MUTILATED CHILDREN.

Incredible Inhumanity of a Gang of Croations Arrested by the Police.

A gang of men have been arrested in Biskupitz Croatia because they have mutilated young children. The men have for years made a trade of crippling children and then sending them out to beg or selling them to others for the same purpose.

Children were stolen or were misled with promises to visit the house kept by the gang on the outskirts of the town. Once there they were bound and tortured.

When the police forced their way into the house they found two girls of 12 or 14 years with their legs broken. Another girl of about the same age lay bound on a bed, with her right arm broken and both eyes gouged out.

Two other children, hardly less horribly mutilated, were found on cots in the cellar. Many instruments which have been used in producing physical deformities were uncovered in the cellar and were seized for evidence.

THE HAWAIIAN AFFAIR.

Ministers Blount and Thurston Will Conduct the Diplomatic Business.

With the arrival of Minister Blount in Washington in the next few days diplomatic business between the United States and Hawaii will be conducted by Mr. Blount and by Mr. Thurston, the Minister of the Provisional Government to this country. It is learned at the State Department that Mr. Blount is still invested with the title and functions of Commissioner and that he will act in the dual capacity.

"How is it with you?" asked the editor of a subscriber who was dying in arrears. "All looks bright before me," gasped the subscriber. "I thought so," said the editor; "in about ten minutes you'll see the blaze."—Oil City Derrick.

AN ORIGINAL COMPOSITION.—Teacher—"Are any of your compositions ready?" Little Girl—"Mine is." "Is it an original composition?" "Yes'm." "You may read it." "I went to a wedding and a funeral, an' the bride looked lovely an' the corpse looked natural."—Good News.

TWO BROTHERS named Hall went to New York to buy counterfeit money. They did not get any, of course, but the trip was not wholly fruitless. They shot a green-goods man, and this was something.

PROF. HOLDEN says that the cavity represented by the largest spot on the sun is sufficient to take in the whole of our planet without touching the sides.

MURRAY, the BARBER.

MURRAY, the Barber, respectfully informs his customers and friends that he continues to prosecute his profession at his old stand, four doors east of the European House

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Ripans Tabules take the place of an Entire Medicine Chest, and should be kept for use in every family.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

A MARVELOUS DISCOVERY!

Positively removes

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BONE SPAVIN, Ringbone, Splint, or Curb, IN 48 HOURS, Without Pain.

$500 Reward For Failure or Slightest Injury.

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NORTH CAROLINA LOCUST POSTS, VERY EXTRA CYPRESS SHINGLES.

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LUMBER.

GEO. F. SLOAN & BRO.

414 LIGHT STREET WHARF, BALTIMORE, MD.

We offer you, delivered to Wharf or Depot in Baltimore:

1 " 1 inch Yellow Pine Boards, (Edge,) $12.50 per M.

6x20 Sawed Cypress Shingles, - - 15.00 "

Worked Yellow Pine Flooring, - - 6.00 "

These goods are excellent value for the money. We have higher grades at higher prices. If you wish prices on other goods, write us and we will reply promptly.

SASH, DOORS, BLINDS, ETC.

SHINGLES.

Worthless Acres Redeemed.

The most remarkable fact in the history of the country to-day is the development of the Pacific West. Formerly dependent for its prosperity on its minerals and shunned by agriculturists on account of its arid lands, it has changed all this by its achievements in irrigation and now mining camps and desert acres are converted into fertile fields, gardens, and vineyards. Though known from the dawn of civilization and employed on this continent by races that have vanished forever, irrigation is to us something of a rediscovery. Its use among us is very recent. Where a decade ago were sun-scorched plains and valleys, with no sound of animal life, but here and there a mockery of vegetation, are now a large and thriving population, prosperous cities and towns, lands worth for cultivation from $500 to $1,000 an acre and a wealth of fruit production without a parallel in the world. Twenty years ago no one in America knew how to utilize water on a large scale for irrigation. A few colonies in different parts of the arid zone, a few settlers in isolated valleys, were making experiments. A decade ago some 2,000,000 acres of the arid region were irrigated, and since then the progress of irrigation has been a march of triumph.

