

# AN IMPROVEMENT.

The Tone of Commercial Reports Throughout the Country.

## COLLECTIONS SAID TO BE BETTER.

The Corner in Corn Did No Harm—Reduction of Balance in the Treasury—Improbable That the Drain of Money From the Country Will Be Large.

NEW YORK, June 4.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade, says that the tone of commercial reports from various parts of the country indicate that business has to some extent improved. Collections throughout the country are better, and excepting the bursting of a speculative corner in Chicago there has been no especial excitement of any kind in business.

The fictitious prices established for corn at Chicago lasted just long enough to bring into that market enough of the actual grain to bury the speculators and the corner broke with great losses, not merely to the operators, but also to the brokers. Wheat has declined half a cent, the western receipts being unusually large, though the exports from the eastern ports have also been quite large. Oats are a shade lower, pork products unchanged, and oil a little lower. The stock of cotton in the country continues far beyond the record of previous years, and there is every reason to believe that even a great reduction in the yield will scarcely reduce the aggregate supply for the year below the quantity usually required for consumption.

At Boston business is more active, boots and shoes are decidedly stronger and leather very firm and at Hartford trade in wool and cotton goods is better, very fair in groceries, and fair in hardware. At Philadelphia there is an increase in sales of iron and hardware is quite active, while the dry goods trade has improved with the weather and wool is strong. The trade in liquors and tobacco is quiet and the demand for chemicals fair.

Trade at Baltimore is generally good with some improvement in retail business and increase in the export trade in cattle.

At Pittsburgh finished products of iron and steel are in good demand, though prices are the lowest ever known and the glass trade is fairly active.

The dry goods trade at Cleveland is excellent and other trades fairly active except in iron and ore. At Cincinnati, tobacco sales are unusually large and whiskey is active.

General business at Chicago is greatly in excess of last year's record and while receipts of other breadstuffs are relatively small, there is great increase in wheat and flour, cured meats, dressed beef, lard and cattle. Cold rains still depress trade at Milwaukee, but crop indications at St. Paul are more favorable.

At Omaha business is very active and receipts of grain and cattle are increased. At St. Louis the recent great flood engrosses attention and interferes with trade.

At Kansas City business seems healthy. Business is very good at Denver, but still retarded by bad weather at Little Rock and Memphis; improved a little at Nashville, but very dull at Savannah. Cotton strengthens at New Orleans and there is a better feeling in business generally, while sugar is in fair demand and rice steady.

The treasury has been reducing its balances during the past month, putting out more money than it has taken in, and in some quarters attention is called to the fact that its cash balances are lower than at any other time since the resumption of specie payments. But the supply of money abroad is so abundant, and the demand in foreign countries so moderate that it seems somewhat improbable that the drain from this country will be large at any time this season.

The business failures occurring throughout the country during the last seven days number 207, as compared with a total of 198 last week. For the corresponding week of last year the figures were 224.

## THE RACES.

Favorites Mostly Successful at Latonia and Morris Park—The Sport at Other Points.

CINCINNATI, June 4.—Three out of five favorites won yesterday. Clintie C. and Rose Boy were unexpected winners. The attendance was fair and the track slow. The results were: Hippona, Orville, Clintie C., Rose Boy and Plutus.

### AT MORRIS PARK.

MORRIS PARK, N. J., June 3.—The talent had all the best of it yesterday, four out of the six races going to first choices in the betting. The winners were: Great Gunn, Two Bits, Mendicant, Russell, Banquet and Hammie.

### AT ST. LOUIS.

ST. LOUIS, June 4.—The attendance was light and track fair yesterday, weather threatening. The winners were: Uppman, Brownwood, Nellie Pearl, Leporin and May Hardy.

### AT GARFIELD PARK.

CHICAGO, June 4.—The results yesterday were: Jack Lovell, J. B. Freed, Sullross, Bessie Bisland and Big Man.

