UNACKNOWLEDGED HEROES WILL BE WELL REWARDED

Encouragement For Those Who Have Toiled in the Sick Room or Suffered in Any Walk of Life.

A Washington report: Dr. Talmage who is now preaching to large audiences in the great cities of England and Scotland, sends this discourse, in which he shows that many who in this world pass as of little importance will in the day of final readjustment be crowned with high honor. Text: II. Timothy, ii., 3: "Thou therefore endure hardness."

Historians are not slow to acknowledge the merits of great military chieftains. We have the full length portraits of the Cromwells, the Washingtons, the Napoleons and the Wellingtons of the world. History is not written in black ink, but red ink of human blood. The gods of human ambition do not drink from bowls made out of silver or gold or precious stones, but out of the bleached skulls of the fallen. But I am now to enroll before you a scroll of heroes that the world has never acknowledged—those who faced no guns, blew no bugle blast, conquered no cities, chained no captives to their chariot wheels, and yet in the great day of eternity will stand higher than some of those whose names startled the nations, and seraph and rapt spirit and archangel will tell their deeds to a listening universe. I mean the heroes of common, everyday life.

In this roll, in the first place, I find all the heroes of the sick room. When Satan had failed to overcome Job, he said to God, "Put forth thy hand and touch his bones and his flesh, and he will curse thee to thy face." Satan had found out that which we have all found out, that sickness is the greatest test of one's character. A man who can stand that can stand anything. To be shut in a room as fast as though it were a bastile; to be so nervous you cannot endure the tap of a child's foot; to have luscious fruit, which tempts the appetite of the robust and healthy, excite our loathing and disgust when it first appears on the platter; to have the rapier of pain strike through the side or across the temples like a razor or to put the foot into a vise or throw the whole body into a blaze of fever, yet there have been men and women, but more women than men, who have cheerfully endured this hardness. Through years of excruciating rheumatisms and excruciating neuralgias they have gone and through bodily distress that rasped the nerves and tore the muscles and paled the cheeks and stooped the shoulders. By the dim light of the sick room taper they saw on their wall the picture of that land where the inhabitants are never sick. Through the dead silence of the night they heard the chorus of the angels.

The cancer ate away her life from week to week and day to day, and she became weaker and weaker, and every "good-night" was feebler than the "good-night" before, yet never sad. The children looked up into her face and saw suffering transformed into a heavenly smile. Those who suffered on the battlefield amid shot and shell were not more heroes and heroines than those who, in the field hospital and in the asylum, had fevers which no ice could cool and no surgery cure. No shout of a comrade to cheer them, but numbness and aching and homesickness—yet willing to suffer, confident in God, hopeful of heaven. Heroes of rheumatism. Heroes of neuralgia. Heroes of sick headache. Heroes of lifelong invalidism. Heroes and heroines! They shall reign forever and ever. Hark! I catch just one note of the eternal anthem, "There shall be no more pain!" Bless God for that!

In this roll I also find the heroes of toil who do their work uncomplainingly. It is comparatively easy to lead a regiment into battle when you know that the whole nation will applaud the victory; it is comparatively easy to doctor the sick when you know that your skill will be appreciated by a large company of friends and relatives; it is comparatively easy to doctor the sick when when in the gleaming eyes and the flushed cheeks you know that your sentiments are adopted. But to do sewing when you expect the employer will come and trust his thumb through the work to show how imperfect it is, or to have the whole garment thrown back on you, to be done over again; to build a wall and know there will be no one to say you did it well, but only a swearing employer howling across the scaffold; to work until your eyes are dim and your back aches and your heart faints, and to know that if you stop before night your children will starve—ah, the sword has not slain so many as the needle. The great battlefields of our civil war were not Gettysburg or Shiloh and South Mountain. The great battlefields were in the arsenals and in the shops and in the attics, where women made army jackets for a sixpence. They toiled on until they died. They had no funeral eulogium, but, in the name of my God, this day, I enroll their names among those of whom the world was not worthy. Heroes of the needle! Heroes of the sewing machine! Heroes of the attic! Heroes of the cellar! Heroes and heroines! Bless God for them!

