THE CENTRAL TIMES.

E. F. YOUNG, Manager.

"LIVE AND LET LIVE."

C. K. GRANTHAM, Local Editor.

VOLUME I.

DUNN, HARNETT CO., N. C., THURSDAY. APRIL 16, 1891.

NUMBER 8.

The Central Times. Published Every Thursday E. F. Young and G. K. Grantham. I sat in the dark and mouned all night; SUBSCRIPTIONS IN ADVANCE;

Six Months, - . -. Three Months, . .

ADVERTISING RATES:

zer Contract advertisements taken at proportionately low rates, Local notices, 10 cents a line.

25 Lintered at the Postatlier in Dann, N. C. as second-clas moster.

The Utopia, which recently went down with 600 passengers on board, was quite; as well equipped with life-saving apparatus," significently observes the Washington Star, was are the leading passenger lines going out of New York, the individual steamers of which often carry from 600 to 1200 passengers in the summer season,"

Says "the Washington Post : "The eageless and apparently indiscriminate manner with which the courts of to-day destroy the wills of rich men, documents that embody the purpose and object of a lifetime of toil, has become one of the notable and notorious abuses of the day, and against this evil there is rising a vigorous demand for rectification and reform."

It is said that Mrs. Kyle, wife of the Alliance Senator from South Dakota, felt overpowering confidence during the canvass that her husband would be elected, and whenever he talked of declining the nomination she insisted that he would yield and win. This, confesses the Boston Transcript, brings woman's intuition into play in politics in a new and admirable way.

The Statesman's Year Book for 1891 estimates the world's inhabitants last year, exclusive of the Polar regions, to have been 1,467,600,000 and the land surface they occupy in whole or in part at 46,-350,000 square miles, of which 28,269,-000 square miles are fertile, 13,901,000 steppe and 4,180,000 desert. The Polar regions are put down at 4,888,800 square miles, with a population of only

A London Board of Trade return, just issued, shows the large decrease in the hours of labor during the past ten years, which is bringing the eight-hour limit nearer and nearer. Bakers who, a decade ago, worked seventy-two hours a week now work fifty-four hours; miners, formerly sixty hours, now thirty-eight and forty-eight hours. Workmen of all trades now average lifty-four hours weekly, or nine hours a day. -

The Atlanta Constitution remarks: First-class type-written copy is hailed with pleasure in newspapers and magazine offices, but very little of it is first class. It is a positive relief to get a manuscript legibly written on white paper in good black ink, with a pen that makes a broad stroke. The trouble with chany writers is that they use a pen with a line point, and write a hair-line scrawl that is hard to read. It is possible to make written copy as plain as print, and this is what every writer should do.

Spain is busily preparing for the celebration of the 400th anniversary of the landing of Columbus in America. The Society of Americanists, which has devoted itself-to the study of everything relating to America, will hold a Congress on October 12, 1892, at the convent of La Rabida, where Columbus found shelter while he was planning his expedition. Spain's methods of celebrating the anniversary may not appeal so much to the popular taste as might have a great Exposition, but in their scientific and historic aspect they will be in keeping with an event so far-reaching in its effects ou civilization.

A profound sensation has been created in Italy by the report that a French house sent 100,000 Remington cartridges to King Mouelek, of Abyssinia, by way of Obock. As Italy considers Mouelek to be under Italian protection, this is regarded as an interference with Italian rights, and has not served to hasten the revival of friendly relations between France and Italy. A good share of the Italians, however, would like to give up African adventures altogether, one of the Roman newspapers saying that "when the whole truth is known, the necessity of abandoning the entire enterprise will be seen, and there will be only one more research necessary, namely, to find some one yet more foolish than ourselves who will take the charge upon their shoul

A SONG OF CHANGES.

I sang in the sun the whole day long, I sang in the sun a merry song. I would not believe in grief or wrong; I sang in the sun the whole day long.

I had lost my faith in truth and right, And I had no hope of coming light: I sat in the dark and moaned all night.

56 And yet at dawn in my heart I heard Once more the voice of a singing bird, But the memory hushed it with a word, So my lips ne'er echoed what I heard.

And now I am neither sad nor gay; I have learned at last that night and day, Sunshine and sorrows, pass away; So now I am neither sad nor gay.

-E. C. White, in Lippincott

A TALE OF AUSTRALIA.

only seven ounces; but it represented the chopping. only result of a strong man's toil for

folk hate each other for. If he caught ing.

great value, for her father, leaving her What will father say?" seen his sorrow, his despair, as day after watching her through the leaves. Then

King Billy evidently had not seen, for he tude. was wielding the axe with quite exceptional vigor; and if Billy had seen it

But Effic was only twelve. As the child stood in the broad light, illumined by the bold rays of the sun, camp and her round, trustful blue eyes shaded from the glare by two little brown hands,

ment was huge and sardonic. and threw a faggot of wood at the tree,

the merry-makers. "Billy tired now," said the black, wood," and he pointed to the result of

"Yes, that will be enough, thank you.

