

# THE CHRONICLE.

A DEMOCRATIC NEWSPAPER.  
Published Weekly at Camden, Tenn.  
ESTABLISHED AT CAMDEN AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

## BUSINESS ANNOUNCEMENT.

The subscription price of THE CHRONICLE is \$1 per year, 50 cents for six months, 25 cents for three months, which positively must be paid in advance. All subscriptions will be promptly stopped at expiration of time paid for.

Obituary and similar notices will be charged for at the rate of 3 cents per line. We will furnish rates for display and local advertising on application.

Our job printing facilities are first-class, and our specialty is good work. Estimates (and samples where possible) will be furnished on application.

News communications and articles on questions of public interest are solicited, but we assume no responsibility for the expressions contained in all such communications and articles published.

Remittances can be made in various ways that are perfectly safe, but all remittances sent are at the risk of sender. Postage stamps of 1 and 2-cent denominations will be received in sum of less than \$1, provided they are sent in such shape as to prevent them sticking together.

All remittances and business communications should be sent to

TRAVIS BROS., Publishers.  
CAMDEN, TENN.

The French Government has turned earnest attention to replanting the barren mountains in France with trees, in the hope that within the next generation the treeless mountains will be covered with foliage. This cannot but have a beneficial effect on the climate. It will also do much to prevent the damage done by mountain torrents.

A good little boy, but not too good, was reproved the other day, writes Harper's Weekly, for being "bossy" with his sisters. "Bossy" is not as yet a dictionary word, and is not so pretty a word as some others, but it has some claims to a respectful consideration. It conveys its idea very promptly and directly, and the idea is one that is not otherwise readily conveyed except by a circumlocution. To be "bossy" is not to be arbitrary, nor yet dictatorial. It simply expresses the propensity to make the plans for a company and see that they are carried out.

The San Francisco lawyers who conducted Florence Blythe's contest of her father's will to a successful issue are in clover. According to the San Francisco Bulletin the lawyer who planned the contest gets \$625,000 as compensation for his services, and altogether a couple of millions will be distributed among the lawyers who were connected with the prosecution of the case in one way or another.

Luckily the estate of which Florence Blythe is now the sole possessor figures up something over 4,000,000, so she can afford to be liberal with her lawyers. Undoubtedly she feels under deep obligations to them for hunting her up in London, where she passed her younger days, ignorant of her parentage, and having shown to the satisfaction of the California courts that she was entitled to the great fortune of the wealthy Californian who died a few years ago, leaving a will that has been the subject of one of the greatest contests that the courts of that state ever had to deal with.

Complaint is voiced by the druggists of Pittsburg, that their business is rendered much less profitable by the growing practice of physicians in supplying drugs to patients in the form of tablets and disks prepared by the manufacturing chemists. As one of the druggists puts it: "The prescription business of a pharmacy is dwindling more and more, and if it were not for the soda water fountains, cigar-stands, cosmetics, lotions, toilet preparations, and articles of luxury which are now on sale in almost all drug stores, the sheriff would have all of us. We do a considerable prescription business, but the profits derived from it would not justify our staying in business, nor would we be able to continue here if we had nothing else to depend upon." The doctors reason for it is that, in furnishing the medicine themselves, they are assured of the drug by the reputation of the makers, and that they run no risk of failing to accomplish the desired results through the deterioration of drug-store stock or "the crime of substitution" of one drug for another not in stock. A further reason is that the tablets are more palatable, and are, therefore, much more convenient for administration to children.

BETTER a blush on the face than a stain in the heart.

## REV. DR. TALMAGE.

### THE NOTED DIVINE'S SUNDAY DISCOURSE.

Subject: "Bringing in the Sheaves."

TEXT, "Put ye in the sickle, for the harvest is ripe."—Joel III, 13.

The sword has been pointed, and the world has celebrated the sword of Bolivar, the sword of Cortes and the sword of Lafayette. The pen has been properly eulogized, and the pen of Southey and the pen of Addison, and the pen of Southey and the pen of Irving. The painter's pencil has been honored, and the world has celebrated the pencil of Murillo, the pencil of Rubens and the pencil of Bierstadt. The sculptor's chisel has come in for high encomium, and the world has celebrated Chantrey's chisel and Crawford's chisel and Greenough's chisel. But there is one instrument about which I sing the first canto that was ever sung—the sickle, the sickle of the Bible, the sickle that has reaped the harvest of many centuries, and bent into a semicircle and glittering, this reaping hook, no longer than your arm, has furnished the bread for thousands of years. Its success has produced the wealth of Nations. It has had more to do with the world's progress than sword and pen and pencil and chisel all put together. Christ puts the sickle into exquisite sermonic simile, and you see that instrument flash all up and down the apostrophe as St. John swings it, while through Joel in my text God commands the people, as through His servants now He commands them, "Put ye in the sickle, for the harvest is ripe."

