

# AN ENEMY IN THE WAY

SEVENTH—In Cloud and Pillar Series

A STORY OF THE WILDERNESS JOURNEY OF THE HEBREW PEOPLE  
By the "Highway and Byway" Preacher

(Copyright, 1906, by the author, W. S. Edson.)

Scripture Authority:—Exodus 17: 8-16.

## SERMONETTE.

"Fight the good fight of faith, because your adversary, the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about seeking whom he may devour."—1 Tim. 6:12, and 1 Peter 5:8.

The Enemy in the Way.—Know, O Soul, thou who hast been redeemed by God, and hast been led out of the Egyptian bondage of sin to Replidim, the place of larger spiritual refreshing and blessing, that Amalek lurks in the way to dispute thy passage. The Amalek of an evil heart, and the Amalek of a wicked world are ever ready to engage thee in conflict; to plot thy ruin; to keep thee from going forward.

Conflict and Victory.—But know, also, O thou Soul, that though Amalek, that tireless emissary of Satan, must be met, thou hast the assurance of victory, for Faith may mount to the hilltop with Moses, while thou dost fight courageously and confidently in the valley below under Joshua (Jesus) thy leader. Prayer in the mountain top, like the rod of Moses uplifted, will keep thy heart brave and steadfast while the battle rages about thee. It is Faith and Works manifested in thee. Faith invoking God's power with thy human endeavor. Faith sustained by communion with God, Faith expressing itself in terms of heroic conflict.

A Type of the Christ.—Behold, O Soul, in this story of Moses on the mountain praying, and Joshua in the valley fighting, the two fold capacity of the Christ: As Moses, he is on the hilltop pleading, and as Joshua he is in the valley fighting. Christ risen and at the right hand of the Father interceding for us. Christ with us and in us, aiding us in our warfare against evil, for on the eve of his departure he said: "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." Beloved, believe in Christ in Heaven, and trust him with your prayers. Believe in Christ on earth, and range yourself on his side, being assured that no foe will be able to stand against him.

## THE STORY.

News of a most alarming nature had thrown the peaceful, quiet camp into a condition bordering on panic. For weeks now the Hebrew people had been encamped at Replidim, weeks of physical refreshing and spiritual growth. After the long journey across the barren wastes of the wilderness, they had needed rest and God had given it them.

And during those weeks of bodily comfort and ease, as they gathered the manna daily and sought the great rock from whose riven side there flowed the refreshing waters, they thought of God, of his wonderful deliverances, of his unflinching care. During those days which dealt so kindly and generously with them, the consciousness grew upon them that the God of Moses was their God, indeed, and that they were his people. They recalled how he had delivered them from Egypt with a mighty and outstretched arm; how he had fought for them at the Red sea and had swallowed up utterly Pharaoh and his army.

How good it was to have such a God; how easy was the way with their God to fight for them. And now with their old enemy destroyed and the dangers of the journey behind them what more was there to fear?

Such was the spirit of confidence and self-ease which pervaded the camp of the Hebrews on that morning when the note of alarm was sounded, and the cry raised that a hostile foe was lurking on the outskirts of the camp, waiting favorable moment to strike a crushing blow and spoil them of their goods.

Not one, but several, while gathering the manna out beyond the camp that morning had caught fleeting glimpses of the armed men. Not suspecting their hostile purpose, they had sought to come up with them and hold friendly converse, but so fierce had been the demonstration against them that they had fled as for their lives and had hastened into the camp to spread the alarm.

"There can be no doubt that they have come out to fight against us," exclaimed one.

"Yea, and they are men of fierce visage," broke in another, the fear which was clutching at his heart being reflected in his blanched face and wildly glaring eyes.

"And each man has sword and spear," added another.

It can well be imagined what wild consternation these reports created among a people so defenseless and untrained to war.

The confusion and panic in the camp soon reached the ears of Moses and Aaron, and the elders of the people, and they hastened forth, and hav-

ing heard the reports they went apart to consider what was best to be done.

