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DIRECTORY.

Commissioners—Palemon John, Thos. stand at the door whispering about the we, with our heavenly eyesight, will seen the full result of their work? Oh, and the door opens, and there comes in ald wings, are also wonderful pygmy Commander. Alson B. Seeley, B; looks up and says to them, "Is the child not be able togecognize those who have no! Frank Spence and Wm. W. Griggs Clerk- has, A. Banks; Treasurer-Heritord, N. C. Geo. W. Cobb; onstable and Chief of Police-Wm. Brooks; Street Commissioner-Reuben W. Berry; Fire Commissioners-Allen Kramer and pest? What strength was it that lifted Fred H. Ziegler.

Collector of Customs-Jas. C Brooks Postmaster-E. F. Lamb. Examining Surgeons of Pensions-Drs. J. E. Wood, W. W. Griggs and

W. J. Lumsden. Meet on the 1st and 3rd Wednesdays of each month at the corner of Road and Church Streets. S Blackwell, pastor; services every ment he would clasp his lost treasure. byterian, Rev. F H. Johnston, pastor; services every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 1:15 p. m. Episcopal, Rev. L. L. Williams, rector; services every Sunday at Ila m and 4 p m

Lodges - Masonic: Eureka Lodge No. Brothers, S. W.; M. H. Snowden J. W.

Odd Fellows: Achoree Lodge No 14 H. O. Hill, N. G.; Maurice Wescott, V. G.; J. D Sykes, Rec. Secretary; E. M Stevens, Fin. Secretary; W. W. Morrisette, Treasurer; F. L. Garrett, S. P. G. Mests every Friday at 7:30 going to find your departed friend in

Royal Areanum: Tiber Creek Council No. 1209; N. R. Parker, Regent: N. Underwood, Vice Regent: C. Guirkin, Orator; W H. Zoeller, Secretary; F. M. Cook Jr., Collector; W. J. Woodley Treasurer, Meets every 1st and 3rd

Monday night. Knights of Honor: R. B. White, Die tator; J. H Engle, Vice Dictator; T. nance Reporter; J. C. Benbury, Treas- said, "A hundred and forty and four

Pasquotank Tribe No. 8, I. O. R. M. C. W. Belanja, Prophet : J. P. Simpson. Sachem; W. H. Sanford, Sr. Sagamore; the public selicited Satisfaction assered. Will Anderson, Jr. Sagamore; James Spires, C. of R ; S. H. murrel K. of W Meet every Wednesday night.

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Steamers for Newberne leave at 6 p. m. Steamer Newton, leaves Elizabeth City for Cresswell on Mondays out of our own fancy, and they may do Christ's coming, said: "Oh, glorious and Tursdays at 9: 30 a. m. Returning will leave Elizabeth City follow the To att New Subcribers for 1897 paying turning will leave Elizabeth City follow sailing in the world. But when the and sordid scene to associate with the sailing in the world. But when the and sordid scene to associate with the payer will send the payer week. Ing day at 2, 30 p. m., Steamer Har-storms of sorrow come upon us, and the divine assemblage of departed spirits, ported. And so I suppose it will be in hart upon the mountains of Bether." LY, from our n zir r remitance, January's, 1897, binger, will leave Eizabeth City for hurricane of death, we will be swamped, and not only with the one I have just the evening of our life. We will come Hertford Wednesdays and Saturdays we will be foundered. We want a the- mentioned, but with my dear Cato, the down to the river of death and give s the way it is in heaven when a Chrisat 9, 30 a. m.: Elizabeth City for Nor- ory built out of God's eternal word. The best of sons and most faithful of men. signal to our friends on the other shore, tian dies! We say, "Close his eyes." In folk Thursdays and Mondays p. m 3,

HIS GLORIOUS FAITH. DR. TALMAGE PREACHES ON

He Sums Up the Evidence of the Bible and That of the Dying Christian to Prove a General Hope-A Sermon of Absorbing Interest.

RECOGNITION IN HEAVEN.

MINNEAPOLIS, Jan. 24.-Dr. Talmage has been for a few days preaching and lecturing in Chicago, Minneapolis and St. Paul, and his sermon is on a theme which will absorbingly interest all who go to him." What consolation would it read it. He returns this week to Washington. The subject is "Heavenly Recognition," and the text, II Sam. xii, 23, "I shall go to him."