Last November there was great rejoicing all over the land. With trumpet and organ and thousand voiced psalm we praised the Lord for the temporal harvests. We praised God for the wheat, the rye, the oats, the cotton, the rice, all the fruits of the orchard and all the grains of the field, and the Nation never does a better thing than when in the autumn it gathers to festivity and thanks God for the greatness of the harvest. But I come to-day to speak to you of richer harvests, even the spiritual. How shall we estimate the value of a man? We say he is worth so many dollars, or he has achieved such and such a position, but we know very well there are some men at the top of the ladder who ought to be at the bottom and some at the bottom who ought to be at the top, and the only way to estimate a man is by his soul. We all know that we shall live forever. Death cannot kill us. Other crafts may be drawn into the whirlpool or shivered on the rocks, but the life within us will weather all storms and drop no anchor, and 10,000,000 years after death will shake out signals on the high seas of eternity. You put the mendicant off your doorstep and say he is only a beggar, but he is worth all the gold of the mountains, worth all the pearls of the sea, worth the solid earth, worth sun and moon and stars, worth the entire material universe. Take all the paper that ever came from the paper mills and put it side by side and sheet by sheet, and let men with fleetest pens make figures on that paper for 10,000 years, and they will only have begun to express the value of the soul. Suppose I owned Colorado and Nevada and Australia, of how much value would they be to me one moment after I departed this life? How much of Philadelphia does Stephen Girard own to-day? How much of Boston property does Abbott Lawrence own to-day? The man who to-day hath a dollar in his pocket hath more worldly estate than the millionaire who died last year. How do you suppose I feel, standing here surrounded by a multitude of souls each one worth more than the material universe?

Oh, was I not right in saying this spiritual harvest is richer than the temporal harvest? I must tighten the girdle, I must sharpen the sickle, I must be careful how I swing the instrument for gathering the grain, lest one stalk be lost. One of the most powerful sickles for reaping this spiritual harvest is the preaching of the gospel. If the sickle have a rosewood handle, and it be adorned with precious stones, and yet it cannot bring down the grain, it is not much of a sickle, and preaching amounts to nothing unless it harvests souls for God. What we preach is philosophy? The Ralph Waldo Emersons could beat us at that. Shall we preach science? The Agassizes could beat us at that. The minister of Jesus Christ with weakest arm going forth in earnest prayer, and wielding this sickle of the gospel, shall find the harvest all around him waiting for the angel sheaf binders. Oh, this harvest of souls! I notice in the fields that the farmer did not stand upright when he gathered the grain. I noticed he had to stoop to his work, and I noticed in order to bind the sheaves the better he had to put his knee upon them. And as we go forth in this work for God we cannot stand upright in our rhetoric and our metaphysics and our erudition. We have to stoop to our work. Aye, we have to put our knee to it or we will never gather sheaves for the Lord's garner. Peter swung that sickle on the day of Pentecost, and 3000 sheaves came in. Richard Baxter swung that sickle at Kidderminster, and McChesney at Dundee, and vast multitudes came into the kingdom of our God.

Oh, this is a mighty gospel! It captured not only John the lamb, but Paul the lion. Men may gnash their teeth at it, and elch their flaps, but it is the power of God and the wisdom of God unto salvation. But, alas, if it is only preached in pulpits and on Sabbath days! We must go into our stores, our shops, our banking houses, our factories and the streets, and everywhere preach Christ. We stand in our pulpits for two hours on the Sabbath and commend Christ to the people, but there are 168 hours in the week, and what are the two hours on the Sabbath against the 168? Oh, there comes down the ordination of God this day upon all the people, men who toll with head and hand and foot—the ordination comes upon all merchants, upon all mechanics, upon all toilers, and God says to you as He says to me: "Go, teach all Nations. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned." Mighty gospel, let the whole earth hear! The story of Christ is to regenerate the Nations, it is to eradicate all wrong, it is to turn the earth into paradise. An old artist painted the world's Sufferer, and he wanted the chief attention directed to the face of Christ. When he invited his friends in to criticize the picture, they admired the chalcid more than they did the face, and the old artist said, "This picture is a failure," and he dashed out the picture of the eyes, and said: "I shall have nothing to detract from the face of the Lord, Christ is the all of this picture."