In 1886 the area under water ditches was 5,500,000 acres and by 1891 it had increased to 17,177,843 acres, of which 7,998,000 acres were under cultivation. The difference between the area under water ditches and cultivation is due to the fact that years are required to settle the country and prepare the soil after the irrigation ditches are formed. Of the large acreage under ditch in 1891, 4,500,000 acres belonged to California and a little over 3,000,000 to Wyoming and Colorado, each. California had 3,500 artesian wells and Colorado 4,500. Some of these wells yielded 4,000,000 to 5,000,000 gallons of water daily, capable of irrigating a section of land. Judging the present by the past, says Charles H. Shinn in Popular Science Monthly, there will be from 36,000,000 to 75,000,000 acres under some irrigation system by the close of the decade and the actually cultivated area may be close upon 20,000,000 acres.

Cadi and Council.

Justice is the end of government, and every nation has its own peculiar method by which this end is achieved. In "Our Future Highway to India," an interesting trial is described. There had been a riot and one man had been hurt. The ringleaders in the riot were now put on trial, and a curious sight it was.

The cadi and council were seated around a table. An officer called the "kaimacan" had conducted us to the place where the trial was going on, and the party was accommodated on a divan. The prisoners were brought in under a strong guard, the wounded man and the doctor being at the other end of our divan. The whole place was crowded with witnesses and spectators.

A more peculiar trial was never seen: every one gesticulating, shouting and yelling. The prisoners abused kaimacan, cadi, court, and everything else, and were abused in turn. The noise went on increasing until it seemed as if the roof was about to fly off.

Suddenly there came a lull, and every one, prisoners, guards and all, commenced smoking cigarettes. The ringleader in the riot coolly took a light from one of the members of the court. After a pause, and with their lungs refreshed by the soothing fumes of tobacco, they all again burst forth in chorus, and the noise was worse than before.

I know not how the clerk to the court managed to keep his notes of the evidence, but perhaps he was accustomed to such scenes, and managed to take down a fair description of what occurred.

Though there was fresh blood on their clothes, and some long hairs were sticking to the sword of the one who had actually struck the blow, the prisoners swore they were innocent. Luckily the case did not rest on frail testimony, as an officer had been present and seen the man cut down. So far everything went to convict the culprits, but the question of provocation given and received had to be debated before the punishment could be awarded.

His Advice.

Pat seldom fails to keep a watchful eye on his own interests. In a country town there lived an Irishman who spent most of his time and money at one of the many public houses. In consequence of this and the small wages he earned he had run up a rather long score on the slate. One day a fire occurred at this particular public house, and the fire brigade was called into requisition. Among the first at the conflagration was the Irishman. He was heard above the noise and din of the people assembled, shouting, "Don't fail to play on the slate."

WORK AND WORKERS.

ALL the salaried employes of the Carnegie Steel Works will have their wages cut from 15 to 20 per cent.

THE Amory Mills, of Manchester, N. Y., employing 1,400 operatives, have closed for two weeks.

UNTIL the financial depression is over the Thomson-Houston Electric Works at Lynn, Mass., will only run three days a week.

THE Bessemer Steel Works, of Pueblo, Col., which closed down three weeks ago, resumed operations, and 800 men went to work again.

THIRTY out of forty-five paper machines in the Fox River Valley, Wis., from Neenah to Depere are shut down. It is only the smaller machines that are running. Three thousand men are left idle by the shut-down.

PRESIDENT WILLIAM B. CUTTER, of the National Real Estate Association, has issued an order postponing definitely the 1893 convention of the association, which was to begin this week at St. Paul. The reason given is the unsettled condition of the commercial world.

AT Scranton, Pa., the Dickson Manufacturing Company, employing 1,500 persons in the manufacture of locomotives and mining machinery, posted notices of a 10 per cent. reduction in wages in all of the departments.

THE deputy sheriffs stationed for several days past at the coal mines at Bedford, Mo., have been withdrawn, the strike having been practically declared off. The strikes in Vernon and Bates counties have cost the miners over $16,000, besides their situations.

