TALMAGE'S SERMON.

A GLOWING TRIBUTE TO WOMANLY INFLUENCE.

The "Great Woman" of the Text, Dr. Talmage Says, Was Only a Type of the Christian Mother of To-day—The Virtues of Hospitality Set Forth.

The Tabernacle Pulpit.

Rev. Dr. Talmage chose for his subject last Sunday one of special interest to the gentler sex, the announced topic being "A Great Woman," and the text II Kings iv. 8: "And it fell on a day that Elisha passed to Shunem, where was a great woman."

The hotel of our time had no counterpart in any entertainment of olden time. The vast majority of travelers must then be entertained at private abode. Here comes Elisha, a servant of the Lord, on a divine mission, and he must find shelter. A balcony overlooking the valley of Esdrelon 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 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, 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.

The Wifely Influence.

If a man marry a good, honest soul, he makes his fortune. If he marry a fool, the Lord help him! The wife may be the silent partner in the firm, there may be only masculine voices down on exchange, but there oftentime comes from the home circle a potential and elevating influence.

This woman of my text was the superior of her husband. He, as far as I can understand, was what we often see in our day, a man of large fortune and only a medium of brain, intensely quiet, sitting a long while in the same place without moving hand or foot—if you say "yes," responding "yes"—if you say "no," responding "no"—inane, eyes half shut, mouth wide open, maintaining his position in society only because he has a large patrimony. But his wife, my text says, was a great woman.

Her name has not come down to us. She belonged to that collection of people who need no name to distinguish them. What would title of duchess or princess or queen—what would escutcheon or gleaming diadem be to this woman of my text, who by her intelligence and her behavior challenges the admiration of all ages? Long after the brilliant women of the court of Louis XV have been forgotten, and the brilliant women of the court of Spain have been forgotten, and the brilliant women who sat on the 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 extolled it in his verse. The Arabs are punctilious upon this subject, and among some of their tribes it is not until the ninth day of tarrying that the occupant has a right to ask his guest, "Who and whence art thou?" If this virtue is so honored even among the 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?

Religious Tramps.

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 life time 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 wagon with creaking wheel and lank horse and dilapidated driver, come under the auspices of some charitable institution to spend a few weeks and canvass the neighborhood. Let no such religious tramps take advantage of this beautiful virtue of Christian hospitality.

Not so much the sumptuousness of your diet and the regality of your abode will impress the friend or the stranger that steps across your threshold as the warmth of your greeting, the informality of your reception, the reiteration by grasp and by look and by a thousand attentions, insignificant attentions, of your earnestness of welcome. There will be high appreciation of your welcome, although you have nothing but the brazen candlestick and the plain chair to offer Elisha 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 stragers are always welcome, and there is not a State of the Union in which I have not heard the affability of the ushers of our church complimented. But I have entered churches where there was no hospitality. A stranger would stand in the vestibule 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, I must, I must." Away with such accursed indecency from the house of God! Let every church that would maintain large Christian influence in community culture Sabbath by Sabbath this beautiful grace of Christian hospitality.

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 plotted.

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'll 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 blessings 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 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 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 drink of that cup and who will not be comforted because he is stricken? Oh, for somebody to write a book about the rewards of the Christian minister—about his surroundings of Christian sympathy.

Only a Type.

This woman of the text was only a type of thousands of men and women who come down 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 a while been caught in a cyclone? Where is the garden of earthly comfort 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 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 6,000 years? Etna and Cotopaxi and Vesuvius have been described, but who has ever sketched the volcano of suffering retching 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.

Greater Than Gorgon.

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, 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 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 deeps, but cannot be lost.
Though satan enrage the wind and the tide,
The promise assures us the Lord will provide.

I heard an echo of my text in a very dark hour, when my father lay dying, and the old country minister said to him, "Mr. Talmage, how do you feel now as you are about to pass the Jordan of death?" He replied—and it was the last thing he ever said—"I feel well; I feel very well; all is well," lifting up his hand in benediction, a speechless benediction, which I pray God may go down through all the generations. It was 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 are not disciples of the 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 [illegible]

The Mother's Mission.

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 through all centuries.

I remember when Kossuth was in this country there were some ladies who got reputation, honorable reputation, 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 this 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 figure 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 redbreast, wants us to keep our eyes open to all beautiful sights, and our ear open to all beautiful cadences. 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."

