HOUSEHOLD CARES.

DR. TALMAGE PREACHES ON THE DUTIES OF HOME LIFE.

Words of Cheer For All Wives, Mothers, Daughters and Sisters-He Reminds Them That They Are Deciding the

Eternal Resting of the Race.

[Copyright, 1898, by American Press Association.] Washington, Jan. 2.—Dr. Talmage's sermon today goes through home life with the tread of one who has seen all its departments and sympathizes with all he sees and has words of cheer for all wives, mothers, daughters and sisters; text, Luke x, 40: "Lord, dost thou not care that my sister hath left me to serve alone? Bid her, therefore, that she help me."

Vonder is a beautiful village homestead. The man of the house is dead. and his widow is taking charge of the premises. This is the widow Martha of Bethany. Yes, I will show you also the pet of the household. This is Mary, the younger sister, with a book under her arm and her face having no appearance of anxiety or care. Company has come. Christ stands outside the door, and of course there is a good deal of excitement inside the door. The disarranged furniture is hastily put aside, and the hair is brushed back, and the dresses are adjusted as well as in so short a time Mary and Martha can attend to these matters. They did not keep Christ standing at the door until they were newly appareled or until they had elaborately arranged their tresses, then coming out with their affected surprise as though they had not heard the two or three previous knockings, saying," Why, is that you?" No. They were ladies and were always presentable, although they may not have always had on their best, for none of us always has on our best. If we did, our best would not be worth having on. They throw open the door and greet Christ. They say: "Good morning, Master. Come in and be seated."

Christ did not come alone. He had a group of friends with him, and such an influx of city visitors would throw any country home into perturbation. I suppose also the walk from the city had been a good appetizer. The kitchen department that day was a very important department, and I suppose that Martha had no sooner greeted the guests than she fled to that room. Mary had no worriment about household affairs. She had fail to stir up an appreciation in the full confidence that Martha could get | souls of others in regard to your houseup the best dinner in Bethany. She seems to say: "Now let us have a division of labor. Martha, you cook, and I'll sit down and be good." So you have often seen a great difference between two

sisters.

There is Martha, hard working, painstaking, a good manager, ever inventive of some new pastry or discovering something in the art of cookery and housekeeping. There is Mary, also fond of onversation, literary, so engaged in deep questions of ethics she has no time to attend to the questions of household welfare. It is noon. Mary is in the parlor with Christ. Martha is in the kitchen. It would have been better if they had divided the work, and then they could have divided the opportunity of listening to Jesus, but Mary monopolizes Christ while Martha swelters at the fire. It was a very important thing that they should have a good dinner that day. Christ was hungry, and he did not often have a luxurious entertainment. Alas me, if the duty had devolved upon Mary, what a repast that would have been! But something went wrong in the kitchen. Perhaps the fire would not burn, or the bread would not bake, or Martha scalded her hand, or something was burned black that ought only to have been made brown, and Martha lost her patience and forgetting the proprieties of the occasion, with besweated brow, and, perhaps, with pitcher in one hand and tongs in the other, she rushes out of the kitchen into the presence of Christ, saying, "Lord, dost thou not care that my sister bath left me to serve alone?" Christ scolded not a word. If it were scolding, I should rather have his scolding than anybody else's blessing. There was nothing acerb. He knew Martha had almost worked herself to death to get him something to eat, and so he throws a world of tenderness into his intonation as he seems to say: "My dear woman, do not worry. Let the dinner go. Sit down on this ottoman beside Mary, your younger sister. Martha, Martha, thou are careful and troubled about many things, but one thing is needful." As Martha throws open that kitchen door, I look in and see a great many household perplexities and anxie-

Trials of Nonappreciation.

First there is the trial of nonappreciation. That is what made Martha so mad with Mary. The younger sister had no estimate of her older sister's fatigues. As now, men bothered with the anxieties of the store and office and shop, or, coming from the Stock Exchange, they say when they get home: "Oh, you ought to be in our factory a little while. You ought to have to manage 8 or 10 or 20 subordinates, and then you would know what trouble and anxiety are." Oh, sir, the wife and the mother has to conduct at the same time a university, a clothing establishment, a restaurant, a laundry, a library, while she is health officer, police and president of her realm. She must do a thousand things and do them well in order sit in an armchair in the library or lie on the belated pillow and throw off all the care upon subordinates who, having large wages and great experience, can attend to all of the affairs of the

