

SWIFT'S SPECIFIC. A troublesome skin disease caused by... M. H. Wray, Jr., Upper Marlboro, Md.

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J. E. REED & CO. No. 10 Court Square. WEAKMANHOOD TO WEAK MEN.

JOURNEY TO NAZARETH. DR. TALMAGE RIDES GOODBY TO JERUSALEM.

"Where the Blue Waves Roll Nightly on Deep Galilee"—Last Look at Mount Zion, Mount Calvary and the Mount of Olivet.

BROOKLYN, Nov. 9.—Today Dr. Talmage preached the seventh of his course of sermons on his recent tour in Palestine. As on previous Sundays the sermon was preached before two large audiences.

At 1 o'clock on a December afternoon through Damascus gate we are passing out of Jerusalem for a journey northward. Ho! for Bethel, with its stairs, the bottom step of which was a stone pillow; and Jacob's well, with its immortal collop; and Nazareth, with its divine boy in his father's carpenter shop, and the most glorious lake that ever rippled or fashed.

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dead on the doorstep, and the husband, to fully to receive the twelve brides, equal to the bride of the groom into twelve tribes, and so a twelfth of it to each tribe, and the forty of the nation was raised, and a peremptory demand was made for the surrender of the assassin, and the demand refused.

Now we pass on where seven youths were put to death and their bodies gibbeted or hung in chains, not for anything they had themselves done, but as a reparation for what their father and grandfather, Saul, had done. Burial was denied these youths from May until November. Rizpah, the mother of two of these dead boys, appoints herself as sentinel to guard the seven corpses from hawk of raven and tooth of wolf and paw of lion.

THE ANSWER TO PRAYER. I bear down on you today with a mighty comfort. Mary and Joseph said, "Where is our Jesus?" and you say, "Where is John? or where is Peter? or where is George?"

THE LOOK WATCH OF RIZPAH. A mother watching her dead children through May, June, July, August, September and October: What a vigil! Painters have tried to put upon canvas the scene, and they succeeded in sketching the howls in the sky and the pinners crawling out from the jungle, but they fail to give the wanness, the earnestness, the supernatural courage, the infinite self-sacrifice of Rizpah, the mother. A mother in the quiet home watching by the casket of a dead child for one night exerts the artist to his utmost; but who is sufficient to put upon canvas a mother for six months of midnight watching her whole family dead and gibbeted upon the mountains?

Do you know what that scene by our roadside in Palestine makes me think of? It is no unusual scene. Right here in these three cities by the American sea coast there are a thousand cases this moment worse than that. Mothers watching boys that the run saloon, that amex of hell, has gibbeted in a living death. Boys hung in chains of evil habit they cannot break. The father may go to sleep after waiting until twelve o'clock at night for the rained boy to come home and, giving it up, he may say, "Mother, come to bed; there's no use sitting up any longer." But mother will not go to bed. It is one o'clock in the morning. It is half-past one. It is two o'clock. It is half-past two when he comes staggering through the hall.

Do you say that young man is yet alive? No; he is dead. Dead to his father's entreaties. Dead to his mother's prayers. Dead to the family altar where he was reared. Dead to all the noble ambitions that once inspired him. Twice dead. Only a corpse of what he once was. Gibbeted before God and man and angels and devils. Chained in a death that will not loosen its cold grasp. His father is asleep, his brothers are asleep, his sisters are asleep; but his mother is watching him, watching him in the night. After he has gone up to bed and fallen into a drunken sleep his mother will go up to his room and see that he is properly covered, and before she turns out the light will put a kiss upon his bloated lips. "Mother, why don't you go to bed?" "Ah! no, I cannot go to bed. I am Rizpah watching the slain!"

THE POLITICAL JACKALS. And what are the political parties of this country doing for such cases? They are taking care not to hurt the feelings of the jackals and luzzards that root on the shelves of the grog shops and hoot above the dead. I am often asked to what political party I belong, and I now declare my opinion of the political parties today. Each one is worse than the other, and the only consolation in regard to them is that they have putrefied until they have no more power to rot. Oh, that comparatively tame scene upon which Rizpah looked! She looked upon only seven of the slain. American motherhood and American wifehood this moment are looking upon seventy of the slain, upon seven hundred of the slain, upon seventy thousand of the slain. Woe! woe! woe!