In this roll I also find the heroes who have uncomplainingly endured domestic injustice. There are men who, for their toil and anxiety, have no sympathy in their homes. Exhausting application to business gets them a livelihood, but an unfrugal wife scatters it. He is fretted at from the moment he enters the door until he comes out of it—the exasperations of business life augmented by the exasperations of domestic life. Such men are laughed at, but they have a heart-breaking trouble, and they would have long ago gone into appalling dissipation but for the grace of God.

Society to-day is strewn with the wrecks of men who, under the northeast storm of domestic infelicity, have been driven on the rocks. There are tens of thousands of drunkards to-day, made such by their wives. That is not poetry; that is prose. But the wrong is generally in the opposite direction. You would not have to go far to find a wife whose life is a perpetual martyrdom—something heavier than a stroke of the fist, unkind words, staggering home at midnight and constant maltreatment, which have left her only a wreck of what she was on that day when in the midst of a brilliant assemblage the vows were taken, and full organ played the wedding march, and the carriage rolled away with the benediction of the people. What was the burning of Latimer and Ridley at the stake compared with this? Those men soon became unconscious in the fire, but there is a 30 years' martyrdom, a 50 years' putting to death, yet uncomplaining. No bitter words when the rollicking companions at 2 o'clock in the morning pitch the husband dead drunk into the front entry. No bitter words when wiping from the swollen brow the blood struck out in a midnight carousal. Bending over the battered and bruised form of him who, when he took her from her father's home, promised love and kindness and protection, yet nothing but sympathy and prayers and forgiveness before they are asked for. No bitter words when the family Bible goes for rum and the pawnbroker's shop gets the last decent dress. Some day, desiring to evoke the story of her sorrows, you say, "Well, how are you getting along now?" and, rallying her trembling voice and quieting her quivering lip, she says, "Pretty well, I thank you; pretty well." She never will tell you. In the delirium of her last sickness she may tell all the other secrets of her lifetime, but she will not tell that. Not until the books of eternity are opened on the throne of judgment will ever be known what she has suffered. Oh, ye who are twisting a garland for the victor, put it on that pale brow! When she is dead, the neighbors will beg linen to make her a shroud, and she will be carried out in a plain box, with no silver plate to tell her years, for she has lived a thousand years of trial and anguish. The gamblers and swindlers who destroyed her husband will not come to the funeral. One carriage will be enough for that funeral—one carriage to carry the orphans and the two Christian women who presided over the obsequies.

But there is a flash, and the opening of a celestial door and a shout, "Lift up your head, ye everlasting gate, and let her come in!" And Christ will step forth and say: "Come in. Ye suffered with me on earth; be glorified with me in heaven." What is the highest throne in heaven? You say, "The throne of the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb." No doubt about it. What is the next highest throne in heaven? While I speak it seems to me it will be the throne of the drunkard's wife, if she with cheerful patience endured all her earthly torture. Heroes and heroines!

I find also in this roll the heroes of Christian charity. We all admire the George Peabodys and the James Lenoxes of the earth, who give tens and hundreds of thousands of dollars to good objects. But I am speaking now of those who out of their pinched poverty help others—of such men as those Christian missionaries at the west who proclaim Christ to the people, one of them, writing to the secretary in New York, saying: "I thank you for that $25. Until yesterday we have had no meat in our house for three months. We have suffered terribly. My children have no shoes this winter." And of those people who have only half a loaf of bread, but give a piece of it to others who are hungrier, and of those who have only a scuttle of coal, but help others to fuel, and of those who have only a dollar in their pocket and give 25 cents to somebody else, and of that father who wears a shabby coat, aid of that mother who wears a faded dress, that their children may be well appareled. You call them paupers or ragamuffins or emigrants. I call them heroes and heroines. You and I may not know where they live or what their name is. God knows, and they have more angels hovering over them than you and I have, and they will have a higher seat in heaven. They may have only a cup of cold water to give a poor traveler or may have only picked a splinter from under the nail of a child's finger or have put only two mites into the treasury, but the Lord knows them. Considering what they had, they did more than we have ever done and their faded dress will become a white robe and the small room will be an eternal mansion, and the old hat will be exchanged for a coronet of victory, and all applause of earth and all the shouting of heaven will be drowned out when God rises up to give His reward to those humble workers in his kingdom and say to them, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

