

FARM AND STOCK NOTES.

Leonates 2:17-14, by Alcantara, will be read this year. Sam Anderson sold Wm. Gooch a nice heifer for \$30. R. F. Robinson bought of Dave Ross 20 61 lb. shoats at 2 1/2 c.

MARITAL UNHAPPINESS.

Much of It is Due to the Reading of Trashy Novels.

Honey Given Turned to Gall—Dr. Talnage Gives Warning of Temptation Which Beets the Pathway of All People—Card Playing and Dice Gambling.

Dr. Talnage's text Sunday was: I Samuel xiv, 45: "I did not taste a little honey with the end of the rod that was in my hand, and, lo, I must die." The honey bee is a most ingenious architect, a Christopher Wren among insects; geometric drawing hexagons and pentagons, a free-lance robbing the fields of pollen and nectar, wondrous creature of God whose biography, written by Hubler and Swannerman, is an enchantment for any lover of nature.

Do you know that the swarming of the bees is distinctly directed? The mother bee starts for a new home, and because of this the other bees of the hive get into an excitement which raises the heat of the hive some four degrees, and they must die unless they leave their heated apartment, and they follow the mother bee and alight on the branch of a tree and cling to each other and hold on until a common foe of two or three bees have explored the region and found the hollow of a tree or rock not far off from a stream of water, and they here set up a new colony and ply their aromatic industries and give themselves to the manufacture of the saccharine edibles. But who can tell the chemistry of that mixture of sweetness, part of it the very life of the bee and part of it the life of the fields?

Plenty of this luscious product was hanging in the woods of Bethaven during the time of Saul and Jonathan. Their army was in pursuit of an enemy that by God's command must be exterminated. The soldiers were positively forbidden to stop to eat anything until the work was done. If they disobeyed they were accursed. Coming through the woods they found a place where the bees had been busy—a great honey manufactory. Honey gathered in the hollow of the trees until it had overflowed upon the ground in great profusion and sweetness. All the army obeyed orders and touched it not save Jonathan, and he, not knowing the military order about abstinence, dipped the end of a stick he had in his hand into the candied liquid, and as yellow and tempting it glowed on the end of the stick he put it to his mouth and ate the honey. Judgment fell upon him, and but for special intervention he would have been slain.

In my text Jonathan announces his awful mistake: "I did but taste a little honey with the end of the rod that was in my hand, and lo! I must die." Alas! what multitudes of people in all ages have been damaged by forbidden honey, by which I mean temptation, delicious and attractive, but damaging and destructive! Corrupt literature, fascinating but unprofitable, comes in this category. Where one good, honest, beautiful book is read now, there is a hundred made up of rhetorical trash consumed with avidity. When the boys on the cars come through with a pile of publications, look over the titles and notice that nine out of ten books are injurious. All the way from here to Chicago or New Orleans notice that objectionable books dominate. Taste for pure literature is poisoned by this scum of the publishing house. Every book in which sin triumphs over virtue, or in which a glamour is thrown over dissipation, or which leaves you at its last line with less respect for the marriage institution and less abhorrence for the paramour, is a depression of your own moral character. The book bindery may be attractive, and the plot dramatic and startling, and the style of writing sweet as the honey that Jonathan took up with his rod, but your best interests forbid it, your moral safety forbids it, your God forbids it, and one taste may lead to such bad results that you may have to say at the close of the experiment, or at the close of a misimproved lifetime: "I did but taste a little honey with the rod that was in my hand, and, lo, I must die."

