A GREAT WOMAN." LAST SUN-DAY'S SUBJECT.

From the Text, "Elisha Passed Shunom, Where Was a Great Woman" -2 Kings, Chapter iv., Verse Number 8-Lodging a Christian Prophet.

The hotel of our time had no counterpart in any entertainment of olden time. The vast reajority 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 valcy of 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 goodly man, but he was entirely overshadowed by his wife's excellences; just as now you sometimes find in a household the wife the center of dignity and influence and power, not by any arrogance or presumption, but by superior intellect and force of moral nature wielding domestic affairs and at the same time supervising all financial and business affairs. The wife's hand on the shuttle, or the banking-house, or the worldly business. You see hundreds of men who are successful only because there is a reason at home why they are successful. If a man marry a good, honest soul, he makes his fortune. If he marry a fool, the Lord help him! The wife may be the silent partner in the firm, there may be only masculine voices down on exchange, but there 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 came down-stairs and entered the of the Juggernauts, I hear the millionwould title of duchess, or princess, or pantry, and there were the spices and voiced groan of wronged, insulted, queen-what would escutcheon or the coffees and the sugars, and the broken-hearted, down-trodden woman. my text, who, by her intelligence and | down into the cellar, and there was the | Tigris, the La Plata, and on the 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 who sat on the throne of Russia have been forgotten, some grandfather will put on his spectacles, and | The young pastor lifted one lid of the holding the book the other side the stove and he found the fuel all ready light, read to his grandchildren the for ignition. Putting back the cover story of this great woman of Shunem of the stove, he saw in another part 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 have this virtue. Jupiter had the surname of the Hospitable, and he was said especially to avenge the wrongs of strangers. Homer extolled it in his verse. The Arabs are punctilious on this subject, and among | Where is the garden of earthly comsome of their tribes it is not until the ninth day of tarrying that the occupant has a right to ask his guest "Who and whence art thou?" If this virtue is so honored among barbarians, how ought it to be honored among those of us who believe in the Bible, which commands us to use hospitality one to-

ward 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 carpet-bag pora country parsonage that looks out week by week upon the ominous arand 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 reception, the reiteration by grasp and by look and by a thousand across the nations, and history and attentions, insignificant attentions, of your earnestness of welcome. There will be high appreciation of your welcome, though you have nothing but the brazen candlestick and the plain chair to offer Elisha when he comes to Shunem. Most beautiful is this grace of hospitality when shown in the house of God. I am thankful that I have always been pastor of churches where strangers are welcome. But I have entered churches where there was no hospitality. A stranger would stand in the vestibule for a while and then make a pilgrimage up the long aisle. No door opened to him until. flushed and excited and embarrassed. he started back again, and, coming to some half-filled pew, with apologetic all ablaze with auroras which seem to air, entered it, while the occupant say, "Come up this way; up this way glared on him with a look which are thrones of light and seas of sapseemed to say, "Well, if I must, I phire and the splendor of an eternal ular in England. must." Away with such accursed in- heaven. Come up this way." dency from the house of God. Let We may, like the ships, by tempest be every church that would maintain large Christian influence in communibeautiful grace of Christian hospi-

tality. . . . Again, this woman of my text was great in her kindness toward God's

found out he had come on a divine mission, he was cordially welcomed. 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 about him, about the kindness, about the genial considerations of him. Does sorrow come to our home, and is there a shadow on the cradle, there are hundreds of hands to help, and many who weary not through the night watchthat 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 drink of that cup and who will not be comsomebody to write a book about the rewards of the Christian ministryabout his surroundings of Christian sympathy. This woman of the text was only a type of thor ands of men and women who come down from mansion and from cot to do kindness to the Lord's servants. I could tell you of something that you might think a romance. A young man graduated from New Brunswick Theological Seminary was called to a village church. He had not the means to furnish the parsonage. After three or four weeks of preaching a committee of the officers of the church waited on him and told him he looked tired and thought he had better take a vacation of a few days. The young pastor took it as an intimation that his work was done or not acceptable. He took the vacation, and at the end of a few days came back, when an old elder said: "Here is the key of the parsonage. We have been cleaning it up. You had better go up and look at it." So the young pastor took the key, went up to the parsonage, opened the door, and lo! it was carpeted, and there was the hat-rack all ready for the canes and the umbrellas and the overcoats, and on the left hand of the hall was the parlor, sofaed, chaired, pictured, He passed on to the other side of the hall, and there was the study-table in the center of the floor with stationery upon it, book-shelves built, long ranges of new volumes far beyond the reach of the means of the young pastor, many of these volumes. The young pastor went up-stairs, and found all the sleeping apartments furnished; gleaming diadem be to this woman of groceries for six months. He went Her tears have fallen in the Nile and coal for all the coming winter. He went into the dining-hall, and there | honored in Turkish garden and Perwas the table already set-the glass and the silverware. He went into the kitchen, and there were all the culinary implements and a great stove.