"What is there for us to do," exclaimed one, "but to flee? Better that we should return to Egypt than to perish by the hand of so great a foe."

"Nay," reasoned another, "let us first seek by gifts to win the favor of the enemy. It may be we shall be able to turn them from their evil purpose."

This suggestion seemed to win instant favor with the majority of the elders, but even while they were planning to carry it into effect, declaring openly that the Promised Land would never be gained if such obstacles were to be encountered, the young man Joshua stood up and said:

"Shall we who have come thus far on our journey turn back, or even make peace with an enemy which would seek to prevent our reaching the land to which God has promised to lead us? Surely, God is with us, and he has not brought us thus far on our journey to be swallowed up by an enemy, neither would he have us make peace with those who would turn us from the right pathway. Let us boldly withstand them. Are there not here men of valor? Who will stand with Joshua in the name of our God?"

A deep silence followed this bold speech, but at last Moses arose and, stepping to the side of Joshua, laid his hand upon him and exclaimed:

"Thou hast spoken wisely, and the Lord will surely bless thee in thy bold purpose. Choose you out men and go out and fight with Amalek. Tomorrow I will stand on the top of the hill with the rod of God in mine hand, and even while I hold it up in token of pleading with God, thou shalt fight with Amalek and prevail."

Then turning to the others assembled there he cried:

"Who is there who would make friends with the enemy of God and God's people? Know ye all to-day that Amalek hath wickedly arrayed himself against us and would bar our passage to the land to which God has declared he would bring us. Fear not, though, for if God be on our side, what have we to fear? If we but fight in his name he will give us the victory. Why sit we here idle, while the enemy doth plot against us?"

Scarcely had the words died away ere Joshua had started forth crying:

"Come, let us hasten, for while we tarry the hearts of the people faint within them. Who is there who will go forth with me? Let him seek out such weapons as he can find. We will meet by the rock. And while Moses stands upon its top we will go into the valley below and drive Amalek from before us."

But there were only a few stout hearts in the camp of Israel that day, and few indeed were those who assembled at the rock that night to go forth and fight in the name of the Lord. But then, as to-day, to those who fight the battle of righteousness against evil is the victory, and what the brave band lacked in numbers they made up in the heroic spirit which stirred within, and what though their weapons were poor, and ill-assorted as compared with those possessed by the enemy, their hands were strong and zealous to use them to the utmost.

In the camp of the enemy that night Amalek and his men made merry over the report that Israel was arming against them, and Amalek, standing before his men, bid defiance to Israel and Israel's God, saying:

"Yea, it hath been said that God hath promised to give them a country and is even now leading them thither, but shall we sit idly by while these slaves from Egypt eat up the substance of our land? Nay, as the flea is crushed under the paw of a lion, so shall Israel perish before Amalek."

In this confident, boastful spirit the Amalekites waited the coming of Israel. While Joshua, with his brave little band, stole out, a great faith filling his heart and a noble purpose urging him on. And while the battle raged in the valley, Moses on the hilltop with hand uplifted kept vigil with God. Through the long weary hours of the day he stood and when his hands grew heavy Aaron and Hur upheld them that Joshua might know that God was still with him. Thus was Amalek discomfited and as the sun set his men broke and fled.

Then did Israel who had been watching the issues of battle raise a great shout, and pursued after.

And Moses built an altar and called the name of it Jehovah-nissi, that is, The Lord My Banner, "for," said he, "the Lord hath sworn that the Lord will have war with Amalek from generation to generation."

And Moses wrote the story of this victory for a memorial in a book and rehearsed it in the ears of Joshua, saying:

"The Lord hath declared that he will utterly put out the remembrance of Amalek from Heaven, for that he has bid defiance to God and sought with wicked purpose to turn Israel from the hope of the Promise."

