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REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The 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 abods. 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 banking house, on 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 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 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 add to what would accompany her 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 hundred-years 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 ringing 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 carpet-bag portentous of tarrying. There is many a country parsonage that looks out week by week upon the ominous arrival of a wagon with creaking wheel and lank horse and dilapidated driver, some 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 flat 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 when he comes to 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 found 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 inhecency 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 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 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 some body 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 fiery and panting teams 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 storms 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, now 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, and who could not tell a picture in plaster of Paris from Palmer's "White Captive," and would not know a boy's pencilling from Bierstadt's "Yosemite"—men who buy large libraries by the square foot, buying these libraries when they have hardly enough education to pick out the day of 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 hovel to English cottage, or untanned sheepskin to French broadcloth, or husks to pineapple, or the clumsiness of a boor to the manners of a gentleman. God, who strung the beach with tinted shell and the grass of the field with the dews of the night and hath exquisitely tinged morning cloud and robin red breast, 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 sentiment. But what I want to impress upon you is that you ought not to inventory the luxuries of life as among the indispensables, and you ought not to depreciate this woman of the text, who, when offered kingly preferment, responded, "I dwell among my own people."

Yes, this woman of the text was great in her piety, faith in God, and she was not ashamed to talk about it before idolaters. Ah, woman will never appreciate what she owes to Christianity until she knows and sees the degradation of her sex under paganism and Mahommedanism. Her very birth considered a misfortune. Sold like cattle in the shambles. Slave of all work, and at last her body fuel for the funeral pyre of her husband.

Above the shriek of the fire worshipers in India and above the rumbling of the juggernauts I hear the million voiced groan of wronged, insulted, broken hearted, downtrodden woman. Her tears have fallen in the Nile and Tigris and the La Plata and on the steppes of Tartary. She has been dishonored in Turkish garden and Persian palace and Spanish Alhambra. Her little ones have been sacrificed in the Ganges. There is not a groan, or a dungeon, or an island, or a mountain, or a river, or a sea but could tell a story of the outrages heaped upon her.

But, thanks to God, this glorious Christianity comes forth, and all the chains of this vassalage are snapped, and she rises up from ignominy to exalted sphere and becomes the affectionate daughter, the gentle wife, the honored mother, the useful Christian. Oh, if Christianity has done so much for woman, surely woman will become its most ardent advocate and its sublimest exemplification!

When I come to speak of womanly influence, my mind always wanders off to one model—the aged one who, 27 years ago, we put away for the resurrection. About 87 years ago, and just before their marriage day, my father and mother stood up in the old meeting house at Somerville, N. J., and took upon them the vows of the Christian. Through a long life of vicissitude she lived harmlessly and usefully and came to her end in peace. No child of want ever came to her door and was turned empty away. No one in sorrow came to her but was comforted. No one asked her the way to be saved but she pointed him to the cross. When the angel of life came to a neighbor's dwelling, she was there to rejoice at the starting of another immortal spirit. When the angel of death came to a neighbor's dwelling, she was there to robe the departed for the burial. We had often heard her, when leading family prayers in the absence of my father, say, "O Lord, I ask not for my children wealth or honor, but I do ask that they all may be the subjects of Thy comforting grace!" Her 11 children brought into the kingdom of God, she had but one more wish, and that was that she might see her long absent missionary son, and when the ship from China anchored in New York harbor and the long absent one passed over the threshold of his paternal home she said, "Now, Lord, lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen the salvation." The prayer was soon answered.

It was an autumnal day when we gathered from afar and found only the house from which the soul had fled forever. She looked very natural, the hands very much as when they were employed in kindness for her children. Whatever else we forget, we never forget the look of mother's hands. As we stood there by the casket we could not help but say, "Don't she look beautiful?" It was a cloudless day when, with heavy hearts, we carried her out to the last resting place. The withered leaves crumbled under foot and wheel as we passed, and the sun shone on the Raritan River until it looked like fire, but more calm and beautiful and radiant was the setting sun of that aged pilgrim's life. No more toil, no more tears, no more sickness, no more death. Dear mother! Beautiful mother!

Sweet is the slumber beneath the sod,
While the pure spirit rests with God.