great Sahara? Where are the soldiers that have not bent under the burden of grief? Where is the ship sailing over glassy sea that has not after awhile been caught in a cyclone? fort but trouble hath hitched up its fiery 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 the 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 agonies of six thousand years. Etna, Cotopaxi and Vesuvius have tentous of tarrying. There is many been described, but who has ever sketched the volcano of suffering and the Romans gave themselves up retching up from its depths the lava rival of wagon with creaking wheel and 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 Gorgon or Megatherium, and not belonging to the realm of fable, and not of an extinct species, a monster with an iron jaw and a hundred iron hoofs has walked poetry and sculpture, in their attempt to sketch it and describe it, have seemed to sweat great drops of blood. But thank God there are those who can conquer as this woman of the text conquered, and say, "It is well; though my property be gone, though my children be gone, though my home be broken up, though my health be sacrificed, it is well, it is well!" There is no storm on the sea but Christ is ready to rise in the hinder part of the ship and hush it. There is no darkness but the constellation of God's eternal love can illumine it, and through the winter comes out of the northern sky, you have sometimes seen that northern sky

of it a lucifer match, and all that

young man had to do in starting to

Where are the feet that have not

been blistered on the hot sands of this

keep house was to strike the match.

tossed On perilous deeps, but cannot be lost: ty culture Sabbath by Sabbath this Though Satan enrage the wind and the

The promise assures us, the Lord will provide.

ture, whether she is entertaining an Elisha, or whether she is giving careful attention to her sick boy, or SOME GOOD STORIES FOR OUR whether she is appealing for the restoration of her property. Every picture in her case is one of domesticity. Those 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 It is queer how things go by contraries a mother who by indefatigable toil has ing, and hundreds of prayers going up reared a large family of children, equipping them for the duties of life with good manners and large intelligence and Christian principle, starting them out, who has done more for the world than many a woman whose forted because he is stricken? Oh! for name has sounded through all the lands and through the centuries. I remember when Kossuth was in this country, there were some ladies who got honorable reputations by presenting him very gracefully with bouquets of flowers on public occasions; but what was all that compared with the plain Hungarian mother who gave to truth and civilization and the cause of universal liberty a Kossuth? Yes, this woman of my text was great in her simplicity. When this prophet wanted to reward her for her hospitality by asking some preferment from the king,

what did she say? She declined it.

isfied with my lot; all I want is my

family and my friends around me: I

dwell among my own people." \* \* What I want to impress upon you, my hearers, is that you ought not to inventory the luxuries of life 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." Yea, this woman of the text was great in her piety. Just read the All things go by contraries here upon chapter after you go home. 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 Mohammedanism. Her very birth considered a misfortune. Sold like cattle on the shambles. Slave of all work, and, at last, her body fuel for the funeral pyre of her husband. Above the shrick of the fire-worshipers in India, and above the rumbling steppes of Tartary. She has been dissian palace and Spanish Alhambra, Her little ones have been sacrificed in the Indus and the Ganges. There is not a groan, or a dungeon, or au island, or a mountain, or a river, or a lake, 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 from ignominy to exalted sphere and becomes the affectionate daughter, the gentle wife, the honored mother, the

## Christmas Day.

useful Christian. Oh! if Christianity

has done so much for woman, surely

woman will become its most ardent ad-

vocate and its sublimest exemplifica-

tion.

For 1,400 years Dec. 25 has been set apart by Christendom as the day on which shall be celebrated, with devotional exercises and great rejoicing, the birth of Jesus Christ. Learned men have disagreed for centuries regarding the actual day, or even senson, that the Savior was born, but custom has fixed upon our "Christmas" as the "birthday."

With the spread of Christianity this greatest of all Christian holidays took the place of more ancient festivals, The Romans had long celebrated June 21, the longest day in the year, as a midsummer festival, or "Saturnalia." Then the masters served the servants to feasting and revelry and misrule generally. From this celebration many of our Christmas customs took their origin—the custom of decking the houses with laurels and evergames and sports.

honor of the gods Odin and Thor, and ing." the Druids gathered mistletoe, then a sacred plant, particularly if found were adopted as part of the Christmas

The early Goths and Saxons celebrated Dec. 21, the shortest day of the year, as the time when the sun ccased to look coldly upon the earth, and when the days began to lengthen with thing he saw and heard, especially the the approach of spring. Then was reading of the Bible. Toward the close cut the "yule log"--for the season was of the session Mrs. Parker spoke again called Jul, or Yuletide. In later years of the Loyal Temperance Legion, and the yule log was placed on the hearth read to them the pledge: on Christmas eve and cliowed to burn till bedtime. Then it was carefully pulled out of the coals and placed in the cellar for use in lighting the yule log of the following year. It was believed that the preservation of this charred log protected the house from fire during the subsequent year. In this custom originated the one of preparing the Christmas yule log, so pop- she said, "How do you like it, sir?"

