THE NEWTON ENTERPRISE.

VOLUME. VII. NEWTON, CATAWBA COUNTY, N. C., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1885. NUMBER 41.

The Enterprise.

WILLIAM & SHANNON,
EDITORS AND PUBLISHERS.

One copy, one year.....$1 50
One copy, six months.....1 00
☞ No name entered without payment of the subscription in advance. This is an invariable rule of our business and must be adhered to in all cases.
☞ Advertising, one square of ten lines or less, first insertion, one dollar. Each subsequent insertion, fifty cents.

Business Cards.

R. J. SHIPP. T. H. COBB.
SHIPP & COBB,
Attorneys At Law,
Practice in all the Courts. Office on Public Square.

L. L. WITHERSPOON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
NEWTON, N. C.

M. L. McCORKLE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
NEWTON, N. C.

J. B. LITTLE,
Surgeon Dentist,
Has located in Newton, N. C., and offers his professional services to people of town and county.
OFFICE IN YOUNT & SHRUM BUILDING.

J. E THORNTON,
Newton, N. C.,
Keeps constantly on hand all sizes of Wood Coffins, and different qualities, as fine as can be bought anywhere for the same money. Reasonable time allowed to reliable parties. Shop one mile north of the court house.

R. P. REINHARDT,
—BREEDER OF—
Short Horn Cattle and Cotswold Sheep.
...w for sale some very fine bucks and ...
R. P. REINHARDT,
Newton, N. C.

...R AT THE
...al Hotel,
...LENOIR, N. C.—
WILL H. RAMSAUR, Proprietor.

STOP
—AT THE—
Yount House.
The subscriber having taken the Yount House, Newton, N. C., wishes to inform the public that he is prepared to accommodate travelers in a first-class style. Prices reasonable. Board by the day or week at reduced prices.
☞ Formerly proprietor of the Delavare House, Delhi, N. Y.
F. S. HALL.

AT
Henkel & Corpening's
LIVERY,
SALE AND FEED STABLE,
Newton, N. C.
Will be found the best stock and neatest vehicles in town. Persons can be accommodated by us with anything in the livery line, and prices are guaranteed to give satisfaction. We only ask a trial
Transportation to all the surrounding country.
We solicit the patronage of the public.
Respectfully,
HENKEL & CORPENING.

ORGANS.
IN ADDITION TO THE
LARGEST AND CHEAPEST
—STOCK OF—
FURNITURE
in Western North Carolina, we are handling several makes of Parlor, School and Church ORGANS, and offer them in Hickory at factory prices.
Our
Undertaking Department
is complete in all its branches. Burial Robes, Wood and Metalic Cases and Caskets, and Undertaker's Supplies generally.
Moore & Co.,
Hickory, N. C.
Sept. 16, 1885.

To-Day.

O sweet To-day! too sweet to last
Beyond a few short moments' space,
And then the vision of thy face
Becomes a memory of the past.
Ah! stay thy fleeting feet, I pray,
A little longer, sweet To-day.

O sweet To-day! why must thou go?
The sky is blue, the earth is fair,
And summer's lurking everywhere;
There's music in the winds that blow.
Ah! stay thy flying feet, I pray,
A little longer, sweet To-day.

O sweet To-day! 'tis not too late;
I would not lose thee yet a while;
There's pleasure in thy sunny smile;
I'm happy and can laugh at Fate.
Ah! stay thy flying feet, I pray,
A little longer, sweet To-day.

O sad To-day, that once was sweet!
The past is gone beyond recall;
The future lies within a pall,
No more thy dear name I repeat.
In vain I begged of thee to stay
A little longer, sweet To-day.

Marion Homer in Town Topics.

THE LINEN CLOSET.

"For my part," said Aunt Sylvia, "I don't admire the young man."

Minnie Dartford's pretty head dropped slightly, and she thought within herself how little of the sympathetic element existed between old maid aunts and 17-year-old nieces, and wondered if there ever had been a time when Aunt Sylvia, too, was young, with the fresh electric current of love stirring in her pulses!

Minnie Dartford was a hazel-eyed, rose-cheeked little witch, with perfectly arched eye-brows, and a mouth as fresh as the freshest rosebud in all the garden bowers, and her white dress, shining faintly through the summer twilight, seemed to float round her like a cloud, as she sat there, watching the stars that glimmered indistinctly through the purple deeps of the sky, and thinking how very unreasonable Aunt Sylvia was.

"No," said the elder lady, jerking her knitting-needle into its sheath with an emphasis, "I do not fancy Herbert Arundel!"

"He is our guest, Aunt Sylvia."

"You are mistaken there, Minnie. He came here uninvited, with your brother's friend, Mr. Lee."

