

## TAKE A BIBLE ALONG.

DR. TALMAGE DISCOURSES ON SUMMER VACATIONS.

Announces the Pleasure Seekers Not to Leave Religion Behind. Temptations Abound at Watering Places.

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 WASHINGTON, Aug. 20.—At this season of the year, when all who can get a vacation are taking it, this discourse of Dr. Talmage is suggestive and appropriate. The text is John v, 2, 3: "A pool, which is called in the Hebrew tongue Bethesda, having five porches. In these lay a great multitude of impotent folk, of blind, halt, withered, waiting for the moving of the water."  
 Outside the city of Jerusalem there was a sanative watering place, the popular resort for invalids. To this day there is a dry basin of rock which shows that there may have been a pool there 300 feet long, 130 feet wide and 75 feet deep. This pool was surrounded by five piazzas, or porches, or bathing houses, where the patients tarried until the time when they were to step into the water. So far as reinvigoration was concerned it must have been a Saratoga and a Long Branch on a small scale, a Leamington and a Brighton combined—medical and therapeutic. Tradition says that at a certain season of the year there was an officer of the government who would go down to that water and pour in it some healing quality, and after that the people would come and get the medication, but I prefer the plain statement of Scripture that at a certain season an angel came down and stirred up or troubled the water, and then the people came and got the healing. That angel of God that stirred up the Judean watering place had his counterpart in the angel of healing who in our day steps into the mineral waters of Congress, or Sharon, or Sulphur Springs, or into the salt sea at Cape May and Nahant, where multitudes who are worn out with commercial and professional anxieties, as well as those who are afflicted with rheumatic, neuralgic and splenic diseases, go and are cured by the thousands. These blessed Bethedas are scattered all up and down our country.

**The Vacation Season.**  
 We are at a season of the year when rail trains are laden with passengers and baggage on their way to the mountains and the lakes and the seashore. Multitudes of our citizens are away for a restorative absence. The city beats are pursuing the people with torch and fear of sunstroke. The long, silent halls of sumptuous hotels are all abuzz with excited arrivals. The antlers of Adirondack deer rattle under the shot of city sportsmen. The trout make fatal snap at the hook of adroit sportsmen, who toss their spotted brilliance into the game basket. The baton of the orchestral leader taps the music stand on the hotel green, and American life has put on festal array, and the rumbling of the temple alley, and the crack of the ivory balls on the green baized billiard tables, and the jolting of the barroom goblets, and the explosive uncorking of the champagne bottles, and the whirl and the rustle of the ballroom dance, and the clattering hoofs of the race course and other signs of social dissipation attest that the season for the great American watering places is in full play. Music! Flute and drum and cornet-piston and slapping cymbals wake the echoes of the mountains. Glad am I that tagged out American life for the most part has an opportunity to rest and that nerves racked and destroyed will find a Bethesda. I believe in watering places. They recuperate for active service many who were worn out with trouble or overwork. They are national restoratives. Let not the commercial firm begrudge the clerk, or the employer the journeyman, or the patient the physician, or the church its pastor, a season of inoccupation. Luther used to sport with his children; Edmund Burke used to caress his favorite horse; Thomas Chalmers, in the dark hour of the church's disruption, played kite for recreation—so I was told by his own daughter—and the busy Christ said to the busy apostles, "Come ye apart awhile into the desert and rest yourselves." And I have observed that they who do not know how to rest do not know how to work. But I have to declare this truth today that some of our fashionable watering places are the temporal and eternal destruction of "a multitude that no man can number," and amid the congratulations of this season and the prospect of the departure of many of you for the country I must utter a warning, plain, earnest and unmistakable.