"Billy's thirsty." "Then you shall have some tea."

"No tea. Rum."

"No, Billy. Rum isn't good for you." "Good for miners; good for Billy." "No, it's not good for miners," said fight and say wicked things."

"Makes black feller feel good," declared Billy, rolling his dusky eyes. This last argument was effective. little spirits from John Archer's flask into a "pannikin." Billy drank the spirits with rolling eyes, smacked his lips,

housekeeper were soon done. The little hand the little yellow object which had hut was tidied, and the simple evening floated in the first dream. meal prepared; and some hours must pass before her father returned. How could the child lay still, scarce daring to books—a Bible and a volume of stories and when in her dream came the voice for little girls, which she had won as a of her father, with the words, "Speak, prize at school in Brisbane. But she was or I'll fire," her lips refused to open. too young so appreciate the first, especially as the type, being very small, it was difficult reading, and she had grown beyoud appreciating the stories for little girls, having known them by heart three years before. She would like to have slept. Everything around her suggested and invited the siesta-the steady heat; the brightness of the light without the hut; the distant murmur of miners' voices which came from beyond vonder belt of wattie gums; the monotonous hum of the locusts in the forest; the occasional fretful cry of a strange bird, and the regular snores of the fallen king who siumbered in the hut. Even the buzz of effect and brought drowsiness.

To remain still for a lew minutes would have meant inevitably falling asleep. Effic felt this, and remembered

the little gold nugget. If she slept, some thief might come and take it. And so she put on her hat, and, forsaking the seductive cool and shade of the hut, went out into the brightness and heat. Archer's hut stood on the edge of the

valley, over against the foot of the blue, heavily-timbered hills. About fifty yards distant from it, hidden among the trees. was a high moss-grown rock, at the base of which Effie had discovered the smallest and sweetest of natural springs. Thither the child ran-looking back often to see that no one approached the hut in her absence-to bathe her face. In a few minutes she returned, drying her face in her apron, and slinking her wet hair in the sun. No one had come; but King Billy was now awake, and was THE LITTLE GOLD NUGGET, slouching lazily off toward the bush. Effie laughed as she saw him-his great head bent forward, and his thin, narrow shoulders bowed. She laughed to think It was given to Effic to take care of. of his laziness, and that he should look It was not a great prize, for it weighed so tired after such a very little wood-

She was still laughing at King Billy as many weeks, and, as nuggets go, it was she opened the old work-box to take considered by no means a bad "find." another peep at the yellow treasure, and John Archer decided that the nugget to make quite sure that the heat hadn't would be safer in his little daughter's melted it away. And it was quite slowly keeping than in his own. There were that the laugh died from the pretty eyes thieves and lawless men at this new gold and mouth—quite slowly, because of the rush, as at all new gold rushes, and they moments it took to realize and accept a would know of his prize. They would misfortune so terrible-when she lifted probably try to annex it. They would the coarse socks and looked and saw no search all sorts of cunning hiding-places little gold nugget-saw nothing. Then in the neighborhood of his tent; they horror and great fear grew in the blue might even creep into the hut at night, to feel under his pillow and among his rough bedding for the yellow earth that poor little heart seemed to stop beat-

the thief he would shoot him, but better | Effie said nothing, and made no cry; not to run the risk of losing his treasure. but she closed her eyes tightly for a mo-And so he gave it to Effie to put in her ment, and looked in the box again. No, old work box. The thieves of the T ___ it was no illusion; the little nugget was diggings would be too cunning to think | nct there-the first gold her father had of examining such an improbable hiding- found, which had been intrusted to her care, which was to have been taken to "You must take great care of it, dar- | her mother-it was gone. She put down ling," said John Archer. "It is for the box, quite quietly, and walked out your mother." And Effie stowed the lit- | into the day; but the sun was shining tle nugget away in a corner of the old very strangely and mistily now, and the work box-which had been her moth. blue sky had grown black; and the trees er's-under the cotton and the socks she seemed to move weirdly; and the locusts was darning for her father. She felt had ceased humming from fear; but the duly weighted with the responsibility. strange bird was somewhere near, shriek-She knew that this yellow earth was of ing brokenly, "What will father say?

mother, who was very delicate, with But as the child stood there despairsome friends in Brisbane, had come a lingly, her sight grew clearer, and she long, weary way to find it, and she had was conscious of a pair of dusky eyes day he had eagerly worked with pick only she remembered, and she knew and spade, without finding what he who had done this cruel thing. King Billy! And she had been kind to him. Having hidden the little nugget away, Effie suddenly burst into passionate sob-Effic came out of the hut to look round bing. The black figure still hovered and see if any one was near who might among the trees, often changing its posihave seen her. No. No one was near tion, and dusky eyes still peered through who might have seen her-only Billy the | the leaves. And the laughing jackasses black-King Billy, the Aboriginal mon- flew down to the old tree again, and arch, who loved rum and tobacco, and laughed more madly than before who was chopping same firewood for her. | laughed at Effie's trust-at Billy's grati-