THE Southern Pacific Company has discharged 1,000 men working on the new road between Santa Margarita and San Louis Obispo, Cala., which, it is is said, will reduce the monthly expenses of the Pacific Improvement Company, and adjunct of the Southern Pacific Company, full 35 per cent.

A delegation representing the engineers, firemen, conductors and trainmen of the Louisville and Nashville system had a conference with General Manager Metcalf, at which the proposal of the road for a 10 per cent. reduction in wages was discussed. The delegation did not have the authority to accept the proposal, but expressed a desire to act fairly. The reduction will probably be accepted with the agreement that the railroad will return to the old scale as soon as times get better.

Statistical.

When Gen. Cornwallis surrendered at Yorkton his army of Englishmen consisted, according to military reports, of 7,247 soldiers and 840 sailors —8,087 in all. The number of locomotives now in use on American railways is 32,139, or four times as many as Cornwallis' soldiers and sailors. The number of cars is 1,200,000.

MARKETS.

BALTIMORE

GRAIN, ETC.			
FLOUR—Balto. Best Pat.	$ 4 35	@ $	4 40
High Grade Extra	3 60		3 65
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	63½		65½
CORN—No. 2 White	51		51
OATS—Southern & Penn.	29		35
Western White	34		35
Mixed	31		32
RYE—No. 2	73		74
HAY—Choice Timothy	17 00		18 00
Good to Prime	16 00		17 00
STRAW—Rye in car-lots	10 00		10 50
Wheat Blocks	7 00		7 50
Oat Blocks	7 50		8 00
CANNED GOODS.			
TOMATOES—Stnd. No. 3	90	@ $	1 25
No. 2	82½		85
PEAS—Standards	1 20		1 60
Seconds			1 00
CORN—Dry Pack			1 15
Moist			1 00
HIDES.			
CITY STEERS	$ 5½	@ $	6
City Cows	4		4½
Southern No. 2	5½		5¾
POTATOES & VEGETABLES.			
POTATOES—Burbanks	$ 70	@ $	75
ONIONS	2 60		2 75
Yams	4 00		4 50
PROVISIONS.			
HOGS PRODUCTS—shlds.	$ 8½	@ $	9
Clear ribsides	9		9½
Hams	13¼		13½
Mess Pork, per bar			16 00
LARD—Crude			9½
Best refined			10¾
BUTTER.			
BUTTER—Fine Crmy	$ 24	@ $	25
Under fine	21		22
Roll	20		21
CHEESE.			
CHEESE—N.Y. Factory	$ 10	@ $	10¼
N. Y. flats	10¼		10½
Skim Cheese	5		7
EGGS.			
EGGS—State	$ 15	@ $	15½
North Carolina	14		14½
POULTRY.			
CHICKENS—Hens	$ 9	@ $	10
Ducks, per lb	9		10
TOBACCO.			
TOBACCO—Md. Infer's	$ 1 50	@ $	1 50
Sound common	3 00		4 00
Middling	6 00		8 00
Fancy	12 00		13 00
LIVE STOCK.			
BEEF—Best Beeves	$ 4 60	@ $	4 70
Good to Fair	4 00		4 60
SHEEP	3 75		4 00
Hogs	6 10		6 60
FURS AND SKINS.			
MUSKRAT	$ 10	@ $	11
Raccoon	40		43
Red Fox	—		1 00
Skunk Black	—		80
Opossum	22		23
Mink	—		50
Otter	—		6 00

NEW YORK.

FLOUR—Southern	$ 3 15	@ $	4 25
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	68¾		68½
RYE—Western	57		59
CORN—No. 2	47½		47¾
OATS—No. 2	30		30½
BUTTER—State	17		23
EGGS—State	17		17½
CHEESE—State	8¾		9¾

PHILADELPHIA.

FLOUR—Southern	$ 3 60	@ $	4 00
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	65¾		66
CORN—No. 2	47¼		47½
OATS—N. 2	32		34
BUTTER—State	29		33
EGGS—Penns. ft	17		17½

CURIOUS FACTS.

