WIFELY AMBITION.

The Influence for Good or Evil Up- on the Husband and the Home.

The Jezebel of Old Contributed to the Downfall of Ahab and Herself.

Rev. Dr. Talmage's Sunday Tabernacle Sermon to the Women of America.

BROOKLYN, February 12.—In the Tabernacle this morning the Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D., preached the fifth of his series of sermons to Women of America, with Important Hints for Men." The subject was "Wifely Ambition, Good and Bad," and the text was from I. Kings, xxi. 7. "Arise and eat bread, and let thine heart be merry: I will give thee the vineyard of Naboth." Dr. Talmage said:—

One day King Ahab, looking out of the window of his palace at Jezreel, said to his wife Jezebel: "We ought to have these royal gardens enlarged. If we could only get that fellow, Naboth, who owns that vineyard out there to trade or sell, we could make it a kitchen garden for our palace."

"Fetch in Naboth," says the king to one of his servants.

The plain gardener, wondering why he should be called into the presence of his Majesty, comes in, a little downcast, and with very obsequious manner bows to the king.

The king says: "Naboth, I want to trade vineyards with you. I want your vineyard for a kitchen garden and I will give a great deal better vineyard in place of it, or, if you prefer money for it, I will give you cash."

"Oh, no," says Naboth, "I cannot trade off my little place, nor can I sell it. It is the old homestead. I got it of my father, and he of his father, and I cannot let the old place go out of my hands."

In a great state of petulancy King Ahab went into the house and flung himself on the bed and turned his face to the wall.

IN A GREAT POUT.

His wife Jezebel comes in, and she says, "What is the matter with you? Are you sick?"

"Oh," he says, "I feel very blue. I have set my heart on getting that kitchen garden, and Naboth will neither trade nor sell, and to be defeated by a common gardener is more than I can stand."

"Oh, pshaw," says Jezebel, "don't go on that way. Get up and eat your dinner and stop moping. I will get for you that kitchen garden."

Then Jezebel borrowed her husband's signet or seal, for then, as now, in those lands, kings never signed their names, but had a ring with a royal name graven on it, and that impressed on a royal letter or document as the signature. She stamped her husband's name on a proclamation which resulted in getting Naboth tried for treasoning against a king, and two perjured witnesses swore their souls away with the life of Naboth, and he was stoned to death, and his property came to the crown, and so Jezebel got for her husband and herself the kitchen garden.

But while the wild street dogs were rending the dead body of poor Naboth, Elijah the prophet tells them of other dogs that will, after a while, have a free lunch, saying: "Where dogs lick the blood of Naboth, shall dogs lick thy blood, even thine."

And sure enough, three years after, Ahab, wounded in battle, his chariot dripping with the carnage, dogs stood under it lapping his life's blood. And a little afterward his wife, Jezebel, who had been his chief adviser in crime, stands at her palace window and sees Jehu, the conqueror, approaching to take possession of the palace. And to make herself look as attractive as possible amid an outcry to the very last, she decorated her person, and, according to ancient custom, closed her eyes and ran a brush dipped in a black powder along the long eyelashes, and then from the window she gazed her indignation upon Jehu.

AS HE RODE TO THE GATES

in his chariot he shouted to the slaves in her room: "Throw her down!" But no, not the slaves halted a moment from such work of assassination, yet knowing Queen Jezebel could come no more to them, and the conqueror, who would be everything, as he shouted again: "Throw her down," they seized her and tore her struggling and cursing to the window, casting out and hurling her forth till she came tumbling to the earth, striking at last in the face of her enemy, trampled under the chariot wheels and overtaken. While dogs inside at the table were finishing his royal and queenly dinner, dogs outside at the door were finishing the dead queen. But the wild street dogs had for the third time appeared on the scene, and they had removed all her beauty except those parts which in all ages dogs are by a strange instinct or hereditary superstition kept from touching, after even the paints of the harlots and the colors of the feet.

All this appalling scenes of ancient history was the result of a wife's cold advice to a husband, of a wife's struggle to advance her husband's interests by unlawful means. Ahab had desired for the kitchen garden of Naboth, but the dogs got them. The trouble all began when this mistaken wife accused her husband out of his melancholy by the words of the text: "Arise, and eat bread, and let thine heart be merry: I will give thee the vineyard of Naboth."

The influence suggested by this subject is an influence you never before heard discoursed on and may never hear again, but a most potent and semi omnipotent influence, and decides the course of individuals, families, nations, centuries, and eternities. I speak of wifely ambition, good and bad. How important that every wife have her ambition, an righteous, and divinely approved ambition.

