The Hickman Courier

GEORGE WARREN, Publisher.

HICKMAN, - - KENTUCKY.

CURRENT TOPICS.

Methodists will retain their missionaries in Peking.

W. C. Flower, ex-mayor of New Orleans, is dead.

The missions destroyed in China by Boxers will be rebuilt.

British Columbia will settle all claims in the Klondike.

America leads in the size and number of Paris exposition awards.

Under rational treatment the average yield of a beehive in Palestine is two pounds.

The ribs of tobacco leaves are among the substances out of which paper is made.

Over £200,000 worth of diamonds are annually stolen from the South African mines.

The corn crop of Spain for the year 1899 is officially reported at 24,566,954 bushels.

Last year Germany imported 214,139 metric tons of potatoes and 1,370,850 of wheat.

The Southern railway has furnished the Birmingham division with eighteen new engines.

It takes as much heat to turn one pound of water into vapor as to melt five pounds of iron.

Warm water is much lighter, bulk for bulk, than cold. Water is heaviest just before it freezes.

The Tennessee board of health reports that smallpox exists in mild form in six counties.

Blacksmith's aprons are made of sheep-skin, tanned with alum, which renders them heat-proof.

American cabbages are being shipped to Europe, Germany, principally, where the crop is short.

The Cigar Markers' International union now has a membership of over 34,000 and is growing rapidly.

The smallest coin now current in Europe is the Greek lepton. It is worth one twentieth of a cent.

Queen Wilhelmina, of Holland, has proclaimed her betrothal to Duke Henry of Mecklenburg-Schwerin.

The fastest flowing river in the world is the Sutlej, in India. Its descent is 12,000 feet in 180 miles.

It is alleged that flies stick more closely just before a rain in fear of being blown away by sudden winds.

The receipts of the Birmingham, Ala., post office show an increase of 80 per cent. in the last three years.

The London boycott of Irish cattle creates a good deal of ill feeling among the farmers and grazers of Ireland.

The area of London is 688 square miles (metropolitan district); New York, 306.01; Chicago, 180.12; Philadelphia, 129.33.

The Queen Regent of Spain has been appointed arbitrator on pending international differences between Chili and Peru.

Philip Astley, a discharged British soldier, was the originator of the modern circus. He gave exhibitions of riding in a ring in 1770.

Goats used to accompany strolling musicians, just as monkeys do today. Hence the expression, "cutting capers." "Caper" is Latin for "goat."

Forty-nine million gallons of Russian and American kerosene oil enter China each year, yet China has enormous stores of petroleum in her own inland provinces.

The Rajah of Matlan owns the largest diamond in the world. It weighs 367 carats and is shaped like an egg, with a queer little dented hollow at the smaller end.

In some Italian towns, instead of giving books as prizes in public schools, they give savings bank books, with a small sum entered to the credit of the prize winner.

According to a report of the Argentine commission for the extirpation of locusts, that body in 1897-98 destroyed over 20,500 tons of these insects and over 33 tons of locust eggs.

Gout is rarely known among the working classes of Ireland. Their immunity from this complaint is thought to be due to the fact that their food consists largely of potatoes.

Human hair varies in thickness from the two hunderd and fiftieth to the six hundredth part of an inch.

Mrs. Jane K. Sather, of San Francisco, has given $100,000 to the university of California.

An electric railway 400 miles long and to cost $14,000,000 is to be constructed with a government appropriation to the extent of $6,000,000, connecting the states of Yucatan, Tobasco, Campeche and Chiapas, Mexico.

The late Mrs. Catherine Carcelon's will has just been interpreted by the United States supreme court, and Bowdoin college will receive $500,000 and nearly as much will go to the establishment of a hospital in Oakland, Cal.

The most splendid royal yacht afloat is the Hohenzollern. She is a warship as well as a yacht. To a large extent, aluminium replaces wood in her fittings.

Rosewood and mahogany are so plentiful in Mexico that some of the copper mines there are timbered with rosewood, while mahogany is used as fuel for the engines.

The sea cucumber—one of the curious jellylike bodies that inhabit the ocean—can practically efface itself when in danger by squeezing the water out of its body and forcing itself into any narrow crack.

EFFECT ON MANKIND.