## Bibles for New York Hotel.

The proprietor of a newly furnished New York city hotel has given an order to a publishing house for 200 Bibles. "I have been hearing a lot lately," he said, "about hotel guests going wrong because there were no Bibles in their rooms. Several years ago it was the practice of many hotels to include a Bible in the list of necessary furniture. Gradually the people who were back of the enterprise lost interest and the books disappeared. It now seems that many persons, particularly commercial travelers, complain of missing them. Frequently they read a chapter before going to bed just to drive away the blues, but now they never get a chance to look inside a Bible. That being the case, it shall not be said that any man stopping at my house is driven to perdition for the want of a Bible."

## BOY'S TERRIBLE ECZEMA.

Mouth and Eyes Covered with Crusts—Hands Pinned Down—Miraculous Cure by Cuticura.

"When my little boy was six months old, he had eczema. The sores extended so quickly over the whole body that we at once called in the doctor. We then went to another doctor, but he could not help him, and in our despair we went to a third one. Matters became so bad that he had regular holes in his cheeks, large enough to put a finger into. The food had to be given with a spoon, for his mouth was covered with crusts as thick as a finger, and whenever he opened the mouth they began to bleed and suppurate, as did also his eyes. Hands, arms, chest and back, in short the whole body was covered over and over. We had no rest by day or night. Whenever he was laid in his bed, we had to pin his hands down; otherwise he would scratch his face and make an open sore. I think his face must have itched most fearfully.

"We finally thought nothing could help, and I had made up my mind to send my wife with the child to Europe, hoping that the sea air might cure him, otherwise he was to be put under good medical care there. But, Lord be blessed, matters came differently, and we soon saw a miracle. A friend of ours spoke about Cuticura. We made a trial with Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Resolvent, and within ten days or two weeks we noticed a decided improvement. Just as quickly as the sickness had appeared it also began to disappear, and within ten weeks the child was absolutely well, and his skin was smooth and white as never before. F. Hohrath, President of the C. L. Hohrath Company, Manufacturers of Silk Ribbons, 4 to 20 Rink Alley, South Bethlehem, Pa., June 5, 1905."

## TWO WRITERS OF BIOGRAPHY.

Johnson and Boswell Exponents of Different Schools.

It is an interesting fact in the history of literary genres that two of the great examples of biographical writing occur almost side by side. Less than a decade separates the completion of Johnson's "Lives of the Poets"—happily honored in the new edition of the late Dr. Birkbeck Hill—from the publication of his own life by Boswell. Yet with the latter book a new type of biography came into being. Johnson, in the main, had, like most of his predecessors, followed a simple narrative and expository method, prefixing a plain story of the poet's life to a systematic account of his character and a critical estimate of his works; he gathered his facts and impressions together and spoke for the author and for himself. Boswell, on the other hand, making use of a more dramatic method, succeeded in his attempt to let the author reveal himself, and, instead of an exposition of character, painted a picture of personality, to which his own comments were subordinate. What we see as a type of mind and character in Johnson's work, we see as a living man in Boswell.—The Forum.

## REST THAT RESTS.

Rest means rest.  
"Cut out" worrying.  
Rest with a capital R.  
Few persons know how to rest.  
Rushing for trains and boats isn't resting.  
Being elbowed by a vulgar mob isn't resting.  
Neither is staying home and being annoyed by endless details.  
Overdressing, overeating and too much excitement are not restful.  
Over Sunday rest is best accomplished by a trip to some restful place.  
The idea is to discover what best agrees with one and then to follow it as well as possible.

## Was Willing to Change.

According to Harper's Weekly, Marshall P. Wilder tells of a young man in Wilkesbarre who had aspirations to the hand of a daughter of one of the wealthiest men in that place. Recently the hopeful one had an interview with the father for the purpose of laying the matter before him. "Well," growled the old man, "what I most desire to know is, what preparation have you made for the future?" "Oh," exclaimed the suitor, in a confident and obliging tone, "I am a Presbyterian; but, if that denomination doesn't meet with your approval, I am quite willing to change."