It was ten o'clock, and darkness and wouldn't have mattered very much, for quiet reigned in John Archer's hut. Over among the tents behind the wattle This little girl's reason for trusting gums a few gamblers and heavy drinkers King Billy, the black, was somewhat were still awake, and their voices, raised strange, and is worthy of being recorded. in anger or ribald merriment, might oc-She trusted him because she had been cassionally have been faintly heard from the hut. But Archer, who had sown his wild oats, was a true worker; and he had his little daughter, for whose sake her tumbled hav-hued hair kissed and he had built the hut away from the noisy

Archer had come home late and weary, as usual, had eaten his supper, and gone watching King Billy at his work, a flock to rest without, to Effie's intense relief, of laughing jackasses alighted in a neigh- speaking of the little gold nugget. The boring gum-tree and set up a demoniac | child was afraid to speak of the loss, and cachinnation. What made the ill-omened she was not without vague hopes that a birds so madly merry? What was the beneficent providence would restore the joke? Effie's trust? Billy's gratitude? nugget during the darkness, and save They failed to explain; but their amuse. her from this great trouble.

For this she prayed very earnestly be-"Drive them away, Billy," cried Effie, fore she lay down to sleep. Or did she and the obedient king dropped his axe | sleep at all that night? She never quite knew. But she thinks that it was then which stopped the laughter and dispersed | that she first experienced that terrible, purgatorial condition which is neither wakefulness nor sleep, when the grinning-"too much work-plenty body and mind are wehry enough to bring the profound sleep which they require, but which the brain is too overladen and too cruelly active to You're a good boy. I'll give you some allow; when dreams seem realities and realities dreams. It must have been a dream when she saw something small and vellow float through the tiny window on the ghostly silver moonbeams. And vet, having closed her eyes, she opened them again, it was still there hovering about in the darkness-less bright now, Fffie, emphatically; "it makes them and with a pale yellow halo. But it faded quite away; it was a cruel, mock-

Then was it a dream when the old curtain, which divided her corner of the Effic went into her hut—her father had hut from her father's, moved near the ment and eternity, coming a thousand miles tributes of God's nature were against their returned to his work-and poured a ground-bulged slightly toward her? It would be curious to see, and she lay still. From under the curtain seemed to come a thin arm, and slowly, cautiously, after and then lay down in the shadow of the the arm a head with a great shock of hair. And the moonbeams just touched The long afternoon passed very slowly the face-I think they kissed it, though for Effie. Her few trifling duties as it was black, for they found in a black

It was all so real, so beautiful, that she pass the time? She had only two breathe, lest the vision should melt away;

But it was no dream when the shot came, and the Black King rolled over on the earth, dead, with the little gold nugget he had come to restore pressed in the death-agony against his heart, where, too, was a little gold.

And the laughing birds in the old tree, startled from their sleep by the shot, laughed once more, wildly and madly, at Billy's honesty; but there was bitterness in their merriment, for their master, the devil had been cheated of the soul of a Black King.

A foreign watchmaker has patented a device by which, an hour or two before the annoying flies assisted the general a clock runs down, the word "wind" will appear at an opening in the dial.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sun-

day Sermon. fubject: "The Plague of Infidelity."

TEXT: "Let God be true, but every man et

the Christian religion is woman's tyrant verse?
and man's stuitification; that the Bible Infid profited by that great book," he was becoming very weak minded; that it is something to bring a blush to the cheek of every patriot that John Adams, the father of American independence, declared, "The Bible is the best book in all the world;" and that lion hearted Andrew Jackson turned into a sniveling coward when he said, "That book, sir, is the rock on which our remultion and ecstacy and high companionship and stupendous vicatory, the mightiest joy of earth not high enough to reach to the base of the Himalaya of uplifted splendor awaiting all those who on wing of Christian faith will soar toward it.

Have you heard of the conspiracy to put out all the lighthouses on the coast? Do you know that on a certain night of next month, and tear off the shroud, and rip up the rocks? ultitudes and put it under our feet, be trampled upon by hatred hissing contempt; and that

and hissing contempt; and that What a mission infidelity has started on! your old father was hoodwinked and cajoled The extinguishment of lighthouses, the she took off her spectacles and wiped from country meeting house where they sleep fidelity to-day waiting for a resurrection that will Furth

