NO. 51

MAKE ADVERTISING PAY\_

Take each man's censure but reserve thy judgment .-- Hamlet

VOL. XXVI.

## ELIZABETH CITY, N.C., FRIDAY, MARCH 18, 1898.

Oh, wonderful invitation! You can

doing the same thing. I must see him.

I must look upon that face once clouded

knocked off my shackles. I want to hear

that voice which pronounced my deliv-

if you live to threescore years and ten

erance. Behold him, little children, for

YOND THE GRAVE.

Martyrdom of Stephen the Theme For an Able Sermon - Glimpses of Heaven Through the Eyes of the Great Preacher-The Eternal Sleep.

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WASHINGTON, March 13 .- The dis-

heavens opened," etc. sermon, and the people could not stand voice comes down to you this day- soul have to travel through long deserts it. They resolved to do as men some- comes down to the blindest, to the deaf- before it reaches the good land? If we times would like to do in this day, if est soul, saying, "Look unto me, all ye should lose our pathway, will there be they dared, with some plain preacher of ends of the earth, and be ye saved, for I a castle at whose gate we may ask the righteousness-kill him. The only way am God, and there is none else." Proc- way to the city? Oh, this mysterious to silence this man was to knock the lamation of universal emancipation for spirit within us! It has two wings, but breath out of him. So they rushed all slaves! Proclamation of universal it is in a cage now. It is locked fast to now. It may be this week one annoy-Stephen out of the gates of the city, and amnesty for all rebels! Belshazzar gathwith curse and whoop and bellow they | ered the Babylonish nobles to his table; brought him to the cliff, as was the cus- George I entertained the lords of Engtom when they wanted to take away life land at a banquet; Napoleon III wel- lightnings are not swift enough to take by stoning. Having brought him to the comed the czar of Russia and the sultan edge of the cliff, they pushed him off. of Turkey to his feast; the emperor of body, it takes 50 worlds at a bound. After he had fallen they came and look- Germany was glad to have our minised down, and seeing that he was not yet ter, George Bancroft, sit down with him you no anxiety about it? dead they began to drop stones upon at his table, but tell me; ye who know rible rain of missiles Stephen clambers king ever asked the abandoned and the up on his knees and folds his hands, forlorn and the wretched and the cut while the blood drips from his temples cast to come and sit beside him? to his cheeks, from his cheeks to his garments, from his garments to the take it today and stand at the head of Drs J. E. Wood, W. W. Griggs and ground, and then, looking up, he makes the darkest alley in any city and say: W. J. Lumsden. Meet on the 1st and two prayers—one for himself and one "Come! Clothes for your rags, salve for

> The Martyr's Vision. I want to show you today five pic- with my sin, but now radiant with my tures - Stephen gazing into heaven, pardon. I want to touch that hand that Stephen looking at Christ, Stephen stoned, Stephen in his dying prayer and Stephen asleep.

First look at Stephen gazing into

and fell asleep.

that was for his assailants. Then from | -do you wonder that Stephen stood

pain and loss of blood he swooned away looking at him? I hope to spend eternity

heaven. Before you take a leap you you will see none so fair. Behold him, want to know where you are going to ye aged ones, for he only can shine land. Before you climb a ladder you through the dimness of your failing want to know to what point the ladder eyesight. Behold him, earth. Behold reaches. And it was right that Stephen, him, heaven. What a moment when all within a few moments of heaven, should | the nations of the saved shall gather be gazing into it. We would all do well around Christ! All faces that way. All to be found in the same posture. There thrones that way, gazing on Jesus. is enough in heaven to keep us gazing. A man of large wealth may have statpary in the hall and paintings in the sitting room and works of art in all Morgan, Vice Regent; C, Guirkin, parts of the house, but he has the chief miration. Well, heaven is the gallery where God has gathered the chief treasures of his realm. The whole universe is his palace. In this lower room where sellated floor of amethyst, and on the winding cloud stairs are stretched out There are the highest exhilarations. John says of it, "The kings of the earth it." And I see the procession forming, the stars spring up into an arch for the hosts to march under. The hosts keep pitch of avalanche from the mountains, and the flag they bear is the flame of a and foam all around it. Brave soldiers consuming world, and all heaven turns of Jesus Christ will hear the carbines out with harps and trumpets and myriad click. When I see a man with voice and voiced acclamation of angelic dominion to welcome them in, and so the kings of side, and some caricature him, and some the earth bring their honor and glory