### Big French Failure.

PARIS, June 4.—Blondel & Garnier, bankers of this city, have failed with liabilities amounting to 3,000,000 francs. The failure was due to losses on the bourse.

Sudden Death of a Child—Mo., Lady.

CHILLICOTHE, Mo., May 4.—Mrs. Susan McCormick, aged 73, a wealthy lady and a pioneer settler, died within ten minutes after retiring in perfect health Thursday night.

The democrats of Florida have nominated the following ticket: For governor, Henry L. Mitchell; for supreme court justice, Fenwick Taylor; for secretary of state, John L. Crawford; for state treasurer, W. B. Bloxham; for attorney-general, W. B. Lamar.

A dispatch from Calcutta says that thus far there have been over 3,000 deaths from cholera.

## THE A. P. HILL MONUMENT.

Ceremonies Attending its Unveiling at Richmond, Va.

RICHMOND, Va., May 31.—A monument to the memory of Gen. A. P. Hill, of confederate fame was unveiled here yesterday with great pomp and ceremony. The section of the city through which the procession passed, which consisted of military and Confederate



THE A. P. HILL MONUMENT.

Veterans' camps from various parts of the state, was partially decorated with state and federal colors. The long line, which was about half an hour in passing a given point, was heartily cheered throughout the route. While the decorations were not as large as on the occasion of the unveiling of the Lee monument it was sufficient to make the event a memorable one to all who witnessed it.

## THE RUSTLER WAR.

Cattlemen Again Prepare to Attack Alleged Cattle Thieves.

DOUGLAS, Wyo., May 31.—It is believed here that another attack is soon to be made upon the so-called rustlers by the cattlemen.

Last night seventeen men from Texas, several of them Mexicans, camped at Fort Fetterman eight miles from here. They claim that they are going to Johnson to wait for George W. Baxter's outfit and that all the cattle belonging to the Union Beef Co. are to be rounded up and driven to Montana.

Officers of Johnson county say that rifles and ammunition have been sent ahead for the use of this gang, and other bands of men have been sent into the county at different parts of the compass, all of whom will concentrate and attack the small ranchmen.

Rumors exist of martial law being declared in Johnson county, and in such an event the Mexicans will be found to have deputy United States marshals' commissions on their persons.

It is reported that Sheriff Angus, of Johnson county; Jack Flagg, of Buffalo; Editor Moeller, of the Buffalo Bulletin, and E. H. Kimball, of the Graphic, are on the list, and that \$5,000 each has been offered for their heads. Couriers have been sent throughout Converse, Natrona and Johnson counties warning the settlers of impending danger and that a reopening of hostilities is imminent.

## WELLINGTON WATERED.

Terrible Downpour of Rain in the Cyclone-Struck City.

WELLINGTON, Kan., May 31.—The most terrific rain that ever visited this section fell between the hours of 3 and 4 o'clock yesterday morning. The water came down in torrents and the streets were running rivers within ten minutes. Unroofed stores and residences were flooded, adding to the misery caused by Friday's tornado.

Those who are homeless and had gathered together their scattered belongings found themselves in the morning without even a stitch of dry clothing. Merchandise in the debris which could have been saved with partial damage is now ruined. About twenty prominent firms occupying rooms which leaked are more or less damaged. There are many destitute people here who are suffering for the want of food, clothing and shelter, and it is an utter impossibility for those who still have houses intact to accommodate all of them.

A large force of tinsmiths, carpenters, brick and stone masons, glaziers and laborers of every kind are at work rebuilding the partially wrecked buildings. The city will rise from its ruins like it did a few years since from an ash pile.

## SLAVIN-JACKSON FIGHT.

In the Tenth Round Jackson Was Declared the Victor.

LONDON, May 31.—The National club was crowded to suffocation last night with spectators anxious to witness the Slavin-Jackson fight. The entrance became so obstructed that the owners of the building refused to allow any more to enter without a ticket.

Two hundred policemen kept order in the club house, where a surging mass had assembled with the expectation of being admitted.