And here let me say, what I am most anxious for is that women, not

WAITING FOR THE RIGHTS DENIED

her or postponed, promptly and decisively employ the rights she already has in

[illegible] Some say she will be [illegible] when she gets the right to [illegible] I wish that the experiment might be tried and settled. I would like to see all women vote and then watch the result. I do not know that it would change anything for the better. Most wives and daughters and sisters would vote as their husbands and fathers and brothers voted. Nearly all the families that I know are solidly Republican or Democratic, or Prohibition. These families all voting would make more votes but no difference in the result. Besides that, as now at the polls men are bought up by the thousands, women would be bought up by the thousands. The more voters the more opportunity for political corruption. We have several million more voters now than are for public good.

We are told that female suffrage would correct two evils—the rum business and the insufficiency of woman's wages. About the rum business I have to say that a multitude of women drink and it is no unusual thing to see them in the restaurants so overpowered with wine and beer that they can hardly sit up, while there are many so-called respectable restaurants where they can go and take their champagne and hot toddy all alone. Mighty temperance voters these women would make! Besides that, the wives of the rum-sellers would have to vote in the interest of their husband's business, or have a time the inverse of Jehoiakim. Besides that, millions of respectable and refined women in America would probably not vote at all, because they do not want to go to the polls, and, on the other hand, womanly roughs would all go to the polls, and that might make woman's vote on the wrong side. There is not in my mind much prospect of the extension of drunkenness by female suffrage.

As to woman's wages to be corrected by woman's vote, I have not much faith in that. Women are harder on woman than men are.

MASCULINE EMPLOYERS ARE MEAN ENOUGH

in treatment of women, but if you want to hear beating down of prices and wages in perfection, listen how some women treat washerwomen and dressmakers, and female servants. Mrs. Shylock is more merciless than Mr. Shylock. Women, I fear, will never get righteous wages through woman's vote, and as to unfortunate womanhood, women are far more cruel and unforgiving than men are. After a woman has made shipwreck of her character men generally drop her, but women do not so much drop her as hurl her with the force of a catapult clear out and off and down and under.

I have not much faith that women will ever get merciful consideration and justice through woman suffrage, yet I like experiments, and some of my friends in whose judgment I have confidence are so certain that alleviation would come by such process that I would, if I had the power, put in every woman's hand the vote. I cannot see what right you have to make a woman pay taxes on her property to help support city, state and national government, and yet deny her the opportunity of helping decree who shall be Mayor, Governor, or President. But let every wife, not waiting for the vote she may never get, or, getting it, find it outvoiced by some other vote not fit to be cast, arise now in the might of the eternal God and wield the power of a sanctified wifely ambition for a good approximating the infinite.

No one can so inspire a man to noble purposes as a noble woman, and no one so effectually degrades a man as a wife of unwieldy proclivities. While in my text we have an illustration of wifely ambition employed in the wrong direction, society and history are full of instances of wifely ambition gloriously triumphant in right directions. All that was worth admiration in the character of Henry VI. was a reflection of the heroics of his wife Margaret. William, Prince of Orange, was

RESTORED TO THE RIGHT PATH

by the grand qualities of his wife Mary. Justinian, the Roman emperor, could see that his wise laws were the suggestion of his wife Theodora. Andrew Jackson, the war hero and President, had his health restored and his plans matured by his wife, whose chief attire was the amusement of the elegant circles in which she was invited. Washington, who broke the chain that held America in an iron vise, wore for forty years a cloth around his own neck, that chain being the manufacture likeness of her who had been his greatest inspiration, whether among the shows at Valley Forge or amid the honors of the Presidential chair. Thiers's pen was driven through and as poetic and historical no harmony by his wife caperings, who sang his fame as to the sound of flute and tabrets and gave an hence enraptured at her husband's genius, herself the most enraptured. Petrarch said he got all his eloquence and states-craftship from his wife. When the wife of Colbert is resolved from long imprisonment at Loversteinly means of a lookcase that went in and out, carrying his books to and fro, he was enabled to be inspected and fed and the bribes, and the women of Besançon, getting permission from the victorious army to leave with them so much of their valuables as they could carry, under cover of the promise should rest and look with them as the most important valuables their husbands—both achievements in a literal way illustrated what thousands of times has been done, in a figurative way, that wifely ambition has been the salvation of men.