Dr. Talmage Shows How the Spirit of Greed Destroys.

Strong Denunciation of Those Who Worship the Golden Calf of Modern Idolatry—Day of Judgment Coming.

[Copyright, 1900, by Louis Klopsch.]

In this discourse Dr. Talmage shows how the spirit of greed destroys when it takes possession of a man and that money got in wrong ways is a curse. Text: Exodus, xxxii., 20, "And he took the calf which they had made and burnt it in the fire, and ground it to powder, and strewed it upon the water, and made the children of Israel drink of it."

People will have a god of some kind, and they prefer one of their own making. Here come the Israelites, breaking off their golden earrings, the men as well as the women, for in those times there was masculine as well as feminine decoration. Where did they get these beautiful gold earrings, coming up as they did from the desert? Oh, they borrowed them of the Egyptians when they left Egypt. These earrings are piled up into a pyramid of glittering beauty. "Any more earrings to bring?" says Aaron. None. Fire is kindled, the earrings are melted and poured into a mold, not of an eagle or a war charger, but of a silly calf. The gold cools down, the mold is taken away, and the idol is set up on its four legs. An altar is built in front of the shining calf. Then the people throw up their arms and gyrate and shriek and dance vigorously and worship.

Moses has been six weeks on Mount Sinai, and he comes back and hears the howling and sees the dancing of these golden calf fanatics, and he loses his patience, and he takes the two plates of stone on which were written the Ten Commandments and flings them so hard against a rock that they split all to pieces. When a man gets angry, he is apt to break all the Ten Commandments! Moses rushes in, and he takes this calf good and throws it into a hot fire until it is melted all out of shape and then pulverizes it, not by the modern appliance of nitromuriatic acid, but by the ancient appliance of niter or by the old-fashioned file. He stirs for the people a most nauseating draft. He takes this pulverized golden calf and throws it in the only brook which is accessible, and the people are compelled to drink of that brook or not drink at all.

But they did not drink all the glittering stuff thrown on the surface. Some of it flows on down the surface of the brook to the river and then flows on down the river to the sea, and the sea takes it up and bears it to the mouth of all the rivers, and when the tides set back the remains of this golden calf are carried up into the Potomac and the Hudson and the Thames and the Clyde and the Tiber, and men go out, and they skim the glittering surface, and they bring it ashore, and they make another golden calf, and California and Australia break off their golden earrings to augment the pile, and in the fires of financial excitement and struggle all these things are melted together, and while we stand looking and wondering what will come of it, lo we find that the golden calf of Israelitish worship has become the golden calf of European and American worship.

Pull aside this curtain, and you see the golden calf of modern idolatry. It is not, like other idols, made out of stocks or stone, but it has an ear so sensitive that it can hear the whispers on Wall street, and Third street, and State street, and the footfalls in the Bank of England, and the flutter of a Frenchman's heart on the bourse. It has an eye so keen that it can see the rust on the farm of Michigan wheat and the insect in the Maryland peach orchard and the trampled grain under the hoof of the Russian war charger. It is so mighty that it swings any way it will the world's shipping. It has its foot on all the merchantmen and the steamers. It started the American civil war and, under God, stopped it, and it decided the Turko-Russian contest. One broker in September, 1869, in New York, shouted: "One hundred and sixty for a million!" and the whole continent shivered. The golden calf of the text has, as far as America is concerned, its right foot in New York, its left foot in Chicago, its right back foot in Charleston, its left back foot in New Orleans, and when it shakes itself it shakes the world. Oh, this is a mighty god—the golden calf of the world's worship.

But every god must have its temple, and this golden calf of the text is no exception. Its temple is vaster than St. Paul's cathedral in England, and St. Peter's in Italy, and the Alhambra of the Spaniards, and the Parthenon of the Greeks, and the Taj Mahal of the Hindoos and all the cathedrals put together. Its pillars are grooved and fluted with gold, and its ribbed arches are hovering gold, and its chandeliers are descending gold, and its floors are tassellated gold, and its vaults are crowded heaps of gold, and its spires and domes are soaring gold, and its organ pipes are resounding gold, and its pedals are tramping gold, and its stops pulled out are flashing gold, while standing at the head of the temple, as the presiding deity, are the hoofs and shoulders and eyes and ears and nostrils of the calf of gold.