## "NO TROUBLE"

To Change from Coffee to Postum.

"Postum has done a world of good for me," writes an Ills. man.

"I've had indigestion nearly all my life but never dreamed coffee was the cause of my trouble until last Spring I got so bad I was in misery all the time.

"A coffee drinker for 30 years, it irritated my stomach and nerves, yet I was just crazy for it. After drinking it with my meals, I would leave the table, go out and lose my meal and the coffee too. Then I'd be as hungry as ever.

"A friend advised me to quit coffee and use Postum—said it cured him. Since taking his advice I retain my food and get all the good out of it, and don't have those awful hungry spells. "I changed from coffee to Postum without any trouble whatever, felt better from the first day I drank it. I am well now and give the credit to Postum." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason."

## PECK'S BAD BOY ABROAD.



The Bad Boy Tells the Groceryman How He Rescued His Dad from the Bears in Yellowstone Park.

BY HON. GEORGE W. PECK.  
(Ex-Governor of Wisconsin, formerly publisher of "Peck's Sun," author of "Peck's Bad Boy," etc.)  
(Copyright, 1904, by Joseph B. Dowles.)

The old groceryman was down on his knees, with a wet cloth, swabbing up something from the floor with one hand, while he held his nose with the other, his back toward the door, when suddenly the door opened with a bang, striking the old man in the back, knocking him over and landing him with his head in a basket of strictly fresh eggs, breaking at least a dozen of them, and filling the air with an odor that was unmistakable; and the bad boy followed the door into the grocery.

"What's your notion of taking a nap, with a basket of stale eggs for a pillow," said the bad boy, as he took the old man by the arm and raised him



LANDED WITH HIS HEAD IN A BASKET OF STRICTLY FRESH EGGS.

up, and looked at him with a grin that was tantalizing. "What is it, sewer gas? My, but the board of health won't do a thing to you if the inspector happens in here. Those eggs must have been mislaid by a hen that had a diseased mind," and the bad boy took a bottle of cologne out of the show case and began to sprinkle the floor, and squirted some of it on the old man's clothes.

"Say, do you know I bought those eggs of a man dressed like a farmer, who came in here yesterday with his pants in his boots, and smelling as though he had just come out of his cow stable?" said the old groceryman, as he took a piece of a coffee sack and wiped yellow egg off his whiskers. "And yet they are old enough to attend caucuses. Go on now," and the old groceryman threw the eggs out in the alley, and washed his whiskers at the sink.

"Oh, I guess not," said the boy, as he sat down on a tin cracker box and began to eat figs out of a box. "I know something about the law myself, and if you drive me away, you could be arrested for breach of promise, and arson, and you could go to the penitentiary. It was all I could do to make the police believe you didn't set this old shebang afire to get the insurance, and my being here has drawn more custom to your store than the quality of your goods would warrant. No, sir, I stay right here, and advise with you, and keep you out of trouble.

"Oh, sugar, no; you don't need to," said the old groceryman, as he came up to the boy, wiping the soap-suds off, and trying to smile. "I was only joshing you, and, honestly, I enjoy you. Life is a dreary burden when you are away. Somehow I have got so my blood gets thick, and my appetite fails, when you are away from town, and when you play some low down trick on me, while I seem mad at the



"YOU OUGHT TO HAVE SEEN DAD'S SHORT LEGS CARRY HIM TO A TREE."

time, it does me good, starts the circulation, and when you go away I seem a new man, and laugh, and feel like I had been off on a vacation, fishing, or something. It was a great mistake that I did not have a family of boys to keep me mad part of the time, because a man that never has anything to make him mad is no good. I envy your dad in having you around constantly to keep his blood in circulation. I suppose you are responsible for his being, at his age, as spry as a boy. He told me when he and you got back from Yellowstone park last summer that the trip did him a world of good, and that he got so he could climb a tree—just shin rise; up like a cat, and that you were the bravest boy he ever saw, said that you would fight a bear as quick as eat. Such a boy I am proud to call my friend. What was it about your fighting bears, single-handed, with no weapon but

empty tomato cans? You ought to be in the history books. Your dad said bravely runs in the family."

