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CALF IS STILL WORSHIPED. The Mad Folly of the Israelltes and the

Were Punished So Are All Who Worship the Golden Calf in These Latter Days. BROOKLYN, Nov. 13 .- The subject of

ourse chosen by Rev. Dr. Talmage lection was one peculiarly appropriate to the money making spirit of the times. It was "The Golden Calf," the text selected being Exodus xxxii, 20, "And he took the calf which they had made and burned it in the fire, and ground it to powder and strewed it upon the water and made the children of Israel drink

People will have a god of some kind, and they prefer one of their own making. Here come the Israelites, breaking off their golden earrings, the men as well as the women, for in those times there were masculine as well as femi-nine decorations. Where did they get these beautiful gold earrings, coming up as they did from the desert? Oh, they "borrowed" them of the Egyptians when they left Egypt. These earrings are piled up into a pyramid of glittering beauty. "Any more carrings to be any." beauty. "Any more earrings to bring?" says Asron. None. Fire is kindled the earrings are melted and poured into a mold, not of an eagle or a warcharger, but of a calf; the gold cools off; the mold is taken away, and the idol is set

pon its four legs.

An altar is built in front of the shining calf. Then the people throw up their arms and gyrate and shriek and dance mightily and worship. Moses has been six weeks on Mount Sinai, and he comes ck and hears the howling and sees the dancing of these golden calf fanatics, and he loses his patience, and he occasion twenty-two thousand oxen and takes the two plates of stone on which one hundred and twenty thousand sheep; were written the Ten Commandments but that was a tame sacrifice compared and flings them so hard against a rock with the multitude of men who are sacthat they split all to pieces. When a rificing themselves on this altar of the

god and throws it into a hot fire until it deep in the blood of the "house of masis melted all out of shape, and then pulverizes it—not by the modern appliance of nitro-muriatic acid, but by the ancient but the blood around about this altar of

they bring it ashore, and they make another golden calf, and California and Australia break off their golden earrings

what they have lost!

This temple of which I speak stands

smith for the tire, and the wheelwright for the wheel, and the trimmer for the curtain, and the driver for unpaid wages, and the harness maker for the

I shall describe to you the god spoken of in the text, his temple, his altar of sacrifice, the music that is made in his temple, and then the final breaking up of the whole congregation of idolaters.

Put aside this current and you see that revealing time for the chorus—"More! more! more! more! THE CRAZE FOR GOLD.

Some people are very much surprised at the actions of folk on the Stock exchange. Indeed it is a scene sometimes

that it can hear the whispers on Wall street and Third street and State street, and the footfalls in the Bank of England, and the flutter of a Frenchman's ening uproar, until the president of the

ITS GORGEOUS TEMPLE. it will the world's shipping. It has its gyrate. This vociferation and gyration foot on all the merchantmen and the of the Stock exchange is all appropriate. steamers. It started the American civil This is the worship of the golden calf. war and under God stopped it, and it decided the Turko-Russian contest. One ship must be broken up, as the bebroker in September, 1869, in New York, havior of Moses in my text indicated, shouted, "One hundred and sixty for a There are those who say that this golden ered. This golden calf of the text has and merely plated with gold; otherwise, its right foot in New York, its left front they say, Moses could not have carried foot in Chicago, its right back foot in it. I do not know that; but somehow, Charleston, its left back foot in New perhaps by the assistance of his friends, Orleans, and when it shakes itself it he takes up this golden calf, which is an

shakes the world. Oh, this is a mighty open insult to God and man, and throws god—the golden calf of the world's it into the fire, and it is melted, and then it comes out and is cooled off, and by But every god must have its temple, some chemical appliance or by an old and this golden calf of the text is no fashioned file it is pulverized, and it is Paul's of the English, and St. Peter's of ment the people are compelled to drink dians, and the Alhambra of the the nauseating stuff.

com desks and firepress safes, and het stop to scoop it up.

broad, a long, a high altar. The The cry of "Fire!" from the mountain a sacrificed on it are innumerable, will be answered by the cry of "Fire!" in