After the first few rounds it was evident that Slavin had no chance against the bigger man, but he always came up pluckily. In the tenth round Slavin was knocked helpless against the ropes, being in a terrible condition from the fearful punishment he had received.

Jackson tipped the scales at 193 pounds and Slavin at 185 pounds. Jackson's seconds were Parson Davies, Joe Choyinski and Jim Young. Slavin's seconds were his brother Jack, Tom Williams and Tom Burrows. Mr. Angle was referee. The contest was one of the fairest seen in a long time.

## The Santa Fe Wreck.

CHICAGO, May 31.—In the accident to the Santa Fe at Lemont Sunday night Engineer W. A. Isbell was instantly killed. Nine passengers were badly and five slightly injured as follows: Charles L. Elder, right side bruised; Mrs. Charles L. Elder, his wife, face cut; Charles H. Fahning, head bruised; J. J. Allen, right leg injured; Mary Kilpatrick, injured about the hips and internally; Bella Feeley, back injured; Mrs. Maria Bissell, head and back injured; Mrs. R. Eningley, St. Louis, cut about the face and head; C. S. Duke, Peoria, left arm cut and badly buried.

## STORM NEWS.

A Family of Eight Killed at Durango, Tex.

Dire Reports From Oklahoma and Kansas—A Mail Train Swept From the Track in Austria—Passengers Badly Injured.

TEMPLE, Tex., June 2.—The storm Tuesday evening proves more severe than was supposed, reports of damage coming from as far east as Durango, at which place many houses were wrecked, and that little place almost wiped away. Tom Weathers, wife and six children were killed outright, the only surviving member of the family being their youngest child, an infant, which miraculously escaped.

The storm took a peculiar freak at Fayette Murrell's. A panel door of the house was cut in two, but no other damage was done, except to the stock house, one half of which was cut off.

### IN OKLAHOMA.

GUTHRIE, Ok., June 2.—Reports are just beginning to come in of the great damage done by Monday night's storm. In County A hail as large as hen's eggs fell for some time, breaking windows, destroying vegetables and killing some live stock.

The little town of Carney was almost completely wiped out, but as the houses were all small frame structures, nobody was seriously injured.

At Britton, south of here, the school house and the residence of Henry Butt were both completely wrecked. A number of farm houses near there were also damaged.

At Orlando three houses were blown over and one man injured and east of there in Payne county many farms were swept clean of buildings and although a number of people have been more or less injured there is no account of any deaths.

### IN HARPER COUNTY, KAN.

HARPER, Kan., June 2.—Reports are coming in from portions of the country heretofore thought out of the range of last week's cyclone showing that the wheat crop is more badly damaged than at first thought. Unofficial reports give the wheat acreage of Harper county at 100,000 acres this year. It is now estimated that out of this at least 4,000 are totally destroyed and 6,000 acres will make but half a crop. Many of the farmers lost their all and are utterly destitute. The heavy rains of Sunday, Monday and Tuesday have ruined thousands of dollars' worth of household goods and garnered wheat which the cyclone left exposed. The destitution of this city and surrounding vicinity becomes more apparent each day and financial assistance from the outside is necessary. An appeal has been issued by the mayor asking for aid.

### AT WELLINGTON, KAN.

WELLINGTON, Kan., June 2.—J. C. Thomson, chairman, and E. B. Martin, secretary of the relief committee, have issued an appeal to the public asking for aid in behalf of the stricken community which they officially represent.

VIENNA, June 2.—The mail train from Aram to Brod was struck by a cyclone yesterday while at the Nowiska station. The terrible force of the wind is shown by the fact that two of the carriages composing the train were lifted bodily into the air and hurled down an embankment, causing the greatest consternation among the passengers.

Other carriages were knocked over by the violence of the storm and were badly smashed. Twenty of the persons on the train were badly injured, some of them fatally.