There is a very sick child in the abode of David the king. Disease, which stalks up the dark lane of the poor and puts its smothering hand on lip and nostril of the wan and wasted, also mounts the palace stairs and, bending over the pillow, blows into the face of young prince the frosts of pain and death. Tears are wine to the king of

I Shall Go to Him.

What are courtly attendants or victorious armies or conquered provinces under such circumstances? What to any parent is all splendid surrounding when his child is sick? Seven days have passed on. There, in that great house, two eyelids are gently closed, two little hands and alight on that mountain. The disfolded, two little feet quiet, one heart ciples look at them and recognize them still. The servants come to bear the tid- as Moses and Elias. Now, if those dis- joy of heaven, we are told, is to be in- fireplace, your whole family there, or ings to the king, but they cannot make City Officers.—Mayor, Charles C. Pool. stand at the door whispering about the years in heaven, do you tell me that have been toiling for Christ, have they ing hour, there is a knock at the door, up their minds to tell him, and they dead?" "Yes, he is dead."

David rouses himself up, washes himself, puts on new apparel and sits down to food. What power hushed that temup that king whom grief had dethroned? Oh, it was the thought that he would come again into the possession of that darling child! No gravedigger's spade could hide him. The wintry blasts of death could not put out the bright light. There would be a forge somewhere that Churches .- Methodist, Rev. J. H. Hall, with silver hammer would weld the Pastor; services every Sunday at 11 a. broken links. In a city where the hoofs m. and 7 p. m. Baptist, Rev. Calvin of the pale horse never strike the pave-Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7 p m. Pres- He wipes away the tears from his eyes, and he clears the choking grief from his throat and exclaims, "I shall go to him!"

Was David right or wrong? If we part on earth, will we meet again in the next world? "Well," says some one, "that 317, Dr W. W. Griggs, W M.; G. W. seems to be an impossibility. Heaven is so large a place we never could find our D. B Bradford, Sec'ty and B. F. Spence, kindred there." Going into some city Treasurer. Meets 1st and 3rd Tresday without having appointed a time and place for meeting, you might wander around for weeks and for months, and perhaps for years, and never see each other, and heaven is vaster than all earthly cities together. And how are you that country? It is so vast a realm. John went up on one mountain of inspiration, and he looked off upon the multitude, and he said, "Thousands of thousands." Then he came upon a greater altitude of inspiration and looked off upon it again, and he said, "Ten thousand times ten thousand." And then he came on a higher mount of in-Jordan, Reporter; T. B. Wilson, Fi- spiration and looked off again and he urer. Meets 1st and 4th Friday in thousand and thousands of thousands." And he came on a still greater height of inspiration, and he looked off again and exclaimed, "A great multitude that

> no man can number." Now, I ask, how are you going to find your friends in such a throng as that? Is not this idea we have been entertaining after all a falsity? Is this doctrine of future recognition of friends in heaven a guess, a myth, a whim, or is it a granitic foundation upon which the soul pierced of all ages may build a glorious hope? Intense question! Every heart in this audience throbs right into it. There is in every soul here the tomb of at least one dead. Tremendous question! It makes the lip quiver, and the cheek flush, and the entire nature thrill. Shall we know each other there? I get letters almost every month asking me to discuss this subject. I get a letter in a bold, scholarly hand, on gilt edged paper, asking me to discuss this question, and I say, "Ah, that is a curious man, and he wants a curious question solved.' But I get another letter. It is written with a trembling hand and on what seems to be a torn out leaf of a book, and there and here is the mark of a tear, and I say, "Oh, that is a broken heart, and it wants to be comforted."

> From Theory to Certainty. The object of this sermon is to take this theory out of the region of surmise and speculation into the region of positive certainty. People say: "It would be very pleasant if that doctrine were true. I hope it may be true. Perhaps it is true. I wish it were true." But I believe that I can bring an accumulation of argument to bear upon this matter which the sepulcher.