This book, having deceived them, and have ing deceived the mighty intellects of the past, must not be allowed to deceive our rger, mightier, vaster, more stupendous intellects. And so out with the book from the court room, where it is used in the solemn-Out with it from the domestic circle. Gather together all the Bibles—the children's Bibles. family Bibles, those newly bound, and ose with lid nearly worn out and pages all most obliterated by the fingers long ago turned to dust-bring them all together, and let us make a bonfire of them, and by it warm our cold criticism, and after that turn under with the plowshare of public indignation the polluted ashes of that loathsome adulterous, obscene, cruel and deathful book which is so antagonistic to man's liberty, and woman's honor, and the world's

Now that is the substance of what infidelity proposes and declares, and the attack on the Bible is accompanied by great jocosity, and there is hardly any subject about which ore mirth is kindled than about the Bible I like fun; no man was ever built with keener appreciation of it. There is health in laughter instead of harm-physical health, nental health, moral health, spiritual health provided you laugh at the right thing. The morning is jocund. The Indian with its own mist baptizes the cataract Minnehaha, clap their hands, or the orchards in blossom week aglee with redolence. But there is a ughter which has the rebound of despair. uckle about eternity or smirk about the ings of the immortal soul.

You know what caused the accident years proved it, when, on the contrary, they igo on the Hudson River Railroad. It was an intoxicated man who for a joke pulled the string of the air brake and stopped the train at the most dangerous point of the journey. But the lightning train, not knowing there was any impediment in the way, came down, crushing out of the mangled victims the immortal souls that went speeding instantly to God and judgment. It was only a joke. He thought it would be such fun to stop the train. He stopped it. And so infidelity is chiefly anxious to stop the long train of the Bible, and the long train of the churches. and the long train of Christrian influences. while coming down upon us are death, judga minute, coming with more force than all behavior. David suffered for his crimes in the avalanches that ever slipped from the the caverns of Adullam and Massada, in the mother of thousands of reformatory institu-Alps, coming with more strength than all the lightning express trains that ever whis tled or shrieked or thundered across the con-

Now in this jocularity of infide thinkers I cannot join, and I propose to give you some

First, I cannot be an infidel because infidelity has no good substitute for the conspation it proposes to take away. You know there are millions of people who get their chief consolation from this book. What would you think of a crusade of this sort? Suppose a man should resolve that he would rganize a conspiracy to destroy all the nedicines from all the apothecaries and from all the hospitals of the earth. The work is me. The medicines are taken, and they are thrown into the river, or the lake, or the

A patient wakes up at midnight in a paroxysm of distress, and wants an anodyre. h," says the nurse, "the anodynes are all destroyed; we have no drops to give you, but instead of that I'll read you a book in the absurdities of morphine and the absurdities of all remedies." But the man continues to writhe in pain, and the nurse says:
"I'll continue to read you some discourses in anodynes, the cruelties of anodynes, the indecencies of anodynes, the absurdities of anodynes. For your groan I'll give you a

That is if God says one thing and the whole human race says the opposite, Paul would accept the Divine veracity. But there is a dose of wit, here is a strengthening plaster of sarcasm, here is a bottle of ribaldry that you are to keep well shaken up and take a spoonful of it after each meal, and if that does not cure you here is a solution of blasphemy in which you may bathe, plagues It seems from what we hear on all sides that the Christian religion is a huge blunder; that the Mosaic account of the creation is an absurdity large enough to throw all nations into rollicking guffaw; that Adam and Eve never existed; that the ancients full of consolation for them, and yet infidely full of consolation for them. flood and Noah's ark were impossibilities; that the Bible is the friend of cruelty, of murder, of polygamy, of all forms of base crime; that or immensity of meanness in all God's uni-

and man's stuitification; that the Bible Infidelity is a religion of "Don't know." Is there a God? Don't know! Is the soul bug, a sham, a lie; that the martyrs who immortal? Don't know! If we should meet bug, a sham, a lie; that the martyrs who died for its truth were miserable lupes; that the church of Jesus Christ is properly gazetted as a fool; that when Thomas Carlyle, the skeptic, said, "The Bible is a noble book," he was dropping into imbecility; that when Theodore Parker declared in Music hall, Boston, "Never a boy or girl in all Christendom but was profited by that great book," he was becoming very weak minded; that it is some-

public rests;" and that Daniel Webster ab- know that on a certain night of next month, dicated the throne of his intellectual power Eddystone lighthouse, Bell Rock lighthouse. dicated the throne of his intellectual power and resigned his logic, and from being the great expounder of the constitution and the great expounder of the constitution and the when he said, "My heart assures and reassures and reassures me that the gospel of Jesus Christ must be a divine reality. From the time that at my mother's feet or on my father's knee I first learned to lisp verses from the sacred writings they have been my deily study and vigilant contemplation, and if there is anything in my style or thought to be commend.

did the throne of his intellectual power and reasigned his logic, and from being the self Rock lighthouse. Bell Rock lighthouse in the bereavement of the two Bethary sisters. For whose comfort was Christ most anxious in the hour of dying excruciation? For a woman, an old woman, a will begin on one side and some on the other bethard in the hour of dying excruciation? For a woman, an old woman, a will begin on one side and some on the other bethard in the hour of dying excruciation? For a woman, an old woman, a will be the faced woman, a woman who in other days had held Him in her arms, His first friend, His last friend, as it is very apt to be, His mother. All the pathos of the ages compressed into one utterance, "Behold thy mother." Does the Bible antagonize will be the first time we can afford to do woman?