DR. TALMAGE THINKS THE GOLDEN yet lets them suffer. Oh, heaven and the land. New York and London, with while. He will give them back to you CALF IS STILL WORSHIPED.

body, mind and soul! The physical will go down. Twenty-five thousand bealth of a great multitude is flung on miles of conflagration! The earth will on the sacrificial altar. They cannot sleep, wrap itself 'round and round in shroud you to come so close this morning that god was a flue will allow the sacrificial altar. They cannot sleep, and they take chloral and morphine and of flame and lie down to perish. What

> and shares of railroad stock-one hundred and eight and a half; take it!" until loch down. Juggernaut down. Golden prodigal locked in glorious embrace a "corner" or a sudden "rise" in some-thing else. Their nerves gone, their di-

calf kicked them! ITS DREADFUL SACRIFICE. The trouble is when men sacrifice text they not only sacrifice themselves, old fashioned honesty is the only thing but they sacrifice their families. If a that will stand. We have learned as man by an ill course is determined to go never before that forgeries will not pay to perdition I suppose you will have to let him go; but he puts his wife and children in an equipage that is the smazement of the avenues, and the residence, when there are only thirty thousand dollars income, will not pay driver lashes the horses into two whirlwinds, and the spokes flash in the sun, and the golden headgear of the harness gleams, until Black Calamity takes the bits of the horses and stops them, and shouts to the luxurious occupants of the equipage, "Get out!" They get out. They get down. That husband and father flung his family so hard they never got up again. There was the mark on them for life—the mark of a split hoof-the death dealing hoof of the golden calf.

Solomon offered in one sacrifice on one man gets mad he is very apt to break all golden calf, and sacrificing their fam-the Ten Commandments! golden calf, and sacrificing their fam-ilies with them. The soldiers of General ses rushes, in and he takes this calf | Havelock in India walked literally ankle

ing stuff thrown on the surface. Some sacrifice. The music rolls on under the of it flows on down the surface of the arches; it is made of clinking silver and of. And after awhile the capitalist brook to the river, and then flows on clinking gold and the rattling specie of wants his money and he rushes upon the down to the river to the sea, and the sea, the banks and brokers shops and the wholesale dealer, and the wholesale takes it up and bears it to the mouth of voices of all the exchanges. The soprano dealer wants his money and he rushes all the rivers, and when the tides set of the worship is carried by the timid back the remains of this golden calf are voices of men who have just begun to his money and he rushes upon the con-Carried up into the Hudson, and the speculate, while the deep bass rolls out from those who for ten years of iniquity Clyde, and the Tiber, and men go out have been doubly damned. Chorus of nd they skim the glittering surface, and voices rejoicing over what they have smith for the tire, and the wheelwright

to augment the pile, and in the fires of open day and night, and there is the bridle, and the furrier for the robe, inancial excitement and struggle all clittering god with his four feet on while from the tip of the carriage these things are melted together, and broken hearts, and there is the smoking while we stand looking and wondering altar of sacrifice, new victims every mowhat will come of it, lo! we find that ment on it, and there are the kneeling the golden calf of Israelitish worship devotees, and the devology of the wor-has become the golden calf of European ship rolls on, while death stands with moldy and skeleton arm beating time

Put aside this curtain, and you see the golden calf of modern idolatry. It is not like other idols, made out of stocks never looked in. What snapping of finstone, but it has an ear so sensitive ger and thumb and wild gesticulation, eart on the Bourse. It has an eye so exchange strikes with his mallet four or to satiate his cannibal appetite by desen that it can see the rust on the farm five times, crying, "Order! order!" and vouring widows' houses, shall by the Michigan wheat, and the insect in the the astonished spectator goes out into law of the land be compelled to exof Michigan wheat, and the insect in the Maryland peach orchard, and the trampled grain under the hoof of the Russian war charger.