ship you must get the right kind of tim- implanted. Socrates writes: "Who struck the dying pillow, and the departframework of the very best materials -the keelson, stanchions, plank shear, counter timber, knees, transoms—all the consequence of death, I could even parents see their departed children and all the loved ones gather in a great ciriron or solid oak. You may build a ship be able to die often.' of lighter material, but when the cyclone comes on it will go down. Now, dies his servant sometimes slays himself we may have a great many beautiful that he may serve the master in the futheories about the future world built ture world. Cicero, living before very well as long as we have smooth day when I shall retire from this low sailing in the world. But when the and sordid scene to associate with the

often positively stated in the word of tude, it was by no means that I did not and the boat comes, and our departed God as implied, and you know, my most sensibly feel the loss I had sus- kindred are the oarsmen, the fires of the friends, that that is, after all, the tained. It was because I was supported setting day tingeing the tops of the padstrongest mode of affirmation. Your by the consoling reflection that we could dies. friend travels in foreign lands. He not long be separated." comes home. He does not begin by ar- The Norwegian believes it; the Indian deathbed? In that hour you hear the deguing with you to prove that there are believes it; the Greenlander believes it; parting soul cry: "Hark! Look!" You such places as London and Stockholm the Swiss believe it; the Turks believe hearkened, and you looked. A little and Paris and Dresden and Berlin, but it. Under every sky, by every river, in child pining away because of the death his conversation implies it. And so this every zone, the theory is adopted. And of its mother, getting weaker and weak-Bible does not so positively state this so I say a principle universally implant er every day, was taken into the room

take it for granted.

vine full of the purple clusters of consolation. James, John and Peter followed Christ into the mountain. A light falls from heaven on that mountain and lifts it into the gleries of the celestial. Christ's garmer ts glow, and his face swings open. Two spirits come down gone out from among us only 5, 10, 20, 80 years ago?

Recognition. again, that the angels know each other, and then the Bible says that we are to be higher than the angels. And if the angels have the power of recognition, shall not we, who are to be higher than they in the next realm, have as good evesight and as good capacity? What did Christ mean, in his conversation with Mary and Martha, when he said, "Thy brother shall rise again?" It was as rise again."

The Bible describes heaven as a great home circle. Well, now, that would be a very queer home circle where the members did not know each other. The Bible describes death as a sleep. If we know each other before we go to sleep, shall we not know each other after we "for now," says the apostle, "we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face." It will be my purified, enthroned and glorified body gazing on your puri-

fied, enthroned and glorified body. Now, I demand, if you believe the Bible, that you take this theory of future recognition out of the realm of speculation and surmise into the region of positive certainty, and no more keep saying: "I hope it is so. I have an idea it is so. I guess it is so." Be able to say, with all the concentrated energy of body, mind and soul, "I know it is so!"

There are, in addition to these Bible arguments, other reasons why I accept this theory. In the first place, because the rejection of it implies the entire obliteration of our memory. Can it be possible that we shall forget forever those with whose walk, look, manner, we have been so long familiar? Will death come and with a sharp, keen blade hew away this faculty of memory? Abraham said to Dives, "Son, remember." If the exiled and the lost remember, will not the enthroned remember?

You know very well that our joy in any circumstance is augmented by the companionship of our friends. We cannot see a picture with less than four eyes or hear a song with less than four ears. We want some one beside us with whom to exchange glances and sympathies, and I suppose the joy of heaven is to be augmented by the fact that we are to have our friends with us when there rise before us the thrones of the blessed and when there surges up in our ear the class you invited to Christ! I was one jubilate of the saved. Heaven is not a of them." And another voice says: contraction. It is an expansion. If I "You forget that poor man to whom with their faces, and you started up to know you here, I will know you better you gave a loaf of bread and told of the greet them, and in the effort the dream there. Here I see you with only two heavenly bread. I was that man." And broke, and you found yourself standing eyes, but there the soul shall have another says: "You forget that sick one amidroom in the midnight - alone. 1,000,000 eyes. It will be immortality to whom you gave medicine for the body Talking it all over, and then, hand in gazing on immortality, ransomed spirit and the soul. I was that one." And hand, walking up and down in the light. in colloquy with ransomed spirit, victor | then Christ, from a throne overtopping | No sorrow, no tears, no death. Oh, beside victor. When John Evans, the all the rest, will say, "Inasmuch as ye heaven, beautiful heaven! Heaven! Scotch minister, was seated in his study, did it to one of the least of these, you where our friends are; heaven where we his wife came in and said to him, "My did it to me." And then the seraphs expect to be. In the east they take a dear, do you think we will know each will take their harps from the side of cage of birds and harrist to the tomb of other in heaven?" He turned to her and the throne and cry, "What song shall the dead, and then they open the door said, "My dear, do you think we will it be?" And Christ, bending over the of the cage, and the birds, flying out, be bigger fools in heaven than we are harpers, shall say, "It shall be the sing. And I would today bring a cage

The World Expects It.