De Tocqueville, whose writings will be potential and quoted while the world lasts, ascribes his successes to his wife, and says: "Of all the blessings which God has given to me the greatest of all in my eyes is to have lighted on Maria Motley." Martin Luther says of his wife: "I would not exchange my poverty with her for all the riches of Crœsus without her." Isabella, of Spain, by her superior faith in Columbus put into the hand of Ferdinand, her husband, America. John Adams, President of the United States, said of his wife: "She never by word or look discouraged me from

RUNNING ALL HAZARDS

for the salvation of my country's liberties." Thomas Carlyle spent the last twenty years of his life in trying by his pen to atone for the fact that during his wife's life he never appreciated her influence on his career and destiny. Alas, that having taken her from a beautiful home and a brilliant career, he should have buried her in the home of a recluse and scolded her in such language as only a dyspeptic genius could command, until one day, while in her invalidism riding in Hyde Park, her pet dog got run over, and under the excitement the coachman found her dead. Then the miserable man wrote from his conjugal [illegible] and wrote the meditations of [illegible] to Kind Cheyne Row. The elegant and [illegible] utterances are often an [illegible] up or lack of appreciative words that should have been uttered in the ears of the living. A whole Greenwood of monumental inscriptions will not do a wife so much good after she has quit the world as one paid sentence like that which Tom Hood wrote to his living wife when he said: "I never was anything till I knew you."

O woman, what is your wifely ambition, noble or ignoble? It is high social position? That will then probably direct your husband, and he will climb and scramble and slip and fall, and rise and tumble, and on what level or in what depth or on what height he will after a while be found I cannot even guess. The contest for social position is the most unsatisfactory contest in all the world, because it is so uncertain about your getting it, and so insecure a possession after you have obtained it, and so unsatisfactory even if you keep it. The whisk of a lady's fan may blow it out. The growl of one bear or the bellowing of one bull on Wall street may scatter it.

Is the wife's ambition the political preferment of her husband? Then that will probably direct him. What a God-forsaken realm is American politics those best know who have dabbled in them. After they have assessed a man who is

A CANDIDATE FOR OFFICE

which he does not get, or assessed him for some office attained, and he has been whirled round and round, and round and round among the drinking, smoking, swearing crowd who often get control of public affairs, and that is left of his self-respect or moral stamina would find plenty of room on a geometrical point which is said to have neither length, breadth, or thickness. Many a wife has not been satisfied till her husband went into politics, but would afterward have given all she possessed to get him out.

I knew a highly moral man, useful in the church, and possessor of a bright home. He had a useful and prosperous business, but his wife did not think it genteel enough. There were odors about the business, and sometimes they would adhere to his garments when he returned at night. She insisted on his doing something more elegant, although he was qualified for no business except that in which he was engaged. To please her he changed his business and in order to get on faster abandoned church attendance, saying after he had made a certain number of hundreds of thousands of dollars he would return to the church and its services. Where is that family to-day? Obliterated. Although succeeding in business for which he was qualified, he undertook a style of merchandise for which he had no qualification, and soon went into bankruptcy. His new style of business spoiled him into evil association. He lost his morals as well as his money. He broke up not only his own home, but broke up another man's home, and from being a kind, pure, generous, moral man as any of you who sit here to-day, his wife's ambition for a more genteel business destroyed him, and disgraced her, and blighted their only child.

But I suppose now there be in our homes, as I think God there are in hundreds of homes here represented,

ON THE WIFELY THRONE

one who says not only by her words, but more powerfully by her actions, "My husband, our destinies are united; let us see where industry, honesty, common-sense, and faith in God will put us. I am with you in all your enterprises. I cannot be with you in person as you go to your daily business, but I will be with you in my prayers. Let us see what we can achieve by having God in our hearts, and God in our lives, and God in our homes. Be on the side of everything good. Go ahead and do your best, and though everything should turn out different from what we have calculated, you may always count on two who are going to help you, and God is one and I am the other." That man may have feeble health, and may meet with many obstacles and business rials, but he is coming gloriously through, for he is reinforced, and inspired, and spurred on by a woman's vows, as much as was Barak by Deborah, when Sisera with nine hundred iron chariots came on to crush him and his army, and Deborah shouted in the ear of Barak: "Up! for this is the day in which the Lord hath delivered Sisera into thine hands." And the enemy fell back, and Sisera's chariot not getting away fast enough in the retreat, the general jumped out and took to foot, and ran till he came to the place where a woman first gave him a drink of milk, and then sent a spike through his skull, hurling him to the floor.