Who are those who are bravest and deserved the greatest monument, Lord Claverhouse and his burly soldiers or John Brown, the Edinburgh carrier and his wife? Mr. Atkins, the persecuted minister of Jesus Christ, in Scotland was secreted by John Brown and his wife, and Claverhouse rode up one day with his armed men and shouted in front of the house. John Brown's little girl came out. He said to her, "Well, miss, is Mr. Atkins here?" She made no answer, for she could not betray the minister of the gospel. "Ha!" Claverhouse said, "then you are a chip of the old block, are you? I have something in my pocket for you. It is a nosegay. Some poeple call it a thumbscrew, but I call it a nosegay." And he got off his horse and he put it on the little girl's hand and began to turn it until the bones cracked and she cried. He said: "Don't cry, don't cry. This isn't a thumbscrew, this is a nosegay." And they heard the child's cry, and the father and mother came out, and Claverhouse said: "Ha! It seems that you three have laid your holy heads together, determined to die like all the rest of your hypocritical, canting, snivelling crew. Rather than give up good Mr. Atkins, pious Mr. Atkins, you would die. I have a telescope with me that will improve your vision," and he pulled out a pistol. "Now," he said, "you old pragmatic, lest you should catch cold in this cold morning of Scotland and for the honor and safety of the king, to say nothing of the glory of God and the good of our souls, I will proceed simply and in the neatest and most expeditious style possible to blow out your brains."

John Brown fell upon his knees and began to pray. "Ah," said Claverhouse, "look out, if you are going to pray; steer clear of the king, the council and Richard Cameron." "O Lord," said John Brown, "since it seems to be Thy will that I should leave this world for a world where I can love Thee better and serve Thee more, I put this poor widow woman and these helpless, fatherless children into Thy hands. We have been together in peace a good while, but now we must look forth to a better meeting in heaven. And as for these poor creatures, blindfolded and infatuated, that stand before me, convert them before it be too late, and may they who have sat in judgment in this lonely place on this blessed morning upon me, a poor, defenseless fellow creature—may they in the last judgment find that mercy which they have refused to me. Thy most unworthy but faithful servant. Amen."

He rose and said, "Isabel, the hour has come of which I spoke to you on the morning when I proposed hand and heart to you, and are you willing now, for the love of God, to let me die?" She put her arms around him and said: "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord." "Stop that snivelling," said Claverhouse. "I have had enough of it. Soldiers, do your work. Take aim! Fire!" And the head of John Brown was scattered on the ground. While the wife was gathering up in her apron the fragments of her husband's head—gathering them up for burial—Claverhouse looked into her face and said, "Now, my good woman, how do you feel now about your bonnie man?" "Oh," she said, "I always thought weel of him; he has been very good to me; I had no reason for thinking anything but weel of him, and I think better of him now." Oh, what a grand thing it will be in the last day to see God pick out his heroes and heroines. Who are those paupers of eternity trudging off from the gates of heaven? Who are they? The Lord Claverhouse and the Herods and those who had scepters and crowns and thrones, but they lived for their own aggrandisement, and they broke the heart of nations. Heroes of earth, but paupers of eternity. I beat the drums of their eternal despair. Woe, woe, woe!

But there is great excitement in the tower? It is coronation day in heaven. Why those long processions? Why the booming of that great bell in heaven. Who are those rising on the thrones with crowns of eternal royalty? They must have been great people on the earth, world renowned people. No. They taught in a ragged school. Taught in a ragged school! Is that all? That is all. Who are those souls waving scepters of eternal dominion? Why, they are little children who waited on invalid mothers. That all? That is all. She was called "Little Mary" on earth. She is an empress now. Who are that great multitude on the highest thrones of heaven? Who are they? Why, they fed the hungry; they clothed the naked; they healed the sick; they comforted the heartbroken. They never found any rest until they put their head down on the pillow of the sepulcher. God watched them. God laughed defiance at the enemies who put their heels hard down on these, His dear children, and one day the Lord struck His hand so hard on His thigh that the omnipotent sword rattled in the buckler as He said, "I am their God, and no weapon formed against them shall prosper."

