

# REV. DR. TALMAGE

## SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE BY THE NOTED DIVINE.

Subject: "Pray for Those in Authority."

Text: "I exhort, therefore, that, first of all, supplications, prayers, intercessions and giving of thanks be made for all men, for kings and for all that are in authority."—I Timothy, ii, 1.

That which London is to England, Paris to France, Berlin to Germany, Rome to Italy, Vienna to Austria, St. Petersburg to Russia, Washington is to the United States republic. The people who live here see more of the chief man of the Nation than any who live anywhere else between Atlantic and Pacific oceans. If a Senator or Member of the House of Representatives or Supreme Court Justice or Secretary of the Cabinet or representative of Foreign Nation enters a public assembly in any other city, his coming and going are remarked upon, and unusual deference is paid to him. In this capital there are so many political chieftains in our churches, our streets, our halls, that their coming and going make no excitement.

The Swiss soldier took up to the Matterhorn or Jungfrau or Mont Blanc, because those people are used to the Alps. So we at this capital are so accustomed to walk among mountains of official and political eminence that they are not to us a great novelty. Morning, noon and night we meet the giants. But there is no place on earth where the importance of the Pauline injunction to pray for those in eminent place ought to be better appreciated. At this time, when our public men have before them the recesses of our National Treasury from appalling deficits, and the Cuban question, and the arbitration question, and in many departments men are taking important positions which are to them new and untried, would like to quote my text with a whole tonnage of emphasis—words written by the scarred missionary to the young theologian Timothy. "I exhort, therefore, that, first of all, supplications, prayers, intercessions and giving of thanks be made for all men, for kings and for all that are in authority."

II have the time and do not forget some of them before I get through. I will give you four or five reasons why the people of the United States ought to make earnest and continuous prayer for those in eminent place. First, because that will put us in proper attitude toward the successful men of the Nation. After you have prayed for a man you will do him justice. There is a bad streak in human nature that demands us to smile those that are more successful than ourselves. It shows itself in boys who look at the lead ball running to get their ride on the back of a carriage, and one gets on, then falling to get on about on the driver. "Out behind!" Unsuccessful men seldom like those who in any department are successful. The cry is, "He is a political accident," or, "He bought his way up," or, "It just happened so," and there is an impatient waiting for him to come down more rapidly than he went up.

The best cure for such cynicism is prayer. After we have risen from our knees we will be wishing the official good instead of evil. We will be hoping for him benediction rather than malediction. If he makes a mistake, we will tell it a mistake instead of malice in office. And, oh, how much happier we will be, for wishing one evil is diabolical, but wishing one good is satanic. It is angelic, is not it? When the Lord drops a man into depths beyond which there is no lower depth, he allows him to be put on an investigating committee with the one hope of finding something wrong. In general assemblies of the Presbyterian church, in conferences of the Methodist church, in conventions of the Episcopal church, in House of Representatives and Senate of the United States, there are men always glad to be appointed on the committee of malodors, while there are those who are glad to be put on the committee of eulogiums. After you have prayed, in the words of my text, for all that are in authority, you will say, "Brethren, gentlemen, Mr. Chairman, excuse me from serving on the committee of malodors, for last night, just before I prayed for those in eminent positions, I read that chapter in Corinthians about clarity which 'impetis all talents' and 'thinketh no evil.' The committee of malodors is an important committee, but I have now decided that those are important for its work who have, not in spirit of conceit, but in spirit of earnest importunity, prayed for those in high position. I cannot help it, but I do like a St. Bernard better than a bloodhound, and I would rather be a humming bird among honeyuckles than a crow swooping upon field carcasses.

Another reason why we should pray for those in eminent place is because they have such multiplied perplexities. This city at this time holds hundreds of men who are experts of preference, and United States men have as never before are full of applications. Let me say I have no sympathy with either the uttered or printed sneer at what are called "office seekers." If I had not already received appointment as minister plenipotentiary from the high court of heaven—as every minister of the gospel has—and I had at my back a family for whom I wished to achieve a livelihood, there is no employer whose service I would sooner seek than city, State or United States Government. Those Governments are the promptest in their payments, paying just as well in hard times as in good times and during summer vacation as during winter work. Besides that, many of us have been paying taxes to city and State and Nation for years, and while we are indebted for the protection of Government the Government is indebted to us for the honest support we have rendered it. So I wish success in all earnest and competent men who appeal to city or State or Nation for a place to work. But how many men in high place in city and State and Nation are at their wits' end to know what to do, when for some places there are ten applicants and for others a hundred. Perplexities arise from the fact that citizens sign petitions without reference to the qualifications of the applicant for the place applied for. You sign the application because the applicant is your friend. People sometimes want that for which they have no qualification, as we hear people say "I want to be an agent" when they offer the poorest material possible for angelhood. Doors waiting to be sent to foreign palaces as ambassadors, and men without any business qualification wanting to be consuls to foreign ports, and litterateurs, capable in one letter of wrecking all the laws of orthography and syntax, desiring to be put into positions where most of the work is done by correspondence. It divides help is needed in any place in the world, it is in those places where patronage is distributed. In years gone by a vital mistake has been made. Only God, who made the world out of chaos, could out of the crowded pigeon-hole of public men develop symmetrical results. For this reason pray Almighty God for all those in authority.