at 40 look as though they were 50, and | body well. There are no rents to pay. at 50 look as though they were 60. The fallen at Chalons and Austerlitz and Gettysburg and Waterloo are a small a change for you to have a chariot in number compared with the slain in the heaven if you have been in the habit of great Armageddon of the kitchen. You | riding in this world. It will not be so go out to the cemetery, and you will see that the tombstones all read beautifully poetic, but if those tombstones would speak the truth thousands of them would say: "Here lies a woman killed by too much mending and sewing and baking and scrubbing and scouring. The weapon with which she was slain was a broom or a sewing machine or a ladle." You think, O man of the world, that you have all the cares and anxieties. If the cares and anxieties of the household should come upon you for one week, you would be fit for the insane asylum. The half rested housekeeper arises in the morning. She must have the morning repast prepared at an irrevocable hour. What if the fire will not light, what if the marketing did not come, what if the clock has stopped -no matter, she must have the morning repast at an irrevocable hour. Cares of the Housewife.

Then the children must be got off to school. What if their garments are torn, what if they do not know their lessons, what if they have lost a hat or sash-they must be ready. Then you have all the diet of the day, and perhaps of several days, to plan; but what if the butcher has sent meat unmasticable or the grocer has sent articles of food adulterated, and what if some piece of silver be gone, or some favorite chalice be cracked, or the roof leak, or the plumbing fail, or any one of a thousand things occur-you must be ready. Spring weather comes, and there must be a revolution in the family wardrobe, or autumn comes, and you must shut out the northern blast; but what if the moth has preceded you to the chest, what if during the year the children have outgrown the apparel of last year, what if the fashions have changed. Your house must be an apothecary's shop; it must be a dispensary; there must be medicines for all sorts of ailments-something to loosen the croup, something to cool the burn, something to poultice the inflammation, something to silence the jumping tooth, something to soothe the earache. You must be in half a dozen places at the same time, or you must attempt to be. If, under all this wear and tear of life, Martha makes an impatient rush upon the library or drawing room, be patient, be lenient. O woman, though I may hold toils, let me assure you, from the kindliness with which Jesus Christ met Martha, that he appreciates all your work from garret to cellar, and that the God of Deborah and Hannah and Abigail and Grandmother Lois and Elizabeth Fry and Hannah More is the God of the housekeeper. Jesus was never married, that he might be the especial friend and confidant of a whole world of troubled womanhood. I blunder. Christ was married. The Bible says that the church is the Lamb's wife, and that makes me know that all Christian women have a right to go to Christ and tell him of their annoyances and troubles, since by his oath of conjugal fidelity he is sworn to sympathize. George Herbert, the Christian poet, wrote two or three verses on this subject:

The servant by this clause Makes drudgery divine-Who sweeps a room, as for thy laws, Makes this and the action fine.

Divine Discipline. A young woman of brilliant education and prosperous circumstances was called down stairs to help in the kitchen in the absence of the servants. The doorbell ringing, she went to open it and found a gentleman friend, who said as he came in; "I thought that I heard music. Was it on this piano or on this She answered: "No, I was playing on a gridiron, with frying pan accompaniment. The servants are gone, and I am learning how to do this work." Well done! When will women in all circles find out that it is honorable to do anything that ought to be done?

Again, there is the trial of severe

economy. Nine hundred and ninetynine households out of the thousand are subjected to it-some under more and some under less stress of circumstances. Especially if a man smoke very expensive cigars and take very costly dinners at the restaurants he will be severe in demanding domestic economies. This is what kills tens of thousands of women -attempting to make \$5 do the work of | inals. What a suggestion of home influ-\$7. A young woman about to enter the married state said to her mother, "How long does the honeymoon last?" The mother answered, "The honeymoon lasts until you ask your husband for money." How some men do dole out money to their wives! "How much do you want?" "A dollar." "You are always wanting a dollar. Can't you do with 50 cents?" If the husband has not the money, let him plainly say so. If he has it, let him make cheerful response, remembering that his wife has as much right to it as he has. How the bills come in! Tife woman is the banker of the household, she is the president, the cashier, the teller, the discount clerk, and there is a panic every few weeks. This 30 years' war against high prices, if we would like to put garlands on his this perpetual study of economics and this life long attempt to keep the outgoes less than the income exhaust innumerable housekeepers.

