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Prompt attention to all business.

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and Northampton counties.

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land, situated near Belle Haven,
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near Exmore Station, known as
"Mooreland," containing 650
acres, more or less, and bounded
as follows: on the south west,
by the lands of K. E. Kellam
and the heirs of Custis M. Wil-
lis, deceased; on the south east,
by a branch of Machapungo
Creek; on the north west, by the
lands of Asa Sample; and on the
north east, by the lands of John
Pitts' heirs and the road leading
to Bell's Neck.

The above tract of land will
be sold as a whole or in parcels
of not less than one third each,
to suit the purchaser. The said
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oak and pine, of great value, and
with resources for manuring
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AND COVER THE FAULTS, SAYS REV.
DR. TALMAGE.

A Great Sermon on the Art of Friendship.
The Man That Hath Friends Must Show
Himself Friendly—Five Sermons in Every
Healthy Handshake.
(Copyright, 1888, by American Press As-
sociation.)

WASHINGTON, Sept. 11.—The obtain-
ing for good friends, which most look
upon as a matter of happy accident, Dr.
Talmage in this sermon shows to be a
matter of intelligent selection; text,
Proverbs xviii, 24, "A man that hath
friends must show himself friendly."

About the sacred and divine art of
making and keeping friends I speak—a
subject on which I never heard of any
one preaching—and yet God thought it
of enough importance to put it in the
middle of the Bible, these writings of
Solomon, bounded on one side by the
popular psalms of David and on the
other by the writings of Isaiah, the
greatest of the prophets. It seems all a
matter of hapazard how many friends
we have or whether we have any friends
at all, but I will tell you how friendly
about it. There is a law which governs
the accretion and dispersion of friend-
ships. They did not "just happen so"
any more than the tides just happen to
rise or fall, or the sun just happens to
rise or set. It is a science, an art, a
God given regulation.

Tell me how friendly you are to others,
and I will tell you how friendly
others are to you. I do not say you
will not have enemies. Indeed, the best
way to get ardent friends is to have ar-
dent enemies if you get their enmity in
doing the right thing. Good men and
women will always have enemies, be-
cause their goodness is a perpetual re-
buke to evil, but this antagonism of
foes will make more intense the love of
your adherents. You must not gather
enemies around you because of the at-
tacks of your assailants. The more your
enemies abuse you the better your con-
ductors will think of you.

The best friends we have ever had ap-
peared at some juncture when we were
especially humiliated. There have been
times in my life when unjust assault
multiplied my friends as near as I
could calculate, about 50 a minute.
You are bound to some people that
break that neither time nor eternity can
break, and I will warrant that many of
those cords were twisted by hands ma-
levolent. Human nature was shipwrecked
about 59 centuries ago, the captain of
the vessel was Adam, and his first mate
running the famous cargo aground on
a snag in the river Hiddell, but there
was at least one good trait of hu-
man nature that waded safely ashore
from that shipwreck, and that is the
disposition to take the part of those un-
fairly dealt with. When it is thor-
oughly demonstrated that some one is being
persecuted, although at the start the
ed. commensural spirit in regard to
those predominated in the world, we
should have the millennium in about
six weeks, for would not that be lamb
and lion, cow and leopard, lying down
together? Nothing but the grace of God
can ever put us into such a habit of
mind and heart as this. The tendency
is in the opposite direction. This is the
way the world talks: I put my name on
the back of a man's note, and I had to
pay it, and I will never again put my
name on the back of any man's note. I
gave a beggar 10 cents, and five minutes
after I saw him entering a liquor store
to spend it. I will never again give a
cent to a beggar. I helped that young
man start in business, and, lo, after
while he came and opened a store al-
most next door to me and stole my cus-
tomers. I will never again help a young
man to start in business. I trusted in
what my neighbor promised to do, and
he broke his word, and the peasant was
right before he corrected himself. For
"all men are liars. Some become sus-
picious and suspicious and selfish and
at every additional wrong done
they put another layer on the wall of
their exclusiveness and another bolt
to the door that shuts them out from
sympathy with the world. They get
cheated out of \$1,000, or misinter-
preted, or disappointed, or betrayed,
and higher goes the wall, and the faster
goes another bolt, and realizing that
while they look others out they lock
themselves in, and some day they wake
up to find themselves imprisoned in a
dastardly habit. No friends to others,
others are no friends to them. There's
an island half way between England,
Scotland and Ireland, called the Isle of
Man, and the seas dash against the sides
of it, and it is said there is no more
peace there than there is on the sea, for
when a man becomes insular in his dis-
position and cuts himself off from the
main land of the world's sympathies he
is despicable, and all around him is an
Atlantic ocean of selfishness. Behold
that Isle of Man!