"But now that he is here, Aunt, we must treat him with courtesy.'

"I've no objection in life to treating him with courtesy, child; but I've a sort of an idea that he would like you to treat him with something warmer and more enthusiastic!"

How thankful Minnie Dartford was at that moment to the friendly dusk which veiled the crimson blushes that suffused brow and cheek at Aunt Sylvia's cleverly aimed random shot.

Had it then come to that? Was she, indeed, learning to love Herbert Arundel? And a thrill of strange, inexpressible happiness eddied through her heart, as her inmost consciousness answered:

"Yes."

Alas! poor Clarence Lee! The patient years of devotion, during which he had waited for the rose-bud of Minnie Dartford's beauty to expand into the perfect blossom of womanhood—the loyal love, the unfaltering constancy—how lightly they weighed in the balance against this stranger's easy address and dashing fascination of manner. The way of the world—unalterable, yet how strange!

Aunt Sylvia listened for an answer, but none came. Minnie hardly knew what reply it would be best to frame.

"I think, Minnie," said the old lady, after a moment or two of silence, "that it would be better for you to accept Antonia Wyllis' invitation to spend the month of September at her home. It will at least separate you from the companionship of this young man, and——"

"But I don't want to be separated from him, Aunt Sylvia."

Minnie spoke with spirit and energy, and the color deepened visibly on her cheek.

"Minnie!"

"Aunt Sylvia!"

"Has it gone so far as this?"

"I don't know what you mean by 'it,'" responded the girl, biting her lips; "but I do know, Aunt Sylvia, that I shall not run away from Mr. Arundel as if I feared some strange contagion in his presence. This is my home, and here I shall remain to entertain my brother's guests as best I may!"

"Irrespective of consequences?"

"Yes; entirely irrespective of consequences."

Aunt Sylvia remonstrated no further; she saw quite plainly that it would be of no use. Minnie, like many another spoiled child and petted beauty, was determined to have her own way.

Aunt Sylvia was no logician; neither did she pretend to the magical powers of vision belonging to the "seventh daughter of a seventh daughter," but she knew quite enough of human nature in its various manifestations to be sure that Herbert Arundel was unworthy to wear a jewel like Minnie Dartford's love upon his heart.

"An empty, feather-brained fool, with no more heart than a stone image!" was Aunt Sylvia's inward verdict. Nor was it altogether incorrect.

Meanwhile Minnie, with her thoughts and fancies drifting sweetly away upon the fathomless sea of a young girl's reverie, sat at the window, still thinking of one personage—Herbert Arundel.

"Aunt Sylvia is foolishly prejudiced," she thought. "He is as true and noble as he is handsome, and none but the carping and envious could pick a flaw in his character or demeanor. As if I would go to Antonia Wyllis' and leave him here! How graceful he looked on the 'croquet ground' yesterday—and how well he rides. I wonder if I shall ever see Magnolia Dell, that sunny home of his which he describes so eloquently. I don't think it is altogether impossible, for I think—yes, I am quite sure—he loves me! His lips have never spoken words to that effect, but there is a language of eye and manner, and——"

Minnie's mind was absorbed in these fancies, when a knock came to the door, and the old housekeeper put her head into the room.

"Miss Minnie, the sheets is ready for the linen closet!"

"The sheets!" Minnie shrugged her shoulders a little impatiently. "Why couldn't old Peggy have waited? Very well, Peggy, I'll see to that, presently!"

"But they ought to be put away now, miss," persisted the obdurate old servant. "I've strewed sprigs of lavender and dried rose leaves between all the folds, and if you'd please to put them on the shelves now——"

Minnie rose with a scarcely suppressed sigh. She knew Peggy too well to hope for any peace until her behests were fulfilled.

The heap of snowy linen lay on the hall table, white and fragrant through the toils of Peggy's skilled digits, and, taking a pile on her arm, Minnie Dartford went to the linen closet, a small room, opening out on that allotted to the present occupation of Clarence Lee and Mr. Herbert Arundel.

She glanced timidly in before she entered, to make sure that neither of her brother's guests were in the apartment, and then hurried through, to place the linen in its nook.

She had scarcely reached up to deposit the pile on the high shelf above her head, when voices and footsteps fell on her ear, and, with a palpitating heart, Minnie felt that she was like a caged bird, among the shelves, laden with sheets and pillow-cases. Mr. Arundel had entered his room—the spicy odor of his cigar already proclaimed the fact to her olfactories, even were there no other witnesses, and with him a stranger had been ushered in.

Minnie stood quite still, hoping that their incursion was but for a moment, and their withdrawal would presently leave her free to beat a retreat. The door of the closet was partially drawn to, and she was at least sure of not being discovered. The color rose to her cheek at the idea of thus involuntarily playing the part of eavesdropper; but what else could she do?

