

**CLING TO THE CROSS.**

**DR. TALMAGE PREACHES A POWERFUL SERMON.**

Men of Talent Have Special Opportunities For Doing Good—Heroes at Home as Well as on the Battlefield, The Greatest Warrior of All.

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WASHINGTON, Jan. 8.—From a text probably never before discoursed upon Dr. Talmage in this sermon shows how some people multiply their resources for usefulness and in a novel way urges the putting forth of more energy in right directions; text, II Samuel xviii, 8, "Thou art worth 10,000 of us."

One of the most wondrous characters of his time was David. A red haired boy, he could shepherd a flock or carry "ten loaves and ten slices of milk cheese to his brothers in the regiment," or with leathern thong, stone loaded, bring down a giant whose armor weighed two hundredweight of metal, or cause a lion which roared at him in rage to roar with pain as he flung it, dying, to the roadside, or could marshal a host, or rule an empire, or thumb a harp so skillfully that it cured Saul's dementia—a harp from whose strings dripped pastorals, elegies, lyrics, triumphal marches, benedictions. Now, this man, a combination of music and heroics, of dithyrambs and battlefields, of country quietudes and statesmanship, is to fit out a military expedition. Four thousand troops, according to Josephus, were sent into the field. The captains were put in command of the companies, and the colonels in command of the regiments, which were disposed into right wing, left wing and center. General Joab, General Abishai and General Ittai are to lead these three divisions. But who shall take the field as commander in chief? David offers his services and proposes to go to the front. He will lead them in the awful charge, for he has not a cowardly nerve in all his body. He did not propose to have his troops go into peril while he himself would not brave, and the battlefield required as much courage then as now, for the opposing forces must, in order to do any execution at all, come up to within positive reach of saber and spear. But there came up from the troops and from civilians a mighty protest against David's taking the field. His life was too important to the nation. If he went down, the empire went down; whereas, if the whole 4,000 of the ranks were slain another army might be marshaled and the defeat turned into victory. The army and the nation practically cried out: "No! No! You cannot go to the front! We estimate you as 10,000 men! 'Thou art worth 10,000 of us!'"

That army and that nation then and there reminded David and now remind us of the fact which we forget or never appreciate at all that some people are morally or spiritually worth far more than others, and some worth far less. The census and statistics of neighborhoods, of churches, of nations, serve their purpose, but they can never accurately express the real state of things. The practical subject that I want to present today is that those who have special opportunity, special graces, especial wealth, especial talent, especial eloquence, ought to make up by especial assiduity and consecration for those who have less opportunities and less gifts. You ought to do ten times more for God and human uplifting than those who have only a tenth of your equipment. The rank and the file of the 4,000 of the text told the truth when they said, "Thou art worth 10,000 of us."

In no city of its size are there so many men of talent as are gathered in this capital of the American nation. Some of the states are at times represented by men who have neither talents nor good morals. Their political party compensates them for partisan services by sending them to congress or by securing for them position in the war or navy or pension or printing departments. They were nobodies before they left home, and they are nobodies here, but they are exceptional. All the states of the Union generally send their most talented men and men of exemplary lives and noble purposes. Some of them have the gifts and qualifications of ten men, of a hundred men—yes, of a thousand men—and their constituents could truthfully employ the words of my text and say, "Thou art worth 10,000 of us."

**Power For Good.**

With such opportunity, are they augmenting their usefulness in every possible direction? Many of them are, some of them are not. It is a stupendous thing to have power—political power, social power, official power. It has often been printed and often quoted as one of the wise sayings of the ancients, "Knowledge is power." Yet it may as certainly be power for evil as for good. The lightning express rail train has power for good if it is on the track, but horrible power for disaster if it leaves the track and plunges down the embankment. The ocean steamer has power for good, sailing in right direction and in safe waters and under good helmsman and wide awake watchman on the lookout, but indescribable power for evil if under full headway it strikes the breakers. As steam power or electricity or water forces may be stored in boilers, in dynamos, in reservoirs, to be employed all over a town or city, so God sometimes puts in one man enough faith to supply thousands of men with courage. If a man happens to be thus endowed, let him realize his opportunity and improve it. At this time millions of men are a-tremble lest this nation make a mistake and enter upon some policy of government for the islands of the sea that will founder the republic. God will give to a few men on both sides of this question faith and courage for all the rest. There are two false positions many are now taking, false as false can be. The one is that