Again, I accept this doctrine of future recognition because the world's expectancy affirms it. In all lands and ages will prove the doctrine of future recog- this theory is received. What form of on earth have confirmed this theory. I nition as plainly as that there is any religion planted it? No form of religion, heaven at all, and that the kiss of re- for it is received under all forms of reunion at the celestial gate will be as ligion. Then, I argue, a sentiment, a not what they were about, but of percertain as the dying kiss at the door of feeling, an anticipation, universally sons who died in calmness and placidity, planted, must have been God implanted. Now, when you are going to build a and if God implanted it is rightfully tions. Often the glories of heaven have purchase a meeting with Orpheus and those who had gone away from him. lands, they spring it into triumphal Homer? If it be true that this is to be How often it is in the dying moments arches, they strike on timbrels, and then

Among the Danes, when a master

doctrine of future recognition is not so If I seemed to bear his death with forti- and they will give a signal back to us,

theory as all up and down its chapters ed must be God implanted, and hence a where hung the picture of her mother. right belief. The argument is irresisti- She seemed to enjoy looking at it, and

What does my text imply? "I shall Again, I adopt this theory because awhile died. In the last moment that be to David to go to his child if he there are features of moral temperament wan and wasted little one lifted her would not know him? Would David and features of the soul that will distin- hands, while her face lighted up with have been allowed to record this antici- gnish us forever. How do we know each the glory of the next world and cried pation for the inspection of all ages if it other in this world? Is it merely by the out, "Mother!" Do you tell me she did this death?" "No," says Christ, "this were a groundless anticipation? We read color of the eye, or the length of the not see her mother? She did. So in my is not." And deeper in wades the soul in the first book of the Bible: Abraham hair, or the facial proportions? Oh, no! first settlement at Belleville a plain man till the billow strikes the lip, and the died and was gathered to his people. It is by the disposition as well, by nat- said to me: "What do you think I heard departing one ories, "Lord Jesus, is Jacob died and was gathered to his peo- ural affinity, using the word in the very last night? I was in the room where one this death?" "No," says Christ, "this ple. Moses died and was gathered to his best sense and not in the bad sense. And of my neighbors was dying. He was a is not." But when Christ had lifted people. What people? Why, their if in the dust our body should perish good man, and he said he heard the anfriends, their comrades, their old com- and lie there forever, and there should gels of God singing before the throne. I panions. Of course it means that. It be no resurrection, still the soul has haven't much poetry about me, but I liscannot mean anything else. So in the enough features and the disposition has very beginning of the Bible four times | enough features to make us distinguishthat is taken for granted. The whole able. I can understand how in sickness New Testament is an arbor over which a man will become so delirious that he until the palace rings with the outery this doctrine creeps like a luxuriant will not know his own friends, but will we be blasted with such insufferable idiocy that, standing beside our best friends for all eternity, we will never guess who they are?

One Reason For Belief. Again, I think that one reason why shines like the sun. The door of heaven we ought to accept this doctrine is be- with heavy crowns of gold on their cause we never in this world have an heads. No, that is not my idea of heavopportunity to give thanks to those to en. My idea of heaven is more like this: whom we are spiritually indebted. The You are seated in the eveningtide by the ciples standing on the earth could recog- augurated by a review of life's work. nearly all of them there. While your are nize these two spirits who have been for These Christian men and women who seated, talking and enjoying the even-