> There is not a man in this house today so isolated in life but there is some one in heaven with whom he once shook hands. As a man gets older the number of his celestial acquaintances very rap- tate, and I find that some of the newsidly multiplies. We have not had one glimpse of them since the night well even good men, oppose him and dekissed them goodby, and they went nounce him, because, though he does away, but still we stand gazing at good, he does not do it in their way, I heaven. As when some of our friends say, "Stephen stoned." The world, with to the last fainting lip. He has taken go across the sea, we stand on the dock infinite spite, took after John Frederick | the last insult from his enemies. The er on the steam tug and watch them, Oberlin and Paul and Stephen of the last stone to whose crushing weight he and after awhile the hulk of the vessel text. But you notice, my friends, that is susceptible has been hurled. Stephen disappears, and then there is only a while they assaulted him they did not is dead. The disciples come. They take patch of sail on the sky, and soon that is gone, and they are all out of sight, and yet we stand looking in the same him. stand on some cloud and give us one glimpse of their blissful and transfigur-

into it. Do you wonder that good peo-

ple often stand, like Stephen, looking

into heaven? We have many friends

sorrow and bereavement keeps gnawing and they threw bricks at him, and they at your vitals, you stand still, like denounced him, and they jostled him, Stephen, gazing into heaven. You won- and they spat upon him, and yet today, der if they have changed since you saw in all lands, he is admitted to be the them last. You wonder if they would great father of Methodism. Booth's bulrecognize your face now, so changed has let vacated the presidential chair, but it been with trouble. You wonder if, from that spot of coagulated blood on amid the myriad delights they have, the floor in the box of Ford's theater they care as much for you as they used there sprang up the new life of a nation. to when they gave you a helping hand Stephen stoned, but Stephen alive. dens. You wonder if they look any older, | dying prayer. His first thought was not and sometimes in the evening tide, when how the stones hurt his head nor what

and listen and sit gazing into heaven.

THE WORLD TO COME. just how he looks in heaven, we cannot times I am abashed before an audience, say. A writer in the time of Christ not because I come under their physical says, describing the Saviour's personal eyesight, but because I realize the truth REV. DR. TALMAGE PICTURES LIFE BE- appearance, that he had blue eyes and that I stand before so many immortal light complexion, and a very graceful spirits. The probability is that your structure, but I suppose it was all guess- body will at last find a sepulcher in work. The painters of the different ages some of the cemeteries that surround have tried to imagine the features of your town or city. There is no doubt Christ and put them upon canvas, but but that your obsequies will be decent we will have to wait until with our and respectful, and you will be able to

> body when my soul is gone, or whether you believe in cremation or inhumation. I shall sleep just as well in a wrapping of sackcloth as in satin lined with eagle's down. But my soul-before this day passes I will find out where it will land. Thank God for the intimation of my text, that when we die Jesus | deep, everlasting peace. Stephen asleep! more dangerous, and all those wh takes us. That answers all questions for me. What though there were massive

bars between here and the city of light, Jesus could remove them. What though there were great Saharas-of darkness. Jesus could illume them. What though I get weary on the way, Christ could lift me on his omnipotent shoulder. What though there were chasms to

cross, his band could transport me. Then let Stephen's prayer be my dying litany, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." It may be in that hour we will be too feeble to say a long prayer. It may be in that hour we will not be able to say the Lord's Prayer, for it has seven petitions. Perhaps we may be too feeble even to say the infant prayer our moth ers taught us, which John Quincy Adams, 70 years of age, said every might when he put his head upon his pillow:

I pray the Lord my soul to keep. We may be too feeble to employ either of these familiar forms, but this prayer of Stephen is so short, is so concise, is so earnest, is so comprehensive, we surely will be able to say that-'Lord Jesus, receive my spirit.' Oh. if that prayer is answered, how sweet it will be to die! This world is clever enough to us. Perhaps it has treated us a great deal better than we deserve to be treated, but if on the dying pillow there should break the light of that better world we shall have no more regret about leaving a small, dark, damp house for one large, beautiful and capa cious. That dying minister in Philadelphia, some years ago, beautifully depicted it when in the last moment he is artificially heated for the benefit of threw up his hands and cried out, "I tropical and other species that require move into the light."