Again, pray for God for those in authority is our only way of being of any practical service to them. Our personal advice would be to them, for the most part, an impertinence. They have all the facts as we cannot have them, and they see the subject in all its bearings, and we can be of no help to them except through the supplication that our

text advises. In that way we may be infinite re-enforcement. The mightiest thing you can do for a man is to pray for him. If the old Bible be true—and it is not true if it has been the only imposition that ever blessed the world, turning barbarism into civilization and tyrannies into republics—I say, if the old Bible be true, God answers prayer. You may get a letter and through forgetfulness or lack of time not answer it, but God never gets a genuine letter that he does not make reply. Every genuine prayer is a child's letter to his Heavenly Father, and he will answer it, and though you may get many letters from your child before you respond some day you say: "There I have received ten letters from my daughter, and I will answer them all now and at once, and though not in just the way that she hopes for I will do it in the best way, and though she asked me for a sheet of music I will not give it to her, for I do like the music spoken of, but I will send her a deed to a house and lot, to be hers forever." So God does not in all cases answer in the way those who sent the prayer hoped for, but He in all cases gives what is asked for or something better. So prayers went up from the North and the South at the time of our Civil War, and they were all answered at Gettysburg. You cannot make me believe that God answered only the Northern prayers, for there were just as devout prayers answered south of Mason and Dixon's line as north of it, and God gave what was asked for, or something as much more valuable as a house and lot as worth more than a sheet of music. There is not a good an intellectual man, but was the Gulf of Mexico and the St. Lawrence River who does not believe that God did the best thing possible when He saved this Nation down in 1865 a glorious victory, never to be rivaled until the waters of the Ohio and the Savannah, the Hudson and the Alabama, are like a cup by the long, red tongues of a world on fire. Yes, God sometimes answers prayers on a large scale.

In worse predicament nation never was than the Israelitish nation on the banks of the Red Sea, the rattling shields and the clattering hoofs of an overwhelming host close after them. An army could just as easily wade through the Atlantic Ocean from New York to Liverpool as the Israelites could have waded through the Red Sea. You need to sail on its water to realize how big it is. How was the crossing effected? By prayer. Exodus xiv, 15: "And the Lord said unto Moses: Wherefore criest thou unto Me? Speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward"—that is, "Stop praying and take the answer." And then the water began to be agitated and was blowing away and that way an invisible became a billow, and the billow climbed other billows, and now they rise into walls of sapphire, and invisible trowels mason them into firmness, and the walls become like mountains, topped and truncated and domed with crags of crystal, and God throws an invisible chain around the feet of those mountains, so that they are obliged to stand still, and there, right before the Israelitish army, is a turpentine road, with all the emerald gates swung wide open. The passing host did not even get the rick wet. They passed dry sho! the bottom of the sea as hard as the pavement of Pennsylvania avenue to New York's Broadway or London's Strand. Oh, what a God they had! Or I think I will change that and say, "What a God we have!"

What power puts its hands upon astronomy in Joshua's time and made the sun and moon stand still? Joshua x, 12. "Then spoke Joshua unto the Lord." Prayer? As a giant will take two or four great globes, and in astounding way swing them this way or that, or hold two of them at arm's length, so the Omnipotent does as He will with the great orbs of worlds, with wheeling constellations and circling galaxies, swinging easily star around star, star tossed after star, or sun and moon held out at arm's length and perfectly still, as in answer to Joshua's prayer. To God the largest world is a pebble.