I need not go back and show you Zenobia or Semiramis or Isabella or even the woman of the text as wonders of womanly excellence or greatness when I in this moment point to your own picture gallery of memory, and show you the one face that you remember so well, and arouse all your holy reminiscences, and start you in new consecration to God by the pronouncing of that tender, beautiful, glorious word, "Mother, mother!"

Medicine in the Middle Ages.

In an entertaining article in the Nineteenth Century on mediæval medicine, some curious prescriptions are given. A person whose right eye was inflamed or bleared was recommended to "take the right eye of a Frogg, lap it in a piece of russet cloth, and hang it about the neck." The skin of a raven's heel was prescribed for gout. Diffident young men will be interested in this: "If you would have a man become bold or impudent, let him carry about him the skin or eyes of a lion or cock, and he will be fearless of his enemies; nay, he will be very terrible unto them." The tendency to reticence, which is so common a fault of parliaments, municipal councils, etc., might be cured by this treatment: "If you would have him talkative, give him tongues, and seek out those of water frogs and ducks, and such creatures notorious for their continual noise making."

If a man had a "sounding or a piping in his ears," he was recommended to put oil of hempseed, warm, into them, "and after that let him leape upon his one legge upon that side where the disease is; then let him bowe doune hys eare of that syde, if haply any moysture would issue out." The remedy for nose bleeding was to "beat egge shales to pouder, and sift them through a linnen cloth, and blow them into hys nose; if the shales were of egges whereout young chickens are hatched, it were so much the better." Powdered earth worms mixed with wine were recommended for jaundice. Toothache might be relieved by an application of the fat of "little greene frogges," or of the "graye worms breathing under wood or stones, having many fete." Frogs and toads were favorite remedies, especially when treated in some grotesquely barbarous manner. Popular prejudice against medical science to-day is declining, and will probably disappear altogether; but in the Middle Ages it seems to have had a very rational basis. —Toronto Globe.

Saved by a Blotter.

A commercial traveler writes to the St. Louis Globe-Democrat: "The blotter in a hotel writing room once saved me from very considerable loss. As a general rule the blotter in a writing room is so dirty and covered up with ink marks that the whole presents the appearance of an Egyptian hieroglyphics. But on this occasion, as luck would have it, the blotter was absolutely new and clean and could be examined very closely. The last man who had been using it was also the first, and as he used rather a liberal supply of ink and wrote rapidly he reproduced almost the entire letter upon the blotter before folding it up. I knew him to be the representative of a large Eastern house in a similar though not rival capacity to our own, and without intending to do so, I found myself glancing at the reproduction of his letter on the blotter. I was struck at once with the name of the house from which I had the previous day taken an exceptionally large order, and reading on I found that he had notified his firm that, acting under advice from a very reliable source, he had decided not to carry out his instructions and sell this firm a bill of goods. I went out at once and made a few inquiries which convinced me that not only was the house in question in difficulties, but that it was also contemplating a fraudulent transfer to defeat its creditors. I promptly wired the house I represented to ignore my letter by mail containing this order, giving the reasons briefly, and following up the telegram by an explanatory letter. Some rather indignant correspondence followed, but this was abruptly terminated by the suspension of the latter and the absconding of one of the partners. I have always held a clean blotter in a hotel writing room with a feeling of veneration ever since."

Many's the fine judgment spoiled by the reasons.

Tears are the tribute of humanity to its destiny.

Golden opportunities fly low, but they fly swift.

There are times in a man's life when—if he could see himself as others see him—he would go and get shaved.

A wise man always keeps on hand enough resignation for any emergency.

For his bounty there was no winter to it; an autumn it was that grew more by reaping.

The world comes easy to handsome people, while those who are merely blessed with brains have to fight for recognition.

A rich man cannot enjoy a sound mind nor a sound body without exercise, and yet these are truly the worst ingredients of poverty.

With little men it may be different, but when a tall man finds himself short he is always embarrassed.

Covetous men need money least, yet most affect and seek it; prodigals who need it most do least regard it.

TOGETHER.

When two folks are side by side,
The world is gay;
Sweetly do the moments glide
And fade away.