**Take Piety Along.**  
 The first temptation that is apt to hover in this direction is to leave your piety at home. You will send the dog and cat and canary bird to be well cared for somewhere else, but the temptation will be to leave your religion in the room with the blinds down and the door bolted, and then you will come back in the autumn to find that it is starved and suffocated, lying stretched on the rug stark dead. There is no surplus of piety at the watering places. I never knew any one to grow very rapidly in grace at the Catskill Mountain House, or Sharon Springs, or the Falls of Montmorency. It is generally the case that the Sabbath is more of a carousal than any other day, and there are Sunday walks and Sunday rides and Sunday excursions. Elders and deacons and ministers of religion who are entirely consistent at home, sometimes when the Sabbath dawns on them at Niagara Falls or the White mountains, take a day to themselves. If they go to the church, it is apt to be a sacred parade, and the discourse, instead of being a plain talk about the soul, is apt to be

what is called a crack sermon—that is, some discourse picked out of the effusions of the year as the one most adapted to excite admiration, and in those churches, from the way the ladies hold their fans, you know that they are not so much impressed with the heat as with the picturesqueness of half disclosed features. Four puny souls stand in the organ loft and squall a tune that nobody knows, and worshippers with \$2,000 worth of diamonds on the right hand drop a cent into the poor box, and then the benediction is pronounced, and the farce is ended. The toughest thing I ever tried to do was to be good at a watering place. The air is bewitched with the "world, the flesh and the devil." There are Christians who in three or four weeks in such a place have had such terrible rents made in their Christian robe that they had to keep darning it until Christmas to get it mended.  
 The health of a great many people makes an annual visit to some mineral spring an absolute necessity, but take your Bible along with you and take an hour for secret prayer every day, though you be surrounded by guffaw and saturnalia. Keep holy the Sabbath, though they deride you as a bigoted Puritan. Stand off from gambling hells and those other institutions which propose to imitate on this side the water the iniquities of Baden Baden. Let your moral and your immortal health keep pace with your physical recuperation and remember that all the sulphur and chalybeate springs cannot do you so much good as the healing, perennial flood that breaks forth from the "Rock of Ages." This may be your last summer. If so, make it a fit vestibule of heaven.

**Turf Abomination.**  
 Another temptation hovering around nearly all our watering places is the horse racing business. We all admire the horse, but we do not think that its beauty or speed ought to be cultured at the expense of human degradation. The horse race is not of such importance as the human race. The Bible intimates that a man is better than a sheep, and I suppose he is better than a horse, though, like Job's stallion, his neck be clothed with thunder. Horse races in olden times were under the ban of Christian people, and in our day the same institution has come up under fictitious names. And it is called a "summer meeting," almost suggestive of positive religious exercises. And it is called an "agricultural fair," suggestive of everything that is improving in the art of farming. But under these deceptive titles are the same cheating, and the same betting, and the same drunkenness, and the same vagabondage, and the same abomination that were to be found under the old horse racing system.  
 I never knew a man yet who could give himself to the pleasures of the turf for a long reach of time and not be battered in morals. They hook up their spanking team and put on their sporting cap and light their cigar and take the reins and d-sh down on the road to perdition! The great day at Saratoga and Brighton Beach and Cape May and nearly all the other watering places is the day of the races. The hotels are thronged, every kind of equipage is taken up at an almost fabulous price, and there are many respectable people mingling with jockeys and gamblers and libertines and foul mouthed men and flashy women. The bartender stirs up the brandy smash. The bets run high. The greenhorns, supposing all is fair, put in their money soon enough to lose it. Three weeks before the race takes place the struggle is decided, and the men in the secret know on which steed to bet their money. The men on the horses riding around long ago arranged who shall win. Leaning from the stand or from the carriage are men and women so absorbed in the struggle of bone and muscle and mettle that they make a grand harvest for the pickpockets, who carry off the pocketbooks and the portemonnaies. Men looking on see only a string of horses with their riders flying around the ring, but there is many a man on that stand whose honor and domestic happiness and fortune—white mane, white foot, white flank—are in the ring, racing with inebriety and with fraud and with profanity and with ruin—black neck, black foot, black flank. Neck and neck go the leaders in that moral Epsom. White horse of honor, black horse of ruin. Death says, "I will bet on the black horse." Spectator says, "I will bet on the white horse." The white horse of honor a little way ahead. The black horse of ruin, Satan mounted, all the time gaining on him. Spectator breathless. They put on the lash, dig in the spurs. There! They are past the stand. Sure. Just as I expected it. The black horse of ruin has won the race, and the galleries of darkness "Huzza, huzza!" and the devils come in to pick up their wagers. Ah, my friends, have nothing to do with horse racing dissipations this summer!