What harm can the world do you when the Lord Almighty with unsheathed sword fights for you? I breach this sermon for comfort. Go home to the place just where God has put you to play the hero or the heroine. Do not envy any man his money or his applause or his social position. Do not envy any woman her wardrobe or her exquisite appearance. Be the hero or the heroine. If there be no flour in the house and you do not know where your children are to get bread listen, and you will hear something tapping against the window pane. Go to the window, and you will find it is the beak of a raven, and open the window, and there will fly in the messenger that fed Elijah. Do you think that the God who grows the cotton of the south will let you freeze for lack of clothes? Do you think that God Who allowed His disciples of Sabbath morning to go into the grain field and then take the grain and rub it in their hands and eat—do you think God will let you starve? Did you ever hear the experience of that old man, "I have been young and now am old, yet I have never seen the righteous forsaken or his seed begging bread." Get up out of your discouragement, O troubled soul, O sewing woman, O man kicked and cuffed by unjust employers, O ye who are hard beset in the battle of life and know not which way to turn, O you bereft one, O you sick one with complaints you have told to no one, come and get the comfort of this subject. Listen to our great Captain's cheer. "To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the fruit of the tree of life which is in the midst of the paradise of God."

A QUART OF DIAMONDS.

The Extensive Smuggling Operations of Max Lasar.

A BRIDE GETS INTO TROUBLE

Niagara Falls despatch says: One of the most important seizures of diamonds ever made occurred here yesterday evening. It is said the inception of the affair began at Amsterdam, where Max J. Lasar purchased $75,000 worth of diamonds. Sailing for America, he landed his jewels in Montreal.

Lasar, it is claimed, fell in with a bride and groom in his travels from Montreal. Before separating at Toronto, Lasar handed the sack containing the diamonds to the bride, claiming, as the bride says, they were a few trinkets, and he would get them on the American side, Lasar going by boat to Lewiston, where Officer Lewis detained him and had him searched. Nothing was found on Lasar, but Special Officer Neville followed the bridal couple on the Grand Trunk to the Falls, arriving there at 11 a.m., closely on their track. The couple engaged a hack and took a ride about the Falls on the Canadian side. Neville engaged another hack and dogged them about the sights. When the couple crossed the lower steel arch bridge Neville was at their heels, and as soon as they passed the American side he had them nabbed and taken to the customs office, where both were searched, and the gems found on the person of the bride. She claimed she was ignorant of what the parcel contained. There are nearly a quart of the sparklers, numbering nearly 600. Their value will total $75,000. Lasar was rearrested. All were taken to Lockport to-day, where they came before Commissioner Pound, and were held for the United States Court.

The real names of the bridal party are withheld by the authorities.

Lasar was caught two years ago with $70,000 worth of gems, but was allowed off on paying $42,000 to the United States Government. Much sympathy is felt for the bride of only two days, who became the victim of this schemer. Lasar is a man of about 60 years, white-haired, black moustache, Jewish nose, with peanut-topped head. He was at once spotted in Toronto yesterday morning by Special Officer Lewis. The woman is held in $5,000, and her newly-wedded husband in $3,000 sureties to appear as witnesses. The United States officers were assisted on the Canadian side by Detective Mains, of the Ontario police force. The father of the young woman is said to be a rich Montreal merchant, who will come to her aid with bail.

Mrs. Geo. H. Boker, widow of the poet and ex-Minister to Russia, is dead at Philadelphia.

SUNDAY SCHOOL

INTERNATIONAL LESSON NO. XIII JUNE 24, 1900.

Feeding the Five Thousand.—John 6; 5-14.

Supt.—What is the Golden Text? School—Give to us this day our daily bread. Matt vi. 11.