## KANSAS CROP PROSPECTS.

The Latest Information in regard to Wheat, Oats, Corn and Fruit.

TOPEKA, Kan., June 2.—The Kansas Farmer publishes to-day crop reports from its correspondents throughout the state. They indicate a wheat acreage about equal to that of last year. The condition of the wheat crop has improved generally since the last report. Very few counties report insects of any kind. In some counties the wheat on bottom lands has suffered from washing out by floods, but in general the damage to this crop by the excessive rains has been less than was to be expected. The harvest will be later than usual, but unless some injury not yet developed comes upon the wheat, the prospect is that a fairly good crop will be harvested. Harvest will begin in the southern counties about June 30. The acreage of oats is rather lighter than heretofore on account of lateness of the season and excessive rains. This crop is later than usual, but otherwise in good condition.

Corn is very backward on account of cool wet weather. The acreage will be larger than usual, even if planting has to be extended well into June. The growth of the planted has been slow. Ample time remains, however, to make a corn crop with a favorable season from this time forward. The fruit crops are below the average.

### A Barber's Deadly Razor.

CLEVELAND, O., June 2.—Charles H. Seymour, a prominent furniture dealer, died under peculiar circumstances. The immediate cause of death was blood poisoning, contracted through a cut inflicted upon his face with a razor while in a barber shop. The virulent poison spread to all portions of his body and formed innumerable ulcers both internal and external. Nine physicians labored over him in vain.

### St. Joseph Men Surely Drowned.

ST. JOSEPH, Mo., June 2.—Over 500 men are dragging the Missouri river to-day in the vicinity of the water works pump house in vain search for the bodies of Henry Luchsinger and Cashier William Jordan of the Commercial bank. All doubt of the men having been drowned has been settled as their broken boat has been found on the bank of the river.

### Four Inches of Snow Fell.

HUGO, Col., June 2.—A heavy snow-storm prevailed at this place last evening, and during the night four inches of snow fell and covered the ground. It has turned very cold.

## SPECIAL PRAYER.

Thunder, in the Bible, is the Symbol of Power.

St. James and St. John Were Called "The Sons of Thunder."—The Religious Power in the Church Has a Hiding Place.—Dr. Talmage's Sermon.

Dr. Talmage took for his sermon last Sunday, Psalms LXXXI, 7: "I answered thee in the secret place of thunder."

It is past midnight, and 3 o'clock in the morning, far enough from sunset and sunrise to make the darkness very thick, and the Egyptian army in pursuit of the escaping Israelites are on the bottom of the Red sea, its waters having been set up on either side in masonry of sapphire, for God can make a wall as solid out of water as out of granite, and the trowels with which these two walls were built were none the less powerful because invisible. Such walls had never before been lifted.

When I saw the waters of the Red Sea rolling through the Suez canal they were blue and beautiful and flowing like other waters, but to-night, as the Egyptians look up to them built into walls, now on one side and now on the other, they must have been frowning waters, for it was probable that the same power that lifted them up might suddenly fling them prostrate. A great lantern of cloud hung over this chasm between the two walls. The door of that lantern was opened toward the Israelites ahead, giving them light, and the back of the lantern was toward the Egyptians, and it grieved and rumbled and jarred with thunder; not thunder like that which cheers the earth after a drought, promising the refreshing shower, but charged and surcharged with threats of doom.

The Egyptian captains lost their presence of mind, and the horses reared and snorted and the chariot wheels got interlocked and torn off, and the charioteers were hurled headlong, and the Red sea fell on all the host. The confusing and confounding thunder was in answer to the prayer of the Israelites. With their backs cut by the lash, and their feet bleeding, and their bodies decrepit with the suffering of whole generations, they had asked Almighty God to ensueper their Egyptian pursuers in one great sarcophagus, and the splash and the roar of the Red sea as it dropped to its natural bed were only the shutting of the sarcophagus on a dead host. That is the meaning of the text when God says: "I answered thee in the secret place of thunder."

