# Richmond Democrat.

THURSDAY DEC. 20, 1888.


### On the Threshold.

I.

Ring out, O bells, ring silver-sweet over hill and meadow and fell!
In merrie echoes let your chimes their hope-full story tell.
Ring out, ring out, all jubilant, this joyous, glad refrain,
"A bright new year, a glad new year hath come to us again."

II.

Ah, who can say how much of joy within it there may be
Stored up for us, who listen now to your sweet melody?
God grant that after sorrow past we all some joy may know,
Though tempest-tossed our bark a while on life's rough waves may be.
There comes a day of calm at last when we the haven see.

IV.

Then ring, ring on, O pealing bells! there's music in the sound,
Ring on, ring on, and still ring on, and wake the echoes round.
The wish we wish, both for ourselves and all
Who from us we hold dear,
That God may gracious be to us in this the bright new year!

The Dog's Christmas Wish.

My little mistress wants a ring,
And a well-filled dolly house;
But I am only a little cur,
And I'd like a good fat mouse.
—Boston Bulletin.

The Cat's Christmas Wish.

My little mistress wants a ring,
And a well-filled dolly house;
But I am only a little cat,
And I'd like a good fat mouse.
—M. F. Butts.

### For First Place.

A great amount of political engineering will be done by friends of candidates to secure for their man the first place on the ticket, and the best man will probably secure the coveted place. Then if endorsed by the majority of the people, the election is assured. Electric Bitters has been put to the front, its merits passed upon, has been indorsed, and unanimously given the first place, among remedies peculiarly adapted to the relief and cure of all Diseases of Kidneys, Liver and Stomach. Electric Bitters, being guaranteed, is a safe investment. Price 50c. and $1 per bottle at Taylor & Ewing's Drug Store. Dec.

The yellow fever epidemic of the year has an aggregate of 5,000 cases, 500 of which proved fatal. This is the least fatal visit in proportion to the number of cases the fever has ever made in the south. In a much shorter time in 1876 there were 12,000 cases and 1247 deaths in the single city of Savanah alone; and in 1878 there were 3977 deaths in New Orleans and 4200 in Memphis. The fever mortality for the whole country that year was 13,911, and in Memphis in 1879 of 1532 persons who had the fever, 485 died.—Fulton Sun.

A man who has practiced medicine for 40 years, ought to know salt from sugar; read what he says.

TOLEDO, O., Jan. 10, 1887.

Messrs. F. J. Cheney & Co.—

Gentlemen:—I have been in the general practice of medicine for most 40 years, and would say that in all my practice and experience, have never seen a preparation that I could prescribe with as much confidence of success as I can Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by you. Have prescribed it a great many times and its effect is wonderful, and would say in conclusion that I have yet to find a case of Catarrh that it would not cure, if they would take it according to directions. Yours Truly,

L. L. GORSUCH, M. D.
Office, 215 Summit St.

We offer one hundred dollars reward for any case of catarrh that can not be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props.,
Toledo, O.

As a consequence of the failure of crops in various sections along the river south of here, the farmers are gathering the small scions of the papaw, willow, maple, box-alder and cottonwood, and selling them to Peter Younger who is buying at this place and shipping them to the treeless plains in the Western states where they are transplanted by settlers. This is becoming quite an industry here and proves to be quite a paying business.—Carrollton Journal.

### Consumption is on the Increase.

From recent statistics it appears that consumption is on the increase throughout the western states. The principle cause it is stated, is due to neglect of common coughs and colds. It is the duty of all persons, whether of delicate or robust health, to have a remedy at hand at all times in readiness, and a cough or cold may be broken up before it becomes seated. Ballard's Horehound Syrup will cure any cough except in last stages of consumption. A stitch in time saves nine. Always keep it in your house. Smith & Patton, agents. Dec

Senator Ingalls openly denies ever having slandered President Cleveland at all; and in speaking of Mrs. Cleveland he uses this beautiful, chaste language: "She will carry with her into retirement the unabated honor and regard of all who have been so fortunate as to know her. She will remain among the noblest illustrations of womanhood so long as virtue has a votary or beauty a champion."

### Their Business Booming.

Probably no one thing has caused such a general revival of trade at Taylor & Ewing's Drug Store as their giving away to their customers of so many free trial bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. Their trade is simply enormous in this very valuable article from the fact that it always cures and never disappoints. Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, and all throat and lung diseases quickly cured. You can test it before buying by getting a trial bottle free, large size $1. Every bottle warranted. Dec.