Further, every god must have not only its temple, but its altar of sacrifice, and this golden calf of the text is no exception. Its altar is not made out of stone, as other altars, but out of counting-room desks and fireproof safes, and it is a broad, a long, a high altar. The victims sacrificed on it are the Swartouts and the Ketchams and the Fisks and 10,000 other people who are slain before this golden calf. What does this god care about the groans and struggles of the victims before it? With cold, metallic eye it looks on and yet lets them suffer. What an altar? What a sacrifice of mind, body and soul! The physical health of a great multitude is flung on to this sacrificial altar. They cannot sleep, and they take chloral and morphine and intoxicants. Some of them struggle in a nightmare of stocks and at one o'clock in the morning suddenly rise up, shouting: "A thousand shares of New York Central—108½—take it!" until the whole family is affrighted, and the speculators fall back on their pillow and sleep until they are awakened again by a corner" in Pacific Mail or a sudden "rise" of Rock Island. Their nerves gone, their digestion gone, their brain gone, they die. The gowned ecclesiastic comes in and reads the funeral service: "Blessed are they who die in the Lord!" Mistake. They did not die in the Lord." The golden calf killed them!

The trouble is when men sacrifice themselves on this altar suggested in the text they not only sacrific themselves, but they sacrifice their families. If a man by a wrong course is determined to go to perdition, I suppose you will have to let him go. But he puts his wife and children in an equipage that is the amazement of the avenues, and the driver lashes the horses into two whirlwinds, and the spokes flash in the sun, and the golden headgear of the harness gleams until back calamity takes the bits of the horses and stops them and shouts to the luxuriant occupants of the equipage: "Get out!" They get out. They get down. The husband and father flung his family so hard they never got up. There was the mark on them for life—the mark of a split hoof—the death-dealing hoof of the golden calf.

Solomon offered in one sacrifice on one occasion 22,000 oxen and 120,000 sheep, but that was a tame sacrifice compared with the multitude of men who are sacrificing themselves on this altar of the golden calf and sacrificing their families with them. The soldiers of Gen. Havelock, in India, walked literally ankle deep in the blood of "the house of massacre" where 200 white women and children had been slain by the Sepoys, but the blood about this altar of the golden calf flows up to the knee, flows up to the girdle, flows up to the shoulder, flows up to the lip. Great God of Heaven and earth, have mercy on those who immolate themselves on this altar! The golden calf has none.

Still the degrading worship goes on, and the devotees kneel and kiss the dust and count their golden beads and cross themselves with the blood of their own sacrifice. The music rolls on under the arches. It is made of clinking silver and clinking gold and the rattling specie of the banks and brokers' shops and the voices of all the exchanges. The soprano of the worship is carried by the timid voices of men who have just begun to speculate, while the deep bass rolls out from those who for ten years have been steeped in the seething caldron. Chorus of voices rejoicing over what they have made; chorus of voices wailing over what they have lost. The temple of which I speak stands open day and night, and there is a glittering god with his four feet on broken hearts, and there is the smoking altar of sacrifice, new victims every moment on it, and there are the kneeling devotees; and the doxology of the worship rolls on, while death stands with moldy and skeleton arm beating time for the chorus—"More, more, more!"

Some people are very much surprised at the actions of people in the stock exchange, New York. Indeed, it is a scene sometimes that paralyzes description and is beyond the imagination of anyone who has never looked in. What snapping of finger and thumb and wild gesticulation and raving like hyenas and stamping like buffaloes and swaying to and fro and jostling and running one upon another, and deafening uproar, until the president of the exchange strikes with his mallet four or five times, crying: "Order, order!" and the astonished spectator goes out into the fresh air feeling that he has escaped from pandemonium. What does it all mean? I will tell you what it means. The devotees of every heathen temple cut themselves to pieces and yell and gyrate. This vociferation and gyration of the stock exchange is all appropriate. This is the worship of the golden calf.