if we decline to take under full charge Cuba and Porto Rico and the Philippines we make a declination that will be disastrous to our nation, and other nations will take control of those archipelagos and rule them, and perhaps to our humiliation and destruction. The other theory is that if we take possession of those once Spanish colonies we invite foreign interference and enter upon a career that will finally be the demolition of this government. Both positions are immeasurable mistakes. God has set apart this continent for free government and the triumphs of Christianity, and we may take either the first or the second course without ruin. We may say to those islands: "We do not want you, but we have set you free. Now stay free, while we see that the Spanish panther never again puts its paw on your neck." Or we may invite the annexation of Cuba and Porto Rico and say to the Philippines, "Get ready by education and good morals for free government, and at the right time you shall be one of our territories, on the way to be one of our states."

And there is no power in Europe, Asia or Africa, or all combined, that could harm this nation in its worldwide endeavor. God is on the side of the right, and by earnest imploration for divine guidance on the part of this nation we will be led to do the right. We are on the brink of nothing. There is no frightful crisis. This train of Republican and Democratic institutions is a through train, and all we want is to have the engineer and the brakemen and the conductor attend to their business and the passengers keep their places. We want men in this nation with faith enough for all. We want here and there a David worth 10,000 men.

**Confidence Lacking.**

A vast majority of men have no surplus of confidence for others and hardly enough confidence for themselves. They go through life saying depressing things and doing depressing things. They chill prayer meetings, discourage charitable institutions, injure commerce and kill churches. They blow out lights when they ought to be kindling them. They hover around a dull fire on their own hearth and take up so much room that no one can catch the least calorific, instead of stirring the hearth into a blaze, the crackle of whose backlog would invite the whole neighborhood to come in to feel the abounding warmth and see the transfiguration of the faces. As we all have to guess a great deal about the future, let us guess something good, for it will be more encouraging, and the guess will be just as apt to come true. What a lot of ingrates the Lord has at his table! People who have had three meals a day for 50 years and yet fear that they will soon have to rattle their knife and fork on an empty dinner plate. How many have had—winter and spring and summer and fall—clothing for 60 years, but expect an empty wardrobe shortly! How many have lived under free institutions all their days, but fear that the United States may be telescoped in some foreign collision! Oh, but the taxes have gone up! Yes, but thank God, it is easier with money to pay the taxes now that they are up than it was without money to pay the taxes when they were down. We want a few men who have faith in God and that mighty future which holds several things, among them a millennium. Columbanus said to his friend, "Deiocles, why are you always smiling?" The reply was, "Because no one can take my God from me!" We want more men to feel that they have a mission to cheer others and to draw up the corners of people's mouths which have a long while been drawn down, more Davids who can shepherd whole flocks of bright hopes, and can play a harp of encouragement, and strike down a Goliath of despair, and of whom we can say, "Thou art worth 10,000 of us."

**Humble Heroes.**

Notice, my friend, that this David, warrior, strategist, minstrel, master of blank verse and stone slinger at the giant, whom the soldiers of the text estimated clear up into the thousandfold of usefulness on this particular occasion, staid at home or in his place of temporary residence. General Joab, General Abishai and General Ittai, who commanded the boys in the right wing and left wing and center, did their work bravely and left 25,000 of the Lord's enemies dead on the field, and many of the survivors got entangled in the woods of Ephraim and mixed up in the bushes and stumbled over the stumps of trees and fell into bogs and were devoured of wild beasts which seized them in the thickets. But David did his work at home. We all huzza for heroes who have been in battle and on their return what processions we form and what triumphal arches we spring and what banquets we spread and what garlands we wreath and

what orations we deliver and what bells we ring and what cannonades we fire! But do we do justice to the stay at home? David, who was worth 10,000 of those who went out to meet the Lord's enemies in the woods of Ephraim, that day did his work in retirement.

Oh, the world needs a day of judgment, to give many of the stay at home proper recognition. In the different wars the sons went to the front and on ship's deck or battlefield exposed their lives and earned the admiration of the country, but how about the mothers and fathers who through long years taught those sons the noble sentiments that inspired them to go and then gave them up when perhaps a few words of earnest protest would have kept them on the farm and in the homestead? The day of final reward will reveal the self sacrifice and the fidelity of thousands who never in all their lives received one word of praise. Oh, ye unknown, ye faithful and Christian and all enduring stay at home! I have no power now to do you justice, but I tell you of one who has the power and of the day when he will put it forth. It will be the day when the thimble, and the laddle, and the darning needle, and the washtub, and the spinning wheel, and the scythe, and the thrashing machine, and the hammer, and the trowel, and the plow, will come to as high an appreciation as a 74 pounder, or the sword, or the battering ram that pounded down the wall or the flag that was hoisted on the scaled parapets.