Great in Her Piety.

Yea, this woman of the text was great in her piety. Faith in God, and she was not ashamed to talk about it before idolators. 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 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 life ones sacrificed in the changes. There is not a groan, or a dungeon, or an 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 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.

That Glorious Word "Mother."

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 hoof 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 pronunciation of that tender, beautiful, glorious word, "Mother! Mother!"

Three Strikes and Out.

I. Farmer Barker of Barker's Corners mortgages his farm for $1,800 and tells his neighbors that he proposes to stock the place with blooded cattle.

II. Farmer Barker, with the $1,800 in his pocket, arrives in New York and negotiates with an affable gentleman, who assures him that the stock in question was printed on plates stolen from the Government and cannot be distinguished from the genuine.

III. Farmer Barker is now hoeing corn for $1 a day for neighbor Smart, who recently purchased the Barker farm at a foreclosure sale.—Boston Journal.

If a man has no where else to go he can always go to the devil.

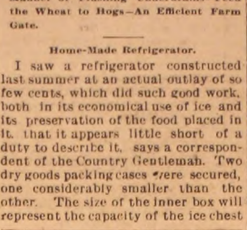
AGRICULTURAL NEWS

A FEW SUGGESTIONS FOR OUR RURAL READERS.

To Construct a Refrigerator at Small Cost—Manner of Flushing Underdrains—Feed the Wheat to Hogs—An Efficient Farm Gate.

Home-Made Refrigerator.

I saw a refrigerator constructed last summer at an actual outlay of so few cents, which did such good work, both in its economical use of ice and its preservation of the food placed in it, that it appears little short of a duty to describe it, says a correspondent of the Country Gentleman. Two dry goods packing cases were secured, one considerably smaller than the other. The size of the inner box will represent the capacity of the ice chest



REFRIGERATOR COMPLETE.

(it is to be remembered when choosing a box for this purpose) while the outer box should afford a space 3 or 4 inches all around the box to be placed within. It should also afford 2 inches of space between the bottom of the inner box and its own. All these surrounding spaces, except that above the inner box, are to be filled with dry sawdust. The interior of the inner box should be painted white, for if left in the natural wood, butter and some other articles, placed in it may have a decidedly "woody" taste.

So far the ice chest has cost but a trifle but now it will pay to spend a little for a galvanized iron tray to fit exactly into the bottom of the inner box, provided with a tube in one end, as shown in the cut, of sufficient length to pass down through the bottoms of both boxes, which will carry off all water from the melting ice. This tray can be made of tin, or even sheeting, in which case it should be

GALVANIZED IRON TRAY.

well painted, both within and without, to prevent rusting. The chest mentioned did not have this tray, but it is really very desirable.

Cleats are placed upon the inside of the inner box, and shelves made of slats inserted one above another, with a chance for one such shelf directly over the ice, as it rests in one end of the box. A thick cloth cover kept well drawn over the top of the outer box will help to keep the ice from rapid melting, though without this in the case mentioned the ice melted but slowly.

What to Do and How to Do It.

Under the head of "Farm Work," Waldo Brown in his "Farm Talks" gives some important hints every farmer should heed. The important consideration with every farmer regarding farm work is, what to do and when to do it to the best advantage, or most economically. There is a great amount of labor wasted upon the farm because it is not wisely and thoughtfully directed. There is always a proper time for doing farm work, but it is not always possible to do it when the demand comes, and this often results in indirect loss. Thus in the cultivation of root crops, the work of a man would be worth at one time $5 per day as compared with the same kind of labor done at some other time out of the proper season for doing it. The same holds good in haying time; the labor of a man to secure the cutting and making of hay when it ought to be cut would be better worth $3 per day, than $1 per day at a time delayed until the hay becomes over-ripe and woody, or in a condition that is distasteful to the animals to which it is fed. Work cannot always be done just when it ought to be, but it is more likely to be when it is intelligently planned beforehand. One reason why work is sometimes brought out of season is because too much is undertaken. It is better to plan for only just so much as can be accomplished at seasonable times with all conditions favorable, and a crop well cared for when it ought to be would produce as satisfactory results as one poorly cared for, covering a larger surface. With a soil that is inclined to be weedy, a little neglect involves a greatly increased amount of labor.

Ducks Are Profitable.