"Sit down, Lewis," cried Mr. Arundel, drawing forward an easy chair; "make yourself at home. Your cigar isn't out, I hope?"

"No, it's all right," said the strange voice. "I say, old fellow, speaking of making one's self at home, it strikes me that you are practising the thing yourself rather extensively here!"

Arundel laughed.

"I am at home," he said complacently. "Why, bless your heart alive, Lewis, the good people here think I'm the greatest man alive."

"They'll find their mistake after awhile."

"Not until I've made a sure thing of it," answered Arundel.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that I am going to marry the girl."

"What, the little heiress?" echoed the man whom Arundel had called Lewis.

"Well, yes, if you choose to call her so. No great heiress, after all; but I dare say I can find a use for her twenty-five thousand dollars. And, to crown all, she's desperately in love with me."

The other laughed hoarsely—a sneering sound, which made the blood boil indignantly in Minnie Dartford's veins.

"You always did play the deuce among the girls," he said. "So she's in love with you, eh?"

"Yes. It's quite amusing to watch the progress of her infatuation," answered Arundel. "I haven't proposed yet, simply because I don't want to precipitate the moment. Bless you, she jump into my arms to-morrow if I were to pop the question!"

"She'd jump out again quick enough, if she knew you half as well as I do!" jeered the other.

"But she don't, you see!" said Arundel. "'Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise'—you know the old saying. And the best of it is that I've somehow contrived to cut out another lover, who has been hanging around after her ever since she was a child in bib-aprons—a man whom any girl ought to be proud to attract—Clarence Lee!"

"She's a fool!" was the muttered comment.

"Granted," said Arundel lightly; "but then you and I know that all women are fools."

"Not always, Mr. Arundel," answered a calm, quiet voice, and Minnie Dartford stood before him, her white dress shimmering like the robes of a phantom in the semi-darkness, "for at least the lesson of their folly may teach them to be wiser in time."

"Miss Dartford!" echoed Herbert Arundel, dropping his cigar as he started, aghast, to his feet; while his companion looked on as if he would very much like to disappear through the cracks of the floor.

"I have unwillingly been compelled to listen to your edifying conversation of the last few minutes," Minnie went relentessly on, "and you yourself can easily imagine how completely I have been enlightened thereby. I suppose I ought to be angry with you; but I can only feel thankful for the fate which has been averted from me. Good evening, Mr. Arundel, and good-by."

And, with a low inclination of her head Miss Dartford passed from the room, and Herbert Arundel never saw her more!

He left town the self-same evening, carrying with him the interesting consciousness that he had overplayed his part and thwarted his own plans.

And Clarence never knew what had opened the eyes of his capricious little charmer. He only rejoiced that she had once more taken him into favor.

"Well," said Aunt Sylvia, on the morning of the day on which Minnie Dartford became Mrs. Clarence Lee, "I do believe I'm the happiest old woman alive!"

"And I'm the happiest young one, Aunt Sylvia," laughed Minnie. "So there is a pair of us!"

Something About Sunstroke.

In a circular issued by the New York board of health occurs the following in regard to sunstroke:

Prevention—Don't lose your sleep; sleep in a cool place; don't worry; don't get excited; don't drink too much alcohol; avoid working in the sun if you can; if indoors, work in a well-ventilated room; wear thin clothes; wear a light hat, not black; put a large green leaf or wet cloth in it; drink freely and sweat freely; if fatigued or dizzy knock off work, lie down in a cool place, and apply cold water and cold cloths to your head and neck.

Cure—Put the patient in the shade; loosen his clothes about the neck; send for the nearest doctor; give the patient cool drinks of water or black tea or black coffee, if he can swallow. If his skin is hot and dry prop him up, sitting against a tree or wall; pour cold water over the body and limbs and put on his head pounded ice wrapped in a cloth or towel. If you can't get ice, use a wet cloth and keep freshening it. But if the patient is pale and faint and his pulse is feeble, lay him on his back, make him smell hartshorn for a few seconds, or give him a teaspoonsful of aromatic spirits of ammonia or tincture of ginger in two tablespoonful of water. In this case use no cold water, but rub the hands and feet and warm them by hot applications until the circulation is restored.

History of Coinage.