**A Great Soldier.**

The warrior David of my text showed more self control and moral prowess in staying at home than he could have shown commanding in the field. He was a natural warrior. Martial airs stirred him. The glitter of opposing shields fired him. He was one of those men who feel at home in the saddle, patting the neck of a pawing cavalry horse. But he suppressed himself. He obeyed the command of the troops whom he would like to have commanded. Some of the greatest Sedans and Austertizes have been in backwoods kitchens or in nurseries, with three children down with scarlet fever, soon to join the two already in the churchyard, or amid domestic wrongs and outrages enough to transform angels into devils, or in commercial life within their own counting rooms in time of Black Friday panics, or in mechanical life in their own carpenter shop or on the scaffolding of walls, swept by cold or smitten by heat. No telegraphic wires reported the crisis of the conflict, no banner was ever waved to celebrate their victory, but God knows, and God will remember, and God will adjust, and by him the falling of a tear is as certainly noticed as the burning of a world, and the flutter of a sparrow's wing as the fight of the apocalyptic archangel.

Oh, what a God we have for small things as well as big things! David no more helped at the front than helped at home. The four regiments mobilized for the defense of the throne of Israel were right in protesting against David's exposure of his life at the front. Had he been pierced of an arrow or cloven down with a battle-axe or fatally slung from snorting war charger, what a disaster for the throne of Israel! Absalom, his son, was a low fellow and unfit to reign; his two chief characteristics were his handsome face and his long hair—so long that when he had it out that which was scissored off weighed "200 shekels, after the king's weight," and when a man has nothing but a handsome face and an exuberance of hair there is not much of him. The capture or slaying of David would have been a calamity irreparable. Unnecessary exposure would have been a crime for David, as it is a crime for you.

**Help Others.**

Now, here is another important point. As there are so many people in the world who amount to little or nothing you ought to augment yourself, and if not able, like David, to be worth 10,000 times more than others, you can command God's re-enforcing grace to make yourself four times or three times or twice as much as some others. Pray twice as much, read twice as much, give twice as much, go to church twice as much. Instead of spending your time finding fault with others, substitute your superior fidelity for their dereliction and default. In any church there are ten members worth all the other thousand. In every great business firm there is one man worth the other three partners. In every legislative hall, state or national, there are five men worth all the other 50 or 100. Take the suggestion of my text and augment yourself. Make your one talent do the work of two, or your five talents do the work of ten, or your ten talents do the work of 20. Multiply your words of encouragement. Multiply the number of boosts you can give to those who are trying to climb. Instead of being one man in a battalion by your faith in God and new consecration be a whole regiment. I like the question of a general of a small army, when some one was counting the number of officers and soldiers of the opposing forces and the small number of their own army, and the general cried out in indignation, "How many do you take me to be?" David was 10,000 men. You ought to be at least two men in this battle for God and righteousness.

**Keep Out of Peril.**

In nine cases out of ten the fatalities every day reported are not the fault of engineers or brakemen or conductors or cab drivers, but of the stupidity and recklessness of people at street or railroad crossing. They would like to have the Chicago limited express train, with 300 passengers and advertised to arrive at a certain hour in a certain city, slow up to let them get two minutes sooner to their destination, not one farthing to their own or any one else's welfare dependent on whether they arrive one minute before 12 o'clock or one minute after. You ought to get permission from a railroad superintendent to mount beside the engineer on a locomotive to realize how many evils of recklessness there are in the world—funeral processions whipping up to get across before the cowcatcher strikes the hearse; man of family, with wife and children beside him in a wagon, evidently having made close calculation as to whether a

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This is the season for bargains! All the merchants are advertising bargains, all the people are looking for bargains, and if you don't know a bargain when you see it, you might have to suffer for lack of proper knowledge in such things. **WE HAVE BARGAINS, WE ALWAYS KEEP BARGAINS, WE GIVE YOU BARGAINS EVERY TIME YOU COME TO SEE US.** If we did not you would not come back. You do come back, and the reason you come back is that you know from experience that we have carried fair with you. We are going to continue to be fair—not possibly because we are more honest than any one else—because we believe that "honesty is the best policy."