## THE BETTER WORLD.

### Dr. Talmage Discourses on Eternal Life.

**Departed Ones Not Gone Forever—Meeting of Joseph and His Father in the Land of Plenty—Joys of the Hereafter.**

In a recent sermon at Brooklyn, on "The Departed Still Living," Rev. T. De Witt Talmage took his text from Genesis xlv. 27-28: "And when he saw the wagons which Joseph had sent to carry him, the spirit of Jacob their father revived. And Israel said, It is enough; Joseph my son is yet alive." Dr. Talmage said:

The Egyptian capital was the focus of the world's wealth. In ships and barges there had been brought to it from India frankincense, and cinnamon, and ivory, and diamonds; from the north, marble and iron; from Syria, purple and silk; from Greece some of the finest horses of the world and some of the most brilliant chariots, and from all the earth that which could best please the eye and satisfy the ear and gratify the taste. There were temples aflame with red sandstone, entered by gateways that were guarded by pillars bewildering with literaglyphics and wound with brazen serpents and adorned with winged creatures—their eyes and beaks and pinions glittering with precious stones. There were marble columns blooming into white flower buds; there were stone pillars, at the top bursting into the shape of the lotus when in full bloom. Along the avenues, lined with sphinx and Sese and obelisk, there were princes who came in gorgeously upholstered palanquins, carried by servants in scarlet, or rode in state by vehicles, the snow white horses gold-caparisoned and six abreast, dashing at full run.

There were fountains from shoulder-wreathed vases climbing the ladders of light. You would hear a bolt shoot and a door of brass would open like a flash of the sun. The surrounding gardens were saturated with odors that mounted the terraces and dripped from the arbors and burned their incense in the Egyptian noon. On floors of mosaic the glories of Pharaoh were spelled out in letters of porphyry, and beryl and flame. There were ornaments twisted from the wool of the tamarisk, embossed with silver breaking into foam. There were footstools made out of a single precious stone. There were beds fashioned out of a crouched lion in bronze. There were chairs spotted with the sleek hide of leopards. There were sofas footed with the claws of wild beasts and armed with the beaks of birds. As you stand on the level beach of the sea on a summer day and look either way, and there are miles of breakers, white with the ocean foam, dashing shoreward, so it seemed as if the sea of the world's pomp and wealth in the Egyptian capital for miles and miles itself up into white breakers of marble temple, mausoleum and obelisk. This was the place where Joseph, the shepherd boy, was called to stand next to Pharaoh in honor. What a contrast between this scene and his humble starting and the pit into which his brothers threw him! Yet he was not forgetful of his early home; he was not ashamed of where he came from.

The Bishop of Mentz descended from a wheelwright, covered his house with spokes, and hammers, and wheels; and the King of Sicily, in honor of his father, who was a potter, refused to drink out of any thing but an earthen vessel. So Joseph was not ashamed of his early surroundings, of his old-time father, of his brothers. When they came up from the famine stricken land to get corn from the King's corn crib, Joseph, instead of chiding them for the way they had maltreated and abused him, sent them back with wagons, which Pharaoh furnished, laden with corn; and old Jacob, the father, in the very same wagons, was brought back, that Joseph, the son, might see him and give him a comfortable home all the rest of his days.

Well, I hear the wagons, the King's wagons, rumbling down in front of the palace. On the outside of the palace, to see the wagons go off, stands Pharaoh in royal robes and beside him Prime Minister Joseph with a chain of gold around his neck and on his hand a ring given by Pharaoh to him, so that any time he wanted to stamp the royal seal upon a document he could do so. Wagon after wagon rolls on down from the palace, laden with corn, and meat, and changes of raiment, and every thing that could help a famine-struck people. One day I see aged Jacob seated in front of his house. He is possibly thinking of his absent boys (some, however old they get, are never to a father any more than boys), and while he is seated there he sees dust arising and he hears wagons rumbling, and he wonders what is coming now, for the whole land had been smitten with the famine and was in silence. But after a while the wagons have come near enough and he sees his sons on the wagons and before they come quite up they shout: "Joseph is still alive!" The old man faints dead away. I do not wonder at it.