Some of us could tell of what influence upon us has been a wifely ambition consecrated to righteousness. As my wife is out of town and will not shake her head because I say it in public, I will state that in my own professional life I have often been called of God, as thought to run into

THE VERY TEETH OF PUBLIC OPINION,

and all outsiders with whom I advised told me I had better not, it would ruin me and ruin my church, and in the meantime I was receiving nice little letters threatening me with dirk and pistol and poison if I persisted in attacking certain evils of the day, until the Commissioner of Police considered it his duty to take his place in our Sabbath services with forty officers scattered through the house for the preservation of order, but in my home there has always been one voice to say: "Go ahead, and diverge not an inch from the straight line. Who cares if only God is on our side?" And though sometimes it seemed as if I was going against nine hundred iron chariots, I went ahead cheered by the domestic voice: "Up! for this is the day in which the Lord hath delivered Sisera into thine hands."

A man is no better than his wife will let him be. O wives of America, swing your scepters of wifely influence for God and good homes! Do not urge your husbands to annex Naboth's vineyard to your palace of success, whether right or wrong, lest the dogs that come out to destroy Naboth come out also to devour you. Righteousness will pay best in life, will pay best in death, will pay best in the judgment, will pay best through all eternity.

In our effort to have the mother of every home hold appreciate her influence over her children we are apt to forget the wife's influence over the husband. In many households the influence upon the husband is the only home influence. In a great multitude of the best and most important and most talented families of the earth there have been no descendants. There is not a child or a grandchild or any remote descendant of Washington, or Charles Sumner, or Shakespeare, or Edmund Burke, or Pitt, or Lord Nelson, or Cowper, or Pope, or Addison, or Johnson, or Lord Chatham, or John Bunyan, or Isaac Newton, or Goldsmith, or Swift, or Locke, or Gibbon, or Walpole, or Cowper, or Dryden, or Moore, or Chaucer, or Lord Byron, or Walter Scott, or Oliver Cromwell, or Garrick, or Hogarth, or Joshua Reynolds, or Spenser, or Lord Bacon, or Macaulay. Multitudes of

THE FINEST FAMILIES

of the earth are extinct. As though they had done enough for the world by their genius, or wit, or patriotism, or invention, or consecration, God withdrew them. In multitudes of cases all woman's opportunity for usefulness is with her contemporaries. How important that it be an improved opportunity!

While the French warriors, on their way to Rheims, had almost concluded to give up attacking the castle at Troyes, because it was so heavily garrisoned, Joan of Arc entered the room and told them they would be inside the castle in three days. "We would willingly wait six days," said one of the leaders. "Six!" she cried out, "you shall be in it to-morrow," and under her leadership on the morrow they entered. On a smaller scale every man has garrisons to subdue and obstacles to level, and every wife may be an inspired Joan of Arc to her husband.

What a noble, wifely ambition, the determination, God helping, to accompany her companion across the stormy sea of this life and together gain the wharf of the celestial city! Coax him along with you! You cannot nag him there; but you can coax him there. That is God's plan. He coaxes us all the way—coaxes us out of our sins, coaxes us to accept pardon, coaxes us to heaven. If we reach that blessed place it will be through a prolonged and divine coaxing. By the same process take your companions, and then you will get there as well, and all your household. Do just the opposite to your neighbor. Her wifely ambition is all for this world, and a disappointed and vexed and unhappy creature she will be all the way. Her residence may be better than yours for the few years of earthly stay, but she will move out of it as her body into a house about five and a half feet long and about three feet wide and two feet high, and

CONCERNING HER SOUL'S IDENTITY

you can make your own prognostication. Her husband and her sons and daughters, who all, like her, live for this world, will have about the same destiny for the body and the soul. You, having had a sanctified and divinely ennobled wifely ambition, will pass up into palaces, and what becomes of your body is of no importance, for it is only a scaffolding pulled down, now that your temple is done. You will stand in the evening time, and see your husband come in, and see your children come in, if they have not preceded you. Gathered Christian world! Pick up any crown you choose from off the kings to-look, and wear it, it was promised you long ago, and will wipe up all the scars of your earthly conflict.

Sixteen miles from St. Petersburg, Russia, was one of the royal palaces, and in recognition of the victories the emperor entertained prince royal. It was severe winter and deep snow, and the Empress and the prince rode in magnificence of sleigh and robe, and courtiers never surpassed, followed by two thousand sleighs. Long with the first processions passed the whole length of the distance [illegible] gaudy and dancing tempers built for that occasion, and hundreds of miles in [illegible] European princes, and people of all conceivable styles of costume standing on platforms along the way and wearing the blessed the present chariots. At the palace the acclamations and salutations were gathered and spread, and at the table the priests had cut to touch the center of the plate and by magic machinery it dropped and another plate came up filled with still richer viands, and that scene of the long ago should be repeated by the greater splendors that will be gathered at the banquet made by the Heavenly King for those consecrated women who come out of the winter and stormy chill of their earthly existence into the warm and illuminated palaces of heaven. With the King himself and all the potentates yonder [illegible] crowned you will sit at a table compared with which all the feasts at Kenilworth and St. Cloud and the Tuileries were a beggar's crust. And the platter of our royal satisfaction touched at the center shall disappear only to make room for a beggar's crust, and the golden plate of our royal satisfaction, touched at the center, shall disappear only to make room for the coming up of some richer and grander regalement.