Corrupt literature is doing more today for the disruption of domestic life than any other cause. Elopements, fictitious names given at post office windows, clandestine meetings at parks, and at ferry gates, and in hotel parlors, and conjugal perjuries are among the ruinous results. When a woman, young or old, gets her head thoroughly stuffed with the modern novel she is in appalling peril. But some one will say: "The heroes are so adroitly knavish, and the heroines so bewitchingly untrue, and the turn of the story so exquisite, and all the characters so captivating, I can not quit them." My brother, my sister, you can find styles of literature just as charming that will elevate, and purify, and ennoble, and Christianize while they please. The devil don't own all the honey. There is a wealth of good books coming forth from our publishing houses that leave no excuse for the choice of that which is debasing to body, mind and soul. Go to some intelligent man or woman

and ask for a list of books that will be strengthening to your mental and moral condition. Life is so short and your time for improvement so abbreviated that you can not afford to fill up with husks and cinders and debris. In the interests of business that young man is reading that will help him to be a merchant prince, and that young woman is filling her mind with an intelligence that will yet either make her the chief attraction of a good man's home, or give her an independence of character that will qualify her to build her own home and maintain it in a happiness that requires no ornamentation from any of our rougher sex. That young man or young woman can, by the right literary and moral improvement of the spare ten minutes here or there every day, rise head and shoulders in propriety and character and influence above the loungers who read nothing or read that which belittles. See all the forest of good American literature dripping with honey. Why pick up the honey-comb that has in them the fiery bees which will sting you with an eternal poison while you taste it? One book for you or me may decide everything for this world and the next. It was a turning point with me when, in a bookstore in Syracuse one day, I picked up a book called "The Beauties of Ruskin." It was only a book of extracts, but it was all pure honey, and I was not satisfied until I had purchased all his works, at that time expensive beyond an easy capacity to own them, and with what delight I went through reading his "Seven Lamps of Architecture," and his "Stones of Venice" it is impossible for me to describe, except by saying that it gave me a rapture for good books that will last as long as my life lasts. All around the church and in the world today there are busy lives of intelligence occupied by authors and editors, men from whose pens drip distillations which is the very nectar of Heaven, and why will you thrust your rod of inquisitiveness into the delectable saccharine? Stimulating liquids also come into the category of temptations—delicious but deathful. You say, "I can not bear the taste of intoxicating liquor, and how any man can like it is to me an amazement." Well, then, it is no credit to you that you do not take it. Do not brag about your total abstinence, because it is not from any principle that you reject alcoholism, but for the reason that you reject certain styles of food—you simply don't like the taste of them. But multitudes of people have a natural fondness for all kinds of intoxicants. They like it so much that it makes them smack their lips to look at it. They are despondent and they like to alligations; or they are amorous, and they like to take it to produce sleep; or they are troubled, and they take it to make them oblivious; or they feel happy, and they must celebrate their hilarity.

They begin with mint julep sucked through two straws on the Long Branch piazza and end in the ditch, taking from a jug a liquid half known some will hold whiskey. They not only like it, but it is an all-consuming passion of body, mind and soul, and after a while have it they will, through wine glass of it should cost the temporal and eternal destruction of themselves, and all their families, and the whole human race. They would say: "I am sorry it is going to cost me and my family and all the world's population so much, but here it goes to my lips, and now let it roll over my parched tongue and down my heated throat, the sweetest, the most inspiring, the most delicious draught that ever thrilled a human frame." To cure the habit before it comes to its last stages various plans were tried in older times. This plan was recommended in the books. When a man wanted to reform he put shot or bullets into the cup of strong drink—one additional shot or bullet each day, that displaced so much liquor. Bullet after bullet, added day by day, of course the liquor became less and less until the bullets would entirely fill up the glass, and there was no room for the liquid, and by that time it was said the inebriate would be cured. Whether any one ever was cured in that way I know not, but by long experiment it is found that the only way is to stop short off, and when a man does that he needs God to help him. And there have been more cases than you can count when God has so helped the man that he left the drink forever, and I could count a score of these men of their pillars in the house of God.