Another powerful sickle for the reaping of this harvest is Christian song. I know in many churches the whole work is delegated to a few people standing in the organ loft. But, my friends, as others cannot reap for us and others cannot die for us, we cannot delegate to others the work of singing for us. While a few drilled artists shall take the organ and execute the more skillful music, when the hymn is given, let there be hundreds and thousands of voices uniting in the acclamation. On the way to grandeur that never ceases and glories that never die let us sing. At the battle of Lutzen a general came to the king and said: "Those soldiers are singing as they are going into battle. Shall I stop them?" "No," said the king, "men

that can sing like that can fight." Oh, the power of Christian song! When I argue here, you may argue back. The argument you make against religion may be more skillful than the argument I make in behalf of religion. But who can stand before the pathos of some uplifted song like that which we sometimes sing:

Show pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive!  
Let a repenting rebel live!  
Are not Thy mercies large and free?  
May not a sinner trust in Thee?

Another mighty sickle for the reaping of the gospel harvest is prayer. What does God do with our prayers? Does He go on the battlements of heaven and throw them off? No. What do you do with gifts given you by those who love you very much? You keep them with great sacredness. And you suppose God will take our prayers offered in the sincerity and love of our hearts, and scatter them to the winds? Oh, no! He will answer them all in some way. Oh, what a mighty thing prayer is! It is not a long rhapsody of "ohs" and "ahs" and "forever and ever, amen." It is a breathing of the heart into the heart of God. Oh, what a mighty thing prayer is! Elijah as it reached up to the clouds and shook down the showers. With it John Knox shook Scotland. With it Martin Luther shook the earth. And when Philipp Melancthon lay sick unto death, as many supposed, Martin Luther came in and said, "Philip, we can't spare you." "Oh," said he, "Martin, you must let me go. I am tired of persecution and tired of life. I want to go to be with my God." "No," said Martin Luther, "you shall not go; you must take this food, and then I will pray for you." "No, Martin," said Melancthon, "you must let me go." Martin Luther said, "You take this food or I will excommunicate you." He took the food, and Martin Luther knelt down and prayed as only he could pray, and soon Melancthon was well. And when Philip Melancthon lay sick unto death, as many supposed, Martin Luther came in and said, "Philip, we can't spare you." "Oh," said he, "Martin, you must let me go. I am tired of persecution and tired of life. I want to go to be with my God." "No," said Martin Luther, "you shall not go; you must take this food, and then I will pray for you." "No, Martin," said Melancthon, "you must let me go." Martin Luther said, "You take this food or I will excommunicate you." He took the food, and Martin Luther knelt down and prayed as only he could pray, and soon Melancthon was well.

Dr. Prime, of New York, in his beautiful book entitled "Around the World," described a mausoleum in India which it took 20,000 men twenty-two years to build—and the buildings surrounding—and he says, "Standing in that mausoleum and uttering a wail it is echoed back from a height of 150 feet; it is not an ordinary echo, but a prolonged music, as though there were angels hovering in the air." And every word of earnest prayer we utter has an echo, not from the marble cupola of an earthly mausoleum, but from the heart of God and from the wings of angels as they hover, crying, "Behold, he prays." Oh, test it! Mighty sickle for reaping this gospel harvest, the sickle of prayer!

It does not make so much difference about the posture you take, whether you sit, stand or kneel, or lie on your face, or your physical agonies lie on your back. It does not make any difference about the physical posture, as was shown in a hospital, when the chaplain said as he looked over the beds of the suffering: "Let all those wounded men here who would like to be prayed for lift the hand! Some lifted two hands, others lifted one hand; some with hands amputated could only lift the stump of the arm. One could not lift his arms amputated, none gave no signal except to say, 'Miserere Mei.' It does not make any difference about the rhetoric of your prayers; it does not make any difference about the posture; it does not make any difference whether you can lift a hand or have no hand to lift. God is ready to hear you. Prayer is answered. God is willing to respond.

"Lift up your eyes upon the fields, for they are white already to harvest." How many have you reaped for God? Do you ask me how many I have reaped for God? I cannot say. Now can you say how many you have reaped? I hope there are some who have been brought into the kingdom of God through your instrumentality. Have there not been? Not one? You, a man thirty-five, forty, fifty years of age and not one? I see souls coming up to glory. Here is a Sunday-school teacher bringing ten or fifteen souls. Here is a tract distributor bringing in forty or fifty souls. Here is a man you never heard of who has been very useful in bringing souls to God. He comes with 150 souls. They are the sheaves of his harvest. How many have you brought? Not one—can't be? What will God say? What will the angels say? Better crouch down in some corner of heaven and never show yourself. Oh, that harvest is to be reaped now! And that is this instant! Why not be reaped for God this hour?