Who will arise to put down such a conspiration my style or thought to be commend.

The constitution and the the beat of the old book. They will not find a writing the hour of dying excruciation? For a woman, an old woman, a woman who in the hour of dying excruciation? For a woman, an idea of the old book. They will be the old book. They will be the side of the old book. They will be the side of the old book. They will be the day had been of the old book. They will be the side of the old book. They will be the side of the old book. They will be the day had been day had been day had been day had ed the credit is due to my kind parents in in- America and the world. But that is only a how do you account for the difference in stilling into my mind an early love of the Scriptures;" and that William H. Seward, the diplomatist of the century, only showed his puerility when he declared, "The whole rows" of death with no light, no comfort, no rows" of death with no light, no comfort, tope of human progress is suspended on the peace—all that coast covered with the blackever growing influences of the Bible;" and ness of darkness. Instead of the great lightthat it is wisest for us to take that book from house, a glowworm of wit, a firefly of jocoss the throng in the affections of uncounted ity. Which do you like the better, O voyager for eternity, the firefly or the light-

and cheated and befooled when he leaned on this as a staff after his hair grew gray, and his hands were tremulous, and his steps shortened as he came up to the verge of the Walter Scott's "Old Mortality," chisel in shortened as he came up to the verge of the grave; and that your mother sat with a pack hand, went through the land to cut out into the handcuffs. They are bracelets of gold of lies on her lap while reading of the better plainer letters the half obliterated inscriplies on her lap while reading of the better plainer letters the half obliterated inscripcountry, and of the ending of all her aches tions on the tombstones, and it was a beauand pains, and reunion not only with those of you who stood around her, but with the with hammer and chisel trying to cut out children she had buried with infinite heart- from the tembstones of your dead all the ache, so that she could read no more until story of resurrection and heaven. It is the or a string of carnelians, or a cluster of iconoclast of every village graveyard and of pearls, that must gall you very much. How every city cemetery and of Westminster Ab- bad you must all have it. them the heavy mist of many tears. Alast that for forty and fifty years they should have walked under this delusion and had it under their pillow when they lay a-dying in the back room, and asked that some words in the back room in th

cause of the false charges infidelity is all the or Paine's "Age of Reason," or any one of time making against the Bible. Perhaps the the 230 volumes of Voltaire? No, the silly slander that has made the most impression and that some Christians have not been in-telligent enough to deny is that the Bible troubled," "All things work together for favors polygamy. Does the God of the Bible uphold polygamy, or did He? How many ization of testimony. Out with it from un-wives did God make for Adam? He made der the foundation of church and asylum. One wife. Does not your common sense tell one wife. Does not your common sense tell you when God started the marriage institution He started it as He wanted it to continue? If God had favored polygamy He the name of the merciful and the education-could have created for Adam five wives or al institutions which infidelity founded and ten wives or twenty wives just as easily as

At the very first of the Bible God shows Himself in favor of monogamy and antagonistic to polygamy. Genesis ii., 24, "Therefore shall a man leave his father and mother, and shall cleave unto his wife." Not his God spare for Noah in the ark? Two and two the birds; two and two the cattle; two and two the lions; two and two the human race. If the God of the Bible had favored a multiplicity of wives He would have spared a plurality of wives. When God first launched the human race He gave Adam one wife. At the second launching of the human race He spares for Noah one wife, for Ham one wife, for Shem one wife, for Japhet one wife. Does that look as though God favored polygamy? In Leviticus xviii., 18, God thunders His prohibition of more

or Laughing Water. You have not kept your eyes open cr your ears alert if you have not seen the sea smile, or heard the forests arson and all kinds of crime. He permits these things, as you well know, but He does not sanction them. Who would dare to say He sanctions them? Because the Presidents It is not healthy to giggle about God or of the United States have permitted polygamy in Utah, you are not, therefore, to conclude that they patronized it, that they apnounced it. All of God's ancient Israel knew that the God of the Bible was against polygamy, for in the four hundred and thirty rears of their stay in Egypt there is only one case of polygamy recorded-only one. All the mighty men of the Bible stood aloof from polygamy except those who, falling into the crime, were chastized within an inch of their lives. Adam, Aaron, Noah, Joseph, Joshua, Samuel, monogamists. But you say, "Didn't David and Solomon favor pologamy?"
Yes; and did they not get well punished for