Now thunder, all up and down the Bible, is the symbol of power. The Egyptian plague of hail was accompanied with this diapaason of the heavens. While Samuel and his men were making a burnt offering of a lamb, and the Philistines were about to attack them, it was by terrorizing thunder they were discomfited. Job, who was a combination of the Dantesque and the Miltonic, was solemnized in this reverberation of the heavens, and cried, "The thunder of his power, who can understand?" and he challenges the universe by saying, "Canst thou thunder with a voice like Him?" and he throws Rosa Bonheur's "Horse Fair" into the shade by the Bible photograph of a warhorse, when he describes his neck as "clothed with thunder." Because of the power of James and John they were called "the sons of thunder." The law given on the basaltic crags of Mount Sinai was emphasized with this cloudy ebullition. The skies all around about St. John at Patmos were full of the thunder of war, and the thunder of Christy triumph, and the thunder of resurrection, and the thunder of eternity.

But when my text says, "I answered thee in the secret place of thunder," it suggests there is some mystery about the thunder. To the ancients the cause of this bombarding the earth with loud sound must have been more of a mystery than it is to us. The lightnings, which were to them wild monsters ranging through the skies in our time have been domesticated. We harness electricity to vehicles, and we cage it in 'amps, and every schoolboy knows something about the fact that it is the passage of electricity from cloud to cloud that causes the heavenly racket which we call thunder. But, after all that chemistry has taught the world, there are mysteries about this skyey resonance, and my text, true in the time of the Psalmist, is true now and always will be true, that there is some secret about the place of thunder.

To one thing known about the thunder there are a hundred things not known. After all the scientific batteries have been doing their work for a thousand years to come and learned men have discoursed to the utmost about atmospheric electricity and magnetic electricity and galvanic electricity and thermic electricity and friction electricity and positive electricity and negative electricity my text will be as suggestive as it is to-day, when it speaks of the secret place of thunder.

Now right along by a natural law there is always a spiritual law. As there is a secret place of natural thunder, there is a secret place of moral thunder. In other words, the religious power that you see abroad in the church in the world has a hiding place, and in many cases it is never discovered at all. I will use a similitude. I can give only the dim outline of a particular case, for many of the remarkable circumstances I have forgotten. Many years ago there was a large church. It was characterized by strange and unaccountable conversions. There were no great revivals, but individual cases of spiritual arrest and transformation.

A young man sat in one of the front pews. He was a graduate of Yale, brilliant as the north star and notoriously dissolute. Everybody knew him and liked him for his geniality, but deplored his moral errantry. To please his parents he was every Sabbath morning in church. One day there was a ringing of the doorbell of the pastor of that church, and that young man, whelmed with repentance, implored prayer and advice and passed into complete reformation

of heart and life. All the neighborhood was astonished and asked, "Why was this?" His father and mother had said nothing to him about his soul's welfare.

On another aisle of the same church sat an old miser. He paid his pew rent, but was hard on the poor, and had no interest in any philanthropy. Piles of money! And people said, "What a struggle he will have when he quits this life to part with his bonds and mortgages."

One day he wrote to his minister: "Please to call immediately. I have a matter of great importance about which I want to see you." When the pastor came in the man could not speak for emotion, but after awhile he gathered self control enough to say, "I have lived for this world too long. I want to know if you think I can be saved, and, if so, I wish you would tell me how." Upon his soul the light soon dawned, and the old miser, not only revolutionized in heart but in life, began to scatter benefactions, and toward all the great charities of the day he became a cheerful and bountiful almoner. What was the cause of this change? everybody asked, and no one was capable of giving an intelligent answer.

In another part of the church sat, Sabbath by Sabbath, a beautiful and talented woman, who was a great society leader. She went to church because that was a respectable thing to do, and in the neighborhood where she lived it was hardly respectable not to go. Worldly was she to the last degree, and all her family worldly. She had at her house the finest Germans that were ever danced, and the costliest favors that were ever given, and though she attended church she never liked to hear any story of pathos, and as to religious emotion of any kind, she thought it positively vulgar. Wines, cards, theaters, rounds of costly gaiety were to her the highest satisfaction.