A Working Christian.

more picture, and that is Stephen asleep. With a pathos and simplicity peculiar to the Scriptures the text says of Stephen, "He fell asleep." "Oh," you say, "what a place that was to sleep! A hard rock under him, stones falling down upon him, the blood streaming, the mob howling. What a place it was to sleep!" And yet my text takes that symbol of slumber to describe his departure, so sweet was it, so contented was it, so peaceful was it. Stephen had lived a very laborious life. His chief work had been to care for the poor. How many loaves of bread he distributed, how many bare feet he had sandal ed, how many cots of sickness and distress he blessed with ministries of kindness and love, I do not know, but from the way he lived, and the way he preached, and the way he died I know he was a laborious Christian. But that is all over now. He has pressed the cup him up. They wash away the blood from the wounds. They straighten out the bruised limbs. They brush back the tangled hair from the brow, and then they pass around to look upon the calm countenance of him who had lived for the poor and died for the truth. Stephen

Stephen asleep! I saw such a one name. They rattled at the doorkneb struggle. Hush! Stephen asleep!

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text, Acts vii, 56-60, "Behold I see the Can you not see him? Then pray to God way? After it has got beyond the light And it can be easily told by their TRADE MARK-

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and I will prophesy, what weather it will be when you, the Christian, come to die. You may have it very rough ance, the next another annovance. It may be this year one bereavement, the next another bereavement. Before this year has passed you may have to beg for bread or ask for a scuttle of coal or a pair of shoes, but at the last Christ will come in and darkness will go out, and though there may be no hand to close your eyes, and no breast on which to rest your dying head, and no candle to lift the night, the odors of God's hanging garden will regale your soul, and at your bedside will halt the chariots of the King. No more rents to pay, no more agony because flour has gone up, no more struggle with "the world, the flesh and the devil," but peace-long,

Asleep in Jesus! Blessed sleep, A calm and undisturbed repose, Uninjured by the last of fees.

Asleep in Jesus! Far from thee Thy kindred and their graves may be, But there is still a blessed sleep From which none ever wake to weep

You have seen enough for one morning. No one can successfully examine more than five pictures in a day. Therefore we stop, having seen this cluster of divine Raphaels - Stephen gazing into heaven, Stephen looking at the sun-dusting, sweeping, cool Christ, Stephen stoned, Stephen in his ing, sewing, disciplining children dying prayer, Stephen asleep.

## A BEAUTIFUL NEW SILK.

Made by "Communal Butterflies," but Cannot Be Spun Yet.

Some very remarkable bugs are being hatched and reared just at present by the experts of the government bureau of entomology at Washington. Most people would suppose that there were enough insects in existence without resorting to artificial propagation but the fact is that this kind of scientific work has a very useful purpose in view; this, too, notwithstanding the fact that the wherever you go. Take my wor species selected for breeding are the for it. I have seen them all." A

most pestiferous that can be found. The bug hatchery, or "insectary," as it is called, is a brick building close by the department of agriculture. In construction it resembles a greenhouse, the upper part being of glass, so as to admit plenty of light for the insects. It is divided into two compartments, one of which warmth, while the other is cold. On shelves all around the interior and on the floor as well are glass jars and queer glass sided boxes containing a great va-

riety of odd looking objects. The objects in the glass jars are parts of plants, fruits, dried up vegetables, pieces of branches or roots, etc. One does not see any bugs at all, and the reason why is simply that the vegetables, fruits and so forth are the natural food of the insects, and the latter are either inside of them or else are "done

up" in cocoons for the winter. For example, there is a huge cocoon nine inches long hanging from a twig in a jar of exceptional size. This is the temporary communal dwelling built by may crave amusement and dive the so called "gregarious butterfly" in Mexico. More correctly speaking, it is the caterpillars—transformed later into butterflies—that construct the cocoon for a residence while they are undergoing their metamorphosis. The cocoon looks and feels as if made of thick parchment, and at the lower end of it s a small hole that serves for a door.

The labor employed in building it must be enormous. Under a powerful magnifying glass it is seen to be composed of an infinite number of shining and very slender silken threads, crossing each other in every direction. When cut into, the nest is found to contain 100 or more chrysalids, attached to the walls on the inside-each one representing a future butterfly. The hall of combining together to

build a house seems to be peculiar to this species among butterflies. The silk composing the nest is exquisite, and from 20 15 15 sheets of it can be stripped off from the great cocoon looking as if woven in a loom. If the silk could only be spun, the "gregarious butterfly" would soon displace the silkworm, and the silks and satins of commerce would be of butterfly manufacture. Unfortunately the difficulty remains unsolved, though many attempts in this direction Mexico. - Washington Letter in Boston Transcript.

Glass beads are sometimes found in the bodies of mummies over 3,000

Otto II of Germany massacred his chief nobles at a feast and himself weather. I can never tell by the setting died of a wound from a poisoned ar- well. I was persuaded to try Botan

A MATRIMONIAL SNAG.

One That Very Often Brings Trouble Husband and Wife.