Ducks are profitable if proper care is taken to secure their eggs, and attention is given to the young. They need a good-sized lot containing a pond or stream, as they are very fond of water. Then care must be taken to shut them in a roomy coop or pen every night, or you will lose their eggs, as they lay early in morning and in the water or swamp if possible. Ducks are good feeders and will scoop up anything from a raw potato paring to chocolate cakes. After the young are hatched, coop the mother a few days and place a pan of water for the babes to play in. Give soft food at first and then add coarser. Be sure to shut them up nights. Their feathers are nice feathers. If they have access to a pond, look out for turtles; they will chew the ducklings under water and destroy them soon. I have known many to be lost in this way. If you have a nice garden leave a hole in the fence that the ducks may crawl through, and it is good-bye garden "sass."

Feeding Wheat to Hogs.

Last winter William T. Autt, a farmer living four miles from Hillsboro, Ill., read of experiments as to profits in feeding wheat to hogs. Having a good supply of the cereal, which was worth 60 cents a bushel on the market, he concluded to test the feeding plan on a fair scale. Putting up thirty-six head of good-sized pigs, he had his wheat ground or cracked fine and soaked in water. With this he fed his thirty-six hogs until recently when he sold them at the market price, after which he sat down and in a few minutes figured out that in this way the bushels of wheat he had fed each brought him the handsome sum of $1.40.

Flushing Underdrains.

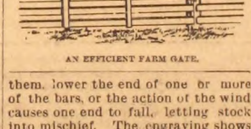
After a farmer has spent a great deal of time and money in the construction of underdrains, it is a serious loss to have these stopped up by the washings from the surface soil. This is especially apt to occur when an underdrain is established to carry the surface water underneath a level, cultivated field. This danger of stoppage is easily avoided by the construction of a flushing reservoir or dam, similar to the plan shown in the sketch, from the American Agriculturist, in which a is the breastwork of dam, c the loose boards that are removed at any time when the

MANNER OF FLUSHING DRAINS.

dam is full, thereby flushing or washing out any sediment that may have accumulated at any portion of the drain. In practice, the greatest point is gained by the washings of the surface soil settling in the reservoir, from whence it is easily thrown out upon the banks, whereas, if allowed to take its natural course, it would have passed into the drain, and clogged up the same. The water passes over the flush boards at c, falling on to the platform d, and thence into the mouth of the drain at g, and thence through the underdrain to the outlet.

The Cheapest Gate.

When a farmer is able to make a gate almost as cheaply as good bars, there is no excuse for using the latter, as they are certainly very inconvenient. In passing through bars with a wagon, or other farm implement, the time consumed in taking them out and replacing them is a matter of no small moment. Moreover, bars are often left partially put up, and the stock, in rubbing against



AN EFFICIENT FARM GATE.

them, lower the end of one or more of the bars, or the action of the wind causes one end to fall, letting stock into mischief. The engraving shows the construction of the gate so clearly that a description is unnecessary. The gate should be as high, or a little higher, than the fence immediately adjoining. It should be made of light, strong lumber.

Calves for Market.

If shippers would follow a few simple instructions much of the trouble that we have sending calves to market would be avoided. After killing let the calf hang until the animal heat is entirely out of the carcass; then put inside of the carcass plenty of ice and lay it down so that the cold air can get into all parts of the meat. As cold air falls, it stands to reason that when a calf is hung up the carcass gets the only benefit of the ice. Much of the stock that goes to market is spoiled in the hind quarters and it could have come from no other cause than that we have mentioned.—N. E. Farmer.

Pigs Need Fresh Earth.

The pig pen ought to have a space of fresh soil that has not been trampled over for several years for the pigs to root in. Such a soil helps to correct acidity of the stomach and keep the pig healthy. But where the rooting is over land filled with decomposing pig manure the pigs are sure to get some disease, and this is, doubtless, often the means by which the dreaded trichina is introduced. The pig likes to be cleanly. His rooting in fresh soil for roots and larva of insects does not disprove his preference for cleanliness.

Plant Peas Often.

Peas are one of the most delicious of garden vegetables, but we often fail to make the most of our opportunities, by planting them all at once when garden-making first commences, whereas, it is best to plant a few every week through planting season. By this means those last planted will be coming on when the first are dead, and our table will be the gainer thereby. Let us have peas.—Express.