The skin of an elephant usually takes about five years to tan.

The best opals are obtained from Hungary and Honduras.

The Sultan of Turkey has the richest collection of gems and regalia in the world.

Mrs. L. W. Hill, of Butt des Mortes, Wis., has a rocking chair known to be 185 years old, and still in good condition.

The Royal Balmoral tartan, which was designed by the Prince Consort, is manufactured only for the Queen of England.

The maelstrom is not a whirlpool which sucks ships down into the depths of the ocean. It is an eddy, which in fair weather can be crossed in safety by any vessel.

At the beginning of this century dandies in the German army wore earrings and adorned their fingers with as many rings as they could conveniently wear.

The great show pictures of Greece were the illustrations of Homer by Polygnotos. They were painted in a public hall near the temple of Apollo at Delphi, and were considered wonders of the world for 600 years.

The flags to be hoisted at one time in signaling at sea never exceed four. It is an interesting arithmetical fact that with eighteen variously colored flags, and never more than four at a time, no fewer than 78,642 signals can be given.

A silken prayer-book has been woven at Lyons, in France, the completion of which took three years. The prayers are not printed on the silk, but woven. Five hundred copies were "struck off" the loom and are bought for wedding presents by rich people.

Rockwood, the chess player, could play twelve games simultaneously, but no more, not being able even to begin the thirteenth. After death an examination of his brain showed that its molecules were arranged in squares like that of a chess board.

The oldest railway in Germany is that between Nuremburg and Furth, which was opened in December, 1835 —ten years after passenger traffic had begun on the Stockton and Darlington line. It is worked very economically and pays a handsome dividend.

Very large amounts of private gold coins were formerly minted in this country by individuals. Reid, of Georgia, the Bechtlers, of North Carolina, the Mormons in Utah, and several banking firms in California, all once did a large business in this line.

Desecho, an island adjoining Porto Rico, Central America, is infested with rats. There are millions of them there, and it is unsafe for a man to set foot on the island. They have destroyed all the goats, which were formerly bred there and are now eating the shrubbery.

There is a point near the famous Stony Cave, in the Catskill Mountains of New York, where ice may be found on any day in the year. This locality is locally known as the Notch, and is walled in on all sides by steep mountains, some of which are more than 3000 feet high.

Great expectations have been formed of ruby mines alleged to have been discovered by the Ameer of Afghanistan about six miles from Paghman, near Cabul. The specimens sent by the British agent at Cabul to the Indian Government, have, however, proved to be worthless quartz.

Not very long ago a London newspaper announced that a jeweler of Turin had made a bag-boat formed of a single pearl. The sail is of beaten gold, studded with diamonds, and the pinnacle light at the prow is a perfect ruby. An emerald serves as its rudder, and the stand on which it is mounted is a slab of whitest ivory. The entire weight of this marvelous specimen of the jeweler's craft is less than half an ounce, but the maker values it at $5000.

Outwitting a Shark.

On board the good ship "Vincennes," during a cruise in the Pacific Ocean, a party of English and American officers were one day in the cabin talking cheerfully of the Cape and the cruise, when, as if by magic, every countenance changed. Spellbound for an instant, all sat intently listening. There was a strange commotion in the ship. Then came that noise of hurrying feet, unaccompanied by the voice of command, which, breaking the silence of a well-disciplined man-of-war, and echoing below, inspires a creeping fear of unknown evil. There were, too, half-suppressed exclamations of alarm, in which were caught the ominously coupled words: "Shark!—Boy!" In a moment all were on deck. Glancing over the side rail, we saw in a rowboat moored to the end of the side boom, a few feet from the side, one of the ship's boys, a bright, cheerful little fellow, standing erect, holding a boat-hook ready to strike. Gliding slowly toward him, scarcely rippling the surface of the water, through which its broad back could be plainly seen, was a great white shark—a "man-eater"—such as in former days followed in the wakes of captured slavers, prizes to Her Majesty's cruisers on the coast.