John Vredenburgh preached for a great seen him, and no sooner do you make 30 inches in height at their largest many years. He felt that his ministry up your mind that it is certainly he The Bible indicates, over and over was a failure, although he was a faith- than you leap up, and the question is ful minister preaching the gospel all who shall give him the first embrace. the time. He died, and died amid dis- That is my idea of heaven-a great though they have deep dewlaps and couragements, and went home to God, home circle where they are waiting for for no one ever doubted that John Vre- us. Oh, will you not know your mothdenburgh was a good Christian minister. er's voice there? She who always called A little while after his death there came | you by your first name long after others a great awakening in Somerville, and had given you the formal "Mister?" one Sabbath 200 souls stood up at the You were never anything but James or Christian altar espousing the cause of John or George or Thomas or Mary or Christ, among them my own father and | Florence to her. Will you not know much as to say: "Don't cry. Don't wear | mother. And what was peculiar in re- | your child's voice-she of the bright eye yourselves out with this trouble. You gard to nearly all of those 200 souls was and the ruddy cheek and the quiet step. will see him again. Thy brother shall | that they dated their | religious impres- | who came in from play and flung hersions from the ministry of John Vre- self into your lap, a very shower of denburgh. Will that good Christian mirth and beauty? Why, the picture is man before the throne of God never graven in your soul. It cannot wear meet those souls brought to Christ out. If that little one should stand on through his instrumentality? Oh, of the other side of some heavenly hill and course he will know them! I remember | call to you, you would hear her voice one Sabbath afternoon, borne down with above the burst of heaven's great orthe sense of my sins and knowing not chestra. Know it? You could not help wake up? Oh, yes! We will know each God, I took up Doddridge's "Rise and but know it. other a great deal better then than now, Progress." Oh, what a dark afternoon it was, and I read the chapters, and I read the prayers, and I tried to make the prayers my own. Oh, I must see Philip Doddridge! A glorious old book | would lift a great many shadows that he wrote! It is out of fashion now.

There is a mother before the throne of God. You say her joy is full. Is it? You say there can be no augmentation of it. Cannot there be? Her son was a wanderer and a vagabond on the earth when that good mother died. He broke her old heart. She died, leaving him in the wilderness of sin. | She is before the throne of God now. Years pass, and that son repents of his crimes and gives his heart to God and becomes a useful Christian and dies and enters the gates of heaven. You tell me that that mother's joy cannot be augmented. Let them | side by side the faces of the loved ones confront each other, the son and the who are gone, and in that irradiation of mother. "Oh," she says to the angels of light and love and beauty and joy you God, "rejoice with me! The dead is alive spell it out as never before in songs and again, and the lost is found. Halleluiah. I never expected to see this lost one come back." The Bible says nations are to be born in a day. When China comes to God, will it not know Dr. Abeel? When India comes, will it not know Dr. John Scudder? When the Indians come to God, will they not know David shore you will talk it all over. The

Brainerd? I see a soul entering heaven at last with covered face at the idea that it has done so little for Christ and feeling borne down with unworthiness, and it says to itself, "I have no right to be the shoe only half worn out, never to be here." A voice from a throne says: "Oh, you forget that Sunday school 'Harvest Home.' Theory Confirmed by the Dying.

tion is that so many in their last hour speak not of persons who have been delirious in their last moment and knew and who were not naturally superstiwould not part with a great deal to ing man has said he saw and heard children see their departed parents! I cle around the throne of God-fathers, came down to the banks of the Mohawk mothers, brothers, sisters, sons and river. It was evening, and I wanted to daughters, lovers and friends, hand to go over the river, and so I waved my hand around about the throne, the circle, hat and shouted, and after awhile I saw hand to hand, joy to joy, jubilee to jusome one waving on the opposite bank, bilee, victory to victory, "until the dayand I heard him shout, and the boat | break and the shadows flee away. Turn, came across, and I got in and was trans- my beloved, and be like a roe or a young

Oh, have you never sat by such a then she was taken away, and after tened, and I heard them too." Said I, "I have no doubt of it." Why, we are to be taken up to heaven at last by ministering spirits. Who are they to be? Souls that went up from Madras or Antioch or Jerusalem? Oh, no, our glorified kinded are going to troop around us. Heaven is not a stately, formal place,

as I sometimes hear it described, a very

frigidity of splendor, where people stand on cold formalities and go roundabout a brother that has been long absent. He In the church at Somerville, N. J., has been absent, for years you have not

Consolation. Now I bring you this glorious consolation of future recognition. If you could get this theory into your heart, it are stretching across it. When I was i lad, I used to go out to the railroad track and put my ear down on the track, and I could hear the express train rum bling miles away and coming on, and today, my friends, if we only had faith enough, we could put our ear down to the grave of our dead and listen and hear in the distance the rumbling on o

the chariots of resurrection victory. Oh, heaven, sweet heaven! You de not spell heaven as you used to spell it -h-e-a-v-e-n, heaven. But now when you want to spell that word you place halleluiahs. O ye whose hearts are down under the sod of the cemetery, cheer up at the thought of this reunion! Oh, how much you will have to tell them when once you meet them!