When two folks are far apart,
Their lives estranged—
Sorrow surges in the heart,
The world is changed.

But when two hearts meet again
On Summer day,
Fadeth then the mist of pain
Where those two stray.

THE MOON AND THE TOAD

OR

The Creation of Man.

As Told by One of the Basoko Tribe, Mr. Henry M. Stanley.*

PART I.

In the old, old times, all this land, and indeed, all the whole earth was covered with sweet water. But the water dried up or disappeared somewhere, and the grasses, herbs and plants began to spring up above the ground, and some grew, in course of many moons, into trees, great and small, and the water was confined into streams and rivers, lakes and pools, and as the rain fell it kept the streams and rivers running, and the lakes and pools always fresh. There was no living thing moving upon the earth, until one day there sat by one of the pools a large Toad. How long he had lived is not known, or how he came to be is not known; it is suspected, however, that the water brought him forth out of some virtue that was in it. In the sky there was only the Moon glowing and shining—on the earth there was but this one Toad. It is said that they conversed together, and one day the Moon said to him:

"I have an idea. I propose to make a man and a woman to live on the fruits of the earth, for I believe that there is rich abundance of food on it fit for such creatures.'

"Nay," said the Toad, "let me make them, for I can make them fitter for the use of the earth than thou canst, for I belong to the earth while thou belongest to the sky."

"Verily," replied the Moon, "thou hast the power to create creatures, which shall have but a brief existence, whereas, if I make them, they will have something of my own nature; and it is a pity that the creatures of one's own making should suffer and die. Therefore, oh Toad, I propose to reserve the power of creation for myself, that the creatures may be endowed with perfection and enduring life."

"Ah, Moon, be not envions of the power which I share with thee, but let me have my way. I will give them forms such as I have often dreamed of. The thought is big within me, an I insist upon realizing my ideas."

"And thou be so resolved, observe my words, both thou and they shall die. Thee I shall slay myself and end utterly; and thy creatures can but follow thee, being of such frail material as thou canst give them."

"Ah, thou art angry now, but I heed thee not. I am resolved that the creatures to inhabit this earth shall be of my own creating. Attend thou to thine own empire in the sky."

Then the Moon rose and soared upward where its big shining face shone upon all the world.

The Toad grew great with his conception, until it ripened and issued out in the shape of twin beings, full-grown male and female. These were the first of our kind that ever trod the earth.

The Moon beheld the event with rage, and left its place in the sky to punish the Toad, who had infringed the privilege that he had thought to reserve for himself. He came direct to the Toad's Pool and stood blazingly bright over it.

"Miserable," he cried, "what hast thou done?"

"Patience, Moon; I but exercised my right and power. It was within me to do it, and lo, the deed is done."

"Thou hast exalted thyself to be my equal in thine own esteem. Thy conceit hast clouded thy wit and obscured thy memory of the warning I gave thee. Even hadst thou obtained a charter from me to attempt the task, thou couldst have done no better than thou hast done. Even as thou art inferior to me, so they will be inferior to those I could have endowed this earth with. Thy creatures are pitiful things, mere animals without sense, without the gift of perception, or self-protection. They see, they breathe, they exist; their lives can be measured by one round journey of mine. Were it not out of pity for them, I would even let them die. For pity's sake I propose to improve somewhat on what thou has done: their lives shall be lengthened, and such intelligence as malformed beings as these can contain will I endow them with, for their guidance through a life that with all my power must be troubled and sore. But as for thee, whilst thou exist, my rage is perilous to them, therefore to save thy kin I end thee."

Saying which the Moon advanced upon Toad, and the fierce sparks from his burning face were shot forth and fell upon the Toad until he was consumed.

The Moon then bathed in the pool, that the heat of his anger might be moderated, and the water became so heated that it was like that which is in a pot over a fire, and he stayed in it until the hissing and bubbling had subsided.

Then the Moon rose out of the pool and sought the creatures of Toad; and when he had found them, he called them unto him, but they were afraid and hid themselves.