One day a neighbor sent in a visiting card, and this lady came down the stairs in tears and told the whole story of how she had not slept for several nights, and she feared she was going to lose her soul, and she wondered if some one would not come around and pray with her. From that time her entire demeanor was changed, and though she was not called upon to sacrifice any of her amenities of life, she consecrated her beauty, her social position, her family, her all to God and the church and usefulness. Everybody said in regard to her, "Have you noticed the change, and what in the world caused it?" and no one could make satisfactory explanation.

In the course of two years, though there was no general awakening in that church, many such isolated cases of such unexpected and unaccountable conversions took place. The very people whom no one thought would be affected by such considerations were converted. The pastor and the officers of the church were on the lookout for the solution of this religious phenomenon. "Where is it?" they said, "and who is it and what is it?" At last the discovery was made and all was explained. A poor old Christian woman standing in the vestibule of the church one Sunday morning, trying to get her breath again before she went up stairs to the gallery, heard the inquiry and told the secret.

For years she had been in the habit of concentrating all her prayers for particular persons in that church. She would see some man or some woman present, and, though she might not know the person's name, she would pray for that person until he or she was converted to God. All her prayers were for that one person—just that one. She waited and waited for communion days to see when the candidates for membership stood up whether her prayers had been effectual. It turned out that these marvelous instances of conversion were the result of that old woman's prayers as she sat in the gallery Sabbath by Sabbath, bent and wizened and poor and unnoticed.

A little cloud of consecrated humanity hovering in the galleries. That was the secret place of the thunder. There is some hidden, unknown, mysterious source of almost all the moral and religious power demonstrated. Not one out of a million—not one out of ten million—prayers ever strike a human ear. On public occasions a minister of religion voices the supplications of an assemblage, but the prayers of all the congregation are in silence. There is not a second in a century when prayers are not as evanescent as a whisper, for God hears a thought as plainly as a vocalization. That silence of supplication—hemispheric and perpetual—is the secret place of thunder.

In the winter of 1875 we were worshipping in the Brooklyn Academy of Music in the interregnum of churches. We had the usual great audiences, but I was oppressed beyond measure by the fact that conversions were not more numerous. One Tuesday I invited to my house five old, consecrated Christian men—all of them gone now, except Father Pearson, and he, in blindness and old age, waiting for the Master's call to come up higher.

These old men came, not knowing why I had invited them. I took them to the top room of my house. I said to them: "I have called you here for special prayer. I am in an agony for a great turning to God of the people. We have vast multitudes in attendance and they are attentive and respectful, but I can not see that they are saved. Let us kneel down and each one pray and not leave this room until we are all assured that the blessing will come and has come." It was a most intense crying unto God. I said, "Brethren, let this meeting be a secret," and they said it would be. That Tuesday night special service ended.

On the following Friday night occurred the usual prayer meeting. No one knew of what had occurred on Tuesday night, but the meeting was unusually thronged. Men accustomed to pray in public in great composure broke down under emotion. The people were in tears. There were sobs and silences and solemnities of such unusual power that the worshippers looked into each other's faces, as much as to say, "What does all this mean?" And when the following Sabbath came, although we

were in a secular place, over four hundred arose for prayers, and a religious awakening took place that made that winter memorable for time and for eternity. There may be in this building many who were brought to God during that great ingathering, but few of them know that the upper room in my house on Quincy street, where those five old Christian men poured out their souls before God, was the secret place of thunder.