We do not wish to impress you with the idea that we will sell you \$10.00 for \$5.00. But if the Suit you buy of us at any price is not equal or superior to the bargain counter Suit at same price, we want our Suit back; you want your money, you can get it.

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stroke from the locomotive would put them backward or forward in the journey to the village grocery; traveler on a railroad bridge, hoping that he could get to the end of the bridge before the train reaches it. You have no right to put your life in peril unless by such exposure something is to be gained for others. What imbecility in thousands of Americans during our recent American-Spanish war, disappointed because the surrender came so soon and they could not have the advantage of being shot at San Juan hill or brought down with the yellow fever and carried on a litter to transport steamers already so many floating lazarettos instead of the slaughter than Tampa or Chattanooga or the encampment at their own state capital; mad at the government, mad at God, because they could not get to the front in time to join the 4,000 corpses that are now being transported from the tropics to the national cemeteries of the United States. Exposure and daring are admirable when duty calls, but keep out of peril when nothing practical and useful is to be gained for your family or your country or your God. I admire the David of my text as he suppresses himself and enters the gate of his castle as much as I admire him when with his four fingers and thumb clutched into the grisly locks of Goliath's head, which he had decapitated, and Saul admiringly asks, "Whose son art thou, young man?" and David, blushing with genuine modesty, responds, "I am the son of thy servant, Jesse, the Bethlehemite."

**A Travelling Postoffice.**

The first real "travelling postoffice" is expected to start on its rounds this month in Maryland. It is a stout covered wagon, manned by a driver and a postal clerk, which will leave the town of Westminster every week-day morning, make a circuit of more than thirty miles through the surrounding country, and return to Westminster at night.

There are eight village postoffices on the wagon's route. The travelling postmaster will carry mail to them and receive it from them. His wagon is fitted with cases and pigeonholes, so that he can assort mail while he travels; and he will deliver mail to all residents along the road who will take the trouble to put up letter-boxes or to "wait for the wagon." He will be authorized, moreover, to sell stamps, register letters and issue money-orders; and a railroad town being the terminal of his circuit, the conjunction of the traveling post-office and the railway mail car will bring the farmer and the outside world very near together.

This travelling postoffice is, we need hardly add, one of the experiments by which the government is trying to solve an imperative problem—that of rural mail delivery. If the plan succeeds a long step will have been taken toward the adoption of a reform which every one approves, and which is delayed merely because no one has devised a practicable way to carry it out.

**"Her Face Was Her Fortune."**

This has been truly said of many women. Yet no face can long retain its beauty unless health is behind it. Woman is subject to so many distressing complaints that health and beauty are often prematurely impaired or lost. Fortunately it is that she has at home so invaluable a friend as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, Multitudes of women throughout the land can personally testify that it affords the only positive cure for the dire legion of "female weaknesses." Suffer and fade away no longer, when this remedy will bring you sure relief. It is the great restorer of health and therefore the best possible restorer of beauty. All druggists.

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H. H. SYDNER.

It is probable that the dispensary question will come up before the legislature, as some towns in the state consider the system very favorably.

Mr. S. A. Fackler, Editor of the *Micoanoy* (Fla.) Hustler, with his wife and children, suffered terribly from La Grippe. One Minute Cough Cure was the only remedy that helped them. It acted quickly. Thousands of others use this remedy as a specific for La Grippe, and its exhausting after-effects. Howard Gardner.

The Asagbat Woolen Mills, at Boston, Mass., has made an assignment for the benefit of its creditors. The liabilities amount to \$3,013,161.

Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy can always be depended upon and is pleasant and safe to take. Sold by C. E. Holton.

Great Britain has demanded that Spain sell her a coaling station in the Balearic Islands and also other strategic points.

**CASTORIA.** The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Peck*

[Continued on Third Page.]

**ACTIVE SOLICITORS WANTED EVERYWHERE** for "The Story of the Philippines" by Murat Halstead, commissioned by the Government as official Historian to the War Department. The book was written in camps at San Francisco, on the Pacific with General Merritt, in the hospitals at Honolulu in Hong Kong, in the American trenches at Manila, in the insurgent camps with Aguinaldo on the deck of the Olympia with Dewey, and in the rear of battle at the fall of Manila. Compulsively read. Brimful of original pictures taken by government photographers on the spot. Large book. Low price. Big profit. Freight paid. Credits given. Drop all street unofficial war books. Outfit free. Address: F. T. Barber, Sec'y, Star Insurance Bldg., Chicago.

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