The crew of the Vincennes stood aghast, powerless to aid. Some called to the boy to lie down in the boat; others shouted to him to pull away. But, wholly intent on the movements of the fearful creature, he did not hear them. We had not long to wait; the shark came on, raising its head out of the water, so that its sinister eyes could be seen. Pressing heavily on the wale of the boat, it bore down the side.

We expected to see the boat roll over upon the shark, and held our breath. Down came the iron-pointed boat-hook with all the force a boyish arm could give it. A blow, and then a quick thrust, and the light boat, buoyant as a feather, slipped out from under the shark's head and righted herself.

It was a gallant sight to see that sailor boy standing undaunted before what might, indeed, be called the jaws of death. Rapidly and well did he ply his weapon. The shark, baffled, drew back as if to take measure of the brave little fellow, preparatory to a final rush which should seal the boy's fate. In that perilous instant, cool and collected, seizing the painter with one hand while he pointed the boat-hook with the other, to ward off the shark's attack, the boy quickly drew the boat under the rope-ladder, and, springing up, climbed to the boom, along which he tripped lightly to the ship.—St. Nicholas.

Gave Him a Limit.

In administering punishment in the navy different penalties carry with them reduction to a lower conduct class. Of these there are four, the fourth being the lowest, and one placed in it is deprived of shore leave for a period of three months. For some breach the executive officer of the United States ship Juniata found it necessary to place a man on the fourth class, who decided to try to obtain a mitigation of his sentence. With this object in view, he sought and obtained an interview with the executive officer, when the following conversation ensued: "Well, L—, you wanted to see me?" "Yes, sir, I did. I wanted to know, Mr. B—, why you put me on the fourth class?" "Ah you wanted to know why I put you on the fourth class, eh? Well, I'll tell you. L—, I put you on the fourth class because I hadn't a fifth class to put you on. Now go forward." He went.—Argonaut.

CRIMINAL STATISTICS.

How It Is Divided Among the Races in New York City.

New York City has a foreign born population of 647,000 out of a total of 1,800,000. The foreigners are: Germany, 230,000; Ireland, 200,000; Russia, 55,000; Italy, 50,000; Great Britain, 49,000; Austria, 29,000; France, 11,000; Canada and Newfoundland, 9,000; other nationalities, 14,000.

In arriving at the important point as to the number in each race who commit murder and felonious assault as gathered from the police records of eight months past we find that:

One Italian in 574 commits a felonious assault and one in 12,222 a murder.

One Irishman in 3,636 commits a felonious assault and one in 13,333 a murder.

One German in 5,476 commits a felonious assault and one in 32,857 a murder.

One Russian in 3,225 commits a felonious assault and one in 55,000 a murder.

One Frenchman in 3,666 commits a felonious assault and one in 11,000 a murder.

One Englishman in 3,266 commits a felonious assault and one in 49,000 a murder.

One Austrian in 3,625 commits a felonious assault and there were no murders among 29,000.

One North American-Britisher in 9,000 commits a felonious assault. No murder recorded among 9,000.

One Spaniard in 500 commits a felonious assault, while one Hungarian in 4,333 is guilty of this offense. Neither race furnishes a murder.

One American in 7,185 commits a felonious assault and one in 35,294 a murder.

The World's Wheat Eaters.

The Department of Agriculture gives the following interesting statistics of populations in different countries, as estimated for May of the present year, and also the annual per capita consumption of wheat in each country in bushels:

	Population May, 1893.	Consumption per cap ta.
United Kingdom	39,500,00	6.11
France	38,5 0,00	9.13
Italy	30,800,000	4.10
Belgium	6,200,000	6.40
Germany	50,00,000	2.24
Netherlands	4,700,000	3.80
Switzerland	3,000,000	4.80
Spain	18,0 0,000	4.70
Greece	2,200 00	4.66
Sweden and Norway	6,800,00	1.20
Portugal	5,200,000	2.10
Turkey in Europe	4,500,000	5.30
Denmark	2,250,000	2.10
Bosnia	2,1 0,00	2.00
South Africa	2,200,00	2.80
Japan	41,500,00	2.70
United States	67,000,00	5.63
Russia, all	120,000,00	1.73
India	200,00,000	0.76
Roumania	5,000,000	4.50
Austria-Hungary	42,400,000	3.64
Bulgaria	3,300,00	6.00
Servia	2,10 00	2.00
Argentina	4,800,000	5.20
Chile	2,850,0 0	4.00
Uruguay	700,00	5.70
Australasia	4,000,00	7.73
Canada	4,500,000	8.10
Algeria	4,200,00	4.50

It will be seen from the above tables that the French people consume most wheat, and the people of India the least. After the French come the Canadians, Australasians, Bulgarians, Belgians, English and Americans, in order named.