If we put aside the inartistic and uninteresting currency of China and Japan every existing piece of money can trace its ancestry back to a common source in the seventh century before Christ. The descent of all Greek coins from the issues of Pheidon and Croesus, and the connection of the Roman system with a Siculo-Greek standard are well known; but it will be a revelation to many readers to find how modern and mediæval series—Asiatic and European alike—derive their origin either from Greece or Rome. India learnt the art of coinage from the Bactrian successors of Alexander the Great; Arabia's first emission were debased copies of the Athenian tetradrachm. Parthia imitated the Seleucid kings of Syria, and the Sapors and Chosroes of restored Persia continued the Parthian issues, only to be copied in turn by the earliest of the Mahometan Khalifs. The "dinar" and "dirhem" of Haroun-al-Raschid show by their very names a descent from the denarius and drachma, no less than the "sou" and "livre," of Louis XVI. testify to a perpetuation of the "solidus" and "libra."—*London Academy.*

A Prophet in His Own Country.

"I tell you, my dear—" said an old gentleman to his wife on the summer hotel veranda.

"Don't tell me anything, sir," retorted the lady, with emphasis.

"But I believe—"

"Bah! What do your beliefs amount to?"

"But I think—"

"Bah! You flatter yourself. What are your thoughts worth?"

"But, my dear, I know—"

"Don't talk to me about what you know. What you don't know would fill an encyclopædia. Everybody knows you are a stupid old, senseless, worthless dotard. You don't know enough to come in when it rains."

"Who is that old gentleman over there?" asked a visitor of the hotel clerk.

"Don't you know him? Why, he is the Chief Justice of our Supreme Court.'—*Puck.*

A TALE FOR THE MARINES

The Yarn that a Guileless Old Sea Captain Spins.

How a Big Whale Towed a Boat's Crew Many Miles to Land.

A flag with perpendicular bars of red and white floats over the roof of a large building in town, says a Nantucket (Mass.) letter to the New York *Sun*. The building is the Custom House, so called through tradition, for no vessel ever enters this port from foreign lands now, and there can be no customs to collect. It is conducted by a number of superannuated old sea captains, who smoke all day and weave tremendous sea yarns for the benefit of any city man who may chance along. One weatherbeaten old salt told a prize story lately, and now the others are racking their brains for something to surpass him. He said:

"I left Nantucket on May 15, 1841, as second mate of the snug bark Anna Snowdon, Capt. Keziah Coffin, bound for the Pacific Ocean. I'm not going to tell you of our trip around the Horn, although that was rather lively and we did lose two men overboard, but will get right down to the bottom facts of what I started in to tell. We had already killed two big whales, and were poking around about four hundred miles north of the Sandwich Islands, when we sighted a big fellow a-blowing not a mile away. The first mate and myself put off in two boats, but I had the likeliest crew, and struck the whale first—struck him hard, too, because he was spouting blood in five minutes. Just then we saw another whale and the first mate put out after that one. The bark tried to beat up in our direction, but a squall came on and we lost sight of her. The waves were so big that we should have been capsized if we had not kept to the leeward of the whale, which we had killed before the squall struck us. Its big carcass formed a sort of breakwater. Besides that the oil that oozed from its wounds seemed to quiet the waves. We were afraid some big waves would throw the whale on top of us, but by keeping the oars going we managed to stay at a safe distance.

"When the storm passed over not a sign of the bark was to be seen. There we were anchored to a whale out in the middle of the Pacific Ocean, with not more than two days' rations of bread and water for the seven men in that little boat. We waited all that day in hopes of seeing the ship, and at night we burned some blubber on the back of the whale, but no help came. When morning came and no sail could be seen, we knew that there was no hope of finding our vessel again, and there was nothing to do but to pull away in the direction of the Sandwich Islands, trusting to reach them before a violent storm should overwhelm us. We cut our harpoons out of the whale, because we didn't know when we might need them. There is one of them in the corner there now. Guiding the boat with a compass which I always carried with me, we pulled away for the Sandwich Islands. We made forty miles that day, and the men were terribly tired. We slept by watches, off and on, and by pulling now and then perhaps gained ten miles during the night. The next day the men were worn out, and the sun was so hot that they could not work their oars. Our chances of reaching land seemed very poor. Toward noon I was standing on the bow of the boat looking around in hopes of seeing a sail, when I saw a fin-back whale come to the surface not more than 200 yards away. It was no use to us now, but the whaleman instinct was too strong within me to be resisted.

"'Give way,' I cried. 'There she blows.'

"I picked up a harpoon, and as the prow of the boat almost touched the whale I drove the point deep into its side. It failed to reach a vital point, and away the big fellow went. The line ran out so fast at first that it made the rail smoke, and I raised the hatchet ready to cut it, for I feared the whale would draw us under. But the strain slackened after a little until there was only a moderate pull, and giving the end a twist around a rowlock I let the whale tow us along.

"'This is better nor rowing,' said one.

"'Yes, and he's going in the right direction,' said another.