But my text suggests that this worship has to be broken up, as the behavior of Moses on this occasion indicated. There are those who say that this golden calf spoken of in the text was hollow and merely plated with gold, otherwise Moses could not have carried it. I do not know that, but somehow, perhaps by the assistance of his friends, he takes up this golden calf, which is an infernal insult to God and man, and throws it into the fire and it is melted, and then it comes out and is cooled off, and by some chemical appliance or by an old-fashioned file it is pulverized, and it is thrown into the brook, and as a punishment the people are compelled to drink the nauseating stuff. So you may depend upon it that God will burn and he will grind to pieces the golden calf of modern idolatry, and he will compel the people in their agony to drink it. If not before, it will be so on the last day. I know not where the fire will begin, whether at the "Battery" or Lombard street, whether at Shoreditch or West End, but it will be a very hot blaze. All the government securities of the United States and Great Britain will curl up in the first blaze. All the money safes and deposit vaults will melt under the first touch. The sea will burn like tinder, and the shipping will be abandoned forever. The melting gold in the broker's window will burst through the melted window glass into the street, but the flying population will not stop to scoop it up. The cry of "Fire!" from the mountain will be answered by the cry of "Fire!" in the plain. The conflagration will burn out from the continent toward the sea and then burn in from the sea toward the land. New York and London with one cut of the red scythe of destruction will go down. Twenty-five thousand miles of conflagration! The earth will wrap itself round and round in shroud of flame and lie down to perish. What then will become of your golden calf? Who then so poor as to worship it? Melted or between the upper and the nether millstone of falling mountains ground to powder. Dagon down. Moloch down. Juggernaut down, golden calf down!

But every day is a day of judgment, and God is all the time grinding to pieces the golden calf. Some years ago in a time of panic we learned as never before that forgeries will not pay, that the watering of stock will not pay, that the spending of $50,000 on country seats and a palatial city residence when there are only $30,000 income will not pay, that the appropriation of trust funds to our own private speculation will not pay. We had a great national tumor in the shape of fictitious prosperity. We called it national enlargement. Instead of calling it enlargement we might better have called it a swelling. It was a tumor, and God cut it out, and the nation was sent back to the principles of our fathers and grandfathers, when twice three made six instead of 60 and when the apples at the bottom of the barrel were just as good as the apples on the top of the barrel and a silk handkerchief was not half cotton and a man who wore a five-dollar coat paid for was more honored than a man who wore a $50 coat not paid for.

Te modern golden calf, like the one of the text, is very apt to be made out of borrowed gold. These Israelites of the text borrowed the earrings of the Egyptians and then melted them into a god. That is the way the golden calf is made nowadays. A great many housekeepers not paying for the articles they get borrow of the grocer and the baker and the butcher and the dry goods seller. Then the retailer borrows of the wholesale dealer. Then the wholesale dealer borrows of the capitalist, and we borrow and borrow and borrow until the community is divided into two classes, those who borrow and those who are borrowed of, and after awhile the capitalist wants his money, and he rushes upon the wholesale dealer, and the wholesale dealer wants his money and he rushes upon the retailer, and the retailer wants his money, and he rushes on the customer, and we all go down together. There is many a man in this day who rides in a carriage and owes the blacksmith for the tire and the wheelwright for the wheel and the trimmer for the curtain and the driver for unpaid wages and the harness maker for the bridle and the furrier for the robe, while from the tip of the carriage tongue clear back to the tip of the camel's hair shawl fluttering out of the back of the vehicle everything is paid for by notes that have been three times renewed.

I tell you that in this country we shall never get things right until we stop borrowing and pay as we go. It is this temptation to borrow and borrow and borrow that keeps the people everlastingly praying to the golden calf for help, and just the minute they expect the help the golden calf treads on them. The judgments of God, like Moses in the text, will rush in and break up this worship, and I say let the work go on until every man shall learn to speak truth with his neighbor, and those who make engagements shall feel themselves bound to keep them, and then a man who will not repent of his business iniquity, but goes on wishing to satiate his cannibal appetite by devouring widows' houses, shall, by the law of the land, be compelled to exchange the brownstone front for the penitentiary. Let the golden calf perish!

I want you to change temples and to give up the worship of this unsatisfying and cruel god for the service of the Lord Jesus Christ. Here is the gold that will never crumble. Here are the securities that will never fail. Here are the banks that will never break. Here is an altar on which there has been one sacrifice that does for all, for "by one sacrifice hath Christ perfected forever them that are sanctified." Here is a God who will comfort you when you are in trouble and soothe you when you are sick and save you when you die. For He has said: "When thou passeth through the waters, I will be with thee, and through the rivers they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee."