"Oh, get out. Did dad tell you about that bear story?" said the bad boy, as he sharpened his knife on his boot. "Well, you'd a dide right there, if you could have seen dad. He is one of these men that is brave sort of intermittent, like folks have fever. Half the time he is a darn coward, but when you don't expect it, for instance when the pancakes are burned, or the steak is raw, and his dyspepsia seems to work just right, he will flare up and sass the cook, and I don't know of anything braver than that; but ordinarily he is meek as a lamb. I think the stomach has a good deal to do with a man's bravery. You take a soldier in battle, and if he is hungry he is full of fight, but you fill him up with baked beans and things and he is willing to postpone a fight, and he don't care whether there is any fight at all or not. I think the trip through Yellowstone park took the tar out of dad. Those geyzers throwing up hot water, apparently right out of the hot place the preachers tell about, seemed to set him to thinking that may be he had got nearer h—l, on a railroad pass, than he had ever expected to get. He told me, one day, when we stood beside old Faithful geyser, and the hot water belched up into the air a hundred feet, that all it wanted was for the lid to be taken off, and h—l would be yawning right there, and he was going to try to lead a different life, and if he ever got out of that park alive he should go home, and join every church in town, and he should advise ministers to get the sinners to take a trip to the park, if they wanted to work religion into them.

"Well, there is one hotel where a lot of bears come out of the woods in the evening, to eat the garbage that is thrown out from the hotel. They are wild bears, all right, but they have got so tame that they come right near folks, and don't do anything but eat garbage and growl, and fight each other. The cook told me about it, and said there was no danger, 'cause you could take a club and scare them away. "We got to the hotel in the afternoon, and dad went to our room to say his prayers, and take a nap, and had his supper taken to the room, and he was so scared at the awful surroundings in the park that he asked a blessing on the supper, though it was the bummiest supper I ever struck. After dark I told dad we better go out and take a walk and inspect the scenery, 'cause it was all in the bill, and if you got a bum supper and didn't get the scenery you were losing money on the deal. I saw the man emptying the garbage and



"I STUDIED THE BEARS FOR AWHILE AND LET DAD YELL FOR THE POLICE."

I knew the bears would be getting in their work pretty soon, so I took dad and we walked away off, and he talked about how God had prepared that park as a warning to sinners of what was to come, and I knew his system was sort of running down, and I knew he needed excitement, a shock, or something, to make a reaction, so I steered him around by the garbage pile.

"Say, before he knew it we were right in the midst of about nine bears, grizzlies, cinnamon bears, black bears, and all of them raised up and said, "Whoof!" and they growled, and, by gosh, just as quick as I could run this knife into your liver, I missed dad. He just yelled: "Hennery, this is the limit, and here is where your poor old dad sprints for tall timber," and he made for a tree, and I yelled: "Hurry up, dad!" and he said: "I ain't walking, am I?" and you ought to have seen his short legs carry him to the tree, and help him skin up it. I have seen squirrels climb trees, when a dog was after them, but they were slow compared to dad. When he got up to a limb he yelled to me to come on up, as he wanted to give me a few last instructions about settling his estate, but I told him I was going to play I was Daniel in the lion's den, so I studied the bears for a while and let dad yell for the police, and then I picked up an armful of tomato cans and made a rush for the bears, and yelled and threw cans at them, and pretty soon every bear went off into the woods, growling and scrapping with each other, and I told dad to come down and I would save him at the risk of my life. Dad came down as quick as he went up, and I took his arm and led him to the hotel, and when we got to the room he would have collapsed, only I gave him a big drink of whisky, and then he braced up and said: "Hennery, when it comes to big game, you and I are the wonders of the world. You are brave, and I am discreet, and we make a team hard to beat." I told dad he covered himself with glory, but that he left most of his pants on the tree," but he said he didn't care for a few pants when he had a boy that was the bravest that ever came down the pike."