Oh, my sister, this is a part of the Divine discipline! If it were best for you, all you would have to do would be to open the front windows, and the ravens to keep things going smoothly, and so would fly in with food, and after you per brain and her nerves are taxed to bad baked 50 times from the barrel in the utmost. I know there are housekeep- the pantry the barrel, like the one of like spirit-a willingness to suffer for ers who are so fortunate that they can | Zarephath, would be full, and the shoes of the children would last as long as the shoes of the Israelites in the wilderness -40 years. Besides that this is going to make heaven the more attractive in the contrast. They never hunger there, household. Those are the exceptions. I and consequently there will be none of am speaking now of the great mass of the nuisances of catering for appetites, housekeepers—the women to whom life and in the land of the white robe they fused. It was not because he was afraid struggle, and who at 30 years of never have to mend anything, and the of the lash—he was used to that at

Every man owns his own house, and a mansion at that. It will not be so great great a change for you to sit down on the banks of the river of life if in this world you had a country seat, but if you have walked with tired feet in this world what a glorious change to mount celestial equipage! And if your life on earth was domestic martyrdom, oh, the joy of an eternity in which you shall have nothing to do except what you choose to do! Martha has had no drudgery for 18 centuries. I quarrel with the theologians who want to distribute all the thrones of heaven among the John Knoxes and the Hugh Latimers and the Theban legion. Some of the brightest thrones of heaven will be kept for Christian housekeepers. Oh, what a change from here to there-from the time when they put down the rolling pin to when they take up the scepter! If Chatsworth park and the Vanderbilt humble spheres or in conspicuous mansion were to be lifted into the celestial city, they would be considered uninhabitable rookeries, and glorified Lazarus would be ashamed to be going in and out of either of them.

God Is Taking Care. There are many housekeepers who could get along with their toils if it were not for sickness and trouble. The fact is, one-half of the women of the land are more or less invalids. The mountain lass, who has never had an ache or a pain, máy consider household toil inconsiderable, and toward evening she may skip away miles to the fields and drive home the cattle, and she may until 10 o'clock at night fill the house with laughing racket; but, oh, to do the work of life with wornout constitution, when whooping cough has been raging for six weeks in the household, making the night as sleepless as the day-that is not so easy! Perhaps this comes after the nerves have been shattered by some bereavement that has left desolation in every room of the house and set the crib in the garret because the occupant has been hushed into a slumber which needs no mother's lullaby. Oh, she could provide for the whole group a great deal better than she can for a part of the group, now the rest are gone! Though you may tell her God is taking care of those who are gone, it is motherlike to brood both flocks, and one wing she ruts over the flock in the house, the other wing she puts over the

flock in the grave. There is nothing but the old fashioned religion of Jesus Christ that will take a woman happily through the trials of home life. At first there may be a romance or a novelty that will do for a substitute. The marriage hour has just passed, and the perplexities of the household are more than atoned by the joy of being together and by the fact that when it is late they do not have to discuss the question as to whether it is time to go. The mishaps of the household, instead of being a matter of anxiety and reprehension, are a matter of merrimentthe loaf of bread turned into a geological specimen, the slushy custards, the jaundiced or measly biscuits. It is a very bright sunlight that falls on the cutlery and the mantel ornaments of a new home.

"Better Is a Dinner of Herbs,"

But after awhile the romance is all gone, and then there is something to be prepared for the table that the book called "Cookery Taught In Twelve Lessons" will not teach. The recipe for making it is not a handful of this, a cup of that and a spoonful of something else. It is not something sweetened with ordinary condiments or flavored with ordinary flavors or baked in ordinary ovens. It is the loaf of domestic happiness, and all the ingredients come down from heaven, and the fruits are plucked from the tree of life, and it is sweetened with the new wine of the kingdom, and it is baked in the oven of home trial. Solomon wrote out of his own experience. He had a wretched home. A man cannot be happy with two wives, much less 600, and he says, writing out of his own experience, "Better is a dinner of herbs where love is than a stalled ox and hatred therewith."

How great are the responsibilities of housekeepers! Sometimes an indigestible article of food, by its effect upon a king, has overthrown an empire. A distinguished statistician says of 1,000 unmarried men there are 38 criminals, and of 1,000 married men only 18 are crimences! Let the most be made of them. Housekeepers by the food they provide, by the couches they spread, by the books they introduce, by the influences they bring around their home, are deciding the physical, intellectual, moral, eternal destiny of the race. You say you. life is one of sacrifice. I know it. But, my sisters, that is the only life worth living. That was Florence Nightingale's life; that was Payson's life; that was Christ's life. We admire it in others, but how very hard it is for us to exercise it ourselves! When, in Brooklyn, young Dr. Hutchinson, having spent a whole night in a diphtheritic room for the relief of a patient, became saturated with the poison and died, we all felt as grave. Everybody appreciates that. When, in the burning hotel at St. Louis a young man on the fifth story broke open the door of the room where his mother was sleeping and plunged in amid smoke and fire, crying, "Mother, where are you?" and never came out, our hearts applauded that young man.