When your parents have breathed their last and the old, wrinkled and trembling hands can no more be put upon your head for a blessing, He will be to you a father and mother both, giving you the defense of one and the comfort of the other. For have we not Paul's blessed hope that as Jesus died and rose again, "even so them also which sleep in Jesus shall God bring with Him." And when your children go away from you, the sweet darlings, you will not kiss them and say goodby forever. He only wants to hold them for you a little while. He will give them back to you again, and He will have them all waiting for you at the gates of eternal welcome. Oh, what a God He is! He will allow you to come so close that you can put your arms around His neck, while He in response will put His arms around your neck, and all the windows of Heaven will be hoisted to let the redeemed look out and see the spectacle of a rejoicing Father and a returned prodigal locked in that glorious embrace. Quit worshiping the golden calf and bow this day before Him in whose presence we must all appear when the world has turned to ashes,

When shriveling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll,
When louder yet and yet more dread
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead

Still More Counterfeiting.

The Secret Service has unearthed another band of counterfeiters and secured a large quantity of bogus bills, which are so cleverly executed that the average person would never suspect them of being spurious. Things of great value are always selected for imitation, notably Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which has many imitators but no equals for disorders like indigestion, dyspepsia, constipation, nervousness and general debility. Always go to reliable druggists who have the reputation of giving what you ask for.

Returns.—"Does he get any returns from his poetry?" "All he does get."—Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES are fast to sunlight, washing and rubbing. Sold by all druggists.

Other people don't amount to much when you use yourself as a standard of comparison.—Chicago Daily News.

Piso's Cure cannot be too highly spoken of as a cough cure.—J. W. O'Brien, 322 Third Ave., N., Minneapolis, Minn., Jan. 6, 1900.

No man appreciates poetry unless he has a little of it in his make-up.—Chicago Daily News.

All the Kentucky belles chew Kisme Gum. They like it.

There is only one place where gold rusts, and that is in the heart.—Ram's Horn.

Two Big Pains

seem to be the heritage of the human family everywhere, viz:

Rheumatism

and

Neuralgia

but there is one sure and prompt cure for both, viz:

St. Jacobs Oil

ST. VITUS' DANCE

Three great and complete cures effected by Dr. Greene's Nervura Blood and Nerve Remedy.

Mrs. J. A. Ferre, who resides near 905 Main Street, Hartford, Conn., says:

"My daughter Lulu became very ill with St. Vitus dance over a year ago. She became so bad that she lost the use of her right arm and side, and we thought at one time she would lose her speech. Her tongue was almost paralyzed. She was so bad she could not feed herself, and at night she would get so nervous I had to sit and hold her. I tried several doctors but they did not do her any good. I did not find anything that would help her until I tried Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy. She is now, by the use of this medicine, entirely cured."

C. H. Bailey, Esq., of Waterbury, Vt., writes:

"I am more than glad to write about my little daughter. Until a short time ago she had always been a very delicate child and subject to sick spells lasting weeks at a time. She was very nervous, and our family doctor said we would never raise her, she was so delicate and feeble. We tried many remedies without the least good. We felt much anxiety about her, especially as no doctors could benefit her, and had great fear for her future. Learning of the wonders being done by Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, I determined to give it to her. She soon commenced to improve under its use, and rapidly gained in every respect. She eats and sleeps well, and her nerves are strong. The medicine has done wonders for her and it is the best we ever knew. I recommend Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, to everybody."

Mrs. J. Learmonth, of 776 Broadway, South Boston, Mass., says:

"At ten years of age my daughter became affected with a nervous condition which soon developed into St. Vitus' dance. It was pronounced by the attending physician to be a very severe attack. The mouth would be drawn spasmodically far to one side, the hands and arms were restless and constantly twitching. Her limbs also were weak; her ankles bent under her so that it was almost impossible to walk. She was so nervous that she would scream almost like a maniac and then have fits of crying. After two months' treatment without a cure, I concluded to try Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy. Three bottles entirely cured her. She is now thirteen years old, and has been well ever since, and to-day is a picture of health."

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