In explanation of the comparatively low average American consumption of wheat it may be said that the people in the middle West and throughout the South consume a vast amount of corn; not so much by reason of its greater cheapness perhaps, as from inclination and habit. Primarily, corn was the food of the negro population in the days of slavery owing to its lesser cost, and the negro cooks in white families no doubt were instrumental in introducing the palatable corn "pone" and other creations of like sort to the tables of the average Southern planter. This custom still prevails throughout the South and has gained also a strong foothold in some of the Mississippi Valley States, thus reducing below several other countries our per capita consumption of wheat.

Fabrics Made of Stone and Glass.

In Russia there has for a long time existed a tissue manufactured from the fiber of a peculiar filandrous stone from the Siberian mines, which by some secret process is shredded and spun into a fabric, which, although soft to the touch and pliable in the extreme, is of so durable a nature that it will never wear out. This is probably what has given an enterprising manufacturer the idea of producing spun glass dress lengths. The Muscovite stuff is thrown into the fire when dirty, whence it is withdrawn absolutely clean and ready for use, but the spun glass silk is simply brushed with a hard brush and soap and water, and is none the worse for being either stained or soiled. This material is to be had in white, green, lilac, pink, and yellow, and bids fair to become very fashionable for evening dress. It is an Austrian who is the inventor of this material, which is rather costly. Table cloths, napkins—nay, even window curtains, are manufactured thereof.

Discretion Wins Many a Fight.

"I have met the best tennis players in the land, but I have never been beaten."

"How wonderful! Why don't you enter the tournament?"

"I never play."

$100 Reward. $100.

The reader of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

☞ Sold by Druggists, 75c.

A flower grows wherever a kind word is spoken.

Pure and Wholesome Quality

Commends to public approval the California liquid laxative remedy, Syrup of Figs. It is pleasant to the taste and by acting gently on the kidneys, liver and bowels to cleanse the system effectually, it promotes the health and comfort of all who use it, and with millions it is the best and only remedy.

While one woman is quiet the other ninety-nine are asking her why she is.

For Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Stomach disorders, use Brown's Iron Bitters—the Best Tonic. It rebuilds the Blood and strengthens the muscles. A splendid medicine for weak and debilitated persons.

When gossip beats the drum of the ear the tongue tells the tune.

We Cure Rupture.

No matter of how long standing. Write for free treatise, testimonials, etc., to S. J. Hollensworth & Co., Owego, Tioga Co., N. Y. Price $1; by mail, $1.15.

No sympathy is felt for the man who is a fool twice.

For impure or thin Blood, Weakness, Malaria, Neuralgia, Indigestion and Biliousness, take Brown's Iron Bitters—it gives strength, making old persons feel young—and young persons strong; pleasant to take.

Some men pray without thinking and some think without praying.

Beecham's Pills with a drink of water mornings. Beecham's—no others. 25 cents a box.

When young hearts break they knit again readily.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25c. per bottle.

A verse may find him whom a sermon flies.

Shooting Pains



All over my body and swelling of my limbs have caused me great suffering. In the spring I was completely worn out and ate hardly enough to keep me alive. I have been taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, and the swelling has subsided, the shooting pains are gone, I have good appetite, am better every way." MRS. A. G. OMAN, 34 Newman St., So. Boston. **Hood's Cures**

Hood's Pills Cure Sick Headache. 25 c nts.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "A Great Woman."

TEXT: *"And it fell on a day that Elisha passed to Shunem, where was a great woman."*—II Kings iv., 8.