The boys tell the story how that the boy, the long absent Joseph, had got to be the first man in the Egyptian palaces. While they unloaded the wagons the wan and wasted creatures in the neighborhood come up and ask for a handful of corn and they are satisfied. Out of the wagons are brought up, for Jacob, the old father, is about to go to see Joseph in the Egyptian palaces. You know it is not a very easy thing to transplant an old tree, and Jacob has hard work to get away from the place where he has lived so long. He bids good-bye to the old place and leaves his blessing with the neighbors and then his sons steady him while he, determined to help himself, gets into the wagon, stiff, old and decrepit. Yonder they go, Jacob and his sons, and their wives, and their children, eighty-two in all, followed by lords and flocks, which the herdsmen drive along. They are going out from famine to luxuriance; they are going from a plain country home to the finest palaces under the sun. Joseph, the Prime Minister, goes in his chariot and drives down to meet the old man. Joseph's charioteer holds up his horses on the one side—the dust covered wagons of the emigrants stop on the other. Joseph, instead of waiting for his father to come, leaps out of the chariot and jumps into the emigrants' wagon, throws his arms around the old man and weeps aloud for past memories and present joy. The father, Jacob, can hardly think it is his boy. Why, the smooth brow of childhood has become a wrinkled brow, wrinkled with the cares of state, and the garb of the shepherd boy has become a robe royally bedizened.

But, as the old man finds out it is actually Joseph, I see the thin lip quiver against the toothless gum as he cries out: "Now let me die, since I have seen thy face; behold Joseph is yet alive!" The wagons roll up in front of the palace. Help out the grandchildren and take them in out of the hot Egyptian sun. Help old Jacob out of the wagon. Send word to Pharaoh that the old shepherd has come. In the royal apartment Pharaoh and Jacob meet—dignity and rusticity—the gracefulness of the court and the plain manners of the field. The King, wanting to make the old countryman at ease, and seeing how white his beard is, and how feeble his step, looks familiarly into his face, and says to the aged man: "How old art thou?" Give the old man a seat. Unload the wagons, drive out the cattle toward the pastures of Goshen. Let the slaves in scarlet kneel and wash the feet of the newly arrived, wiping them on the finest linen of the palace. From vases of perfume let the newly arrived be sprinkled and refreshed; let minstrels come in with sandals of crimson and thrum the harps, and clap the cymbals, and jingle the tambourines, while we sit down, at this great distance of time and space, and learn the lesson of the King's wagons.

My friends, we are in a world by sin famine struck; but the King is in constant communication with us, his wagons coming and going perpetually; and in the rest of my discourse I will show you what the wagons bring and what they take back.

In the first place, like those that come from the Egyptian palace, the King's wagons now bring us corn and meat and many changes of raiment. We are apt to think of the fields and the orchards as feeding us, but who makes the flax grow for the linen, and the wheat for the bread, and the wool on the sheep's back? O, I wish we could see through every grain field, by every sheep fold, under the trees of every orchard, the King's wagons. They drive up three times a day—morning, noon and night. They bring furs from the arctic, they bring fruits from the tropics, they bring bread from the temperate zone. The King looks out and he says: "There are twelve hundred millions of people to be fed and clothed. So many pounds of meat, so many barrels of flour, so many yards of cloth and linen and flannel, so many hats, so many socks, so many shoes;" enough for all, save that we who are greedy get more shoes than belong to us and others go barefooted. None but a God could feed and clothe the world. None but a King's corn-

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SHE DIDN'T SCARE.

How a Volunteer Young Wife Laid Low by Her Friend's Wile.

"Why, Sellers," he remarked to a friend in a grocery the other evening, "I know now we can hope some for Sam."

Several parties asked him to explain, and he said:

"My wife is always telling her friends she is not afraid of us in an emergency, and I want to tell you her first is yet. I was not since the war. I was down at my place in the country, and I was there when Sam came home. He was in rags and sunny and dusty and footsore, and he looked as if he had come a great way. He was glad to see us, and he said he was hungry and wanted something to eat. We had a little supper, and we sat up talking with him till we were all sleepy, and then we showed him the room he was to sleep in, and we all went to bed. I was very sleepy myself, and I was in a good sound sleep when I heard a noise from the direction of Sam's room, and I woke up and listened. It was a dreadful noise, and it came from Sam's room, and it was like a man in a fit. I was afraid to go to his room, and I was afraid not to go, and I was in a cold sweat between the two. The noise stopped, and I was in a cold sweat because it had stopped. I was in a cold sweat when it began again, and I was in a cold sweat when it was over. I was in a cold sweat when I got to Sam's door, and I was in a cold sweat when I knocked at his door, and I was in a cold sweat when I heard him say, in a voice that was hardly more than a whisper, 'Come in!' I was in a cold sweat when I opened the door and saw Sam sitting up in his bed, with his eyes shut and his face as white as a sheet, and I was in a cold sweat when I asked him if he was sick, and he said he was not, but he was in a cold sweat when he said he was afraid he was going to have a fit, and I was in a cold sweat when I asked him what he was afraid would bring him to his senses, and he said he was afraid I would be in a cold sweat if he did not have a fit, and I was in a cold sweat when I promised him I would be in a cold sweat if he did not have a fit, and I was in a cold sweat when I promised him I would be in a cold sweat if he did