What is the Central Truth?—Jesus will feed and fill those who come to him.

What is the Topic?—Bread in the desert.

What is the Outline?—I. Proving the apostles. II. Feeding the multitude. III. Gathering the fragments.

When was the time?—Aptil A. D. 29.

Where was the place?—A desert place southeast of Bethsaida on the northeast shore of the Sea of Galilee.

Who were the persons?—Jesus. The apostles. The multitude.

What are the Parallel Accounts? The only miracle recorded in all four gospels. Matt xiv. 13, 21; Mark vi. 31, 44; Luke ix. 10, 17.

Commentary — Connecting links. The events in this lesson took place immediately after those recorded in the last lesson. The twelve apostles who had been sent out over Galilee were preaching and healing the sick, when, "suddenly, like a flash from a far distant cloud, came the news that John the Baptist had been beheaded by Herod Antipas, in Macherus castle. The disciples hastened to Jesus, probably at Capernaum, as chickens hasten to their mother when the hawk hovers near, and all retired across the Sea of Galilee to the lonely plain at the foot of the hills near Bethsaida, just outside of Herod's dominions.

5. Lifted up His eyes—This was in the afternoon, toward evening, "when the day began to wear away." Luke ix. 12. The Jews had two evenings; the first began at three o'clock, the second at six o'clock. A great company—He was moved with compassion and walked among the people, teaching them many things and healing their sick. He saith unto Philip—Philip lived at Bethsaida, a city near Capernaum, and not the Bethsaida where this miracle was performed, as some have supposed. "He was probably the provider for the disciples, as Judas was the treasurer."—Clarke. Whence are we to buy bread—R. V. Christ had fed their souls, and healed their bodies, and now He proposes to feed their bodies, and thus show that He is able to provide for all their necessities.

6 To prove him—Philip had known Jesus for more than two years, and it was now time that he, and the rest of the apostles, should begin to have wide conceptions of Christ's ability. Knew what He would do—"Our Lord is never at a loss in His counsels, but in the most difficult case He knows what course He will pursue. Christ proposed the question to test Philip's faith.

7 Two hundred pennyworth—The penny was a silver coin and was worth about sixteen cents. The value of the bread necessary would be, therefore, about $32. "This appears to have been all that our Lord and all of His disciples were worth of this world's goods." The amount at that time, with them, would probably represent an actual value equal to ten times the same amount now, with us.

9. There is a lad here—The multitude had not thought of their temporal necessities, so anxious were they to see and hear Jesus, and this lad, "who had charge of the provisions of the company to which he belonged," had all that could be found. Loaves... ...fishes—"The loaves were round, flat cakes like large crackers." Barley was their poorest food. "The fish were small, dried or pickled, and were eaten with bread, like our sardines."—Edersheim. But what are they—No sooner did Andrew make this little suggestion than he felt half-ashamed and would have withdrawn it.

10. Make the men sit—"In orderly ranks for the convenient distribution of the food." Mark says they sat by hundreds and fifties. Much grass — The grass was ready for mowing at this time of the year. About five thousand—Besides women and children. Matt. xiv, 21. There must have been ten thousand persons to feed. Jesus had arranged them so they could easily be counted.

11. Jesus took the loaves— "Thus acting like the master of a family among the Jews, who took the bread into His hands to give thanks to God, before any at the table were permitted to eat." Jesus had one loaf for a thousand men, besides the women and children. Given thanks — Jesus thus sets us an example: we should never eat without first thanking God for our food, and asking His blessing upon it. Distributed to the disciples—There has been much discussion as to just how the miracle was performed. Did the bread multiply in the hands of Jesus, or in the hands of the disciples, or, as some think, did the disciples put a piece of bread and fish in the hands of those who sat at the ends of the ranks with orders to give it to their companions? The fishes as much as they would —This does not mean that there was a scarcity of fish, but that all ate as much as they cared to.