One would suppose that men would take warning from some of the ominous names given to the intoxicants and stand off from the devastating influence. You have noticed, for instance, that some of the restaurants are called "The Shades," types of the fact that it puts a man's tentacles in the shade, and his morals in the shade, and his prosperity in the shade, and his wife and children in the shade, and his immortal destiny in the shade. Now, find on some of the liquor signs in all our cities the words "Old Crow," mightily suggestive of the carcass and the filthy raven that swoops upon it. "Old Crow" Men and women without number slain of man, but unbred, and this evil is pecking at their glazed eyes, and pecking at their deformed manhood and womanhood, thrusting beak and claw into the mortal remains of what was once gloriously alive, but now morally dead. "Old Crow!" But alas! how many take no warning. They make me think of Caesar on his way to assassination fearing nothing though his statue in the hall crumbled into fragments at his feet, and a scroll containing the names of the conspirators was thrust into his hands, yet walking right on to meet the dagger that was to take his life. This intoxication of strong drink is so mighty in many a man that, though his fortunes are crashing, and his health is crashing, and his domestic interests are crashing, and he has a long scroll containing the names of perils that await him, he goes straight on to physical, and mental, and moral assassination. In proportion as any style of alcoholism is pleasant to your taste and stimulating to your nerves, and for a time delightful to all your physical and mental constitution, is the peril awful. Remember Jonathan and the forbidden honey in the woods of Bethaven.

Furthermore, the gamester's indulgence must be put in the list of temptations delicious but destructive. You who have crossed the ocean many times have noticed that always one of the best rooms has, from morning till late at night, been given up to gambling practices. I heard of one who went on board with enough for a European excursion who landed with-

out money to get their baggage up to the hotel or railroad station. To many there is a complete fascination in games of hazard or the risking of money on possibilities. It seems as natural for them to bet as to eat. Indeed the hunger for food is often overpowered by the hunger for wagers. It is absurd for those of us who have never felt the fascination of the wager to speak slightly of the temptation. It has slain a multitude of intellectual and moral giants, men and women stronger than you or I. Down under its power went glorious Oliver Goldsmith and Gibbon, the famous historian, and Charles Fox, the renowned statesman, and in older times senators of the United States, who used to be as regularly at the gambling house all night as they were in the halls of legislation by day. Oh, the tragedies of the faro table! I know persons who began with a slight stake in a ladies' parlor and ended with the snail's pistol at Monte Carlo. They played with the square pieces of bone with black marks on them, not knowing that Satan was playing for their bones at the same time and was sure to sweep all the stakes off on his side of the table. State legislatures have again and again sanctioned the mighty evil by passing laws in defense of race tracks, and many young men have lost all their wages at such so-called "meetings." Every man who voted for such infamous bills has on his hands and forehead the blood of these souls.

But in this connection some young converts say to me: "Is it right to play cards? Is there any harm in a game of whist or euchre?" Well, I know good men who play whist and euchre and other styles of games without any water. I had a friend who played cards with his wife and children and then at the close said: "Common, let us have pray'rs." I will not judge other men's consciences, but I tell you that cards are in my mind so associated with the temporal and spiritual ruin of splendid young men, that I would as soon say to my family: "Come, let us have a game of cards," as I would go into a man's house and say: "Come, let us have a game of rattlesnakes," or into a cemetery, and sitting down to a marble slab, say to the grave digger: "Come, let us have a game at skulls." Consider the young man who sits at the table saying: "Boy, that card-playing will do us any harm?" Perhaps not, but how will you feel in the great day of eternity, when we are asked to give an account of our influence, some man should say: "I was introduced to games of chance in the year 1898, at your house, and I went on from that sport to something more exciting, and soon lost my business, and my health, and my morals, and lost my soul, and these chains that you see on my wrists and feet are the chains of a gamester's doom and I am on my way to a gambler's hell." Honey at the start, eternal catastrophe at the last.