The day will come—God hasten it—when people will find out the velocity, the majesty, the multipotency of prayer. We brag about our limited express trains which put us down a thousand miles away in twenty-four hours, but here is something by which in a moment we may confront people five thousand miles away. We brag about our telephones, but here is something that beats the telephone in utterance and reply, for God says, "Before they call, I will hear." We brag about the phonograph, in which a man can speak, and his words and the tones of his voice can be kept for ages, and by the turning of a crank the words may come forth upon the ears of another century, but prayer allows us to speak words into the ears of everlasting remembrance, and on the other side of all eternities they will be heard. Oh, ye who are wasting your breath, and wasting your brains, and wasting your nerves, and wasting your lungs wishing for this good and that good for the church and the world, why do you not go into the secret place of thunder.

"But," says someone, "that is a beautiful theory, yet it does not work in my case, for I am in a cloud of trouble, or a cloud of sickness, or a cloud of persecution, or a cloud of poverty, or a cloud of bereavement, or a cloud of perplexity." How glad I am that you told me that. That is exactly the place to which my text refers. It was from a cloud that God answered Israel—the cloud over the chasm cut through the Red Sea—the cloud that was light to the Israelites and darkness to the Egyptians. It was from a cloud, a tremendous cloud, that God made reply. It was a cloud that was the secret place of thunder. So you can not get away from the consolation of my text by talking that way. Let all the people under a cloud hear it. "I answered thee in the secret place of thunder."

This subject helps me to explain some things you have not understood about men and women, and there are multitudes of them, and the multitude is multiplying by the minute. Many of them have not a superabundance of education. If you had their brain in a post-mortem examination, and you could weigh it, it would not weigh any heavier than the average. They have not anything especially impressive in personal appearance. They are not very fluent of tongue. They pretend to nothing unusual in mental faculty or social influence, but you feel their power; you are elevated in their presence; you are a better man or a better woman, having confronted them. You know that in intellectual endowment you are their superior, while in the matter of moral and religious influence they are vastly your superior. Why is this?

To find the revelation of this secret you must go back thirty or forty or perhaps sixty years to the homestead where this man was brought up. It is a winter morning, and the tallow candle is lighted, and the fires are kindled, sometimes the shavings hardly enough to start the wood. The mother is preparing the breakfast, the blue edged dishes are on the table, and the lid of the kettle on the hearth begins to rattle with the steam, and the shadow of the industrious woman by the flickering flame on the hearth is moved up and down the wall. The father is at the barn feeding the stock—the oats thrown into the horses' bin and the cattle cranching the corn. The children, earlier than they would like and after being called twice, are gathered at the table.

The blessing of God is asked on the food, and the meal over, the family Bible is put upon the white tablecloth and a chapter is read and a prayer made, which includes all the interests for this world and the next. The children pay not much attention to the prayer, for it is about the same thing day after day, but it puts upon them an impression that ten thousand years will only make more vivid and tremendous. As long as the old folks live their prayer is for their children and their children's children. Day in and day out, month in and month out, year in and year out, decade in and decade out the sons and daughters of that family are remembered in earnest prayer, and they know it, and they feel it, and they can not get away from it.

Two funerals after awhile—not more than two years apart, for it is seldom that there is more than that lapse of time between father's going and mother's going—two funerals put out of sight the old folks. But where are the children? The daughters are in homes where they are incarnations of good sense, industry and piety. The sons, perhaps one a farmer, another a merchant, another a physician, another a minister of the Gospel, useful, consistent, admired, honored. What a power for good those seven sons and daughters! Where did they get the power? From the schools, and the seminaries, and the colleges? Oh, no, though these may have helped. From their superior mental endowment? No, I do not think they had unusual mental caliber. From accidental circumstances? No, they had nothing of what is called astounding good luck.

I think we will take a train and ride to the depot nearest to the homestead from which those men and women started. The train halts. Let us stop a few minutes at the village graveyard and see the tombstones of the parents. Yes, the one was seventy-four years of age and the other was seventy-two, and the epigraph says that "after a useful life they died a Christian death." How appropriately the Scripture passage cut into the mother's tombstone, "She done what she could." And how beautiful the passage cut on the father's tombstone, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, for they rest from their labors and their works do follow them."