12. When they were filled—Here is one miracle of our Lord attested by at least five thousand (probably ten thousand) persons.—Clarke. No one need ever leave Christ's table hungry. Gather up the fragments—The broken pieces which remained over. R. V. That nothing be lost—The design is to bring out the preciousness of the food which Jesus had given.—Schaff.

13. Twelve baskets — the word translated "baskets" means pockets or wallets. The twelve baskets were probably the twelve wallets of the twelve apostles, which they carried on their journeys.—Dr. Deems. Jesus evidently intended that He and the apostles would eat the pieces as their needs demanded them.

14. That prophet—All who had seen this wonderful miracle were so profoundly impressed with it that there can be no doubt but this is the Messiah—the Prophet that should come into the world, according to the publication of Moses. Deut. xviii. 15-18. They at once tried to take Him by force and make Him their king. V. 15. But Jesus resisted them and spent the night in prayer. The next day at Capernaum He met many of these people and taught them about the bread of life." Peloubet.

Teachings—God's plan is that human effort and divine power should work together in supplying our human necessities. "Discouragement and failure always come by calculating our own resources, forgetful of divine power." "Love grows richer as it goes out to bless others." "The hungering multitudes were a picture of the great world, restless and hungry. They need eternal life; they need to have their souls nourished and strengthened; they need to be satisfied with love and forgiveness and hope and faith and courage; they are dying for want of the bread of life, but still they do not realize what it is they need." "Jesus did not repel the people because they came to Him from an inferior motive.

PRACTICAL SURVEY.

I. Man is a creature of need. His needs are many and diversified. (a) As a man, having physical, social and mental needs. (b) As a sinful being, his need is great; for his soul is debased, corrupted and alienated from God. (c) As a redeemed creature, amid sinful environments, his need is still greater, which none but God can meet.

II. Christ is the source of supply. "Who of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption." He who was poorest among the poor is the source of all supplies for all men and for all time. This company was great, their needs imperative; how can they be met? There are three suggestions: (1) To throw the multitude upon their own resources. "Send them away that they may go into the villages and buy themselves victuals." Matt. xiv. 15. This is certainly poor advice, given without due consideration of the true condition and the ordinary resources of the people. (2) That they should be supplied from the resources of the disciples. "Give ye them to eat." Matt. xiv. 16. Yet they could not pay the lawful tribute demanded of them but by a divine miracle. Matt. xvii. 24-27. How then could they meet this necessity? "Two hundred pennyworth of bread is not sufficient." V. 7. The demands were much beyond them. (3) If met at all it must be by divine grace and power. "Christ knew what he would do." V. 6. Man's general and special need is beyond himself.

III. Christ's method. It is implied in "Whence shall we buy bread that these may eat?" The human and divine agency is here expressed. This is the usual order whereby human need is met. Notice our Lord did not ask, Whence will you buy bread? but we, that is, you and I. Christ does not expect His disciples—ministers, class-leaders, stewards, Sabbath school teachers, etc., to solve the dark and difficult problems of humanity's need and satisfy their hungering; but he can and will do it, conditionally, and make them the mediums of conveying the supplies.

IV. Helpful suggestions are intimated by the Master's particular instruction in verse 12. "Gather up the fragments that remain that nothing be lost." The natural course would be to let the fragments lie, for the same interested love and power that has provided can provide just as abundantly as before, and He would be as willing as He was able. Fragments might be considered small affairs, and to care for them poor economy. But the command of our Lord is particular and imperative, and teaches us that human attention and care should be given to divine gifts and bestowments. (1) Gather up the fragments of time. The moments of each day converge to the last solemn hour of life and the last great day when we must give an account of ourselves to God. (2) Gather up fragments of truth. We are taught by degrees; fed as we are able to bear it. No one should be disposed to reject crumbs because they are not loaves, for God can bless and multiply and increase until they shall feed a multitude, with much still remaining over for our own nourishment. (3) Seize fragments of opportunity to get and to do good. Such opportunities are ever thrown across our pathway, but too frequently the occasion passes unimproved. (4) Fragments of happiness. The poet is true to humanity's whims and ways when she says:

"Laugh, and the world laughs with you;
Weep, and you weep alone.
For this sad old earth must borrow its mirth,
But has sorrows enough of its own."