Another reason why we should obey the Pauline injunction of the text and pray for all that are in authority is that so very much of our own prosperity and happiness are involved in their doings. A selfish reason, you say. Yes, but a righteous selfishness, like that which leads you to take care of your own health and preserve your own life. Prosperous government means a prosperous people. Damaged government means a damaged people. We all go up together, or we all go down together. When we pray for our rulers, we pray for ourselves, for our homes, for the easier gainings of a livelihood, for better prospects for our children, for the hurrying of these hard times so far down the embankment they can never climb up again. Do not look at anything that concerns the public interest as having nothing to do with you. We are touched by all the events in our national history, by the signing of the compact in the cabin of the Mayflower, by the small ship, the Half Moon, sailing up the Hudson; by the treaty of William Penn, by the hand that made the "Liberty bell" sound its first stroke, by Old Ironsides plowing the high seas, and, if touched by all the events of past America, certainly by all the events of the present day. Every prayer you make for our rulers, if the prayer be of the right stamp and worth anything, has a rebound of benediction for your own body, mind and soul.

Another reason for obedience to my text is that the prosperity of this country is common, and we want a hand in helping on its course. At any rate I do. It is a matter of honest satisfaction to a soldier, after some great battle has been fought and some great victory won, to be able to say: "Yes, I was there. I was in the brigade that stormed those heights. I was in that bayonet charge that put the enemy to flight." Well, the day will come when all the financial, political and moral loss of this republic will be driven back and driven down by the prosperities that are now on their way, but which come with slow tread and in "fatigue dress" when we want them to take "the double quick." By our prayers we may stand on the mountain top and beseech them on and show them a shorter cut. Yes, in answer to our prayers the Lord God of Hosts may from the high heavens command them forward, swifter than mounted troops ever took the field at Eylau or Austerlitz.

That was beautiful and appropriate at the laying of the cornerstones of the extension of the Capitol fifty-eight years after the cornerstone of the old Capitol had been laid. Yet the cornerstones of our Republic was first laid in 1776 and at the re-establishment of our National Government was laid again in 1855. But are we not ready for the laying of the cornerstones of a broader and higher National life? We have a Nation received so much from God. Do we not owe new consecration? Are we not ready to become a better Sabbath-keeping, peace-loving, virtue-honoring, God-worshipping Nation? Are we not ready for such a consecration? Why not now let it take its course? With the procession of prayers, moving from the north and the south, the east and the west, let the song be made august beyond comparison.

The prayer that the great exponent wrote to be put in the cornerstones at the extension of the Capitol I ejaculate as our own supplication. "God save the United States of America," only adding the words with which Robert South was apt to close his sermons, whether delivered before the Court at Christ-Church chapel or in Westminster Abbey, at anniversary of restoration of Oliver Cromwell amid the worst tempest that ever swept over England: "To God be rendered and ascribed, as is most due, all praise, might, majesty and dominion, both now and forever. Amen."

# RELIGIOUS READING.

THE DIVINE ARTISAN.

Perhaps you have heard of the method strange. Of violin makers in distant lands, Who, by breaking and bending with skillful hands, Make instruments having a wider range Than ever was possible for them, so long As they were new, unshattered and strong.

Have you ever thought when the heart was sad, When the days seem dark and the nights unending, That the broken heart, by the Father's mending, Was made through sorrow a helper glad, Whose service should lighten more and more The weary one's burdens as never before?

Then take this simple lesson to heart When sorrows crowd, and you cannot sing: To the truth of the Father's goodness cling; Believe that sorrow is only a part Of the wondrous plan that gives through pain The power to sing more glad refrain.

—Author Unknown.

## IMAGES OF GOD'S GREAT CITY.

You see the Thames as it goes sluggishly down to the arches, carrying with it endless impurity and corruption. You watch the ink stream as it pours along day and night, and you think it will pollute the world. But you have just been down to the seashore, and you have looked on the great deep, and it has not left a stain on the Atlantic. No, it has been running down a good many years, and carried a world of impurity with it, but when you go to the Atlantic there is not a speck on it. As to the ocean, it knows nothing about it. It is full of majestic music. So the smoke of London goes up, and has been going up for a thousand years. One would have thought that it would have spoiled the scenery by now, but you get a look at it sometimes. There is the great blue sky which has swallowed up the smoke and gloom of a thousand years, and its azure splendor is unspoiled. It is wonderful how the ocean has kept its purity, and how the sky has taken the breath of the millions and the smoke of the furnaces, and yet it is as pure as the day God made it. It is beautiful to think that these are only images of God's great city for the race. Our sins, they are like the Thames, but, mind you, they shall be swallowed up—lost in the depths of the sea, to be remembered against us no more. Though our sins have been going up to heaven through the generations yet, though they are as crimson, they shall be as wool, as white as snow.—Rev. W. L. Watkinson.