Oh, says some man, "I have been going on the wrong road for thirty, or forty or fifty years. I have gone through the whole catalogue of crime and must first get myself fixed up." Ah, you will never get yourself fixed up until Christ takes you in charge. You get worse and worse until He comes to the rescue. "Not the righteous—sinners, Jesus came to call." So, you see, I take the very worst case there is. If there is a man here who feels he is all right in heart and life, he is not ten years from being probably a hypocrite. I will talk to him some other time. But if there is a man who feels himself all wrong, to him I address myself. Though you will be wounded in the hands and wounded in the feet and wounded in the head and though the gangrene of eternal death be upon you, one drop of the elixir of divine life will cure your soul. Though you be harked in evil indolence, though your feet be harked in unclean places, though you have companionship with the abandoned and the lost, one touch of divine grace will save your soul.

I do not say that you will not have struggles after that. Oh, no! But they will be a different kind of struggle. You go into that battle and all hell is against you, and you are alone, and you fight and you fight, weaker and weaker, until at last you fall and lay low and the angels tramp on your soul. But in the other case you go into the battle and fight stronger and stronger and stronger, until the evil propensity goes down and you get the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. Oh, come out of your sins! Have you not been bruised with sin long enough? Have you not carried that load long enough? Have you not fought that battle long enough? I take the gates of your sepulcher to-day. I take the trumpet of the gospel and blow the long, loud blast. Roland went into battle. Charlemagne's army had been driven back by the three armies of the Saracens, and Roland, in almost despair, took up the trumpet and blew three blasts in one of the mountain passes, and under the power of those three blasts the Saracens recoiled and fled in terror. But history says that when he had blown third blast, Roland's trumpet broke.

ness as those who have for fifty years been under the teaching of the gospel and believed it all. When I was living in Philadelphia, a gentleman told me of a scene in which he was a participant. In Callowhill street, in Philadelphia, there had been a powerful meeting going on for some time, and many were converted, and among others one of the prominent members of the worst club house in that city. The next night the leader of that club house, the president of it, resolved that he would endeavor to get his comrade away. He came to the door, before he entered he heard a Christian song, and under its power his soul was agitated. He went in and asked for prayer. Before he came out he was a subject of converting mercy. The next night another comrade went to reclaim the two who had been lost to their sinful circle. He went, and under the power of the Holy Ghost became a changed man, and the work went on; they were all saved and the infamous club-house disbanded. Oh, it is a mighty gospel! Though you came here a child of sin, you can go away a child of grace, you can go away singing:

Amazing grace, how sweet the sound  
That saved a wretch like me!  
I once was lost, but now am found—  
Was blind, but now I see.

Oh, give up your sins! Most of your life is already gone. Your children are going on the same wrong road. Why do you not stop? This day is salvation come to thy house. Why not this moment look up into the face of Christ and say:

Just as I am, without one plea,  
But that Thy blood was shed for me,  
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee—  
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

God is going to save you. You are going to be among the shining ones. After the tolls of life are over, you are going up to the everlasting rest, you are going up to join your loved ones, departed parents and departed children. "Oh, my God," says some man, "how can I come to Thee? I am so far off. Who will help me, I am so weak? It seems such a great undertaking." Oh, my brother, it is a great undertaking! It is so great you cannot accomplish it, but Christ can do the work. He will correct your heart and He will correct your life. "Oh," you say, "I will stop profanity." That will not save you. "Oh," you say, "I will stop Sabbath breaking." That will not save you. There is only one door into the kingdom of God, and that is faith; only one ship that sails for heaven, and that is faith. Faith the first step, the second step, the hundredth step, the thousandth step, the last step. By faith we enter the kingdom. By faith we keep in. In faith we die. Heaven a reward of faith. The earthquake shook down the Philippian dungeon. The jailer said, "What shall I do?" Some of you would say, "Better get out of the place before the walls crash you." What did the apostle say? "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." "Ah," you say, "there's the rub." What is faith? Suppose you were thirsty, and I offered you this glass of water, and you believed I meant to give it to you, and you came up and took it. You exercise faith. You believe I mean to keep my promise. Christ offers you the water of everlasting life. You take it. That is faith.