Inve times, crying, "Order! order!" and the astonished spectator goes out into the fresh air feeling that he has escaped from pandemonium. What does it all mean? I will tell you what it means. The devotees of every heathen temple It is so mighty that it swings any way cut themselves to pieces and yell and

dillion!" and the whole continent shir- calf spoken of in my text was hollow

it comes out and is cooled off, and by . Its temple is vaster than St. thrown into the brook, and as a punish-

the Italians, and the Alhambra of the Spaniards, and the Parthenon of the Greeks, and the Taj Mahal of the Hindoos, and all the other cathedrals put together. Its pillars are grooved and fluted with gold, and its ribbed arches are hovering gold, and its chandeliers are descending gold, and its chandeliers are descending gold, and its waults are rowded heaps of gold, and its spires and domes are souring gold, and its spires and domes are souring gold, and its spires and domes are souring gold, and its spires and domes are resounding gold, and its pidals are tramping gold, and its spires and domes are flashing gold, while transing at the head of the temple, as the presiding deity, are the hoofs and the government securities of the United States and Great Britain will the presiding deity, are the hoofs and the government securities of the United States and Great Britain will the calf of gold.

Purther, every god must have not only its tample, but its altar of sacvifice, and this golden calf of the text is no exception. Its altar is not made out of stone as other altars, but out of count-ing room desks and firepressed safes, and the room desks and firepressed safes, and the stop to scoop it up.

AT THE TABERNACLE. What does this god care about the groans and struggles of the victims before it? out from the continent toward the sea, will not kiss them goodby forever. He with cold metallic eye it looks on and then burn in from the sea toward only wants to hold them for you a little

the whole family is affrighted, and the speculators fall back on their pillows and But, my friends, every day is a day of bow this day before him in whose presented in the speculators fall back on their pillows and bow this day before him in whose presented in the speculators fall back on their pillows and bow the speculators fall back on their pillows and bow the speculators fall back on their pillows and bow the speculators fall back on their pillows and bow the speculators fall back on their pillows and beginning the golden calf, and the speculators fall back on their pillows and bow the speculators fall back on their pillows and bow the speculators fall back on their pillows and beginning the golden calf. eep until they are awakened again by judgment, and God is all the time ence we must all appear when the world grinding to pieces the golden calf. has turned to ashes and the scorched Merchants of Brooklyn and New York parchment of the sky shall be rolled tocestion gone, their brain gone, they die. and London, what is the characteristic The clergyman comes in and reads the of this time in which we live? "Bad," funeral service, "Blessed are the dead you say. "Professional men, what is who die in the Lord." Mistake. They the characteristic of the times in which the characteristic of the times in which did not "die in the Lord;" the golden we live? "Bad," you say. Though I should be in a minority of one, I venture the opinion that these are the best times we have had, for the reason that God is heriselves on this altar suggested in the teaching the world, as never before, that that the spending of fifty thousand dollars on country seats and a palatial city

> that the appropriation of trust funds to our own private speculation will not pay. We had a great national tumor in the shape of fictitious prosperity. We called it national enlargement. Instead of calling it enlargement we might better have called it a swelling. It has been a tumor, and God is cutting it out-has cut it out-and the nation will get well and will come back to the principles of our fathers and grandfathers when twice three made six instead of sixty, and when the apples at the bottom of the barrel were just as good as the apples on the top of the barrel, and a silk handkerchief was not half cotton, and a man who were a five dollar coat paid for was more honored than a man who wore fifty dollar cost not paid for.

THE RAGE FOR SPECULATION. The golden calf of our day, like the one of the text, is very apt to be made out of borrowed gold. These Israelites of the text borrowed the earrings of the Egyptians and then melted them into a god. That is the way the golden calf is of nitro-muriatic acid, but by the ancient appliance of niter, or by the old fashioned file. He makes for the people a most nauseating draft. He takes this pulverized golden calf and throws it in the only brook which is accessible, and the people are compelled to drink of that brook or not drink at all.

FLOWED AROUND THE WORLD,
But they did not drink all the glitter
brook or not drink all the glitter
brook or not drink all the glitter
But they did not drink all the glitter
brook or not drink at all.