"They were quite right. The whale was taking us in the right direction we wished to go at the rate of fully twenty miles an hour. We bowled along merrily all that afternoon, and about 6 o'clock we heard a hail, and saw, not far away, the mate's boat.

"'Hold on!' they cried.

"'We can't. Throw us a line,' I replied.

"We caught their line as we swept by, and then the whale had two boats in tow. The men in the other boat were worse off than we had been, as they had pulled longer. They had given up hope when we came alongside. You may not believe it, but that whale kept straight ahead all that night and the next day, and in the afternoon we sighted land. I thought the critter would run right up on the shore, but he came about when not more than a mile away, and would have taken us out to sea again only I cut the line.

"That harpoon in the corner which I spoke of before is the very one he carried away with him. You can see my name on it, if you don't believe me. The ship Anna Rogers of New Bedford killed the whale two years after, and finding the harpoon in its back sent it to me. I was sorry that whale was dead, because it had been a good friend to us. I never used the harpoon again, but kept it on land as a relic."

Gen. Grant in Washington.

Gen. Grant was the most conspicuous public man who ever lived in Washington. He was known to every man, woman, and child in the district before his name was before the people for the Presidency. While General of the Army his headquarters were at the corner of Seventeenth and F streets. He used to walk to and fro morning and evening along with the procession of clerks, and with nothing but his well-worn military cloak in winter and the familiar figure in summer, and the cigar always, to distinguish him from the crowd. He was usually absorbed in himself, and walked mechanically, though while going to work very rapidly. While President he was the same sort of a man. He loved a horse dearly, and sometimes drove a four-in-hand drag, but he usually walked or took a street car. In either case he was always the cynosure of many curious eyes. He had evidently become accustomed to this, and paid no attention to it as long as people kept out of his way or did not force themselves on his personal notice. When they did he was annoyed and would turn abruptly upon his heel to escape. He always acted on the street like any other private citizen who wanted be let alone. This was so evident that the men, big and little, respected it, and the President of the United States could often be seen sauntering down the crowded avenue alone.

He was known to have walked from the Capitol to the White House on a pleasant day, when the whole city was out, without suffering a single interruption. Yet if he saw men raise their hats to him he never failed to return the salute. During such a walk nearly everybody would stare and turn and stare again at him as he passed. He seemed to walk among the crowds to be alone. Of late years he has apparently shaken off much of this taciturnity, and when he visited Washington could be seen about the Willard lobby chatting with friends and listening and laughing at their stories, and telling stories of his own in return. He mistrusted those who wanted to make a show of him, but patiently suffered the tortures of boredom at the greatest receptions ever given at the White House. When he took a notion to attend a dinner party, he went, without regard to the customary etiquette of the White House, which prohibits the President from indulging in such things.

How to Kill the Blues.

Generally speaking if you are troubled with "the blues," and cannot tell why, you may be sure it springs from physical weakness. Instead of lying on the sofa and courting painful ideas, if you are a despairing lover, a hypochondriac or a valetudinarian, you should be up and stirring yourself. The blood of a melancholy man is thick and slow, creeping sluggishly through the veins, like muddy waters in a canal; the blood of your merry chirping philosopher is clear and quick, brisk as a newly-broached champagne. Try, therefore, to set your blood in motion. Try, rather, what a smart walk will do for you; set your pegs in motion on rough rocky ground, or hurry them up a steep, cragged hill; build stone wall; swing an axe over a pile of hickory or rock maple; turn a grindstone; dig ditches; practice 'ground and lofty tumbling;' pour water into seives with the Danaides, or, with Sisyphus, "up the hill heave a huge round stone," in short, do anything that will start the perspiration, and you will soon cease to have your brains lined with black, as Burton expresses it, or to rise in the morning, as Cowper did, "like an infernal frog out of Acheron, crowned with the ooze and mud of melancholy."—*Prof. Mathews.*

No Marrying There.

"Samuel," said Mrs. Tolobitter, as they were walking home from church, "how did you like the preacher's description of heaven?"

"First-rate, my dear," said he, with energy.

"If what he said is all true, and of course it is, what do you think you will like the best when you get there Samuel?"

"The arrangements for securing peace," said he, with glibness.

"Now, Samuel, what do you mean by that?"

"They don't have any marrying there, my dear," said he, edging off a little.

The discussion took a warmer turn at once.—*Chicago Ledger.*

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"THE HIRED RAZOR."

Text: "In the same day shall the Lord shave with a razor that is hired, namely, by them beyond the river, by the king of Assyria." Isaiah vii., 20.