I call it a matrimonial snag b cause the matrimonial bark is ways going to pieces on it. It do mischief to other things, interfere with the smooth current of inni merable friendships and mars man a close intimacy. But it is to th bark in which a man and his wil have been launched together that

does the greatest harm. Now this snag an itself is not formidable affair. It is made t simply of two diverse opinion about resting, yet no jagged reef cannot sail over it must inevitable

be wrecked on it. A man, for instance, has worke all day out of doors-in the field maybe. He has had the air and th sun and converse with men of h kind. Resting to him means con ing home, stretching out his limb and breathing in domestic peace.

The woman, however, has been all day, without the air and without seeing no one, talking to no on meeting no one with whom an ide could be interchanged or from whor a new direction for her though could be gained. When night come her greatest rest would seem to l in a change of scene, the bringin in of outside interests or a mor sympathetic and enlivening inte course with her husband.

He, however, cannot understan this. "You are restless," he say to her, "discontented. But you car not find anything better than this he folds his hands and puffs at h pipe and basks in the quiet content ment of a soul that has been satis

It is the same thing when a ma goes down town all day and leave the woman at home. His idea resting is a cheerful fireside night, a wife as bright, as gay an responsive as when she received i her mother's house and all care we spared her. "I'm so tired I woul like to go to sleep with the childre at 6 o'clock!" many a wife sigh "But it is just the time my husbar likes me to be at my best. It both ers him to have me tired, and I has such different ideas of restin from mine."

Duties, on the other hand, ma have called the woman out of doo all day, and duties may have ker the man in an office. Then it ma rest him to go out at night. sion, some entertainment for the mind. These distract his though and rest his brain and make hi fresher for the morrow's work.

But the thousand demands of the day, the obligations and require ments of some position she mu fill, have used the woman up. Th thought of new excitements and d versions only wearies her. The forts she makes to respond to he husband's wishes seem spiritles and no pleasure is given or felt. cannot understand why it all is. cannot understand why he does no see. He grows discontented. dissatisfied. The need of anothe kind of sympathy is suggested. terests begin to diverge, and to paths are made, growing every da wider apart.—Harper's Bazar.

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> Collector of Customs-Dr. P. John. Postmaster-E. F Lamb. Examining Surgeons of Pensions-3rd Wednesdays of each month at the for his murderers. "Lord Jesus, receive your sores, a throne for your eternal corner of Road and Church Streets, my spirit;" that was for himself. reigning." A Christ that talks like that Churches.—Methodist, Rev. J. H. Hall, "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge;" Pastor; services every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Baptist, Rev. W. S. Pennick, D. D., pastor; services every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7. p. Presbyterian, Rev. F. H. Johnston, pastor; services every Sunday at 11 a. m. and

7:15 p. m. Episcopal, Rev. L. L. Wil-

liams, rector; services every Sunday at

11 a m. and 4 p. m. Lodges-Masonic: Eureka Lodge No. 317. G. W. Brothers, W. M.; J. B. Practice in Pasquotank, Perquimans Griggs, S. W.; A. L. Pendleton J. W. Washington B. F. Spence, Tresurer; D. B. Bradford, and Tyrrell counties, and in Supreme Sec'ty .; T. B. Wilson, S. D.; C. W. Grice, J. D.; J. A. Hooper and T. J. Jordan, Stewards; Rev. E. F. Sawyer, Chaplain; J. E. Sheppard; Tyler. Meets 1st and 3rd Tuesday nights. Odd Fellows: Achoree Lodge, No 14 M. Eurgess, N. G.; W. H. Ballard,

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S. Beasley, Jr. Sagamore; James Spires, C. of R; S. H. murrel K. of W Meet every Wednesday night. County Officers .- Commissioners E. Kramer, Chairman; F. M. Godfrey, W. Williams. Sheriff, T. P. Wilcox, Superior Court Clerk, John P. Overman; Register of Deeds, M. B. Cr pepper; Treasurer, John S. Morris C anty and in the line come all empires, and Health Officers, Dr. J. E. ood

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direction, so when our friends go away from us into the future world we keep looking down through the Narrows, and gazing and gazing, as though we expected that they would come out and

ed faces. While you long to join their companionship and the years and the days go with such tedium that they break your heart, and the viper of pain and and put their shoulder under your bur-

Seeing Christ.