'Read the lives of those two men and you will come to the conclusion that all the atwilderness of Mahanaim, in the bereave-ments of Ziklag. The Bedouins after him. sickness after him, Absalom after Ahithopel after him. Adonijah after him. the Edomites after him, the Syriaus after him, the Moabites after him, death after reasons why I cannot be an infidel, and so I him, the Lord God Almighty after him. will try to help out of this present condition any who may have been struck with the avful plague of skepticism. did Solomon get along with polygamy? Read his warnings in Proverbs; read his self disgust in Ecclesiastes. He throws up his. hands in loathing and cries out, "Vanity o vanities, all is vanity." His seven hundred wives nearly pestered the life out of him. Solomon got well paid for his crimes—well

I repeat that all the mighty men of the dominates polygamy is forbidden, and in the lands where there is no Bible it is favored. Polygamy all over China, all over India, all over Africa, all over Persia, all over heathendom, save as the missionaries have done their work, while polygamy does not exist in England and the United States, except in deflance of law. The Bible abroad, God honored monogamy. The Bible not abroad,

God abhorred polygamy.

Another false charge which infidelity has made against the Bible is that it is antagonistic to woman, that it enjoins her degradation and belittles her mission. Under this

James Y. Simpson, the discoverer of chloroform as an anæsthetic, and against Drs. Agnew and Hamilton and Hosack and Mott and Harvey and Abernethy." But," says the man, "I must have some anæsthetics." "No," says the doctor, "they are all destroyed, but we have got something a great deal better." "What is that?" "Fun." Fun about medicines. Lie down, all ye patients in Bellevue Hospital, and stop your groaning, all ye broken hearted of all the catholicon at last.

Here is a dose of wit, here is a strengthening plaster of sarcasm; here is a bottle of ribaldry that you are to keep well shaket up and take aspoonful of it after each medical and if that does not cure you have is a shoolutely and if that does not cure you have is a solutely and if that does not cure you may bathe, and here is a tincture of derision. Tickle the and here is a tincture of derision. Tickle the analyse work and here is a tincture of derision. Tickle the mother. Ruth, the grandmother of David.

The simpson, the discovered chlorof honored. Here is Eve, a perfect woman as could be more honored. Here is Eve, a perfect woman as could be made by a perfect God. Here is Deborah, with her womanly arm hurling a bost into bath. Suppose you count them on your ten fingers. "Oh," you say, "not quite so much as that." "Oh," you say, "not quite so much as that." Suppose woman as could be made by a perfect God. Here is Deborah, with her womanly arm hurling a bost into best into head of the same of the land. "Oh," you say, "not quite so much room at hat." Suppose you count them on the fingers of one hand. "Oh," you say, "not quite so much room at hat."

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Suppose you count them on the fingers of one hand. "Oh," you say, "not quite so much room at hat."

Suppose you count them on the final. "Oh," you say, "not quite so much room as that."

Suppose you count them on Here is Abigail, kneeling at the foot of the mountain until the four hundred wrathful men, at the sight of her beauty and prowess halt, halt—a hurricane stopped at the sight of a water lily, a dew drop dashing back Niagara. Here is Ruth putting to shame all modern slang about mothers in-law as she turns her back on her bowe and her country, and faces wild beasts and exile, and death that she may be with Naomi, her husband's mother. Ruth, the queen of the harvest fields, Ruth, the grandmother of David. Ruth, the ancestress of Jesus Christ. The story of her virtues and her life sacrifice is Ruth, the ancestress of Jesus Christ. The story of her virtues and her life sacrifice is the most beautiful pastoral ever written. Here is Vashti defying the bacchanal of a thousand drunken lords, and Esther willing to throw her life away that she may deliver her people. And here is Dorcas, the sunlight of eternal fame gilding her philauthropic needle, and the woman with perfume in a box made from the hills of Alabastron, pulling the holychrism on the head of Christ pouring the holychrism on the head of Christ pouring the holychrism on the head of Christ parents and there is not so much nobility in it as in the smallest bead of that sister of charity who last night went up the dark alley of the town, put a jar of jelly for an invalid appetite on a broken stand, and then knelt on the bare floor praying the mercy of Christ upon the dying soul.

Infidelity scrapes no lint for the wounded, below for the sick, rouses no comfort for the pulling the property of the town. pouring the holy chrism on the head of Christ,

the aroma lingering all down the corridor of the centuries. Here is Lydia, the merchan-tess of Tyrian purple immortalized for her Christian behavior. Here is the widow with two mites, more famous than the Peabodys and the Lenoxes of all the ages, while here comes in slow of gait and with careful attendants and with especial honor and high favor, learning on the arm of inspiration, one who is the joy and pride of any home so rarely fortunate as to have one, an old Christian grandmother. Grandmother Lois. Who has product the control of the least of these, and the control of the least of these, and the control of the least of these. fortunate as to have one, an old Christian grandmother, Grandmother Lois. Who has more worshipers to-day than any being that ever lived on earth except Jesus Christ? delity will be st and tear off the shroud, and rip up the rocks? It was to stop the bereavement of the two Bethany sisters. For whose comfort was