The Bible is the boldest book ever written. The similitudes in Ossian, in the Iliad, in the Odyssey, are not half so daring. The imagery of the Bible sometimes seems on the verge of the reckless, but only seems so. The fact is that God would startle, arouse and propel men and nations in the right direction, and tame and limping similitude will not do the work. Sometimes we find in the Bible illustrations drawn from the gentle dew, and the morning cloud, and the dove, and the daybreak, and the rose, and the lily, but often we find illustrations drawn from the iron chariot, and the lightning, and the storm, and the earthquake, and the sword, and the spear, and, in my text, the razor. This sharp-edged instrument has advanced in usefulness with the ages. In Bible times the beard remained uncut except in times of great mourning and humiliation; but the razor has always been a significant illustration. David says of Doeg, his antagonist, "thy tongue is like a sharp razor, working deceitfully;" that is, while it pretends to clear the face, it makes deadly incision. In my morning's text, this domestic implement is employed amid the following circumstances: Judah must have its pride and glory cut down. God sends against it three Assyrian generals. First, Sennachareb, then Essrheddon, then Nebuchadnezzar. These three invasions cut across the land, bringing down its prosperity, and it is compared to so many sweepings with a razor across the face of Judah. The circumstances in the text are compared to a hired razor because God employed the Assyrian kings, with whom He had no sympathy, to do His work, paying for that work in palaces and spoils and annexations. God hired these kings to execute the divine behest. So you see that though at the first reading of the text it might have seemed almost trivial and inapt, now the text is charged with thoughts of stupendous import and moment. "In the same day shall the Lord shave with a razor that is hired, namely, by them beyond the river, by the king of Assyria." Well, if God's judgments are razors, we had better be careful how we use them on other people. These useful implements are encased, and they are put beyond the reach of childhood, and they are put where no accident can touch them. Everybody understands that a razor, if handled at all must be cautiously handled. And yet, how many men there are who take the judgments of God, which are in my text compared to razors, and deal with them very carelessly and very recklessly. There is a business man who goes down. How many people there are ready to cry out: "That is a judgment of God upon the fact that he was unscrupulous, that he was arrogant, that he was miserly, that he was extortionate. What a keen stroke of Providence it was that took him down. His city house gone, his country house gone, all his stables emptied of the fine grays and sorrels and bays that used to prance at his doorway. All his resources cut off. Thrown into complete demolition. Good for him!" My brother, be careful how you handle the Lord's razors. Sometimes the wicked have great prosperity, and they live and die in prosperity, and many an honest and conscientious man has been driven into bankruptcy. Perhaps the man is unfortunate in his manner and is not as proud as you think he is, for some men have a natural way of being very erect, and they have an imperial manner when at the same time they are as humble as a little child, and there is many a man who goes with seedy coat and slouched hat and unblackened shoes who is proud as Lucifer. You cannot tell by any man's looks. Perhaps the man of whom you speak was not unscrupulous in his dealings, for there are two sides to every question, and if a man achieve anything great for himself or for others, he always gets industriously lied about! Perhaps that man's business misfortune was not sent as a punishment, but as fatherly discipline by which he is to be prepared for heaven, and God may really love that unfortunate business man more than He loves you who can pay dollar for dollar, and whose name in the commercial catalogue stands AI. Whom the Lord loveth he giveth $400,000 a year, and lets die on an embroidered pillow. No, I have misquoted the passage. "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth." Better keep your hands off the Lord's razors. If you want to shave off some of the bristling pride of your own heart and life, do so, but look out how you put the sharp edge on others. I cannot tell how much I dislike the behavior of those people who, when any one is unfortunate, always say: "Just as I expected. I told you so. Why, didn't you know that before? Why, I knew that long ago?" If these I told you so's had had their desert they would have been in hell long ago! They have more trouble about the mite, the mote in a neighbor's eye, though you have to use a microscope to discover it, than they have about the shipwreck that obscures their optics. They have an air sometimes supercilious and sometimes pharisaical and always blasphemous, with which they take the razor of God's judgments and try to sharpen it on the hone of their own hard hearts, and then when they can get a man sprawled out in disaster they begin to cut mercilessly. They first begin with words of sympathy and pity and half praise, and put the lather on thick before they begin with the sharp edge. Better look out how you shoot at others lest you bring down the wrong one, as when the servant of King William Rufus shot at a deer, but the arrow glanced from a tree and killed the king. Instead of going at the world with sharp shafts that pierce, and razors that cut, let us go out into the world with the spirit of the friend of Richard Coeur de Lion, who in the war of the crusades was captured and imprisoned and his friend did not know where he was imprisoned. This friend went from fortress to fortress and from penitentiary to penitentiary and sang at every window a verse of a song which Richard in other days had taught him. Coming to a window of a prison where he supposed Richard might be incarcerated he sang two lines of the hymn, and from inside the wall Richard sang the other two lines, and so his whereabouts were discovered and prompt and successful movement was made for his liberation. Oh, my friends, let us go forth in the world with the music of kind words and sympathetic hearts, serenading the unfortunate and trying to help out of trouble noble creatures that by unforseen circumstances have been incarcerated, and so we will be liberating kings, kings. More hymn books and less razors.