How much you have been through since you saw them last! On the shiny heartaches, the loneliness, the sleepless nights, the weeping until you had no more power to weep because the heart was withered and dried up. Story of vacant chair and empty cradle and litworn again, just the shape of the foot that once pressed it. And dreams when you thought that the departed had come back again, and the room seemed bright of Christian consola ons to the grave of your loved ones, and I would open-One more reason why I am disposed the door and let them fill all the air to accept this doctrine of future recogni- with the music of their voices. From Earth to Heaven.

Oh, how they bound in, these spirits before the throne! Some shout with gladness. Some break forth into uncontrollable weeping for joy. Some stand speechless in their shock of delight. They sing. They quiver with excessive gladness. They gaze on the temples, on the palaces, on the waters, on each other. They weave their joy into gar-Oh, how different it is on earth from

heaven they say, "Give him a palm." On earth we say, "Let him down in the ground." In beaven they say, "Hoist him on a throne." On earth it is, "Farewell, farewell." In heaven it is, "Welcome, welcome." And so I see a Christian soul coming down to the river of death, and he steps into the river, and the water comes up to the ankle. He says, "Lord Jesus, is this death?" "No," says Christ, "this is not death." And he wades still deeper down into the waters until the flood comes to the knee, and he says, "Lord Jesus, tell me, tell me, is this death?" And Christ says, "No, no, this is not death." And he wades still farther down until the wave comes to the girdle, and the soul says, "Lord Jesus, is this soul on a throne of glory and all the pomp and joy of heaven came surging to its feet then Christ said, "This,

ISLAND PYGMIES.

O transported soul, this is death!"

A Familiar Talk About Some Very Little

It is curious that almost all of the animal pygmies, whether of the present age or of the past, seem to come from islands, usually the islands of the southern seas, although the Shetland and the Orkney isles, where the dwarf ponies scramble over the rugged rocks, are ex-

In the island of Ceylon, with its giant spiders, with their nets spun with yellow silk twisted as thick as a rope in comparison with our filmy, gossamer threads, and giant butterflies with emercreatures. There are little bulls, the Brahman, or sacred oxen, not more than growth, and generally only 22. They are very pretty, with their silky hides and their legs like those of the deer, humped necks, like the sebu breed.

These bulls are swift, keeping up a long, swinging trot or run, and they go for great distances without food or water, if necessary. Reins are fastened to a ring in the cartilage of the nose, and most of the freight of the island is carried by these little creatures in their small two wheeled carts.

Another pretty pygmy found in the Ceylon forests is the graceful musk deer, not more than 10 inches in height and 12 or 14 inches in length. It is exquisitely formed, like the antelope, and is gray, dappled with white spots. In the Sunday islands is another species of deer, not much larger than a cat.

The pygmy marmoset does not come from an island, but from Brazil, whose great river, however, gives its bordering forests many of the conditions of island life. These dwarf monkeys are only 4 inches tall when standing up, and Mrs. Olive Thorne Miller tells of two that could wrestle and tumble in a lady's open palm, sit on the edge of a teacup, hide in all kinds of small places and perch together on a lead pencil. They are full of fun and mischief and are incessantly scolding, chattering and leaping from one tall object to another. Their color is a pretty gray, and they have very long tails, ringed with black and gray, also funny little dark tufts of hair, like whiskers, on each side of

One of the oddest dwarfs is a dwarf elephant. Several are in this country. They are wonderfully sagacious and quick of intelligence. In the island of Malta the fossil remains are found of a race of pygmy elephants no bigger than a sheep, and the babies of this species might no doubt have been easily held on the palm of a man's hand. Another fossil pygmy is that of a horse,

the face.

said to be no larger than a fox. We rarely hear of ocean pygmies, but a pygmy whale, perfectly formed, with all the characteristics of its immense kindred, the sperm whales, the largest living animals known, has recently been discovered. The large whale is 80 feet in length, while the pygmy one is

only 8. The human pygmies at least, the pygmy races, such as the little folk of the banana forests in Africa and the undersized Rock Veddalis of Ceylonare not at all intelligent and seem like children arrested in their earliest stages, but individual dwarfs have been very quick witted and of a flery spirit, like the valiant little Geoffrey Hudson, who was knighted by King Charles -- Ella F. Mosby in Philadelphia Time

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