The poet Shelley tells of an ambrosia and a nectar, the drinking of which would make man live forever, and one sip of the honey from the eternal rock will give you eternal life with God. Come of the material levels of a sinful life. Come and live on the uplands of grace, where the vineyards sun themselves. "Oh, taste and see that the Lord is gracious!" Be happy now and happy forever. For those who take a different course, the honey will turn to gall. For many things I have admired Percy Shelley, the great English poet, but I deplore the fact that it seemed a great sweetness to him to dishonor God. The poem "Queen Mab" has in it the maligning of the Deity. Shelley was impious enough to ask for Rawland Hill's surveyorship that he might denounce the Christian religion. He was in great glee against God and the truth. But he visited Italy, and one day on the Mediterranean with two friends in a boat which was 24 feet long he was coming toward the shore when an hour's squall struck the water. A gentleman standing on shore through a glass saw many boats tossed in this squall, but all outside the storm, except one, in which Shelley and his two friends were sailing. That never came ashore, but the bodies of two of the occupants were washed up on the beach, one of them the poet. A funeral pyre was built on the seashore by some classic friends and the two bodies were consumed. Poor Shelley! He would have no God while he lived, and I fear had God left the world he died. The Lord knoweth the way of the righteous, but the way of the ungodly shall perish. Beware of the forbidden honey!

The trial of Sheriff Martin and his deputies, for shooting the striking miners at Lawrence, Pa., last September began Tuesday at Wilkesbarre.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE CITY OF LANCASTER, FOR YEAR ENDING DEC. 31, 1897.

RECEIPTS.	
Cash on hand January 1, 1898	\$ 517.94
Tax of Marshal	2,461.17
For Taxes	205.06
For Licenses	62.00
Total	\$3,246.17
DISBURSEMENTS.	
Salaries of Mayor and Council	201.00
Mar-hal	200.00
Street	100.00
Clerk	100.00
Assessor	100.00
Printing and Stationery	25.00
Light	25.00
Interest and Insurance	48.10
City Bond	116.00
City Bonds	2,500.00
Supervisors of tax list '97 and '98	45.00
Police	15.25
Clock	25.00
Minister	25.00
Paupers	52.34
Commissioner	127.84
City Police (part etc)	525.95
City accounts	91.47
Balance in Treas. January 1, 1898	671.19
Total	\$4,897.21
ASSETS.	
Cash on hand	\$ 671.19
Taxes in Litigation	8,528.82
City Bonds	2,500.00
Fire Department	1,000.00
Collected Tax	207.36
Uncollected Tax Old	296.27
Total	\$13,203.24
LIABILITIES.	
3 City Hall Bonds	\$ 200.00
3 City Bonds \$500	1,500.00
Excess of Assets over Liabilities	2,697.29
Total	\$4,897.21

W. H. WHERITT, Clerk.

THE Southern Mutual Investment Co., OF LEXINGTON, KY. OUR PLAN.

Our plan is a new application of an old principle, and is based upon the actual experience of successful life insurance companies, covering a period of over 200 years. The same principles govern both, only—we pay while you LIVE. THEY pay when you DIE. WE offer the INVESTMENT features. THEY protect in case of DEATH.

With them, death is the moving factor, causing the payment of the policy; with us, a definite and fixed mathematical rule, in lieu of death, matures the policy. INSURANCE IS A LAW OF AVERAGE. They figure on so many men out of a thousand dying—we figure on so many policies, they kill the man—we kill the policy. There is no reason why a man should die to reap the benefit of his investment. We return an average of \$2.30 for every dollar paid us, and yet we assume an obligation less than one-third as great as has been assumed and paid for years by the leading life insurance companies of America.

OUR MISSION. Only about twenty (20) per cent. of the people are insurable. Only the sound and healthy, who least need it's advantages, can obtain life insurance. Why should there not be a means provided whereby the other eighty (80) per cent. of the population can carry an investment the same as the favored few who can get life insurance? Our mission is to open the door to the entire population to enjoy the same or greater benefits for an equal or less expenditure, considering the advantage to be derived, and that those advantages may be enjoyed during life by the one making the investment.