FLOWED AROUND THE WORLD,

But the blood around about this altar of the knee, flows to the knee, flows to the shoulder, flows to the girdle, flows to the shoulder, flows to the shoulder, flows to the girdle, flows to the shoulder, flows to the girdle, flows to the shoulder, flows to the girdle, flows to the shoulder, flows upon the retailer, and the retailer wants

> sumer, and we all go down together. There is many a man in this day who rides in a carriage and owes the blacktongue clear back to the tip of the shawl fluttering out of the back of the vehicle everything is paid for by notes that have

> een three times renewed. PULVERIZING CALF AND WORSHIPERS. It is this temptation to borrow and borrow and borrow that keeps the people everlastingly praying to the golden calf for help, and just at the minute they expect the help the golden calf treads on them. The judgments of God, like Moses in the text, will rush in and break up this worship; and I say, let the work go on until every man shall learn to speak truth with his neighbor, and those who make engagements shall feel themselves bound to keep them, and when a man who will not repent of his business iniquity, but goes on wishing

world our god, when we come to die we will see our idol demolished. How much of this world are you going to take with you into the next? Will you have two pockets—one in each side of your shroud? Will you cushion your coffin with bonds and mortgages and certificates of stock? Jordan takes no baggage—nothing heavto leave them there.

It would not be safe for you to lie to the pillagers. Ab, my friends, if we side of that farmhouse. have made this world our god, when we die we will see our idol ground to pieces were not long in running a tunnel to the by our pillow, and we will have to drink | woodpile and barn. Then we dug our it in bitter regrets for the wasted oppor- way up to daylight. The snow had tunities of a lifetime. Soon we will be blown down from the hills and almost gone. Oh, this is a fleeting world; it is filled the little valley. The weather a dying world! A man who had wor-shiped it all his days, in his dying mo-a month the family emulated the cave

give up the worship of this unsatisfying and cruel god for the service of the Lord Jesus Christ. Here is the gold that will never crumble. Here are securities that sightly of all creatures is the proboch will never fail. Here are banks that will monkey. A traveler who saw a troop never break. Here is an altar on which of them in Borneo says it is impossible there has been one sacrifice once for all. to imagine such hideousness. One must Here is a God who will comfort you see it to believe it. This probects is when you are in trouble, and soothe you cartilaginous, and can be inflated by the

hands can no more be put upon your head for a blessing, he will be to you father and mother both, giving you the are very active, and in bounding defense of the one and the comfort of tree to tree will clear a synce of fif the other; and when your children go or twenty feet.—Harper's Young Per

earth, what an altar, what a sacrifice of one cut of the red scythe of destruction, again, and he will have them all waiting

then will become of your golden calf? while he in response will put his arms Some of them struggle in a nightmare Who then so poor as to worship it? around your neck, and all the winof stocks, and at one o'clock in the morn- Melted or between the upper and the dows of heaven will be hoisted to let the ing suddenly rise up shouting, "A thou- nether millstone of falling mountains redeemed look out and see the spectacle ground to powder. Dagon down. Mo- of a rejoicing father and a returned it worshiping the golden calf, and

gether like an historic scroll. Sixteen months of hard tunneling, and he had reached the bonanza. As he stood gloating over the richest ore his eyes had ever feasted on he became saw the tall form of "Long Brown," the

He was about to speak, when a dull rumble was borne in on their ears, and a ngly men or ngly women are the more tremor shook the earth, as pieces of loosened rock fell at their feet. Both knew what it meant. Brown

went back a few rods with his lantern, and returned with a blanched face. "We are shut in by a cave, and it may take days to dig us out!" After a pause

he continued: "How long will your provisions last?" "Four days-for one."

"Then I'll be the one." through the drift as he covered his old court to ugly women" unless they are

other quietly. "If so, let's play a game by mere physical attractiveness, and of draw with the gun for the stakes." They gazed in each other's eyes for a few moments. Brown had never taken advantage of

mortal man. He would not do it now. He produced a pack of cards from his pocket. He always carried them.

The gambler drew three cards; so did the miner. "Queens."

The gambler looked a second at his opponent's hand as it was laid down. You win," he said quietly, and lifted "Click, click. Bang!"