My only consolation on this subject is that foreign capitalists are buying up the American breweries. The present owners see that the doom of that business is coming as surely as that God is not dead. They are unloading upon foreign capitalists, and when we can get these breweries into the hands of people living on the other side of the sea our political parties will cease to be afraid of the liquor traffic, and at their conventions nominating presidential candidates will put in their platform a plank as big as the biggest plank of the largest ocean steamer, saying: "Resolved unanimously that we always have been and always will be opposed

to economic. But I must return our Ambassador, and here we catch sight of Rizpah, said to be the mother of the slain. Mary missed the boy Jesus on the way from Jerusalem to Nazareth, going home now from a great national festival. "Where is my child, Jesus?" says Mary. "Where is my child, Jesus?" says Joseph. "Among the thousands that are returning from Jerusalem they thought that certainly he was walking on in the crowd. They described him, saying: 'He is 12 years old, and of light complexion and blue eyes.' A lost child!" Great excitement in all the crowd. Nothing so stirringly as the news that a child is lost. I shall not forget the scene when, in a great out-door meeting, I was preaching, and some one stepped on the platform and said that a child was lost. We went on with the religious service, but all our minds were on the lost child.

After a while a man brought on the platform a beautiful little tot that looked like a piece of heaven dropped down, and said, "Here is that child." And I forgot all that I was preaching about, and lifted the child to my shoulder and said, "Here is the lost child, and the mother will come and get her right away, or I will take her home and add her to my own brood!" And some erudite and some shouted, and said all that crowd I instantly detected the mother. Everybody had to get out of her way or be walked over. Hats were nothing and shoulders were nothing and heads were nothing in her pathway, and I realized something of what must have been Mary's anxiety when she lost Jesus, and what her gladness when she found her boy in the temple of Jerusalem, talking with these old ministers of religion, Shammai, Hillel and Bethair.

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where the horses leap from depth to depth, rocks below rocks rise under rocks. Whoo! Whoo! We dismount in this place, memorable for many things in Bible history, the two most prominent, a theological summary, where of old they made a shrine for the Holy Spirit. Theological summary by the side of the prophet. Here the young men were fitted for the ministry, and those of us who ever had the advantage of such institutions will gratefully and gratefully, and in the endeavor of saints, which I read with especial affection, are the doctors of divinity who blessed me with their care.

I thank God that from these theological seminaries there is now coming forth a magnificent crop of young ministers, who are taking the pulpits in all parts of the land. I feel their coming, and tell these young brothers to shake off the somnolence of centuries, and get out from under the dusty shelves of theological discussions which have no practical bearing on this age, which needs to get rid of its sins and have its sorrows comforted. Many of our pulpits are dying of humdrum. People do not go to church because they cannot endure the technicalities and profound explanations of nothing, and sermons about the "eternal generation of the son," and the difference between sub-lapsarianism and supra-lapsarianism, and about who Melebislek wasn't. There ought to be as much difference between the modes of presenting truth now and in olden time as between a lightning express rail train and a canal boat.

Years ago I went up to the door of a factory in New England. On the outside door I saw the words, "No admittance." I went in and came to another door over which were the words, "No admittance." Of course I went in, and came to the third door inscribed with the words, "No admittance." Finding entered this I found the people inside making pins, beautiful pins, useful pins, and nothing but pins. So over the outside door of many of the churches has been printed in plain words, "No admittance." Some have entered and have come to the inside door, and found the words, "No admittance." But, persisting, they have come inside, and found us something out of our little differences of belief, pointing out our little differences of theological sentiment-making pins.

THE LABOUR FROM RAZITH TO HEAVEN. But most distinguished was Bethel for that famous dream which Jacob had, his head on a collection of stones. He had no trouble in this rocky region in finding a rocky pillow. There is hardly anything else but stone. Yet the people of those lands have a way of drawing their outer garment up over their head and face, and such a pillow I suppose Jacob had under his head. The pillow was used in the Bible story, and you find it was not a pillow of stone, but of stones, I suppose, so that if one proved to be of ungodly surface he would turn over in the night and take another stone, for with such a hard bolster he would often change in the night. Well, that night God built in Jacob's dream a long splendid ladder, the feet of it on either side of the tired pilgrim's pillow, and the top of it mortised in the sky. And bright innocents came out from the casles of amber and gold and put their shining feet on the shining rungs of the ladder, and they kept coming down and going up, a procession both ways.

I suppose they had wings for the Bible almost always reports them as having wings, but this was a ladder on which they used hands and feet to encourage all those of us who have no wings to climb and encourage us to believe that if we will only wait we will be given a way up, and that we will employ the hand and feet and we will furnish the ladder. We must not do wait for wings. Angels folded theirs to show you they are not necessary. Let all the people who have hard pillows, hard beds, or hard for poverty or hard for persistence, know that a hard pillow is the landing place of angels. They seldom descend to pillows of elder-down. They seldom build dreams in the brain of the one who sleeps easy.