The trouble with self-conceit is that they forget to be selves.

PUTNAM FADELESS DYE stains the hands or spot the face green and purple.

Wigg—"Bjones is awfully since he made his money." "Bjones has always been a success." You know he used to be a failure.

Foremost of French Veterans  
The French government has pensioned off Francois Geromini guardian of the Bastille. Geromini was a character. Corsica 60 years ago to some grenadiers of the imperial guard fought in the campaigns of and of Rome, and also in Bourbonnais. He was made a and taken to Darmstadt and fall of the empire became one of the Bastille.

Garden City, Texas, Jan. 21. J. L. Ward Medicine Co., Big Springs, Texas. Gentlemen:—Two boxes of your Pills have cured me of kidney and trouble. I have suffered for more than 20 years with severe backache, having to several times during the night to get up better, and am able to do manual labor than for the past two years on any back ache or symptom of trouble. Very truly, A. C. Ward.

P. S.—Send us your druggists' and 10 cents and we will send 50-cent box of Ward's Kidney Remedy. The greatest Kidney Remedy on the market.

A guaranteed cure for Kidney Bladder Troubles, Diabetics, Weak Achting Back, Rheumatism, Pain, Desire to Pass Water, Inflammation or Ulceration of the Bladder or Kidneys. Removes Gravel or from the Bladder. Sold and guaranteed by your local druggists. J. L. WARD MEDICINE CO. Big Springs, Texas.

New Element in Commerce  
Ramie, a species of gigantic which produces, directly beneath outer bark, a fiber that can be used alone or in conjunction with wool or cotton, and gives to the into which it is woven a beautiful silky finish, is being produced in China at the present time to an extent that promises to make it an important element in the world's commerce. Unlike cotton, it is not a crop; once planted it will produce for a dozen years. It does not grow evenly, and as soon as one crop is pulled the plant goes on producing again; occasionally, in tropical countries—and it is only in a very few climates that it can be grown—a plant will give four crops in a year. A good stand of plants will run from two to three tons of fiber per acre.

Close Second to American Tramp  
The American tramp must look for his laurels in the matter of sleeping rides. A Roumanian recently succeeded in lodging himself on the pipe underneath a dining-car of the Brasov express at Costanza, on the Black sea, these pipes affording a sort of shelf about 20 inches wide. He slept his bed in Paris 53 hours later. He remarked that at the end of the journey he was very dusty, hungry and thirsty, and possessed a capital amounting to five cents.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

Money talks, especially when you give it to charity.

## ITS MERIT IS PROVEN

RECORD OF A GREAT MEDICINE

A Prominent Cincinnati Woman Tells How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Completely Cured Her.

The great good Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is doing among the women of America is attracting the attention of many of our leading scientists, and thinking people generally.

Many thousands which are on file in the Pinkham office, and go to prove beyond question that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound must be a remedy of great merit, otherwise it could not produce such marvelous results among sick and ailing women.

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—

"About nine months ago I was a great sufferer with female trouble, which caused me severe pain, extreme nervousness and frequent headaches, from which the doctor failed to relieve me. I tried Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and within a short time felt better, and after taking five bottles of it I was entirely cured. I therefore heartily recommend your Compound as a splendid female tonic. It makes the monthly periods regular and without pain; and what a blessing it is to find such a remedy after so many doctors fail to help you. I am pleased to recommend it to all suffering women."—Mrs. Sara Wilson, 31 East 34 Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

If you have suppressed or painful periods, weakness of the stomach, indigestion, bloating, pelvic catarrh, nervous prostration, dizziness, faintness, "don't-care" and "want-to-be-left-alone" feeling, excitability, backache or the blues, these are sure indications of female weakness, or some derangement of the organs. In such cases there is one tried and true remedy—Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.



Mrs. Sara Wilson