His body lurched forward sprawling over the cards after the smothered report. The miner, with a look of horror on his face, lifted the lantern and held it over the body. As he shook his sleeve four cards fluttered down on the pros-

"It was a close shave," he said, "but I downed him!"-Sam Davis in Short

Wires Along a Trolley Line. A great many people wonder why there are so many overhead wires along an electric road, and which of them are alive or dangerous. Ninety-nine persons out of a hundred know nothing whatever about it. You have noticed that alongside the pavement on both sides of the street is strnng a large, well wages, and the harness maker for the insulated wire, almost large enough to be a cable. That is the feeder. In other words, that wire carries the current from the power house and at certain intervals contributes it to the trolley wire. It is well nigh impossible for an accident to happen to the feeder, but even then there would have to be a direct ground connection before much damage could be done. If the feeder should break and fall to the ground it would emit a blaze which would prove a warn-

ing to all passersby. On either side of the trolley wire are two wires which seem to be useless. They are dead, and are only intended to shield the trolley. Suppose these wires were not there and a telephone wire should fall across the trolley? Instantly the voltage which transmits the cars would be flashed into every telephone which had a connection, and the result would be a very severe shock. As it is, falling wires of any kind are caught by the side wires, and hence never reach the trolley wire. There's your primer lesson in electricity.—St. Louis Republic.

An Experience with Snow.

"Talking about snow," remarked Archibald Leanox at the Laclede, "reminds me of an experience I had with 'the beautiful' up in Vermont. I went up into the Green mountains to spend the holidays with a gentleman who had Ah, no! The ferryboat that crosses this the distinguished honor to command my regiment during the war. On the evenier than a spirit. You may perhaps take ing of my arrival a heavy snowstorm five hundred dollars with you two or set in. The house sat in a cozy valley three miles, in the shape of funeral trappings, to Greenwood, but you will have the wind rose, the snow began to drift, and by daylight everything but the high brick chimney was completely buried. down there with a gold watch or a diamond ring. It would be a temptation Egypt! It wasn't a marker to the in-Egypt! It wasn't a marker to the in-

"We had plenty of provisions, and ment described himself when he said, "Fool! fool! fool!" THE NEVER FADING TREASURE.

I want you to change temples, and to give up the worship of this unsatisfying

A Strange Looking Monkey. One of the most singular and most un when you are in trouble, and save you when you die.

When your parents have breathed their last, and the old, wrinkled and trembling be harrified as you never were before. Not a boy in the world would be willing

A Historic Locomotive Wrecked

A famous locomotive was wrecked the ther day just above the city. It was No. 1,149, the engine that on the memo-rable day of the Johnstown flood went rushing down the Pennsylvania railroad tracks from Conemaugh to Johnstown with its shrieking whistle giving the alarm of the oncoming deluge of water.

After the flood No. 1,149 was found. bottom upward, buried under the great bank of sand near where the engineer had abandoned it to flee for his life from the flood. Relic hunters cleared away the sand, and proceeded to dismantle it of everything they could secure. The bell and all the brass fixtures were carried away, and even the big wooden bumper was hacked into splinters. After things had quieted down about the flooded city the railroad company found the dis-mantled No. 1.149. It was set on its feet and brought to Altoons. After a week in the shops it came out again, showing no signs of the ordeal it had passed through. Since then it has been run as

No. 1,149 was standing on the track. Just below it was a heavy coal train, stationary, with all brakes set. Engineer W. D. Thomas happened to look back over the track and saw another coal train, without an engine, come tearing down the steep grade. The switch had not been turned to allow it to drop down on the next track, as was intended. Thomas jumped just before the crash and escaped, but No. 1,149 was demolished between the two heavy coal trains.-Altoona Gazette.

The Vanity of Men and Women. One of those learned discussions on subjects of grave import with which conscious of a presence, and turning English newspapers and their readers concern themselves is at present raging in the columns of a London newspaper on the momentous question as to whether vain. Of course the nature and trend of the discussion can easily be imagined. the men contributors strictly on one side and the women on the other.

But one woman comes to an ingenious conclusion by way of proof that women are not vain. She says that men suffer very little disadvantage with the other sex on account of mere ugliness, often going through life absolutely unconscious of it. "But where are the men The click of his weapon sounded generous enough to seek out and pay rich? Which, she concludes, is proof that women are above being influenced

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