**A Timely Warning.**  
 Long ago the English government got through looking to the turf for the dragon and the light cavalry horse. They found out that the turf depreciates the stock, and it is worse yet for men. Thomas Hughes, the member of parliament and the author known all the world over, hearing that a new turf enterprise was being started in this country, wrote a letter in which he said, "Heaven help you, then, for of all the cankers of our old civilization there is nothing in this country approaching in unblushing meanness, in rascality holding its head high, to this belauded institution of the British turf." Another famous sportsman writes, "How many fine domains have been shared among these hosts of rapacious sharks during the last 200 years, and, unless the system be altered, how many more are doomed to fall into the same gulf?" With the bullfights of Spain and the bear bait-

ings of the pit may the Lord God annihilate the infamous and accursed horse racing of England and America! I go further and speak of another temptation that hovers over the watering place, and that is the temptation to sacrifice physical strength. The modern Bethesda, just like this Bethesda of the text, was intended to recuperate the physical health, and yet how many come from the watering places their health absolutely destroyed! City simpletons boasting of having imbibed 20 glasses of Congress water before breakfast. Families accustomed to go to bed at 10 o'clock at night gossiping until 1 or 2 o'clock in the morning. Dyspeptics, usually very cautious about their health, mingling ice creams and lemons and lobster salads and cocoanuts until the gastric juices lift up all their voices of lamentation and protest. Delicate women and brainless young men dancing themselves into vertigo and catalepsy. Thousands of men and women coming back from our watering places in the autumn with the foundations laid for ailments that will last them all their life long. You know as well as I do that this is the simple truth. In the summer you say to your good health: "Goodbye. I am going to have a gay time now for a little while. I will be very glad to see you again in the autumn." Then in the autumn, when you are hard at work in your office or store or shop or counting room, Good Health will come in and say: "Goodbye. I am going." You say, "Where are you going?" "Oh," says Good Health, "I am going to take a vacation!" It is a poor rule that will not work both ways, and your good health will leave you choleric and splenic and exhausted. You coquetted with your good health in the summer time, and your good health is coquetting with you in the winter time. A fragment of Paul's charge to the jailer would be an appropriate inscription for the hotel register in every watering place, "Do thyself no harm."

**Society Artificial.**  
 Another temptation hovering around the watering place is the formation of hasty and lifelong alliances. The watering places are responsible for more of the domestic infelicities of this country than nearly all other things combined. Society is so artificial there that no sure judgment of character can be formed. They who form companionships amid such circumstances go into a lottery where there are 20 blanks to one prize. In the severe tug of life you want more than glitter and splash. Life is not a ballroom, where the music decides the step and bow and prance and graceful swing of long train can make up for strong common sense. You might as well go among the gayly painted yachts of a summer regatta to find war vessels as to go among the light spray of the summer watering place to find character that can stand the test of the great struggle of human life. In the battle of life you want a stronger weapon than a lace fan or a croquet mallet. The load of life is so heavy that in order to draw it you want a team stronger than that made up of a masculine grasshopper and a feminine butterfly. If there is any man in the community who excites my contempt and who ought to excite the contempt of every man and woman it is the soft handed, soft headed dude, who, perfumed until the air is actually sick, spends his summer in striking killing attitudes and waving sentimental adieux and talking infinitesimal nothings and finding his heaven in the set of a lavender kid glove. Boots as tight as an inquisition. Two hours of consummate skill exhibited in the tie of a flashing cravat. His conversation made up of "Ah!" and "Oh!" and "He he!"