Enter into the kingdom of God. Enter now. The door of life is set wide open. I plead with you by the bloody sweat of Gethsemane and the death groan of Golgotha, by cross and crown, by Pilate's courtroom and Joseph's sepulcher, by harps and chains, by kingdoms of light and realms, by kingdoms of light and realms of darkness, by the trumpet of the archangel that shall wake the dead, and by the throne of the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb, that you attend now to the things of eternity. Oh, what a sad thing it will be if, having come so near heaven, we miss it! Oh, to have come within sight of the shining pinnacles of the city and not have entered! Oh, to have been so near we have seen the mighty throng enter, and we not joining them! Angels of God, fly this way! Good news for you; tell the story among the redeemed on high! If there be one there especially longing for our salvation, let that one know it now. We put down our sorrow. Glory be to God for such a hope, for such a pardon, for such a joy, for such a heaven, for such a Christ!

## PROCLAMATION BY WEYLER.

### Disposed to Use Harsh Measures Against the Enemy.

General Weyler, the new captain general and commander-in-chief of the Spanish forces in Cuba, has issued proclamations to the volunteers and firemen, regular soldiers and marines and the inhabitants of Cuba, and also to the generals of the army, civil and military governors, chiefs of columns and military commanders. He says among other things:

"But I think it convenient to add some instructions at present and to state that the insurrection and the recent march of the principal leaders thereof, without its being possible for the Spanish column to prevent it, indicates indifference on the part of the inhabitants and also fear and discouragement. I cannot understand their inactivity while their property is being destroyed. Spaniards cannot sympathize with insurgents. It is necessary at any cost to oppose this state of things and reanimate the spirit of the inhabitants. I have come disposed to help all loyal citizens. I am at the same time disposed to make use of all the rigor of the law against those who in any form help the enemy, speak well of them or discredit the prestige of Spain, of its army, or volunteers. All who are with our side must demonstrate the facts with acts and leave in the attitude no place for doubt in proving that they are Spaniards.

## FOR CASH TRADING.

### Chicago Board of Trade May Adolph Futures.

At a meeting of the board of tradesmen of Chicago the report of a subcommittee, which has been formulating the plan of Robert Lindblom for trading in cash grain to the exclusion of futures, was approved and if the plan is approved by the directors it will be put into operation after next May.

The plan is that all trading in wheat shall be in cash property and that the board of trade cash grain depository shall be organized with \$1,000,000 paid up capital to take care of the wheat and advance money on it with other duties which are considered necessary for the success of the plan.



## THE BEST SPRING MEDICINE

Is SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR. Don't forget to take it. Now is the time you need it most to wait upon your liver. A sluggish liver brings on Malaria, Fever and Ague, Rheumatism, and many other ills which shatter the constitution and wreck health. Don't forget the word REGULATOR. It is SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR you want. The word REGULATOR distinguishes it from all other remedies. And, besides this, SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR is a Regulator of the Liver, keeps it properly at work, that your system may be kept in good condition.

FOR THE BLOOD take SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR. It is the best blood purifier and corrector. Try it and note the difference. Look for the RED Z on every package. You want find it on any other medicine, and there is no other Liver remedy like SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR—the King of Liver Remedies. Be sure you get it.

J. H. Zeilin & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

## McELREES WINE OF CARDUI.



## For Female Diseases.



For information and free Handbook write to MUNN & CO., 361 BROADWAY, NEW YORK. Oldest bureau for securing patents in America. Every patent taken out by us is brought before the public by a notice given free of charge in the Scientific American.

WANTED—AN IDEA Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their \$1,500 prize offer.

## FIGHT POSTPONED

### Because Maher Got Sand in His Optics.

A dispatch from El Paso, says: "Buck" Connolly, right-hand man of Quinn, Maher's manager, wired at noon Saturday from Las Cruces as follows: "Physicians here say Maher's eyes will not be well until Friday. Maher says he will fight that day certain. He thinks Fitzsimmons ought to agree to this."

Governor Ahumada was advised that it had been stated at headquarters that the ring had been erected and was in shape for the men to enter and that the location could not be found by his crack cavalry in a month. This nettled the Mexican executive and mounted scouts were at once sent out to intercept the cavalry details and down the frontier, and urge them to redouble efforts to prevent the mill.

## GLASS WORKS BURN.

### Property Worth \$150,000 Destroyed by Incendiarists.

The Buckeye Glass Works at Martin's Ferry, Ohio, were destroyed by fire early Monday morning. The works were to have started up during the day with non-union hands. The fire was of incendiary origin and the building was doubtless set on fire to prevent the resumption. Several previous attempts had been made to burn the big works.

The works were valued at \$150,000. The building burned as if saturated with oil.

## Pardons in Tennessee.

Governor Turney has pardoned Logan Britain, of Giles county, ten years for horse stealing; Henry Wilson, of Henry county, three years for horse stealing, and Abe Haskins, of Grundy county, one year for attempted murder.