Especially ought we be apologetic and merciful toward those, who, though they have great faults, have also great virtues. Some men barren of faults are also barren of virtues. No weeds, verily, but no flowers. I must not be too much engaged at a nettle which I find in the field near the fence when in that same field there are forty acres of ripe Michigan wheat. Scientists say now there is a spot on the sun 20,000 miles long, but from the warmth and brightness to-day I think it is considerable of a sun yet! The sun can afford to have a very large spot upon it, though it be 20,000 miles long. And I am very apologetic for those men who have great faults, while at the same time they have magnificent virtues.

My subject also impresses me with the fact as I read "the Lord shall shave with a razor," that God's dealings have great precision. A razor carelessly swung the tenth part of an inch out of the right line means either failure or laceration. God's razor has not slipped the thousandth part of an inch in a thousand years. Precision. Oh, I hear people talk every day as though things in this world were at loose ends. Cholera sweeps over Marseilles and Palermo and Madrid, and we all wonder if it is coming to America, and if it is going across Europe. "Well, that entirely depends," says some one, "upon the quarantine regulations." "Well, that entirely depends," says some one, "on whether inoculation is a successful experiment." "Well," says some one, "that entirely depends upon whether we have an early or late frost." Cholera just tumbled into the world and it goes rolling over the nations, and it is all guesswork as to where it shall strike, and it is awful and appalling perhaps. Has it ever occurred to you that God may have had something to do with it; that perhaps His mercy may have protected us; that perhaps now we really may be as much indebted to the Lord as we are to the quarantine and the health officers. It was right that we should have continued precaution, but there has come enough maccaroni from Italy and enough grapes from South France, and enough rags from foreign tenement-dens, and there might have been in these articles of transportation enough cholera germs to have sent all Brooklyn weeping to Greenwood, and all Philadelphia weeping to Laurel Hill, and all Boston weeping to Mount Auburn. I thank the doctors, I thank the quarantine officers; but more than all, and first of all, and last of all, and all the time, I thank God. Precision, precision of Providence. In the 6,000 years of the world's existence there has never been one event that merely happened so. God is not an anarchist, but a father as well as a king. Little Tad, son of President Lincoln, died, and all the land was sympathetic with that sorrow in the White House. That lad used to run into the cabinet session, and he saw his father and the eminent men of the land discuss the questions of national existence.

God is dealing like a razor skillfully swung, cutting that which ought to be cut and avoiding that which ought to be avoided. Timepieces often strike wrong, and they strike one when it is two and they strike two when it is three; but God's clock always strikes rightly, and when it is twelve it strikes twelve, and when it is one it strikes one, and the second-hand is as accurate as the minute-hand. I preach no fatalism. I preach good government, fatherly government, divine government. Precision. Precision to a hair-breadth. That is the teaching of my text.