NOTHING SUCCEEDS LIKE SUCCESS. That our plan is popular and based upon sound business principles, is evidenced by our large and increasing membership, as shown by our remarkable "Exhibit of Growth; See literature. We court the closest scrutiny and most thorough investigation. No statement made that cannot be verified by actual results.

Others Make Money. Why Not You? The endorsement given this Company by the investment of bankers, lawyers, merchants, ministers, doctors, railroad men, mechanics—in fact, men of business sagacity in every vocation of life—is an evidence of the soundness of our system.

ACTUAL RESULTS, AND OPINIONS OF SOME OF OUR CERTIFICATE HOLDERS. REV. J. V. RILEY, of Mortonsville, Ky., says: "I have had an investment in the Southern Mutual Investment Co. of Lexington, Ky., for more than three years. I have had 23 coupons to mature by redemption, which cost me less than \$530.01, and returned to me \$1,416.04." LEXINGTON, KY., September 10, 1897.

To whom it may concern, This is to certify, that my husband, W. F. White, about three years ago, invested in the Southern Mutual Investment Co. Since that time there have been 23 coupons to mature, on which the Company has paid his estate \$1,621.96. These coupons cost his estate less than \$700.00 to mature them. I am pleased with the investment he made, and am still carrying 61 coupons in the Company. MARY E. WHITE, A Smith Brownman, Mgr., No. 11 Cheapside, Lexington, Ky. J. C. Hemphill, Agt., Lancaster, Kentucky.

If You Are Going North, If You Are Going South, If You Are Going East, If You Are Going West; PURCHASE TICKETS VIA THE L&N LOUISVILLE & NASHVILLE R. R. AND SO SECURE The Maximum of Safety, The Maximum of Speed, The Maximum of Comfort, The Minimum of Rates. Rates, Time and all other information will be cheerfully furnished by C. P. ATMORE, G. P. A., Or by LOUISVILLE, KY.

MARKET REPORT. Taken from the Louisville Times of Wednesday afternoon: WHEAT—No. 2 red and longberry 96c; No. 2 red and longberry 96c; rejected 20c less; on levee 1c less. CORN—No. 2 white 29c; No. 2 mixed 28c. CATTLE—Extra shipping..... \$4.25 to 4.50 Light shipping..... 4.00 to 4.25 Best Butchers..... 4.00 to 4.25 Fair to good butchers..... 3.75 to 3.95 Common to medium butchers..... 3.50 to 3.75 Thin, rough steers, poor cows and scalwags..... 1.25 to 2.25 Good to extra oxen..... 2.00 to 2.25 Common to medium oxen..... 1.75 to 2.00 Feeders..... 2.25 to 2.50 Stockers..... 2.25 to 2.50 Bulls..... 2.00 to 2.25 Veal calves..... 5.00 to 5.75 MILK COWS—Choice..... 35.00 to 40.00 Fair to good..... 30.00 to 35.00 HOGS—Choice packing and butchers, 225 to 300 lbs..... 3.80 to 3.90 Fair to good packing, 150 to 200 lbs..... 3.60 to 3.80 Good to extra light, 100 to 150 lbs..... 3.40 to 3.60 Fat shoats, 120 to 150 lbs..... 3.10 to 3.40 Fat hogs, 100 to 120 lbs..... 3.10 to 3.40 Pigs 60 to 90 lbs..... 2.75 to 3.00 Rough 120 to 400 lbs..... 2.75 to 3.25 SHEEP and LAMBS—Good to extra shipping sheep..... 3.00 to 3.25 Fair to good..... 2.75 to 3.00 Common to medium..... 2.50 to 2.75 Bucks..... 2.75 to 3.00 Skips and scullwags, per head..... 1.00 to 1.25 Extra shipping lambs..... 4.50 to 4.75 Best butcher lambs..... 4.50 to 4.75 Fair to good butcher lambs..... 4.25 to 4.50 Tail ends..... 2.50 to 3.00