Again, this woman of my text was as did the barbarous nations of the let the children join the society." messenger. Elisha may have been a great in her application to domestic north long before Christ was born. I And while Mrs. Parker is telling him after an election.

## SERMON. stranger in that household, but as she duties. Every picture is a home pic- FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

JUNIOR READERS.

"This Queer Old World," a Song-How Chandler Became a Member of the Loyal Temperance Legion-Gen. Sheridan and His Son.

This Queer Old World.

'Tis always too cold or too hot, And the prizes we miss, you know, always appear To be better than those that we've

It is always too wet, or too dusty and dry,

And the land is too rough or too flat, There's nothing that's perfect beneath the blue sky. -But-

It's a pretty good world for all that.

Some people are born to dig in the soil, And sweat for the bread that they eat.

While some never learn the hard meaning of toil. And live on the things that are

A few are too rich and a lot are too poor. She said: "I dwell among my own And some are too lean or too fatpeople," as much as to say, "I am sat-Ah, the harships are many that men

sweet:

must endure. -But-

It's a pretty good world for all that.

that must be Ever pounding and digging for men, And the man with the pick would be happy if he

The man who must think envies them

Might play with the brush or the pen!

Life is empty and sterile and flat; Man begins to complain on the day of

his birth, -But-

It's a pretty good world for all that.

How Chandar Became a Member. In far-off India lived a man and woman who had two children, a boy and a girl. The parents were proud of their son, but did not appear to be very fond of their daughter, simply because she was a girl. They thought the gods must have been angry with them to have given them a girl instead of another boy, and when strangers would ask their father how many children he had, he would reply: "I have one child, a darling boy," not thinking

the girl worth mentioning. One day the missionary came to their home and requested that little Chandar and his sister be permitted to attend school in the neighborhood. After much persuasion the father gave permission for Chandar to go, but said, in regard to Maharani, "She cannot, learn, she's only a girl. Besides, it is not according to our customs here in India for boys and girls to attend the same school."

Then spoke the Memsahib, "If we start a girl's school may she attend

"Yes, replied he, reluctantly. Accordingly, the next Monday the children started to their respective "Madarses." Ere long it was discovered that the sister, though the younger, was really learning the more rapidly; in fact, it greatly surprised her father, because she was only a girl. She had a beautiful voice, and sang the Christian hymns, much to the gratifi-

cation of the mother, if not the father. One day both children came home greatly excited, saying that the missionary lady had told them she desired to organize a "Fouji" (society) and wished the pupils to ask their parents if they could join.

"What kind of society is it?" inquired the father. "It is one that does not allow us to

drink or smoke," answered little Maharani, sweetly.

"Stuff and nonsense, what harm can tobacco do!" exclaimed he. "You know well enough that everybody in India smokes. Girls as well as boys use the hooka from the time they are greens, the custom of giving presents two years old. You need not think you and the practice of engaging in lively can join any society where you have to promise not to use it, either. Of In the north of Europe semi-barbar- course I believe it is all right not to ous peoples kindled huge bonfires in drink, but there is no harm in smok-

The little girl said no more, but Chandar came close to his father, and growing on the oak. These customs sitting on the ground by his side, said: "Won't you come to the school tomorrow and hear what the Memsahib says about it?"

"Yes, I will go if you wish it, pride of my heart," was the reply.

He was much interested in every-

God helping me I promise not to buy, drink, sell, or

Alcoholic liquors while I live. From all tobacco I'll abstain. And never take God's name in vain."

Then turning to Chandar's father So, when you play "snapdragon" do not drink nor believe that others of agents of a French factory. The and a host of other Christmas games, should; neither do I swear. We Hin- houses were constructed at a cost of or if you act with unusual license un- does worship many gods, yet would \$30,000, and, although far from worth der the mistletoe, or sit around the never dare to take the name of one of it, are objects of envy to the inhabityule log and tell hobgoblin tales while them in vain. But I cannot, for the ants of this desert land where the lathe corn pops and the coal cracks, you life of me, see how you can object to borers earn \$5 a day, yet can barely may remember that you are doing tobacco. If you will show me wherein manage to make both ends meet. somewhat as did the old Romans, and its use is harmful I will give it up, and

the cvil effects of tobacco with which you are all familiar, I will tell you something of the "Madarsi." The schoolroom was on the flat roof of the house. The whole house, as well as the roof, was made of mud, but it was hard and smooth and neatly whitewashed. The pupils were all seated directly on the roof, as the natives of India scarcely ever use chairs. Their slates were made of wood, painted black; their pencils were also of wood. These they dipped in a preparation of earth and water, which, when dry, presented a clean white mark. This "in." was held in small earthen vessels, which they had themselves molded by hand.