At this sight the Moon smiled, as you sometimes see him on fine nights, when he is a clear white, and free from stain or blur, and he was pleased that Toad's creatures were afraid of him. "Poor things," said he, "Toad has left me much to do yet before I can make them fit to be the first of earthly creatures." Saying which he laid hold on them, and bore them to the pool wherein he had bathed, and which had been the home of Toad. He held them in the water for some time, tenderly bathing them, and stroking them here and there as a potter with his earthenware, until he had moulded them into somewhat of the shape we men and women possess now. The male became distinguished by breadth of shoulder, depth of chest, larger bones and more substantial form; the female was slighter in chest, slimmer of waist, and the breadth and fullness of the woman was midmost of the body at the hips. Then the Moon gave them names, the man he called Bateta, the woman Hanna, and he addressed them and said:

"Bateta, see this earth and the trees, and herbs and plants and grasses; the whole is for thee and thy wife Hanna, and for thy children whom Hanna thy wife shall bear unto thee. I have remade thee greatly that thou and thine may enjoy such things as thou mayest find needful and fit. In order that thou discover what things are not noxious but beneficial for thee, I have placed the faculty of discernment within thy head, which thou must ever exercise before thou canst become wise.

The more thou prove this the more wilt thou be able to perceive the abundance of good things the earth possesses for the creatures which are to inhabit it. I have made thee and thy wife as perfect as is necessary for the preservation and enjoyment of the term of life which by nature of the materials the Toad made thee of must needs be short. It is in thy power to prolong and shorten it. Some things I must teach thee. I give thee first an axe. I make fire for thee, which thou must feed from to time with wood, and the first and most necessary utensil for daily use. Observe me while I make it for thee."

The Moon took some dark clay by the pool, mixed it with water, kneaded it, and twisted it around until its shape was round and hollowed within, and he covered it with the embers of the fire, and baked it; and when it was ready he handed it to them.

"This vessel," continued the Moon, "is for the cooking of food. Thou wilt put water into it and place whatsoever edible thou desirest to eat in the water. Thou wilt then place the vessel on the fire, which in time will boil the water and cook the edible. All vegetables, such as roots and bulbs, are improved in flavor and give superior nourishment by being thus cooked. It will become a serious matter for thee to know which of all the things pleasant in appearance are also pleasant for the palate. But shouldst thou be long in doubt and fearful of harm, ask, and I will answer thee."

Having given the man and woman their first lesson, the Moon ascended to the sky, and from his lofty place shone upon them, and upon all the earth, with a pleased expression which comforted greatly the lonely pair.

Having watched the ascending Moon until he had reached his place in the sky, Bateta and Hanna rose and travelled on by the beautiful light which he gave them, until they came to a very large tree that had fallen. The thickness of the prostrate trunk was about twice the height of their height. At the greater end there was a hole, into which they could walk without bending. Feeling a desire for sleep, Bateta laid his fire down outside near the hollowed entrance, cut up dry fuel, and his wife piled it on the fire, while the flames grew brighter and lit the interior. Bateta took Hanna by the hand and entered within the tree, and the two lay down together. But presently both complained of the hardness of their bed, and Bateta, after pondering awhile, rose, and going out plucked some fresh large leaves of a plant that grew near the fallen tree, and returned to len with it. He spread it about thickly, and Hanna rolled herself on it, and laughed gleefully as she said to Bateta that it was soft and smooth and nice, and opening her arms she cried, "Come, Bateta, and rest by my side."

PART II.

Though this was the first day of their lives, the Moon had so perfected the unfinished and poor work of the Toad that they were both mature man and woman. Within a month Hannah bore twins, but one was male and the other female, and they were tiny doubles of Bateta and Hanna, which so pleased Bateta that he ministered kindly to his wife, who through her double charge was prevented from doing anything else.

Thus it was that Bateta, anxious for the comfort of his wife and for the nourishment of his children, sought to find choice things, but could find little to please the dainty taste which his wife had contracted. Whereupon, looking up to the Moon with his hands uplifted, he cried out:

"Oh Moon, list to thy creature Bateta! My wife lies languishing, and she has a taste strange to me which I cannot satisfy, and the children that have been born unto us feed upon her body, and her strength decreases fast. Come down, oh Moon, and show me what fruit or herbs will cure her longing."