But I find also in my text that the Lord sometimes shows motives. "In the same day shall the Lord shave with a razor that is hired." With one cut he went clear across the land of Judah. In 1862 God shaved this nation. We had allowed to grow in this country oppression, Sabbath-breaking, fraud, uncleanness, and all forms of turpitude. The North had its sins, the South had its sins, the East had its sins and the West had its sins. God warned us, but we did not heed. Then the sword of war came and cut clear through from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf, and from the Atlantic beach to the Pacific. The pride of the land, not the cowardice, but the heroes on both sides went down. We thought it was the sword of war. No, it was the Lord's razor. In 1863 it swept across the land again, in 1864 again, in 1865 again, and then the terrible instrument was put up and put away. But, my friends, if we do not quit our individual and national sins the Lord may again take us in hand. He has other razors beside the razor of war. Epidemic, flood, drought, plague, locust and grasshopper, or our over towering prosperity as a nation may excite the jealousy of all the great nations of Europe and of Asia, and if all the great nations of Europe and Asia in jealousy against us should come up, what a power! Our nation is so easily approached from the north, and so easily approached from the south, and so easily approached from the Atlantic beach and from the Pacific beach, that if the great nations of Europe and Asia should rise up, what a hostility! Insulted China, outraged China, the wealthiest land on earth, as shall be proved when her resources are fully developed—China, insulted China, will, after a while, have all the modes of modern warfare, and may at the Golden Gate be discussing the question whether American mass go! I pray God there never may be such a combination of the great nations of Europe and Asia against us; but I only say this to show you that as Assyria was the hired razor against Judah, and as Cyrus was the hired razor against Babylon, and as the Huns were the hired razor against the Goths, so God may find a hired razor with which to chastise us if we do not give up our individual sins our national sins and turn unto the Lord. In 1870 Germany was the hired razor with which the Lord shaved France. England will be the hired razor with which the Lord will shave other nations sometimes repent. But the day is coming, and I pray God that we may be together of all nations, on both sides the Atlantic, all sins may be averted the world over by our escape from the razor of God's judgment, let us by unrighteousness and oppression, or by bad laws, provoke the Almighty. One would think that the national symbol, the eagle, would suggest to us another danger. The ancient Rome carried as its symbol the eagle, that Roman eagle at its talons Britain, France, Dalmatia, Rhoetia, Noricum, Pannonia, Moesia, Dacia, Syria, Greece, Macedonia, Thrace, Datra, Marcelonia, Palestine, Egypt, all Northern Africa, the islands of the Mediterranean—in fact, the earth that was worth having. Forty and twenty millions of subjects under the wings of that one eagle. Where is she now? Ask Gibbon, the historian, in his prose poem "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." Ask her gigantic ruins, straggling their sadness across the centuries; the screech-owl at the windows from which the conquerors of the whole earth looked out. Ask the Day of Judgment when her crowned debauchers, commanders and Pertinal and Caligula and Diocletian shall be called to answer for their infamy. Oh, as individuals and as nations let us repent and depend upon a pardoning God rather than upon any past success as an immunity. Of fourteen of the greatest battles of the world Napoleon had lost only one before he lost Waterloo. Pride goeth before destruction, and they often ride in the same saddle.

Once more, and more than all, I want you to notice in this text that God is so loving and so kind that when it is necessary to cut He has to go to others to get the edged, the sharpest edged weapon. "The Lord shall shave with a razor that is hired." God is love, God is pity, God is help, God is shelter, God is rescue. If you want balm for wounds, He has it. If you want salve for blind eyes, He has that. If you want a helping hand, He has that. But He has no sharp edges about Him, no thrusting points, no instrument of laceration. When in His Providence it is a dire necessity that He cut, He goes to others to get the sharp edged weapon. The Lord shaves with a razor that is hired. Ah! this divine geniality is no surprise to you who have pondered the Calvarian massacre, where God submerged Himself in human tears and crimsoned Himself from punctured arteries, and allowed the terrestrial world and the infernal world to maul Him until it was necessary to turn out the chandelier of the sky, because the universe could not stand the indecency. Illustrious love that must have been that brought Him out as our substitute, and caused Him out of the blood of His heart to pay the crimson price for our admission at the celestial gate. Henry II. crowned his own son, and on the day of coronation the king, the father, put on the garb of a servant and waited at the table, and waited upon his son, and all the princes were amazed. But hear the more wondrous story that the king of heaven and earth this day offers you. His child, a crown of life, and offers as a servant to bear your blessing. Install that love with everything best in painting, in sculpture, in music, in architecture, in worship. In Dresdenian gallery let Raphael hand Him up as a child, and in Antwerpian gallery let Rubens hand him down from the cross as a martyr, and let Handel make all his oratorios vibrate around that one chord. He was wounded for our transgressions and He was bruised for our iniquities, but not until all the redeemed came home and from the mountains of the piled up galleries of the ransomed shall be reflected the wonders of redemption not until then shall man or seraph, or archangel understand the height, the depth, the length, the breadth of the love of God. The monument in the capital to the one who did more than any other man for the achievement of our American independence—that monument was going up at the capital scores and scores of years, and many of us were discouraged about it, and said the work would never be done; but when at last in the presence of the officials of the nation, that monument was pronounced as completed, how glad we all were. But my friends, the monument to Him who suffered for the eternal liberation of the human race will never be completed. It has been going up for many ages, this monument. Evangelists and apostles and martyrs have added to the heavenly pile. Everyone of the millions of souls gone up to glory has made contribution of gladness. Weight and glory swings to the top of weight and glory. Layer of hosanna on layer of hosanna. Higher and higher up as the centuries go by, higher and higher up as whole millenniums pass. Sapphire on the top of jacinth, sardonyx on the top of chalcedony, chrysoprasus on the top of topaz, until far beneath are domes and towers and walls and the great capital, the monument forever and forever, rising yet never, never done, unto Him who hath loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood and made us kings and priests unto God and the lamb. Hallelujah, amen!

Alcohol can in no definite sense be considered a good creature of God, for it is not constructed like food, being neither solid nor innocent, and whether good for any proper end or not, it is an artificial product.—*Dr. F. R. Lees, F. S. A.*