Now, supposing that you have, by a
divine regeneration, got right toward
God and humanity, and you start out
to practice to text "A man that hath
friends must show himself friendly." Fulfill
this by all forms of appropriate
salutation. Have you noticed that the
head is so poised that the easiest thing
on earth is to give a nod of recognition?
To swing the head from side to side, as
when it is wagged in derision, is not
natural and unpleasant; to throw it
back, as when it is bowed in prayer,
is not natural, but to drop the head
and greet with a friendly nod, that is
so little exertion that all day long and
every day, you might practice it with-
out the least semblance of fatigue. So
also the structure of the hand indicates
handshaking; the knuckles not made so
that the fingers can turn out, but so
made that the fingers can turn in, as in
clapping hands, and the thumb divides
from and set aloof from the fingers, so
that the hand on one side, the thumb takes
it on the other and pressed together the
facilities of the hand give emphasis
to the salutation. Five sermons in every
healthy hand urge us to handshaking.

Besides this, every day when you
start out, look yourself up with kind
thoughts, kind words, kind expres-
sions, kind greetings. When a man or
woman does well, tell him so, tell her
so. If you meet some one who is im-
proved in health and it is demonstrated
in girth and color, say, "How well you
look!" But if, on the other hand, you
note the wear and tear of life he appears
tired and exhausted, do not introduce

sanitary subjects, or say anything as
all about physical condition. In the
case of improved health, you have by
your words given another impulse to-
ward the robust and the joyous, while
in the case of the failing health you
have arrested the decline by your sil-
ence, by which he concludes, "If I
were really so badly off, he would have
said something about it." We are all
susceptible of a nervous tempera-
ment, susceptible to kind words and
discouraging words. Form a conspiracy
against us, and let ten men meet us at
certain points on our way over to busi-
ness and let each one say, "How sick
you look!" though we should start out
well, after meeting the first and hear-
ing his depressing salute, we would be-
gin to examine our systems. After
meeting the second gloomy accosting,
we would conclude we did not feel
quite as well as usual. After meeting
the third, our sensations would be
dreadful and after meeting the fourth,
unless we suspected a conspiracy, we
would go home and go to bed, and the
other six pessimists would be a useless
surplus of discouragement.

Brightness Not Gloom.
My dear sir, my dear madam, what
do you mean by going about with a
clouded brow? Is not the sun the sup-
ply of gloom and trouble and misfor-
tune enough to meet the demand with-
out your running a factory of pins and
spikes? Why should you plant black
and blue in the world when God so sel-
dom plants them? Plenty of scarlet clo-
thes, plenty of yellow, plenty of green,
plenty of blue, I never saw a black flower,
and there's only here and there a
bluebell or a violet, but the blue is for
the most part reserved for the sky, and
we have to look up to see that, and
when we look up no color can do us
harm. Why not plant along the paths
of others the brightness instead of the
glooms?

Do not prophesy misfortune. If you
must be a prophet at all, be an Ezekiel
and not a Jeremiah. In ancient times
prophets who foretold evil were doing
right, for they were divinely directed,
but the prophets of evil in our time are
generally false prophets. Some of our
weatherwise people prophesied we
would have a summer of unparalleled
heat. It has been a very comfortable
summer. Last fall all the weather
prophets agreed in saying we should
have a winter of extraordinary severity,
blizzard on the heels of blizzard. It
was the mildest winter I ever remember
to have passed. Indeed, the autumn
and the spring almost showed winter
out of the procession. Real troubles
are not heralded running ahead of their
sombre chariots, and no one has any
authority in our time to announce their
coming. Load yourself up with hope-
ful words and deeds. The hymn once
sung in our churches is unfit to be
sung, for it says:

We should suspect some danger near
Where we possess delight.
In other words, manage to get mis-
erable all the time. The old song sung
at the piano a quarter of a century ago
was right, "Kind words can never die."
Such kind words have their nests in
kind hearts, and when they are hatched
out and take wing they circle round in
fight that never cease, and sportsman's
gun cannot shoot them, and storms cannot
ruffle their wings, and when they die
they die in these lower skies of earth
they sweep around and alight on the high-
er altitudes of heaven. At Baltimore I
talked into a photograph. The cylin-
der containing the words was sent on
to Washington, and the next day that
cylinder from another photographic in-
strument, when turned, gave back to me
the very words I had uttered, and in up-
per and with the same intona-
tions. Sold into a photograph, and it
will sold back. Pour mild words into
a photograph, and it will return the
gentleness. Society and the world and
the church are photographs. Give them
acidity and rough treatment, and ac-
cidity and rough treatment you will get
back. Give them practical friendliness,
and they will give back practical friend-
liness. A father asked his little daugh-
ter, "Mary, why is it that everybody
loves you?" She answered, "I don't
know unless it is because I love every-
body." "A man that hath friends must
show himself friendly."

First Save My Friend.
We want something like that spirit
of sacrifice for others which was seen
in the English soldiers during the war
between the States. Three men were in
the water, and all three were in the water
struggling for their lives. A boat came
to their relief, and a rope was thrown
to one of them, and he refused to take
it, saying, "First fling it to Tom. He
is just ready to go down. I can last
some time longer." A man like that,
be he sailor or soldier, or citizen, or
woman, or child, or man, or woman,
will always be plenty of friends. What
is true manhood is true Godward. We
must be the friends of God if we want
him to be our friend. We cannot treat
Christ badly all our lives and expect
him to treat us lovingly. I was read-
ing of a sea fight in which Lord Nelson
captured a French officer, and when the
French officer offered Lord Nelson his
hand Nelson replied, "First give me
your sword and then give me your hand."
Surrender of our resistance to
God must precede God's proffer of par-
don to us. Repentance before forgive-
ness. You must give up your rebellious
sword before you can get a grasp of the
Divine hand.

Oh, what a glorious state of things
to have the friendship of God! Why,
we could afford to have all the world
against us and all other worlds against
us if we had God for us. He could in a
minute blot out this universe, and in
another minute make a better universe.
I have no idea that God tried hard
when he made all things. The most
brilliant thing known to us is light,
and for the creation of that he only
used a word of command. As a spark, so
out of one word God struck the noon-
day sun. For the making of the present
universe I do not read that God lifted
so much as a finger. The Bible fre-
quently speaks of God's hand and God's
arm and God's shoulder and God's foot.

Then suppose he should put hand and
arm and shoulder and foot to utmost
tension, what could he not make? That
God of such demonstrated and undem-
onstrated strength you may have for
your present and everlasting friend, not
a stately and reticent friend, hard to
get at, but as approachable as a coun-
try mansion on a summer day, with
all the doors and windows are wide

open. Christ said, "I am the door." And he is a wide door, a high door, a
palace door, an always open door.

No One to Cry To.
My 4-year-old child got hurt and did
not cry until hours after, when her
mother came home, and then she burst
into weeping, and some of the domes-
tics, not understanding human nature,
said to her, "Why did you not cry be-
fore?" She answered, "There was no
one to cry to." Now, I have to tell you
that while the human sympathy may be
lost, divine sympathy is always accessi-
ble. Give God your love and get his
love, your service and secure his help,
your repentance and have his pardon.
God a friend? Why, that means all
your wounds medicated, all your sor-
rows soothed, and if some sudden catas-
trophe should hurl you out of earth it
would only hurl you into heaven.

If God is your friend, you cannot go
out of the world too quickly or sud-
denly so far as your own happiness is con-
cerned. There were two Christians who
entered heaven. The one was standing
at a window in perfect health, watch-
ing a shower, and the lightning sud-
denly slew him, but the lightning did
not flash down the sky as swiftly as his
spirit flashed upward. The Christian
man who died on the same day next
door had been for a year or two failing
in health, and for the last three months
had suffered from a disease that made
the nights sleepless and the days an
anguish. Do you not really think that
the case of the one who went instantly
was more desirable than the one who
entered the shining gate through a long
lane of insomnia and congestion? In
the one case it was like your standing
wearily at a door, knocking and wait-
ing and wondering if it will ever open,
and knocking and waiting again, while
in the other case it was a swinging
open of the door at the first touch of
your knock. Give your friendship to
God and have God's friendship for you,
and even the worst accident will be a
victory.