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 Esdraelon 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 godly man, but he was entirely overshadowed by his wife's excellencies, just as now you sometimes find in a household the wife the centre 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, on the loom, on the world's 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 oftentime comes from the home circle a potential and elevating influence.

This woman of my text was 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 medium 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 escutcheon or gleaming 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 mighty thrones 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.

In the first place, she was great in her hospitalities. Uncivilized and barbarous nations honor this virtue. Jupiter had the surname of the hospitable, and he was said especially to avenge the wrongs of strangers. Homer exalted it in his verse. The Arabs are punctilious upon this subject, 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 even 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 carpetbag portentous of tarrying. There is many a country parsonage 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 reiteration by grasp and by look and by a thousand attentions, insignificant attentions, of your earnestness of welcome. There will be high appreciation of your welcome, although you have nothing but the brazen candlestick and the plain chair to offer Elisha with the coarse table shunem.

Most beautiful is this grace of hospitality when shown in the house of God. I am thankful that I am pastor of a church where strangers are always welcome, and there is not a State in the Union in which I have not heard the affability of the ushers of our church complimented. But I have entered churches where there was no hospitality. A stranger would stand in the vestibule for awhile and then make 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 occupants glared on him with a look which seemed to say, "Well, if I must, I must." Away with such accursed 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, in the wilderness, was overtaken by night and storm, and he put in at a cabin. He saw firearms 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. Rude but glorious Christian hospitality!

Again, this woman in 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 welcome. We have a great many books in our day on the trials 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 him, about the kindnesses, 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 long night watching, and hundreds of prayers going up that God would restore the sick. Is there a burning, brimming cup of calamity placed on the pastor's table, are there not many to help him to drink of 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 minister—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 the mansion and from the cot to do kindness to the Lord's servants. I suppose the men of Shunem had to pay the bills, but it was the large hearted Christian sympathies of the women of Shunem that looked after the Lord's messenger.

Again, this woman in 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 knees until noon, 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 shoulders that have not been bent under the burden of grief? Where is the ship sailing over glassy sea that has not after awhile been caught in a cyclone? Where is the garden of earthly comfort but trouble hath hitched up its flery and panting team and gone through it with burning plowshare of disaster? Under the pelting of ages of suffering the great heart of the world has burst with woe.

Navigators tell us about the rivers, and the Amazon and the Danube and the Mississippi have been explored, but who can tell the depth or length of the great river of sorrow made up of tears and blood rolling through all lands and all ages, bearing the wreck of families and of communities and of empires—foaming, writhing, boiling with the agonies of 6000 years? Etna and Cotopaxi and Vesuvius have been described, but who has ever sketched the volcano of suffering reaching up from its depths the lava and the scoria and pouring them down the sides to whelm the nations? Oh, if I could gather all the heartstrings, the broken heartstrings, into a harp I would play on it a dirge such as was never sounded.

Mythologists tell us of Gorgon and Centaur and Titan, and geologists tell us of extinct species of monsters, but greater than Gordon or megatherium, and not belonging to the realm of fable, and not of an extinct species, is a monster with iron jaw and iron hoofs walking 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 constellations of God's eternal love can illumine it, and though the winter comes out of the northern sky you have sometimes seen the northern sky all ablaze with auroras that 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 depths, but cannot be lost.
Though satan enrage the wind and the tide,
The promise assures us the Lord will provide.

I heard an echo of my text in a very dark hour, when my father lay dying, and the old country minister said to him, "Mr. Talmage, how do you feel now as you are about to pass the Jordan of death?" He replied—and it was the last thing he ever said—"I feel well; I feel very well; all is well," lifting his hand in a benediction, a speechless benediction, which I pray God may go down through all the generations. It is well! Of course it was well.

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 a home picture. Those who are not disciples of this 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 benefaction 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 another woman whose name has sounded through all the lands and all the centuries.

I remember when Kossuth was in this country there were some ladies who got reputations by presenting him very gracefully with bouquets of flowers on public occasions, but what was all that compared with the work of 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 the prophet wanted to reward her for her hospitality by asking some preferment 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." 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,