His worth if all the nations knew Sure the whole earth would love him too. I pass on now and look at Stephen stoned. The world has always wanted pictures in the art gallery, and there to get rid of good men. Their very life hour after hour you walk with cata- is an assault upon wickedness. Out with logue and glass and ever increasing ad- Stephen through the gates of the city. Down with him over the precipices. Let every man come up and drop a stone upon his head. But these men did not so much kill Stephen as they killed themselves. Every stone rebounded upon them. While these murderers were transfixed by the scorn of all good canvases on which commingle azure and men, Stephen lives in the admiration purple and saffron and gold. But heav- of all Christendom. Stephen stoned, but en is the gallery in which the chief glo- | Stephen alive. So all good men must be ries are gathered. There are the bright | pelted. All who will live godly in est robes. There are the richest crowns. | Christ Jesus must suffer persecution. It is no eulogy of a man to say that everybody likes him. Show me any one who shall bring their honor and glory into is doing all his duty to state or church, and I will show you men who utterly If all men speak well of you, it is because you are either a laggard or a dolt. step to the sound of earthquake and the If a steamer makes rapid progress

through the waves, the water will boil money and influence all on the right sneer at him, and some denounce him, and men who pretend to be actuated by right motives conspire to cripple him, to cast him out, to destroy him, I say,

'Stephen stoned..' When I see a man in some great moral or religious reform battling against grogshops, exposing wickedness in high places, by active means trying to purify the church and better the world's espapers anathematize him, and men, succeed really in killing him. You may assault a good man, but you cannot kill

The Way to the City. On the day of his death Stephen spoke before a few people in the sanhedrin; now he addresses all Christendom. Paul the apostle stood on Mars hill addressing a handful of philosophers who knew not so much about science as a modern schoolgirl. Today he talks to all the millions of Christendom about the wonders of justification and the glories of resurrection. John Wesley was howled down by the mob to whom he preached,

Pass on now and see Stephen in his the house is all quiet, you wonder if would become of his body. His first you should call them by their first name | thought was about his spirit. "Lord if they would not answer, and perhaps Jesus, receive my spirit." The murdersometimes you do make the experiment, | er standing on the trapdoor, the black and when no one but God and yourself cap being drawn over his head before are there you distinctly call their names | the execution, may grimace about the future, but you and I have no shame in confessing some anxiety about where Pass on now and see Stephen looking | we are going to come out. You are not | sun whether there will be a drought or | row. upon Christ. My text says he saw the all body. There is within you a soul. I not. I cannot tell by the blowing of the Son of Man at the right hand of God. | see it gleam from your eyes, and I see | wind whether it will be fair weather or Just how Christ locked in this world. It irradiating your countenance. Some foul on the morrow. But I can prophesy, | sge 10 shillings a week.

own eyes we see him and with our own pillow your head under the maple or ears we can hear him. And yet there the Norway spruce or the cypress or the is a way of seeing and hearing him blossoming fir. But this spirit about now. I have to tell you that unless you which Stephen prayed-what direction course of Dr. Talmage which we send see and hear Christ on earth you will will that take? What guide will escort out is a vivid story of martyrdom and a never see and hear him in heaven. Look! it? What gate will open to receive it? rapturous view of the world to come; There he is! Behold the Lamb of God! What cloud will be cleft for its pathto take it scales off your eyes. Look of our sun will there be torches lighted Stephen had been preaching a rousing that way-try to look that way. His for it the rest of the way? Will the keep it, but let the door of this cage open the least and that soul is off. Eagle's wing could not catch it. The up with it. When the soul leaves the And have I no anxiety about it? Have

Stephen's Prayer.

I do not care what you do with my

Now I lay me down to sleep.

Pass on now, and I will show you one

asleep! I have seen the sea driven with the burricane until the tangled foam caught in the rigging, and wave rising above wave seemed as if about to storm the heavens, and then I have seen the tempest drop, and the waves crouch, and everything become smooth and burnished as though a camping place for the glories of heaven. So I have seen a man whose life has been tossed and driven coming down at last to an infinite calm in which there was the hush of heaven's

He fought all his days against poverty and against abuse. They traduced his while he was dying with duns for debts he could not pay, yet the peace of God brooded over his pillow, and while the world faded beaven dawned, and the deepening twilight of earth's night was

have been made. Could a solution of the problem be found, silk would become at once enormously less costly, in- and dont throw your money away asmuch as the cocoons of this kind of substitutes. Try the long tested as butterfly are to be gathered in immense old reliable B. B. S1.00 per large numbers as a wild crop in the forests of

only the opening twilight of heaven's | years old, proving conclusively that then went to Hot Springs and rems morn. Not a sigh; not a tear; not a glass was known to the ancients.

And is it not due to nervous exhaustion? Things always look so much brighter when we are in good health. How can