If the Bible is so antagonistic to woman, woman's condition in China and Central Africa, and her condition in England and America? There is no difference except that which the Bible makes. In lands where there is no Bible she is hitched like a beast of buris no Bible she is hitched like a beast of burden to the plows, she carries the hod, she submits to indescribable indignities. She must be kept in a private apartment, and if she come forth she must be carefully hooded and use of the book of Revelation, standing as religiously veiled as though it were a shame to be a woman. Do you not know that the very first thing the Bible does when it comes into a new country is to strike off the shackles of woman's serfdom? O woman, where are your chains to-day? Hold up both your arms brotherly or sisterly or lovely affection. Unloosen the warm robe from your neck, O woman, and let us see the yoke of your bondage. Oh, I find the yoke a carcenet of silver,

you know not where, to stop you know not when, to do you know not what. That is infidelity.

Furthermore: I cannot be an infidel, be
Turner of the felse shares in fidelity is a like in the woman when she is troubled will go to her worst enemy, the Bible? Why do you not go for comfort to some of the great infidel books, Spinoza's "Ethics," or Hume's "Natural History of Religion," good," "Weeping may endure for a night,"
"I am the resurrection," "Peace, be still." Furthermore, rather than invite I resist this plague of infidelity because it has wrought no positive good for the world and is always a hindrance. I ask you to mention is supporting, and has supported all the way

through—institutions pronounced against God and the Christian religion, and yet pronounced in behalf of suffering humanity. What are the names of them? Certainly not the United States Christian commission, or the sanitary commission, for Christian George H. Stuart was the President of the one, and Christian Heury W. Bellows was the President of the other. Where are the asylums and merciful institutions founded by infidelity and sup-ported by infidelity, pronounced against God and the Bible, and yet doing work for the alleviation of suffering? Infidelity is so very loud in its braggadocio it must have some to mention. Certainly, if you come to

speak of educational institutions it is not Yale, it is not Harvard, it is not Princeton, it is not Middletown, it is not Cambridge or Oxford, it is not any institution from which a diploma would not be a disgrace. Do you point to the German universities as exceptions? I have to tell you that all the German universities to-day are under positive Christian influences, except the University of Heidelburg, where the ruffianly student cut and maul and mangle and murder each other as a matter of pride instead of infamy. Do you mention Girard College, Philadelphia as an exception, that college established by the will of Mr. Girard which forbade religious instruction and the entrance of clergymen within its gates. My reply is that I lived for seven years near that college and I knew many of its professors to be Christian instructors, and no better Christian influences are to be found in any college than

in Girard College.

There stands Christianity. There stands infidelity. Compare what they have done. Compare their resources. There is Christianity, a prayer on her lip; a benediction on her brow; both hands full of help for all who want help; the mother of thousands of colleges; the mother of thousands of asylums for the oppressed, the blind, the sick, the lame, the imbecile; the mother of missions tions for the saving of the lost; the mother of innumerable Sabbath-schools bringing millions of children under a drill to prepare them for respectability and usefulness, to say nothing of the great future. That is

Here is infidelity; no prayer on her lips, no benediction on her brow, both hands clenched -what for? To fight Christianity. That is the entire business. The complete mission of infidelity to fight Christianity. Where are her schools, her colleges, her asylums ofmercy? Let me throw you down a whole ream of foolscap paper that you may fill all of it with the names of her beneficent institutions, the colleges and the asylums, the institutions of mercy and learning, founded by infidelity and supported alone by infidelity, pronounced against God and the Christian religion, and yet in favor of making the Scriptures were aloof from polygamy, save as they were pounded and flailed and cut to pieces for their insult to holy marriage. If the Bible is the friend of polygamy why is it that in all the lands where the Bible present that in all the lands where the Bible present that in all the lands where the Bible present that in all the lands where the Bible present that in all the lands where the Bible present that in all the lands where the Bible present that in all the lands where the Bible present that in all the lands where the Bible present that in all the lands where the Bible present that in all the lands where the Bible present that in all the lands where the Bible present that the lands where the Bible present the Bible present that the lands where the Bible present that the lands where the Bible present that the lands where the Bible present the lands where the lan until you get all the names down. "Oh," you say, "that is too much." Well, then, I will just hand you a sheet of letter paper. Just fill up the four sides while we are talking of this matter with the names of the merciful institutions and the educational institutions founded by infidelity and supported all along by infidelity, pronounced against God and the Christian religion, yet in favor

"Oh," you say "that is too much room. Another false charge which infidelity has made against the Bible is that it is antagonistic to woman, that it enjoins her degradation and belittles her mission. Under this for ether! Oh, for chloroform! The doctor says: "Why, they are all destroyed; we don't have any more chloroform or ether, but I have got something a great deal bet—

Another false charge which infidelity has made against the Bible is that it is antagonistic to woman, that it enjoins her degradation and belittles her mission. Under this impression many women have been overtor says: "Why, they are all destroyed; we don't want a whole sheet of paper to write down the names." Perhaps I had better tear out one leaf from my memorandum book and ask you fill both sides of it with the names of such institutions. "Oh," you say "that is too much room.