## A PRAYER FOR RIGHT LIVING.

O God, help us to live our little life wisely, no use, usefully to others. We shall so live if we live in thy Son, if we die in thy Son, if we rise again in thy Son; then shall our life be an evangel, our breath shall be a gospel amongst men. If any have heavy burdens to carry, give strength that they may be borne bravely; if any have to turn aside sometimes to shed tears in darkness, may they hear a voice in the cloud promising comfort; if any are called to new experience of adversity, who have only seen poverty at a distance before, the Lord give them strength; if any are of aching heart, wondering how it is with the old man, with the gentle gray-haired mother, with the wandering child, the Lord heal such hearts; the Lord's balm be plentifully dispensed in the hour of need. The Lord knoweth us altogether; herein is our joy, and herein is sometimes our fear; yet we will not fear; thou knowest our frame, thou rememberest that we are dust. The Lord be with us in all times of suffering and of anxious thoughtfulness, and especially be with us when we are drinking copiously of the wine of joy, lest in our momentary intoxication we forget that Jesus alone can turn our water into wine. Amen.

## LOVE WILL BRING LOVE.

Down into serious contemplation of sacred and eternal things we must go to get the help our brethren need, down into the darkness of those thoughts where man comes close to God to learn what we may teach in the light. O, that we could understand how deep Christ was for all the help and teaching that He gave. O fathers, mothers, friends, ministers, teachers, scholars, men! in all our darkness we must give each other light. To love the truth on one hand and our brethren on the other, to love God and God's children, that will make our human nature transparent so that God can shine through it. For this one thing we are sure of—that no man ever yet loved Christ and loved his brother that Christ did not lend His own way through him into his brother, and so help and enlighten both the humble teacher and learner with Himself.—Phillips Brooks.

## A PRAYER FOR REST.

With the night shadows, Lord, our hearts return to thee. We have walked through dangers and thou hast preserved us. We have been tempted and thou hast shown us the way of escape. Pardon us in thy loving kindness for the sake of Jesus Christ our Lord that we have stoned against thee both by transgression and neglect, and help us with sincere repentance to forsake our sin. We bring our fears and perplexities, our doubts and cares, to leave them at thy mercy seat. Grant us to rest this night with quiet hearts through faith in thy abiding care. Remember all who are in need. Quicken thy church with divine life. Have all our dear ones in thy holy keeping, and grant them gifts according to thy love. And may the quiet of the evening and the sleep of night bring strength, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

## THE LIGHT THAT NEVER FADERS.

Many and many of these men whom we see plodding on in their dusty ways are traveling with visions in their souls. Nobody knows it but themselves and God. Once, years ago, they saw a light. They knew, if only for a moment, what companionships, what attainments, they were made for. That light has never faded. It is the soul of good things which they are doing in the world today. It makes them sure when other men think their faith is gone. It will be with them till the end, until they come to all its prophecies.—Phillips Brooks.

Let us imitate him who sought the mountain tops as his refreshment after toil, but never left duties undone or sufferings unrelieved in pain. Let us imitate him who turned from the joys of contemplation to the joys of service without a murmur when his disciples broke in on his solitude with "All men seek thee," but never suffered the outward work to blunt his desire for, nor to encroach on, the hour of still communion with his Father. Lord, teach us to work; Lord, teach us to pray.—A. MacLaren.

Distrust thyself, but trust His grace, It is enough for thee; In every trial thou shalt trace Its all-sufficiency.

Distrust thyself, but trust His strength; In His thou shalt be strong; His weakest ones may learn as length A daily triumph-song.—Francis R. Havergal.

So many people seem to take life as a Jock, and allow its inevitable conditions to depress them, instead of taking its conditions and weaving the most glorious issues.—Rev. J. F. W. Ware.

# LIVING WORDS FROM THE PULPIT.

## INEQUALITIES AND COMPENSATION.

"And It Came to Pass As They Emptied Their Sacks That Behold Every Man's Bundle of Money Was in His Sack."—Genesis 42, 35.

Joseph's brethren were surprised, amazed, and alarmed when making the first halt on the return from Egypt to Canaan, each man discovered his bundle of money in his sack. Very many things were meant by that act of the great Prime-minister. For one thing it was a test of the honesty, sincerity, and brotherly affection of the men; and for another thing it was a hint of the favor and good fortune into which they were to enter by and by. But we may turn the incident into still another way and see in it an illustration of the providential endowment and equipment which in some form touches every one. Perhaps there is more in your sack, poor and empty as it seems, than you have ever dreamed.