The Moon heard Bateta's voice, and coming out from behind the cloud with a white smiling face, said, "It is well, Bateta; lo! I come to help thee."

When the Moon had approached Bateta he showed the golden fruit of the banana—which was the same plant whose leaves had formed the first bed of himself and wife.

"Oh Bateta; smell this fruit. How likest thou its fragrance?"

"It is beautiful and sweet. Oh Moon, if it be as wholesome for the body as it is sweet to smell, my wife will rejoice in it."

Then the Moon peeled the banana and offered it to Bateta, upon which he boldly ate it, and the flavor was so pleasant that he sought permission to take one to his wife. When Hanna had tasted it she also appeared to enjoy it; but she said, "Tell Moon that I need something else, for I have no strength, and I am thinking that this fruit will not give to me what I lose by these children."

Bateta went out and prayed to Moon to listen to Hanna's words—which when he had heard, he said, "It was known to me that this should be, wherefore look round Bateta, and tell me what thou seest moving yonder."

"Why, that is a buffalo."

"Rightly named," replied Moon. "And what follows it?"

"A goat."

"Good again. And what next?"

"An antelope."

"Excellent, oh Bateta; and what may the next be?"

"A sheep."

"Sheep it is, truly. Now look up above the trees, and tell me what thou seest sailing over them."

"I see fowls and pigeons."

"Very well called, indeed," said Moon. "These I give unto thee for meat. The buffalo is strong and fierce, leave him for thy lesiure; but the goat, sheep and fowls shall live near thee and shall partake of thy bounty. There are numbers in the woods which will come to thee when they are filled with their grazing and their pecking. Take any of them—either goat, sheep or fowl—bind it, and chop its head off with thy hatchet. The blood will sink into the soil; the meat underneath the outer skin is good for food, after being boiled or roasted over the fire. Haste now, Bateta; it is meat thy wife craves, and she needs naught but meat to restore her strength. So prepare instantly and eat."

The Moon floated upward, smiling and benignant, and Bateta hastened to bind a goat, and made it ready as the Moon had advised. Hanna, after eating of the meat which was prepared by boiling, soon recovered her strength, and the children throve, and grew marvelously.

One morning Bateta walked out of his hollowed house, and lo! a change had come over the earth. Right over the tops of the trees a great globe of shining, dazzling light looked out from the sky, and blazed white and bright over all. Things that he had seen dimly before were now revealed. By the means of this strange light hung up in the sky he saw the difference between that which the Moon gave and that new brightness which now shone out. For, without, the trees and their leaves seemed clad in a luminous coat of light, while underneath it was but a dim reflection of that which was without, and to the sight it seemed like the colder light of the Moon.

And in the colder light that prevailed below the foliage on the trees there were gathered hosts of new and strange creatures; some large, others of medium, and others of small size.

Astonished at these changes, he cried, "Come out, oh Hanna, and see the strange sights without the dwelling, for verily I am amazed, and know not what has happended."

Obedient, Hanna came out with the children and stood by his side, and was equally astonished at the brightness of the light and at the numbers of creatures in all manner of sizes and forms which stood in the shade ranged around them, with their faces towards the place where they stood.

"What may this change portend, oh Bateta?" asked his wife.

"Nay, Hanna, I know not. All this has transpired since the moon departed from me."

"Thou must perforce call him again, Bateta, and demand the meaning of it, else I shall fear harm unto thee, and unto these children."

"Thou art right, my wife, for to discover the meaning of all this without other aid than my own wits would keep us here until we perished."

Then he lifted his voice and cried out aloud upward, and at the sound of his voice all the creatures gathered in the shade looked upward, and cried with their voices; but the meaning of their cry, though there was an infinite variety of sound, from the round bellowing voice of the lion to the shrill squeak of the mouse, was:

"Come down unto us, oh Moon, and explain the meaning of this great change unto us; for thou only wh madest us can guide our sense into the right understanding of it."

When they had ended their entreaty unto the Moon, there came a voice from above, which sounded like distant thunder, saying, "Rest ye, where ye stand, until the brightness of this new light shall have faded, and ye distinguish my milder light and that of the many children which have been born unto me, when I shall come unto ye and explain."