THE GREAT DREAM OF ALL TIME was that of St. John, with his head on the rocks of Patmos, and in that vision he heard the seven trumpets sounded, and saw all the pomp of heaven in procession, cherubim, seraphim, archangels. The next most memorable and glorious dream was that of John Bunyan, his pillow the cold stone of the floor of Bedford jail, from which he saw the celestial city, and so many entering it he cried out in his dream, "I wish myself among them."

THE DREAMS OF GENIES. The next most wonderful dream was that of Washington sleeping on the ground at Valley Forge, his head on a white pillowcase of snow, where he saw the vision of a nation emancipated. Columbus slept on a weaver's pillow, but rose on the ladder let down until he could see a new hemisphere. Demosthenes slept on a cutter's pillow, but on the ladder let down arose to see the mighty assemblages that were to be swayed by his oratory. Arkwright slept on a barber's pillow, but went up the ladder till he could see all England quake with the factories he set going. Akenside slept on a butcher's pillow, and took the ladder up till he saw other generations helped by his relationship. John Ashworth slept on a poor man's pillow, but took the ladder up until he could see his prayers and exertions bringing thousands of the destitute in England to salvation and heaven. Nearly all those who are today great in merchandise, in state-manship, in law, in medicine, in art, in literature, were once at the foot of the ladder, and in their boyhood had a pillow hard as Jacob's. They who are born at the top of the ladder are apt to spend their lives in coming down, while those who are at the foot, and their head on a bowlder, if they have the right kind of dream, are almost sure to rise.

I notice that those angels, either in coming down or going up on Jacob's ladder, took it rung by rung. They did not leap to the bottom nor jump to the top. So you are to rise. Faith

added to faith, good deed to good deed, industry to industry, consecration to consecration, until you reach the top, rung by rung. Gradual going up from a block of granite to pillar of throne.

That night at Bethel I stood in front of my tent and looked up, and the heavens were full of ladders, first a ladder of clouds, then a ladder of stars, and all up and down the heavens were angels of beauty, angels of consolation, angels of God, ascending and descending. "Surely God is in this place," said Jacob, "and I know it not." But tonight God is in this place and I know it!

CASTORIA for Infants and Children. Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Eructation, Green Stools, Killa Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion. Without injurious medication.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. Archer, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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WANTED. A position in an economical Virginia city, under an efficient family or large outfit. Will go to learn on small outfit. Address: J. H. P. CANTON, Asheville, N. C.

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WANTED. People to leave their orders at Williams & Co., 37 Patton Avenue, or by mail or telephone. Phones, Chicago, Ill., by Prof. J. H. P. CANTON.

WANTED-WOOD. Highest price paid for 25 to 3000 board-foot, 4 to 6 inch. Apply to SWANANOA HOTEL, Asheville, N. C.

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LOST. On Sunday-morning of keys, containing P. O. keys and others. Leave at THOMPSON.

LOST. Sunday afternoon on Brown street, between P. O. and City street. A silver watch. If found or information as to where worn, call on W. H. WELLS, MARION, N. C.

FOUND. One milk cow and one heifer strayed from our lot on 6th street. A liberal reward for their return or information as to their whereabouts. W. H. WELLS, MARION, N. C.

FOR SALE. A fine portable stove, box and box. No. 37 PATTON AVE.

ATTENTION, HORSE OWNERS. I have for sale one village cart, one top buggy and one two-seated oak finished vehicle, suitable for one or two horses—all nearly new—at the following prices, respectively: \$100, \$200, \$250. D. H. PATTERSON, Cor. 10th and East Sts.

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FOR RENT. Two nicely furnished rooms, with or without bath. Terms reasonable. Apply to Baker, 28 Patton Ave.

FOR RENT. A very desirable residence, furnished with bath, gas, water, etc., on Ball's street, within five minutes' walk of public square. Special terms. Apply to D. H. PATTERSON, No. 10 Patton Ave.

TO RENT. Pleasant light rooms. Ladies' light bath. A. H. LOCK BOX 532.

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TO RENT. A desirable residence, one mile from city on Mountain avenue road, handsomely and completely furnished and equipped, suitable for family or guests. Two fresh Jersey cows, winter and summer, and vehicles in view. Possession given 1st of November. Owner accepting in summer only would make permanent arrangement with party desiring a winter residence. Address: sept 20 1890 P. O. LOCK BOX 532.

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