BLIKLENDERFER TYPEWRITER. Built on strictly Scientific principles and of the highest grade materials. DURABLE, PORTABLE, INVINCIBLE. PRICE, \$35.00. Simplicity in construction and not belonging to the Typewriter Trust produce, an honest product at an honest price. The Blickensderfer is the only high grade machine at reasonable cost. Guaranteed longest. Some features: Durability, Portability, Interchangeable Type, Doing away with Ribbon nuisance, Adjustable line-Spacer. Perfect Alignment, Unexcelled Manifolding. The only Typewriter receiving Highest Award at World's Fair. Improved since. Adopted by Western Union Telegraph Co. SEND FOR CATALOGUE AND TESTIMONIALS. MOORE BROS., Gen. Agts. 125 E. Fayette St. Baltimore, Md. 918 E. St., N. W. Washington, D. C.

RAIL ROAD TIME TABLES. K. C. Branch. South-bound Mixed, passes Lancaster, 3:30 P. M. North-bound Mixed, " " 8:30 A. M. South-bound Passenger, " " 8:30 P. M. South-bound " " " " 8:30 P. M. Knoxville Branch. South-bound Mail, passes Stanford, 12:37 P. M. North-bound Express, " " 3:15 A. M. South-bound Express, " " 11:00 P. M. South-bound Mail, " " 1:27 P. M. It is asserted that the great cotton-mill strike will last well into the summer.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE FOR 1898 A GREAT PROGRAMME.

The Story of the Revolution by Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, to run throughout the year. (For the first time all the modern art forces and resources will be brought to bear upon the Revolution. Howard Pyle and a corps of artists are making over 100 paintings and drawings expressly for this great work.) Captain A. T. Mahan's "The American Navy in the Revolution," to be illustrated by Carlton T. Chapman, the marine artist; Harry Fenn, and others.

Thomas Nelson Page's "First Long Novel," "Red Rock—A Chronicle of Reconstruction." Mr. Page has devoted four years to the story, and he considers it his best work. (Illustrated by R. West Clinedinst.) Rudyard Kipling, Richard Harding Davis, Joel Chandler Harris, George W. Cable, and others, are under engagement to contribute stories during 1898.

Robert Grant's "Search-Light Letters"—reprint to various letters that came in consequence of his "Reflections on a Married Man" and "The Opinions of a Philosopher." "The Workers" in a new field—Walter A. Weyssoff, the college man who became a laborer, will tell about his experience with sweat-shop laborers and anarchists in Chicago. (Illustrated from life by W. R. Leigh.)

The Theater, The Mine, etc., will be treated in "The Conduct of Great Business" series (as were "The Wheat Farm," "The Newspaper," etc., in '97). With numerous illustrations. "Political Reminiscences" by Senator Hoar, who has been in public life for forty-five years. C. D. Gibson will contribute two serial sets of drawings during '98, "A New York Day," and "The Seven Ages of American Woman."

The full prospectus for '98 in small book form (24 pages, printed in two columns, with numerous illustrations, cover and decorations by Ma-feld Parrish), will be sent upon application, postage paid.

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If It's Worth Printing the Twice-a-Week Courier-Journal Will Print It. And Every Democrat, Every Republican, Every Man, Woman or Child who can read will want to read it. * * * "Meantime, we prefer to take our chance with the conservative democrats, fighting within the party, to reform it of its excesses, and to restore it to its better sense, than to pursue an ignis fatuus which, if it had been more real, would have resulted in the election, instead of the defeat, of the free silver fusion in 1896, and which, with singular unanimity, the voters have refused to follow. * * * The Courier-Journal is a democrat, not a republican; and it will under no circumstances or conditions pursue a policy whose only effect is to continue the republican party in power."

The twice-a-week Courier-Journal is a democratic paper, of six or eight pages, issued Wednesday and Saturday of each week. The Wednesday issue prints all the Clean News, and the Saturday issue prints Stories, Miscellaneous, Poetry, all matters of special interest in the home. It is edited by Henry Watterson.

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