Leap Year Parties in Wisconsin.

The ladies of Columbus, Wisc., have successfully inaugurated a season of leap-year gayety with a party in Turner Hall. They were robed in their neatest and best, and were accompanied by gentlemen partners, who wore false frizzes, powdered faces, low necked suits, lace collars and cuffs, gold necklaces, profuse decorations of ribbons, lace handkerchiefs, huge lace-trimmed fans, sashes, long striped stockings, and gaudy slippers. Each lady presented her partner with a neatly printed programme, on the back of which were the following five rules of conduct:

Gentlemen are requested to conduct themselves with the most lady-like propriety. Therefore it is expected that no gentleman will be guilty of abuse or leave his seat unless escorted by a lady.

It is especially requested that the belles of the evening will not drop their fans and handkerchiefs any oftener than may be absolutely necessary.

The gentlemen are requested to entertain each other should the ladies retire to the dressing room to refresh their exhausted energies with a glass or two of lemonade or a dance or promenade.

If any young gentleman desires to leave his partner, let him request her to assist him to a chair or escort him to his master.

Queer Names.

A woman who has been indexing deeds in Maine has made a list of the queer given names she found. Here are some of them: Ledoc, Generous, Fasschal, Lupina, Mighil, Araunah, Squire, Delava, Barzillai, Calvary, Hartson, Zophan, Philander, Mories Axiel, Hopestill, Piram, Jerathmael, Randil, Hezareman, Sprout, Demeric, Bana, Angler, Uzza, Lana, Cad, Luton, Cyprian, Ivory, Jacon, Kelab, Orra, Calwallader, Galon, Loven, Diodamia, Grindil, Mesbach, Liberty, Antimers, Haddassah, Esek, Sahra, and Zophan.

An Odd Incident.

The result of the attachment for debt of the property of a Webster county, Ark., man brought out an odd incident in court. Among the property attached was a small herd of cattle, and to them the doctor's wife made claim. She swore that when she and her husband were engaged to be married he was not able to give her an engagement ring, and instead gave her a likely yearling heifer. The calf grew and prospered and multiplied, and the result was the herd of cattle to which the good wife laid claim.

THE BELMONT HOTEL,

HICKORY, N. C.

Located on the Public Square, 50 steps from the R. R. Depot. Has been thoroughly overhauled and put in order.

The patronage of the public is solicited.

FIELD BROS.,

Jan8 mo1dly. PROPRIETORS

STEVENSON & McCULLEN,

PATENTS,

Washington, D. C.

Twelve Years Connection with

THE INTERIOR DEPARTMENT

has given us the desired experience as

MECHANICAL EXPERTS.

REFERENCES:

Warner Miller, New York; General W. S. Rosecrans, Register of the Treasury; General Clark, Clerk House of Representatives.

DR. J. T. JOHNSON

Hickory, N. C.

Having graduated in medicine before the war, and having spent about three months recently in

COLLEGE & HOSPITALS

attending lectures, &c., is now prepared to treat diseases upon the most improved method.

DISEASES PECULIAR TO WOMEN AND CHILDREN A SPECIALTY.

PILES CURED WITHOUT PAIN.

Hickory, Jan. 29, 1887—No. 4.

RESOLUTIONS FOR 1888.

Everybody Should Adopt the Following:

RESOLVED—That whenever I am sick I will go to the new drug store for my medicine.

RESOLVED—That when I want to buy good cigars and tobacco, I will go to the new drug store and get them.

RESOLVED—That I will buy my tea, spices, ginger, baking powders, currants, citrons, essences, &c., from the new drug store.

RESOLVED—That when I want any school books or stationery I will go to the new drug store and buy them.

RESOLVED—That when I need anything nice and cheap in the way of oils, lamps, lamp burners, shades, wicks, &c., I will go to the new drug store and get them.

RESOLVED—That I will buy everything I want in the drug line and have my prescriptions prepared by

S. S. HAITHCOCK & CO.

Hickory, N. C.