There is only one counterpart to such a man as that, and that is the frothy young woman at the watering place; her conversation made up of French moonshine; what she has in her head only equalled by what she has on her back; useless ever since she was born and to be useless until she is dead unless she becomes an intelligent Christian. We may admire music and fair faces and graceful step, but amid the heartlessness and the inflation and the fantastic influences of our modern watering places beware how you make lifelong covenants.

**Beneficial Literature.**  
 Another temptation that hovers over the watering place is that of baneful literature. Almost every one starting off for the summer takes some reading matter. It is a book out of the library or off the bookstand or bought of the boy hawking books through the cars. I really believe there is more pestiferous trash read among the intelligent classes in July and August than in all the other ten months of the year. Men and women who at home would not be satisfied with a book that was not really sensible I find sitting on hotel piazzas or under the trees reading books the index of which would make them blush if they knew that you knew what the book was. "Oh," they say, "you must have intellectual recreation!" Yes. There is no need that you take along to a watering place "Hamilton's Metaphysics" or some ponderous discourse on the eternal decrees or "Faraday's Philosophy." There are many easy books that are good. You might as well say, "I propose now to give a little rest to my digestive organs, and instead of eating heavy meat and vegetable I will for a little while take lighter food, a little strychnine and a few grains of ratsbane." Literary poison in August is as bad as literary poison in December. Mark that. Do not let the frogs of a corrupt printing press jump into your Saratoga trunk or White mountain valise. Are there not good books that are easy to read—books of entertaining travel, books of congenial history, books of pure fun, books of poetry, ringing with merry canto; books of fine engravings, books that will rest the mind as well as pur-

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fy the heart and elevate the whole life? There will not be an hour between this and your death when you can afford to read a book lacking in moral principle.

Another temptation hovering all around our watering places is intoxicating beverages. I am told that it is becoming more and more fashionable for women to drink. I care not how well a woman may dress, if she has taken enough of wine to flush her cheek and put a glassiness on her eye she is drunk. She may be handed into a \$2,500 carriage and have diamonds enough to outshine the Tiffanys—she is drunk. She may be a graduate of the best young ladies' seminary and the daughter of some man in danger of being nominated for the presidency—she is drunk. You may have a larger vocabulary than I have, and you may say in regard to her that she is "convivial," or she is "merry," or she is "festive," or she is "exhilarated," but you cannot with all your garlands of verbiage cover up the plain fact that it is an old fashioned case of drunk.

**Dangers of Tipping.**  
 Now, the watering places are full of temptations to men and women to tipple. At the close of the tennis or billiard game they tipple. At the close of the cotillon they tipple. Seated on the piazza cooling themselves off they tipple. The tinged glasses come around with bright straws and they tipple. First they take "light wines," as they call them, but "light wines" are heavy enough to debase the appetite. There is not a very long road between champagne at \$5 a bottle and whisky at 10 cents a glass. Satan has three or four grades down which he takes men to destruction. One man he takes up and through one spree pitches him into eternal darkness. This is a rare case. Very seldom, indeed, can you find a man who will be such a fool as that. Satan will take another man to a grade, to a descent at an angle about like the Pennsylvania coal shoot or the Mount Washington rail track, and shove him off. But that is very rare. When a man goes down to destruction, Satan brings him to a plane. It is almost a level. The depression is so light that you can hardly see it. The man does not actually know that he is on the down grade, and it tips only a little toward darkness—just a little. And the first mile it is claret, and the second mile it is sherry, and the third mile it is punch, and the fourth mile it is ale, and the fifth mile it is whisky, and the sixth mile it is brandy, and then it gets steeper and steeper and steeper until it is impossible to stop. "Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder."