With a heart gladdened with grace divine there is much to be happy with, much to be joyous over, and everything to be thankful for.—W. P. Ferries.

INDIA'S AWFUL FAMINE.

Cholera Strikes Down Its Hundreds Daily.

TERRIBLE STORIES FROM DOHAD.

London cable report: The famine in India grows worse. The Standard's correspondent in a mail letter says: "It would be rash to assume from the almost stationary relief figures that the corner will soon be turned. So devastating has been the cholera outbreak, so enormous the mortality, and so blind the terror inspired by this black death, that the famine relief camps in Bombay, which contained thousands of workers, melt away and are left empty in the course of a couple of days.

Starving though they be, the people prefer to fly to their own homes and to die in quiet than to remain in the famine relief camps, where the cholera is striking down a hundred workers daily.

"Terrible stories come from Dohad. There the famine is at its worst, and now the cholera has arrived to complete the work. An eye-witness says: 'As we walked through those quiet streets we saw deserted homes and dead bodies. One of the bravest act witnessed was a little girl of about seven attempting to assist her two little brothers, after the mother had given up all hope and lain down near them to die. She was feeding a fire, which burned beneath a broken pot, in which simmered the almost rotten feet and bones of some dead animal. The scene cannot be painted too black. No account we have ever read of any famine would picture the state of affairs at Dohad."

The Standard's correspondent says the mortality estimates are inaccurate. Unnumbered dead bodies are polluting the streets and spreading contagion.

Belle Boyd, the famous spy, of Confederate fame, died suddenly of heart disease at Kilbourne, Ky., last night.

MARKET REPORTS —OF— The Week,

Leading Wheat Markets.

Following are the closing prices at important centres to-day:

	Cash.	July.
Chicago	$——	$0 73 7-8
New York	——	0 77 1-2
Milwaukee	0 73 1-2	——
St. Louis	0 73	0 73 3-8
Toledo	0 78	0 78 3-8
Detroit, red	0 77	0 77 1-2
Detroit, white	0 77 7-8	——
Duluth, No. 1 N....	0 73	0 73 1-4
Duluth, No. 1 H....	0 74 7-8	——
Minneapolis, No. 1 Northern	0 78 1-8	0 71
Minneapolis, No. 1 Hard	0 74 1-4	——

Toronto Farmers' Market.

Wheat—One hundred bushels of white fall wheat sold at 67 to 68c., one load of red at 67c. and one load of goose at 66c.

Oats—Three hundred bushels sold steady at 29 to 30c.

Hay and Straw—Fifteen loads of hay sold at $10.50 to $11.50 a ton, and one load of straw at $9.50 a ton.

The general market was quiet. Eggs were a trifle firmer at 12 to 15c. Other products were steady, except chickens, which were easier.

Toronto Live Stock Market.

Milch cows, each.....	$30 00	to	$50 00
Export cattle, choice, per cwt.	5 00	to	5 25
Export cattle, light, per cwt...	4 60	to	4 90
Butchers' cattle, choice.....	4 25	to	4 50
Butchers' cattle, good.....	4 00	to	4 20
do medium.....	3 75	to	3 90
Butchers' common, per cwt....	3 35	to	3 60
Bulls, export, heavy, per cwt..	4 00	to	4 50
Bulls, export, light, per cwt....	3 75	to	4 00
Steers, short-keep, 1,100 to 1,200 lbs.....	4 25	to	4 50
Feeders, 900 to 1,050 lbs., cwt....	3 90	to	4 15
Stock steers, 500 to 900 lbs. per cwt.....	3 25	to	3 75
Butchers' bulls, per cwt.....	3 50	to	3 75
Light stock bulls, per cwt.....	2 00	to	2 50
Sheep, export ewes, per cwt...	3 75	to	4 00
do, bucks.....	3 00	to	3 25
Sheep, butchers', each.....	3 00	to	4 00
Lambs, yearlings, per cwt.....	4 50	to	5 00
Lambs, picked ewes, wethers..	5 00	to	5 25
Spring lambs, each.....	2 50	to	4 50
Calves, per head.....	2 00	to	10 00
Hogs, choice, per cwt.....	6 87½	to	0 00
Hogs, light, per cwt.....	6 00	to	0 00
Hogs, heavy, fat, per cwt.....	6 25	to	0 00
Hogs, corn fed.....	6 37½	to	0 00
Sows.....	3 00	to	0 00
Stags.....	2 25	to	0 00

Seeds.