Value of Divine Friendship.
How refreshing is human friendship,
and true friends, what priceless treas-
ures! When sickness comes and trouble
comes and death comes, we send for our
friends first of all, and their appearance
in our doorway in any crisis is re-
newing, and when they have entered
we say, "Now it is all right!" Oh,
what would we do without personal
friends, business friends, family friends?
But we want something mightier
than human friendship in the great
exigencies. When Jonathan Edwards,
in his final hour, had given the last
goodby to all his earthly friends, he
turned on his pillow and closed his
eyes, confidently saying, "Now where
is Jesus of Nazareth, my true and never
failing friend?" Yes, I admire human
friendship as seen in the case of David
and Jonathan, of Paul and Onesiphorus,
of Herder and Goethe, of Goldsmith
and Reynolds, of Beaumont and Fletcher,
of Cowley and Harvey, of Erasmus
and Thomas More, of Lessing and Men-
delssohn, of Lady Churchill and Prin-
cess Anne, of Orestes and Pylades, each
requesting that himself might take the
point of the dagger, so the other might
be spared; of Epaminondas and Pelopi-
das, who locked their shields in battle,
determined to die together, but the
greatest, the mightiest, the tenderest
friendship in all the universe is the
friendship between Jesus Christ and a
believing soul. Yet after all I have
said, I feel I have only done what
James Marshall, the miner, did in 1848
in California, before its gold mines
were known. He reached in and put
upon the table of his employer, Captain
Sutter, a thumbnail of gold dust.
"Where do you get that?" said his em-
ployer. The reply was, "I got it this
morning from a mill race from which
the water had been drawn off." But
that gold dust, which could have been
taken up between the finger and the
thumb, was the prophecy and specimen
that revealed California's wealth to all
nations. And today I have only put be-
fore you a specimen of the value of di-
vine friendship, only a thumbnail of
miles inexhaustible and infinite, though
all time and all eternity go on with the
exploration.

A Happy Idea Cost.
A number of years ago an order pro-
viding for a change in the full dress
coat burst like a bombshell upon the
young officers of the United States
steamship Alert, which was to sail
within a week for a cruise down the
coast. The commanding officer, who
was a stickler for naval regulations, in-
sisted that the order be obeyed before
the vessel left San Francisco. A stay of
several weeks here had depleted the
pockets of the steerage officers, and the
paymaster would not listen to an ad-
vance. Seven men needed seven coats
at a collective price of \$320.

A hasty "tarpaulin muster" resulted
in a total of less than \$75. A happy
thought struck a bright young ensign.
The coats would be needed only when
it was necessary to accompany the cap-
tain ashore on official visits. And only
one officer went at a time. Why not buy
one coat and have it altered by the
ship's tailor each time it was used? Al-
though the largest man weighed in at
300 pounds, the smallest tipped the
scales at 130 the suggestion was gladly
adopted. It is said that when the Alert
returned to San Francisco that fall
dress coat contained more seams and
stitches than a crazy quilt.—Los An-
geles Times.

The Lords He Knew.
The late Bishop William Ingraham
Kip of San Francisco was very proud
of his aristocratic family connection.
He came from an old Dutch family, his
ancestors having crossed the ocean from
Holland before this country had made much
history. Having a considerable private
means and not being dependent upon
his diocesan salary, the bishop made
frequent trips to Europe, and upon his
return from abroad he always com-
mitted the indiscretion, not uncommon
with European travelers, of talking a
great deal about the noble persons he
had met. It was, "My friend Lord
This" and "My relative Lord That,"
until even the bishop's admirers felt
rather tired.

One Episcopal layman, a hard headed
business man, proud of his American
birth and in love with his democratic
ideas, was especially disgusted. "The
bishop gives me a pain," he said frank-
ly. "Besides, he isn't on to his job,"
he continued. "He seems to know all
about every lord in creation except the
Lord God Almighty."—New York Trib-
une.

MALAY PIRATES.

Pierce Moros From Borneo That Overran
the Philippines Islands