Thereupon they rested each creature in its own place, until the great brightness and the warmth which the strange light gave faded and lessened, and it was observed that it disappeared from view on the opposite side to that where it had first been seen, and also immediately after, at the place of its disappearance, the Moon was seen, and all over the sky were visible the countless little lights which the children of the Moon gave.

Presently, after Bateta had pointed these out to Hanna and the children, the Moon shone out bland, and its face was covered with gladness, and he left the sky smiling, and floated down to the earth, and stood not far off from Bateta, in view of him and his family and of all the creatures under the shade.

"Hearken, oh Bateta, and ye creatures of prey and pasture. A little while ago ye have seen the beginning of the measurement of time, which shall be divided hereafter into day and night. The time that lapses between the Sun's rising and its setting shall be called day, that which shall lapse between its setting and re-rising shall be called night. The light of day proceeds from the Sun, so the light of the night proceeds from me and from my children, the stars; and as ye are all my creatures, the restful time wherein ye sleep to recover the strength lost during the waking time, I have chosen that my softer light shall shine, and during the working time, wherewith ye shall be daily waked by the stronger light, the Sun shall shine. This rule never-ending shall remain.

"And whereas Bateta and his wife are the first of creatures, to them and their famities, and kind that shall be born unto them, shall be given preeminence over all creatures made, not that they are stronger and swifter, but because to them only have I given understanding and a gift of speech to transmit it. Perfection and everlasting life had also been given, but the taint of Toad remains in the system, and the result will be death. Death to all living things, Bateta and Hanna excepted. In the fulness of time, when their limbs refuse to bear the burden of their bodies and their marrow has become dry, my first-born shall return to me, and I shall absorb them. Children shall be born innumerable unto them, until families shall expand into tribes, and from here, as from a spring, mankind will outflow and overspread all lands, which are now but wild and wold, ay, even to the farthest edge of the earth.

* The Basoko are a tribe occupying the right bank of the Aruwimi river from its confluence with the Congo to within a short distance of the rapids of Yambuya, and inland for a few marches

Trouble Ahead.

He was from New Haven and she from Providence, which is in the State of Rhode Island, and proud of it. "Providence is growing," she bubbled. "They are putting up the highest building in the State there—eight stories."

"Is it possible? But (gravely) that is likely to make trouble between your State and mine."

"I don't see how."

"Why, all the forenoon, when the sun is shining the shadow of the building will be in Connecticut, and our folks will want to tax it or make it pay rent."—New York Times.

REVENGE OF FATE.

At Men Who Write Bad Verses Come to Grief.

"There is a letter from a friend of mine in Kansas," said a guest at a Detroit hotel the other evening, as he held the epistle in his hand, "and it relates to a very serious circumstance. Without the letter here to back me up I should not have dared to tell the story."

He was asked to drive ahead. says the Detroit Free Press, and after another glance at the letter he continued:

"From my earliest recollection I love the patter of raindrops on the roof at night. Many and many a night I've rubbed snuff in my eyes that I might keep awake the longer to hear the patter.

"Five years ago I built me a house in a certain part of Kansas. It cost me $600 extra to get things so arranged that I could hear the raindrops patter as I lay in my bed.

"For two weeks before I moved in it rained every night. I lived in that house three years, and what do you suppose happened, or rather, didn't happen?"

"It burned down and there was no insurance," answered one of the crowd.

"No, sir. It never rained one single night in all those three years, unless I happened to be away from home. If there were showers they'd pass away before bedtime.

"If I happened to be away it would pour all night. I got so mad about it that I went to bed in the daytime several times, and I pledge you my word if it didn't stop raining before I got fairly between the sheets."

"What about the letter?"

"It is from the man who bought my house. He bought because he wanted to hear the raindrops patter, and he says: 'What in blazes is the matter with your old shanty, anyhow? It hasn't rained here but one night since I bought you out, and then not a blamed drop fell on the roof of this house.' Isn't it curious?"

"Have you any theory about it?"

"Well, yes, I have. I think it's retribution."

"How retribution?"

"Why, I am the author of that old song entitled 'Raindrops On the Roof.' Wrote it when I was only 14 years of age. I was innocent of any wrong, but fate——"

Then everybody got up in the most solemn manner and walked away and left him to pursue his downward path which leads to destruction.