The inequalities of life sting us. Down there among the rocks on the almost perpendicular side of the mountain is a poor woman picking berries. They are few and far between, and the price is small. She alms her life to get them. The few quart of berries she sells in the market of the city for a few pennies is almost as much an offering of blood as the water from the well by the gate of Bethlehem, which David received from the hands of the heroic men and poured out before the Lord, yet her children look to her for bread, and their need inspires her and makes her as sure-footed as a mountain goat. Not far away in the great hotel are other women. The sound of their music and merriment floats up to the tower on the heights. What a gay and easy life they lead. Their features are fair, their hands soft and covered with gems. That woman there with the coal-black hair has a fortune sparkling in her hair, and another upon her hands. She does nothing all day but talk and rock and eat and sing. But her poor sister with the berries passes her at a distance and wonders at such a free, dazzling existence. Are those women sisters? Have they not the same hands and hearts and hopes in common? Why do they never speak? Why does one tell like an ox and the other not at all? Is it the best social order that discriminates so vastly?

Now the picture drawn presenting the contrast between the two women might be varied in many ways, setting forth the painful inequalities of material and social conditions. The captain of industry, for instance, through the federation of capital, through patents and special legislation, reaps untold harvests of profits, living in splendor, and pouring out millions to the right and left like water; the humble toiler in the factory, however, is pinched in his wage, robbed of his day of rest, dragged under the wheels of industry and almost debauched. The situation is not always so acute and tragical, but sometimes it is so.

No picture of human inequality can be drawn sharper or more realistic than the one of the Master in his parable of Dives and Lazarus. The splendor and sumptuousness of the one may have had something to do with the poverty, suffering and death of the other. At all events the wronged man held the key of destiny for the other. The tie of human brotherhood and fellowship must be recognized. God himself will vindicate it. The wrong done a neglected or overlooked brother may close the door of paradise against the oppressor.

But, says one, that is only cold and distant comfort at best that the oppressed and suffering ones may find compensation full in heaven. But often one finds the money in the sack far this side of paradise. Mere material possession is not the true measure of life or of wealth. The spring of happiness lies deep within the heart itself and never wholly in circumstances or possessions without.

Two men met upon a mountain path; one was rich, cultivated, successful in the world, envied by most men; the other was a poor, toiling peasant overlooked by most men. The peasant was holding a flower in his hand and with tenderest appreciation was drinking in its wealth of beauty and odor. The prince passed in silence and in sorrow as he remembered that the flower the peasant held was the favorite flower of her whose going from the world had left all the earth desolate and empty for him. And so that woman with the berries may carry a singing joy within her heart which echoes music everywhere. That woman with the jewels, the child of luxury and leisure, may carry the shadow of a tragedy in her soul.

The story of the wandering shepherd is a beautiful one and speaks of a great truth. Five shepherds were speaking of the fountain of happiness. They determined to find it. One sought it east, another sought it west, a third went south, and the fourth went north. The fifth remained at home and one day in the midst of his daily toil he found the fountain of happiness on his native hillsides. The great secret of happiness are natural and simple ones, and are within the reach of every pure and open heart. The beauty and glory of the natural world—the joy of human life, the wealth of human affection, the inspiration of noble effort, the consciousness of human helplessness and withal a share in the far-away but sure triumph of righteousness and love even upon this earth. Shakespeare was not born to the purple, but to something far nobler than the purple. What a contrast between that myriad-minded man and any earthly potentate. Did he not have money in his sack—is that genius of his, that quick sensibility by which he responded to all human experience? The same was true of Milton. How shall we count up his treasures, if we measure his life by the far-reaching thought or by his quick, deep and unswerving sympathies? There is a wealth of mind, a wealth of heart, and beyond all, a wealth of soul. There is such a thing as being rich toward God open and responsive to everything that is true, noble and good.

Each one doubtless may find money in the sack. It may be mere gold, or better, wealth of mind and sensibility, or best of all, wealth of sympathy and love, a royalty of the soul which will survive the earth and time. NATURAL LUCOCK.

When a girl gets a letter, she turns it over to look at the postmark and then says: "Why, how funny! I don't know anybody there!"

# BLOWING ROCK,

The Gem of the Blue Ridge Mountains of North Carolina.

High up among the Blue Ridge mountains of North Carolina, five thousand feet above sea level, is the summer resort of Blowing Rock. And neither come the health seeker from the North, and the inhabitant of many a heat-stricken Southern city, to drink the pure, sparkling water and breathe an air that stimulates like wine.