While the missionary was talking to Chandar's father about the harm of tobacco, she also told him how much better it was to love and reverence the one true God than to worship idols, and asked him to become a Christian. She gave him a copy of the New Testament, which he promised to read. As he was about to depart, he said, "Well. I do believe you Christians are a very good set of people, and if you are willing to teach my children for nothing and feel that it is a good thing for them to join the society, I will give my consent."

He took the Bible home and read It faithfully, often going to the house of the missionary for advice and explanation. The result was that in a few months he became a Christian, much to the joy of his wife and children.

General Sheridan and His Son-

Two grave, quiet-looking men stood on the steps of a big house in Washington some years ago. They were watching four bright children get into a cart and drive down the street, throwing back kisses and "goodby" to papa and papa's friend, the general.

The younger man, the father, was Gen. Phil Sheridan-"Fighting Phil," as he was called in those days. The general, the old friend, said:

"Phil, how do you manage your little

army of four?" "Don't manage; they are mischievous soldiers, but what good comrades! All the good there is in me they bring out. Their little mother is a wonderful woman and worth a regiment of officers, John. I often think what pitfalls are in waiting for my small, brave soldiers all through life. I wish

could always help them over." "Phil, if you could choose for your little son from all the temptations which will beset him, the one most to

General Sheridan leaned his head against the doorway and said soberly: "It would be the curse of strong drink. Boys are not saints. We are all self-willed, strong-willed, maybe full of courage and thrift and push and kindness and charity, but woe be to the man or boy who becomes a slave to liquor! Oh, I had rather see my little son die today than to see him carried in to his mother drunk! One of my brave soldier boys on the field said to me just before a battle, when he gave me his message to his mother if he should be killed: 'Tell her I have kept my promise to her. Not one drink have I ever tasted.' The boy was killed. I carried the message with my own lips to the mother. She said: 'General, that is more glory for my boy than if he had taken a city."

A Unique African Town.

Beira is a town in Africa which is little known, but it holds a unique position in the world. An astounding sight meets the gaze of the traveler who happens to light on the town, for he will behold a city built entirely of

The governor's residence, the public buildings, the barracks, the arsenal, the shops, the hotels, the houses, and their outbuildings are all made of zinc. The unpleasant effect produced by this prevalence of zinc is difficult to describe; and the knowledge that human beings have to live in such houses in so burning a climate intensifies the painful impression.

Millions of tons of galvanized iron have been sent out from Great Britain, France and America, and this quantity has been used to build up the town-a feat accomplished in six months. Owing to the fever of speculation, and the demand for cheap and hastily-found lodgings being so imperative, the city has been constructed of this material.

That nothing may be wanting to the triumph of iron a railway, with wagons and trucks composed of zinc, traverses the city from end to end. Indeed, it is so all-pervading that not only is it used to cover roofs and build up walls, but even stretchers are composed of it. Should an inhabitant fall ill or meet with an accident, he is carried away to the hospital on a sheet of zinc torn from one of the fences or buildings nearest to the scene of the catastrophe. Should he die, he is carried to the grave in a zinc coffin.

Owing to the scarcity of natural productions the food of the entire population consists of tinned meats, for no other food can be procured at any price. It is altogether a most curious place, for, in addition to the houses of zinc, the streets are littered everywhere with empty meat tins of all shapes and

The dreary monotony of everlasting zinc is only relieved by two stone houses which have recently been built. "I like it all but the fourth line. I and compose the residence and depot

Many noted men are lost to sight

Through the generosity of Mrs. Colline P. Huntington, of New York, the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute is to have a new dormitory for girls. The new building will cost about \$10,000, Both Mr. and Mrs. Huntington have long been interested in the remarkable work of Booker T. Washington, and in the last ten years Mr. Huntington has given the institute about \$200,000.

When a woman's cold feet make her husband shiver she thinks he is thrilling at the thought of how warm her

Senator Simon of Oregon has been taking banjo lessons. "Are you improving?" some one asked him recently. "Either that or the neighbors are getting more used to it," he re-

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New Torminal Agent.

J. F. Legge has been appointed terminal agent of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad at Washington, D. C., in charge of passenger and freight stations and will assume the duties of that position on Jan. 1. Mr. Legge is an old B. and O. man, having been superintendent of the fourth and fifth divisions in years gone by and connected with the road in various other capacities. He was in cha, 'e of the Washington terminals from 1884 to

The spots on a man's reputation look about ten times larger to others than himself.

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ling on roosts, as samples for Dots, of If you want lots of eggs, fertile eggs and strong, healthy chicks, try our methods. Our 68-page book on "Insects" and "Poultry" free.

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