In Toledo October clover closed 10c lower at $5.65 bid per bushel, cash at $5.30 and old prime at $5.05 nominal. In Chicago clover closed firmer at $7.75 to $8 nominal for cash and timothy unchanged at $2.55 nominal for cash and at $2.65 for September.

Wool.

The situation in the local market continues unchanged. Trade is rather slow and prices steady at 15c for washed and 9 1-2 to 10c for unwashed.

Cheese Markets.

Picton, June 13.—Seventeen factories boarded 1,440 boxes of cheese here today. Highest bid, 10 1-8c; 945 sold.

Peterboro, June 13.—At the cheese sale here to-day about 2,700 boxes were offered, all colored, the makes being from the 26th May to the 2nd of June. The goods sold quickly at extreme prices. Rollins ran the market up to 9 7-8c.

Woodstock, June 13.—At the regular meeting of the Cheese Board here to-day 19 factories offered 2,331 boxes. 1,132 white and 1,199 colored. Sales—64 boxes at 9 5-8c. 1,065 at 9 3-4c. 80 at 9 13-16c. 350 at 9 7-8c. 223 at 9 5-8c, and 297 at 10c. Market active.

Manitoba Wheat Markets.

The local market has closely followed the advance in the American markets, and in the last three days a large quantity of No. 1 hard has changed hands. A week ago spot Fort William was selling at 68 1-4 to 68 1-2c., and it was not until Wednesday that better than 68 1-2c. was paid. Since then till the close of yesterday's business 5 1-2c. per bushel was gained. Wednesday's closing price was 69 1-2c., Thursday's 71 1-2c. and yesterday's 74c. Between these prices wheat changed hands at all figures, according as Chicago firmed up or slackened off. The demand has been good, but it is mostly speculative and for investment, as shipping orders do not follow up the price so quickly. No. 2 hard and No. 1 northern sell for 2 to 2 1-2c. under No. 1 hard, and No. 3 hard at 4 1-2c. under No. 1 hard, all in store Fort William. There is no demand for wheat for future delivery at over spot prices, and buyers prefer to have spot.—Winnipeg Commercial, June 9.

Bradstreets' on Trade.

Trade at Montreal the past week has been interrupted by the war jubilations, but conditions continue satisfactory. Reports from the country are satisfactory. There is an increasing demand for fall goods. The sorting trade is better. Values of nearly all classes of staple goods are firm.

The most important feature of the trade situation at Toronto this week was the improved condition of the crops in the Northwest and in Ontario. The promise now of large crops of wheat has caused a more buoyant feeling among business men. Country remittances are improving. There is a good demand for money and the market is steady.

There is an improved feeling in trade circles at London. The crops are looking better. Current sales of retailers in the country are larger. Remittances are fairly satisfactory for this season.

There is less uneasiness in business circles at Winnipeg regarding the wheat crop. Rains have improved the outlook. Travellers have experienced some disadvantage from the dry weather. Collections are not any too satisfactory. Money is in good demand and not plentiful and rates are firm.

At Hamilton this week the movement in wholesale trade circles has been satisfactory for this season. There is more demand for summer goods. There is a fair number of orders being booked in fall goods. Manufacturing circles are busy on fall goods, and labor is well employed. Remittances are fairly satisfactory.

Trade at the Coast cities is improving. The outlook for the farming interests is bright. The lumber business is active. The canners are confident of a good season, labor being abundant and reasonably cheap. Mining operations are increasing.

The San Francisco Board of Health has decided to raise the quarantine of Chinatown twenty days from the verification of the last case of plague, which was on June 2nd.

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