Lack of Christlike Spirit. Fut how few of us have the Christ-

others. A rough teacher in a school called upon a poor, half starved lad who had offended against the laws of the school and said, "Take off your coat directly, sir." The boy refused to take it off, whereupon the teacher said again, "Take off your coat, sir," as he swung the whip through the air. The boy reook as though they were 40, and air in that hill country makes every. home-but it was from shame-he had

no undergarment-and as at the third command he pulled slowly off his coat there went a sob through the school. They saw then why he did not want to remove his coat, and they saw the shoulder blades had almost cut through the skin, and a stout, healthy boy rose up and went to the teacher of the school and said: "Oh, sir, please don't hurt this poor fellow. Whip me. See, he's nothing but a poor chap. Don't hurt him; he's poor. Whip me." "Well," said the teacher, "it's going to be a severe whipping. I am willing to take you as a substitute." "Well," said the boy, "I don't care. You whip me, if you will let this poor fellow go." The stout, healthy boy took the scourging without an outcry. "Bravo," says every man, "Bravo!" How many of us are willing to take the scourging, and the suffering and the toil, and the anx iety for other people. Beautiful things to admire, but how little we have of that spirit! God give us that self denying spirit, so that whether we are in spheres we may perform our whole duty -for this struggle will soon be over.

Remembrances.

One of the most affecting reminiscences of my mother is my remembrance of her as a Christian housekeeper. She worked very hard, and when we would come in from summer play and sit down at the table at noon I remember how she used to come in with beads of perspiration along the line of gray hair, and how sometimes she would sit down at the table and put her head against her wrinkled hand and say, "Well, the fact is I'm too tired to eat." Long after she might have delegated this duty to others she would not be satisfied unless she attended to the matter herself. In fact, we all preferred to have her do so, for somehow things tasted better when she prepared them. Some time ago in an express train I shot past that old homestead. I looked out of the window and tried to peer through the darkness. While I was doing so one of my old schoolmates, whom I had not seen for many years, tapped me on the shoulder and said, "Be Witt, I see you are looking out at the scenes of your boyhood." "Oh, yes," I replied, "I was looking out at the old place where my mother lived and died." That night in the cars the whole scene came back to me. There was the country home. There was the noonday table. There were the children on either side of the table, most of them gone never to come back. At one end of the table, my father, with a smile that never left his countenance even when he lay in his coffin. It was an 84 years' smile-not the smile of inanition, but of Christian courage and of Christian hope. At the other end of the table was a beautiful, benignant, hardworking, aged Christian housekeeper, my mother. She was very tired. I am glad she has so good a place to rest in. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord; they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

Trapped by a Lunatic.

Only lunatics are so unreasonable as to get furious when some one disagrees with them, and so the manufacturer and jobber can have their little differences and still be on the most friendly terms and respect one another's opinions. This puts me in mind of a story of a clergyman told me recently. He was visiting an insane asylum and was told by the man who was showing him around the institution that he was going to introduce him to a patient with whom he must agree, no matter what absurd statements the man might make; otherwise he would be furious. The first thing the insane man said to the clergyman was, "I suppose you know that the Washington monument was totally demolished by a thunderbolt last night?" "Yes," taken so long to complete should be destroyed in an instant.'

The insane man next said, "Of course you read in the evening papers that Queen Victoria had decided to abdicate in favor of her son, the Prince of Wales?"

"Yes," said the clergyman, "and I am not at all surprised."

"Did you read that the president had been impeached?"

"Yes, and I think it would have been only fair to have given him a little longer trial," said the clergyman. Then the insane man looked intently upon that clergyman and said, "You have the air and the garb of a clergyman, but you can lie like the devil."-Iron

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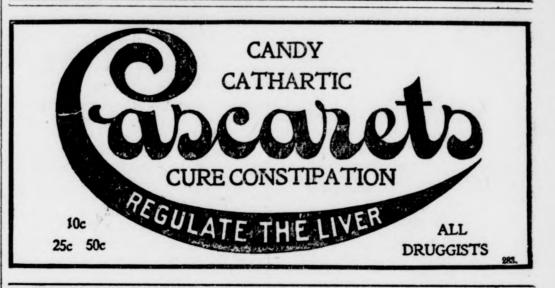
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