The only mode of reaching this Sky Land from the East is by a twenty mile stage ride from Lenoir. This town itself has an altitude of one thousand two hundred feet, and the traveler from New Orleans or Charleston buttons his coat against the cool morning breeze as he steps from the hotel veranda into the waiting wagonette. And what a ride it is! The frequent summer rains have kept the grass and leaves the hue of emerald, but the golden rod and the scarlet foliage of a gum tree or the graceful festoons of a Virginia creeper, admonish the traveler that autumn comes early in these heights.

The road winds among the hills for six or seven miles and then strikes the Yadkin river, and follows it to the cool, bubbling spring which is its source. The scenery grows more wild and rugged as we climb; so dense is the undergrowth which springs from the black mould that we wonder how the squirrels, which are frisking about, have the temerity to venture into such a tangle. The horses struggle up the ascent, and, turning a sharp angle in the road, the whole world, as it were, lies below us. We look sheer down into the tree tops which skirt the John's river and then out into the sweeping lines of the Blue Ridge as they rise range upon range and seem to melt into the blue of the sky. "Is this the top?" "No, Miss, this isn't nothing. We do a mighty sight mo' climbing befo' we get thar." And so we toil up the winding way.

Off to the South and West rise Table Rock, Hawk's Hill, King's Mountain, Mitchell's Peak, and, towering above them all, The Grand Father, its top the profile of an old man's face. If the start from Lenoir has been made in the afternoon, the air grows chilly before the summit is reached, and search is made among the baggage for shawls and rugs. As day declines, the sun seems to pause a moment on a distant peak, flooding all the surrounding mountains with violet light, and then sinks to rest. The darkness falls quickly. You are tired now and close your eyes a moment, but some one breaks in upon your reverie with an exclamation of wonder. You look up to find the world flooded with moonlight. It rests like a halo over the mountains, and tips every fern and balsam-bough with silver. We climb on, a mile perhaps, amid this glory, when the tired horses, admonished by voice and whip, break into a brisk run, and the Hotel, all aglow with the light of open wood fires, stands hospitably before us, and our journey is ended.

The days of dreamy laziness which follow are indescribably luxurious. One may go to bed at night and sleep around the clock with the deep, healthful slumber of a baby. The jaded appetite is quickened in that clear air until one asks unblushingly for a second helping of soup, and then goes on down through the bill of fare to the very last item with never a vision of indigestion.

Blowing Rock is preeminently cosmopolitan. There the summer girl may dress and dance and ride and flirt to the very fulness of her heart's desire. Or, she may let her finery lay hidden in the depths of her trunk and go traoping about in thick shoes and short skirts from sunrise until dark. It is beautiful to watch the invalid's color come stealing back, and the poor little sickly children grow round limbed and brown in the bracing atmosphere. Verily, this is Nature's great sanitarium, where that good old mother takes her children into her lap and soothes their jangled nerves, where the doctors are never in evidence and the medicines delightful. S. T. PENDER, G. P. A., Lenoir, N. C.

## ECCENTRIC CHARACTER GONE.

Death of a Money Miser Whose Room Was a Cur's Tr.

Eccentric John Weisbrode, of Cumberland, Md., is dead. He had lived as a recluse and was eccentric to the utmost degree. During his illness he refused medicine until this morning, when he took the first dose in his life. Mr. Weisbrode was a native of Germany. He leaves a sister, residing in New York, and a niece by marriage, Mrs. Maggie Wiesbrode, a widow, living in Cumberland. He owned a store building on Center street, nearly opposite the city hall, which he rented, living in rooms in the rear. He also owned a city lot, which he cultivated, raising tobacco, besides vegetables. He was reputed to be worth \$25,000, but he lived in squalor.

His rooms are a curiosity. In one of them he had nearly 1,000 pounds of leaf tobacco, which he had saved since the war, when he was a cigarmaker and barber. He was also a shoemaker and a tinner. In his room are also thirty sewing machines, which he kept since the war, when he was an agent. He refused to sell them except at the original price. He also had two printing presses and many cases of type, and nearly a car-load of crocks and jars. His food was bread and milk. He did his own cooking, and his expenses were not over 15 cents a day. He made his own clothes. Some years ago he operated a steamboat on the canal. He made the most of the machinery himself. Notwithstanding his apparent penury, he practiced charity, but made every effort to shield his identity. He was noted for his honesty.—Cumberland (Md.) Dispatch.