**The Safe Shelter.**  
 Whether you tarry at home—which will be quite as safe and perhaps quite as comfortable—or go into the country, arm yourself against temptation. The grace of God is the only safe shelter, whether in town or country. There are watering places accessible to all of us. You cannot open a book of the Bible without finding out some such watering place. Fountains open for sin and uncleanness. Wells of salvation. Streams from Lebanon. A flood struck out of the rock by Moses. Fountains in the wilderness discovered by Hagar. Water to drink and water to bathe in. The river of God, which is full of water. Water of which if a man drink he shall never thirst. Wells of water in the valley of Baca. Living fountains of water. A pure river of water as clear as crystal from under the throne of God. These are watering places accessible to all of us. We do not have a laborious packing up before we start—only the throwing away of our transgres-

sions. No expensive hotel bills to pay. It is "without money and without price." No long and dusty travel before we get there. It is only one step away.

In California in five minutes I walked around and saw ten fountains all bubbling up, and they were all different, and in five minutes I can go through this Bible parterre and find you 50 bright, sparkling fountains bubbling up into eternal life—healing and therapeutic. A chemist will go to one of these summer watering places and take the water, and analyze it, and tell you it contains so much of iron, and so much of soda, and so much of lime, and so much of magnesia. I come to this gospel well, this living fountain, and analyze the water, and I find that its ingredients are peace, pardon, forgiveness, hope, comfort, life, heaven. "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye" to this watering place! Crowd around this Bethesda. Oh, you sick, you lame, you troubled, you dying, crowd around this Bethesda! Step in it, oh, step in it! The angel of the covenant today stirs the water. Why do you not step in it? Some of you are too weak to take a step in that direction. Then we take you up in the arms of prayer and plunge you clear under the wave, hoping that the cure may be as sudden and as radical as with Captain Naaman, who, blotched and carbuncled, stepped into the Jordan and after the seventh dive came up, his skin roseate complexioned as the flesh of a little child.

**Velveteen Kisses.**  
 "Walking along the sidewalk in a business street the other day," said Mr. Glimby, "I read on one of those A shaped signs standing on the edge of the walk this inscription, done in chalk: "Special Velveteen Kisses, 19 Cents a Pound."  
 "I didn't look up to see, but I suppose the sign must have been in front of some candy store, and that velveteen kisses are candy. I found as I went along that the sign had impressed me agreeably. The idea of kisses was good, of velveteen kisses better still and of velveteen kisses at 19 cents a pound best of all."—New York Sun.

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 7:35 a. m.—No. 37 daily, Washington & Southern Limited for Charlotte, Atlanta, Jacksonville, Memphis, Montgomery, Mobile, New Orleans and all points south and westward. Connects at New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Savannah, Jacksonville and Tampa. Through Pullman Sleeper New York to New Orleans. Dining Car and Vestibule Coach Washington to Atlanta.  
 7:57 a. m.—No. 11 daily, for Charlotte, Atlanta and all points south. Connects at Washington, Norfolk, Knoxville and Chattanooga. Through Pullman Sleeper New York to New Orleans. Dining Car and Vestibule Coach Washington to Atlanta.  
 8:16 a. m.—No. 8 daily, for Danville, Richmond and local stations.  
 12:36 p. m.—No. 35 daily, United States Mail for Washington, Richmond and all points north. Pullman Sleepers to Philadelphia, Washington and New York.  
 6:45 p. m.—No. 7 daily, for Raleigh, Goldsboro and local points.  
 8:10 a. m.—No. 8 daily, for Raleigh, Goldsboro and local points.  
 10:30 p. m.—No. 12 daily, for Raleigh, Goldsboro and local points.  
 7:23 p. m.—No. 100 daily, for Winston-Salem and local points.  
 12:20 p. m.—No. 17, daily, for Winston-Salem and local points.  
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