A Two-Headed Lizard.

Some years ago Prof. Cope caused a sensation among scientific men by announcing the discovery of a fossil saurian, the brain of which, he claimed, was located in the tail. His announced discovery was pretty generally discredited. Recently Mr. Charles E. Hite, taxidermist of the Peary Relief Expedition, and at present teacher in objects of natural history at the summer school at Avalon, New Jersey, was more fortunate than Prof. Cope, for he was able to exhibit in this office and other places a strange lizard, having, besides a perfect head in the place where it ought to be, a rudimentary head, though perfectly formed outwardly, in the place where its tail ought to be. It is, to all intents and purposes, a lizard with two heads, one at each end of its body—although the one at the tail is useless for any purpose as far as known, it remaining inactive. The little saurian is a freak, the second head not being the usual accompaniment of lizards of that species. It was found in some rocks in Southwestern Kansas by Mr. Hite during a recent lecture in that locality. Whether or not the rudimentary head contains a brain can only be determined after its death, which, from present indications, is in the distant future, for the little freak is quite as lively and healthy as lizards of its age usually are. — Philadelphia Ledger.

The Canadian Exodus.

The exodus from Canada to the United States increases. Already there are a million of Canadians on the south of the line. Some villages in Quebec have lost a great part of their population. In Ontario almost all the towns and villages are stationary or going backward. The American Consulate in Toronto has had little to do during the past year than dispatch immigrants to the United States. In the city 5,000 houses are vacant, and though this is partly due to overspeculation in land and overbuilding, it is also partly due to emigration. It was the President of a Conservative association who said the other day that soon "the Americans would have all the men, and we should have all the mud."

Toronto is the stronghold of British sentiment and of the Canadian protectionism which finds fervent love of the mother country available as a safeguard against American competition. Englishmen who visit Canada form their notions of Canadian sentiment from what they hear at Toronto or at Ottawa, which, as the official city, is, of course, the center of attachment to the existing system. If they went among the farmers, especially in the border counties, they might form a different estimate.

Coming Language of the Globe.

In 1800 English speaking people numbered 20,000,000, now they number 125,000,000, while the German speaking people have increased from 30,000,000 to 70,000,000, the Russians about the same, and the French from 31,000,000 to 50,000,000. The immense preponderance of gain among the English shows that the use of the English as a business language is growing in popularity over any other. —Globe-Democrat.

THAT'S WHAT IT WAS FOR.

"My dear little wife!" cried the horrified young husband, "You don't mean to tell me that you went and spent the whole of your allowance on that diamond pin?"

"Well, I'm sure, Fred," sobbed the wife, "when you gave me the purse you told me there was my pin money."—*Jeweler's Circular.*

Pleasure is narrow; happiness is wide.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

—Pigmies were once numerous in Iceland.

—Very full cheeks indicate great digestive powers.

—Artistic coffins are nowadays made out of wood pulp.

—Many small animals eat their own weight in food a day.

—An iron railway lasts sixteen years; a steel one lasts forty.

—One man out of every four is troubled with defective vision.

—Guinea pigs allowed to roam freely in a house will keep away rats.

—Horses are said to be particularly fond of the skin of the banana.

—A barber in Brooklyn, N. Y., gives a free shine with every shave.

—Electricity travels about 90,000 miles a second faster than light.

—A Western paper says warm weather accelerates the growth of whiskers.

—The total tonnage launched in Great Britain in 1893 was 1,300,142 tons.

—Kansas farmers have discovered that kerosene will kill chinchbugs—also the corn.

—A farmer in Estill, Ky., owns a young chicken which has four legs and five wings.

—The letters in the various alphabets of the world vary from twelve to 262 in number.

—Among the industries of the United States that of paper making now holds fifth place.

—A Texas man was driven insane by swallowing a live frog while drinking from a spring.

—The common frog can change its color, to some extent, in harmony with its surroundings.

—France has more persons over sixty years of age than any other country; Ireland comes next.

—By means of the electrical current it is now possible to produce a higher temperature than ever before.

—It is stated that the eff