before it is set on, from the heat of the weather. This has been known to occur in the house, and we remember a neighbor who kept eggs in a basket not far from the kitchen who found a live chick among them unmothered. It had been hatched out from the heat of the stove in the next room.

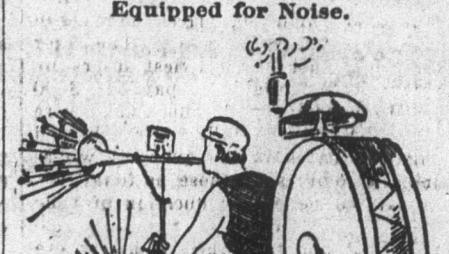
Bagging Grapes. Not so much is written now as used to be about bagging grapes to keep them from insect enemies or fungous diseases. The object is much better accomplished by spraying with the Bordeaux mixture. The bags required a good deal of labor to apply, and at the low rate that grapes have lately sold for, it did not pay. Besides, it was found that the protection made the grape skins more tender, so that they were less prepared for long transportation or for long keeping. Bagging grapes is still practiced by amateurs, but it is a practice likely to be confined to them.

Fences Around Gardens. There should be no fences except those put up for temporary protection, and that can be easily taken down around the garden. If a permanent fence is built it is always in the way, and becomes a harbor for weeds, which will grow at the more luxuriantly because the garden is rich. Neither should fruit trees be planted around the garden for like reason. The fruit garden ought to be by itself, and in the farm it is better to grow all the tree fruits in the main orchard, that can then be fenced in and used as a pasture for pigs.

Dairy Notes. The cow should have all the food that she will assimilate. A cow that is heated and worried will not milk well and her milk will not make good butter. To make the very best profit the dairyman must own the best land, keep the best cows and give them the best treatment. The dairyman should not only breed up his cows, but by proper course of fertilization increase the bearing capacity of the soil.

The latest thing for the deception of the dairy farmer is a bogus cottonseed meal. It has been analyzed and detected by two of the experiment stations. Cows drink from four to five gallons of water daily on the average. This should be as free from all impurities or surface drainage as the water used in the family.

Not every farmer can feed his cows a wide ration, because it is sometimes too costly to be available; but whatever the feed there should be plenty of it, and it should be accompanied by plenty of water.



Way some people would have bicycled rigged, so they could hear them coming.

Cambridge Leads. Though Oxford has won the best race eight times more than Cambridge, in other sports Cambridge's record is the better; at cricket she has won 21 times to Oxford's 27; in athletic sports 19 times to 13; at foot ball, Rugby and association, 24 times to 17. At golf they are even; eight games each.—Toronto Globe.

RECORD OF THE WEEK.

INDIANA INCIDENTS TERSELY TOLD.

Citizens of Terre Haute Get After Refractory Liquor Sellers—Peculiar Death of an Insane Man—Quit-Claim Deed for a Husband.

Will Prosecute Saloon Men. The saloon men, who for a week have been giving Terre Haute the novel experience of closed saloons after 1 p. m. and on Sunday, kept open Saturday, which was a violation of law, on account of its being a holiday. Prosecutor Huston has a bundle of affidavits against them. The saloon men have been voluntarily complying with the closing feature of the law since the Supreme Court held it to be valid, but they wouldn't go so far as to keep closed two days in succession. Two big citizens' meetings have been held, but the saloon men came to the conclusion that the participants in these meetings would not take an active part in prosecuting violators of the law. There is where they made a mistake.

Girl Buys a Husband for \$750. Mrs. Susan Harris, of Hammond, has disposed of her husband, William T. Harris, to Miss Carrie West, of Delphi, for \$750. Miss West is the foster daughter of the late Judge James H. Stewart and wife. She inherited from her foster parents about \$20,000. Harris came to Delphi from Hammond to take the position of night operator on the Monon. Miss West became infatuated with him, and he lived at her home. She said to remonstrating friends that their love was of divine origin and that she would never be brought suit for divorce from his wife, whom he had left at Hammond. Attorney Knotts, of Hammond, notified Miss West that Mrs. Harris was willing to dispose of her claim to her husband for money, and the bargain described was made. The divorce suit which Harris brought suit to set aside the will.

Maltreated in an Asylum. George T. Alexander died at the eastern hospital for the insane at Richmond on Wednesday and a report was given circulation that he died from ill treatment at the hands of an attendant. Superintendent Smith denies the charge, and now Mrs. Alexander publishes a statement to show that the charge is true. She says that she visited the hospital and found her husband with a broken limb and when she asked him how he was injured he replied that the "big fellow" had pushed him down. She repeated this statement to the officers of the institution and after that she was not allowed to see her husband except with others present. She declares her belief in the statement of her husband and says that he was rational when he made it.

All Over the State. Ralph, 7-year-old son of Myron G. Eddy, of Elkhart, while playing with his father's revolver, shot himself fatally. Mrs. Mollie Wade, of Columbus, has sued the American Starch Company for \$10,000. Her husband was detained in the mill by his duties until he was burned to death.

The dismembered body of Edward Anheir, a switch tender, was found in the yards at Logansport. Everything of value had been stolen and it is thought he was murdered and placed across the tracks. Immense crowds celebrated at Robinson Park, Fort Wayne. The principal attraction was the marriage of a young couple on the band stand. They received as a reward a handsome set of furniture, which was given them by the city.

In the village of Lousa is a monastery of 3,000 lamas or Buddhist priests. To support these priests a considerable sum of money is required, so at some far-off time the idea of this tree was evolved. On a moonless night in spring one of the lamas armed with a set of stamps, imprints upon the leaves and bark of the tree the characters of the alphabet, short invocations to Buddha and various rough outline drawings of priests and religious symbols.

The leaves and pieces of bark are sold to the credulous believers and visitors, and the money thus obtained helps to support the grand army of lamas. Coffee is now served out, and for fifteen minutes the sailors sit and sip it before beginning the morning work of scrubbing decks and cleaning ship. This work should be finished by five minutes to 8, when the bugle sounds the first call for colors. Upon which the quartermaster bends on the flag to the halyards of the flagstaff at the stern, and a signal boy does the same with the "jack" at the bow, and both stand ready to hoist them at 8 o'clock. A little period of waiting follows, and then 8 o'clock is reported by an orderly to the officer of the deck, who sends the orderly to report it to the captain. Presently the orderly returns and reports: "The captain says, 'Make it, sir.' Thereupon the officer of the deck orders: "Sound off!"

Then ring out the clear, majestic notes of the salute to the flag, while all the men about the deck face it as they pour with dignity aloft and float out to the morning breeze; officers and men touching their caps in reverent salute as it comes to rest and the music dies away in long, full notes.—St. Nicholas.

Equipped for Noise. Way some people would have bicycled rigged, so they could hear them coming.

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