We don't want a whole sheet of paper to write down the names." Perhaps I had better tear out one leaf from my memorandum book and ask you fill both sides of it with the names of such institutions. "Oh," you say. This year the work will connoistic to woman, that it enjoins her degradation and belittles her mission. Under this impression many women have been overlock and ask you fill both sides of it with the names of such institutions. "Oh," you say. This year the work will connoist to woman? The down the names." Perhaps I had better tear out one leaf from my memorandum book and ask you fill both sides of it with the names of such institutions. "Oh," you say. This year the work will connoist to woman the names." Perhaps I had better tear out one leaf from my memorandum book and ask you fill both sides of it with the names of such institutions. "Oh," you say. This year the work will connoist to woman the names." Perhaps I had better to work with the names." Perhaps I had better to woman the names." Perhaps I had better to woman the names. "Oh," you say. This year the work will connoist to woman the names." Perhaps I had better to woman the names." Perhaps I had better to woman the names." Perhaps I had bett

bereft, gilds ac grave for the dead. While Christ, our Christ, our wounded Christ, our risen Christ, the Christ of the old fashioned Bible—blessed be His glorious name forever! our Christ stands this hour pointing to the

But I thank God that this plague of infi-delity will be stayed. Many of those who hear me now by the Holy Ghost upon their hearts will cease to be scoffers and will be-come disciples, and the day will arrive when all nations will accept the Scriptures. The book is going to keep right on until the fires of the last day are kindled. Some of them will begin on one side and some on the other

What will be the use of the book of Gere esis, descriptive of how this world was made, when the world is destroyed? What will be the use of the prophecies when they are all fulfilled? What will be the use of the you will with your foot on the glassy sea, and your hand on the ringing harp, and your forehead chapleted with eternal coronat amid the amethystine and twelve gated glories of heaven? The emerald dashing its green against the beryl, and the beryl dashing its blue against the sapphire, and the sapphire throwing its light on the jacinth, and the jacinth dashing its fire against the chrysoprasus, and you and I standing in the giories of ten thousand subsets.

How Some Goods Are Sold.

We were talking with a leading upevery now and then advertise and sell some line of garments or fabrics or articles at prices which, on the face of them, show a heavy loss on the cost of manufacture itself ("

The merchant smilingly replied: With the enormous outlet which business such as ours affords we are in position to handle quantities which would stagger the average retailer. For instance, two or three weeks ago we closed out for eash 2180 silk umbrellas, all the stock of one of the smaller manufacturers, who needed cash for the time being more than he did the umbrellas. The price, as you may readily understand, was a low one or we would not have closed the

"The goods we placed in stock, marking them in three different grades, viz., \$2.50, \$3.50 and \$5. We advertised them in the daily press and in a few days sold over 1500 of this 'special drive,' every one of which was a bargain.

"Now, we said, we have made a handsome profit on those already sold. We will create a little excitement on the balance and stand a loss ourselves,' So we advertised 500 silk umbrellas at \$1 each. Every one of those we put in this special sale was worth from \$2.50 to \$5 at retail.

"The morning the sale took place the people flocked in as soon as the doors were opened, and in one hour and twenty minutes the last umbrella was disposed of. We sold one umbrella only to each individual purchaser at this low figure, and consequently placed this bargain with upward of 500 different persons.

"The actual loss to us on this sale was several hundred dollars, but or the whole lot of 2180 umbrellas we averaged a very handsome profit, besides making ourselves talked about and bringing 500 special customers into the store who, it is safe to say, bought more or less in the other departments of the house at a profit."-Dry Goods Chronicle.

American Tea.

Mr. Gill, an expert on tea, shows from careful calculations made in China, India and Ceylon, that teas are produced and made ready for use at an average cost of from 54 to 44 cents a pound. China, he tells us, which formerly enjoyed a monopoly of the trade, now produces less than half of the tea used in Europe and America, and he maintains with great show of reason, that tea may be grown in large areas of the Southern States as successfully and profitably as anywhere else in the world. A rich, sandy loam of good depth and drainage, and a moist climate, are the two essential requisites, and the tree or bush will stand a considerable degree of cold .- New Orleans

Raising Forests,

The ministry of imperial property of the Czar of Russia are making efforts to plant forests in the governments of Ehatarinosiav, Kherson, Tambov, Samara and Toola. Last year over four thousand dessystins (about twelve thousand acres) of steppe were converted into forests. This year the work will con-