SQUEEZED THROUGH.

The Parson Tells a Story About a Man with a Conscience.

"That reminds me," said the parson, as he took another handful of crackers from the barrel and cut a slice from the cheese on the counter, while the proprietor of the store moved uneasily in his seat, "that reminds me of the experience of a member of the church of which I was the pastor up in Oregon one spring. The story was told me by Brother Jones himself while in a fit of remorse.

"'Parson,' he said to me; 'Parson, do you remember the time that you asked every member of the church to contribute a quarter for the purpose of paying for the hymn-books which had just been bought for the Sunday-school?'

"'Yes,' I said, 'Brother Jones, I remember the time very well.'

"'Well, parson,' he continued, 'I sat there in my seat watching that contribution box go around and seeing nearly everybody drop in a quarter. When it came to Brother Smith he put in half a dollar, and I don't know why it was, unless Satan had me in his clutches, but I said to myself: "There, now, he has put in enough to make up for mine," and I felt of the quarter in my pocket. Just then the box came to Widow Franklin and she did not put in anything. "There," said I, "now I'll have to put in my quarter, if times are hard, and the children do need shoes, and the prospects for crops are not good this year."

"'While I was thinking this way Elder Bennett passed the box to Brother Brown and he put in another half. Satan got me again and seemed to whisper in my ear, "There, that's for you," and so when the box reached me next I just looked the other way and Elder Bennett passed along to the next pew, after giving the box a shake to attract my attention, but I pretended not to notice it.

"'Well, you know, I had nearly seven miles to walk home. When I got half way and was going through the woods it began to rain hard and it grew dark much sooner than I had counted on. I remembered a hollow tree just big enough for me to squeeze into, which stood a little further on, so I hurried and reached it before I got very wet. The rain began to pour down now, so I decided to remain in the tree until it stopped, knowing that the folks would not worry, because I often remained in town overnight when I went to church Sundays. I made myself as comfortable as possible in that tree, and somehow or other I fell asleep and never woke up until daylight the next morning. When I did open my eyes I found that the water had soaked that tree and swelled it up so the crack through which I had crawled myself was not more than an inch wide. I was a prisoner, sure enough, and I might as well have tried to make Flint, my landlord, knock off some of the rent of my farm in a bad year as to try and open that crack any. I had on my best clothes and I had left even my jackknife at home.

"'Well, you know, parson, that it rains sometimes three days, sometimes a week, and often a month up in this country when it gets a good start. I looked out of the crack and there did not seem to be any chance of its stopping. Then I began to think: "Suppose I should be confined here until I starve to death?" With this thought came recollections of my past life. I thought of everything which I had done which was not according to the Ten Commandments, of the unkind words I had spoken to my wife and children, and then I felt in my pocket and my hand touched the quarter which I had kept the day before instead of putting it on the plate.

"'Would you believe it, parson, when I thought of that I felt so small that I passed out through that crack without the slightest difficulty!'

Then the store door opened and closed softly, while the loungers caught their breath. There was a momentary cold blast from without and the parson was gone.—New York Tribune.

Barefooted Among Rattlers.

Along Clover Gap and up Rattlesnake Creek there are numberless reptiles. Beckie Parker is a good girl, about nineteen years of age, strong, healthy looking and handsome, but with a very determined face. She is a splendid rifle shot, and is often seen with her Winchester.

She goes after ginseng barefooted and often alone. The roots are gathered in May and September, and during the month just past she did a thriving business. One day, however, she came across a den of rattlesnakes. She had only stones and sticks with which to fight the desperate battle. Some of the snakes were larger than a man's arm and a few of them as large as the calf of a man's leg. For hours she fought them as they hissed and writhed and rattled around her. But the brave, determined girl battled with them until she exterminated every one that did not succeed in hiding among the crevices of rocks and in the dense underbrush. When she had crushed the last one to be seen she counted the dead, and there were just sixty-three.—Fredericksburg Star.

Astounding Memories.

Horace Vernet is the best example of visual memory. He could paint a striking portrait of a man life size, after having looked at his model. Mozart had a great musical memory. Having heard twice the Miserere in the Sistine Chapel, he wrote down the full score of it. There are soloists who during twenty-four hours can play the composition of other masters without ever skipping a note.—Binet, in La Revue des Deux Mondes.